

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

25 CENTS



Charles Selden

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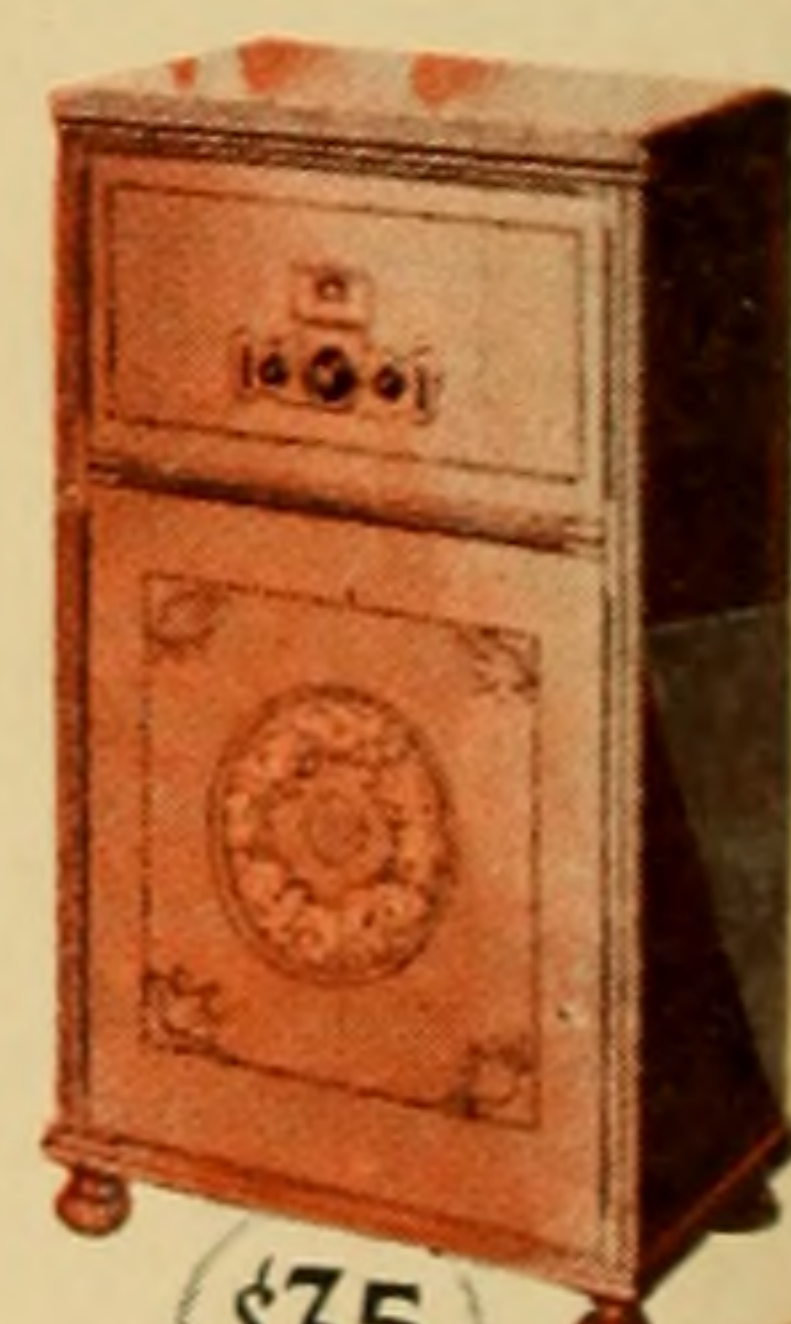


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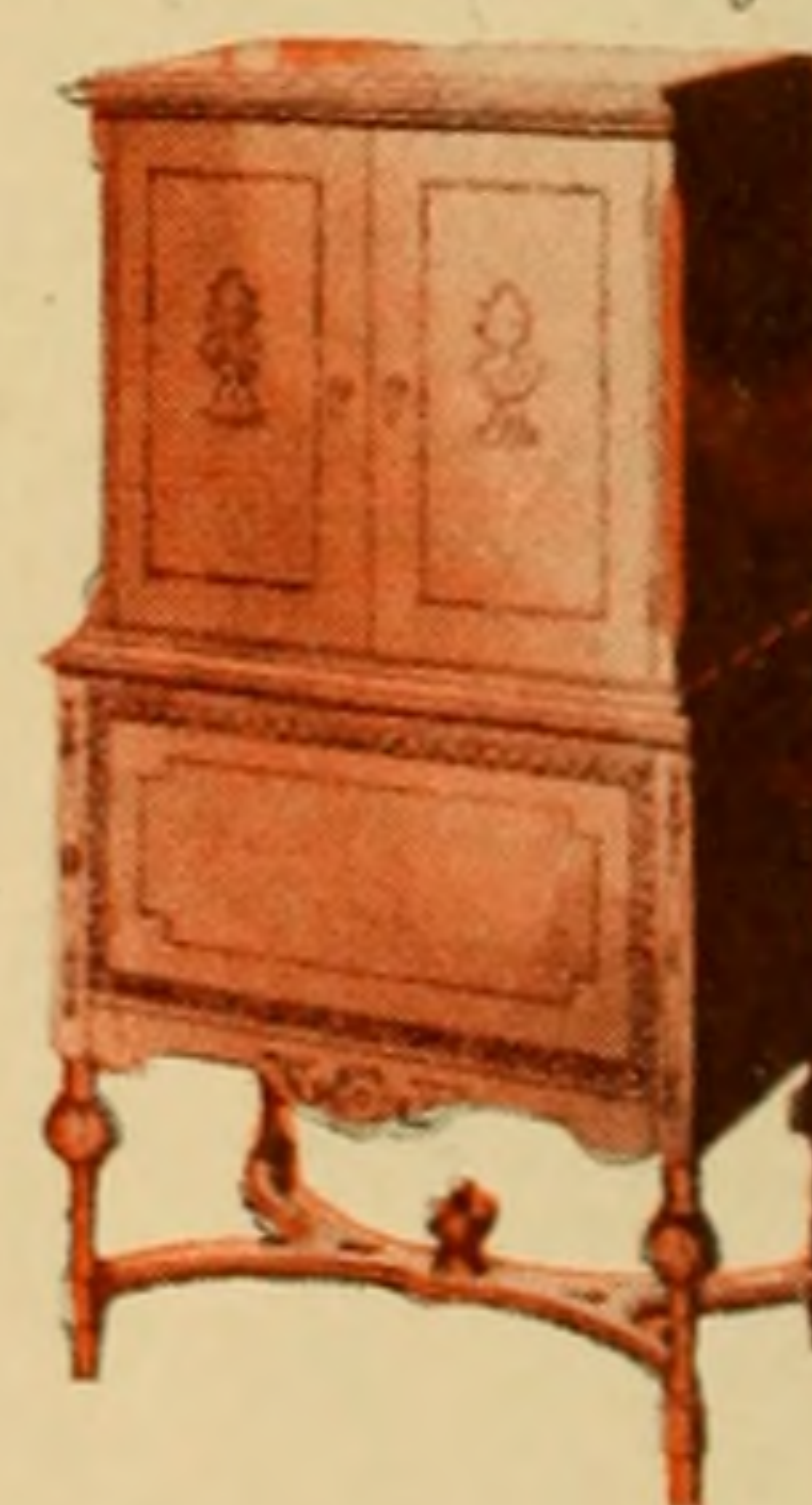
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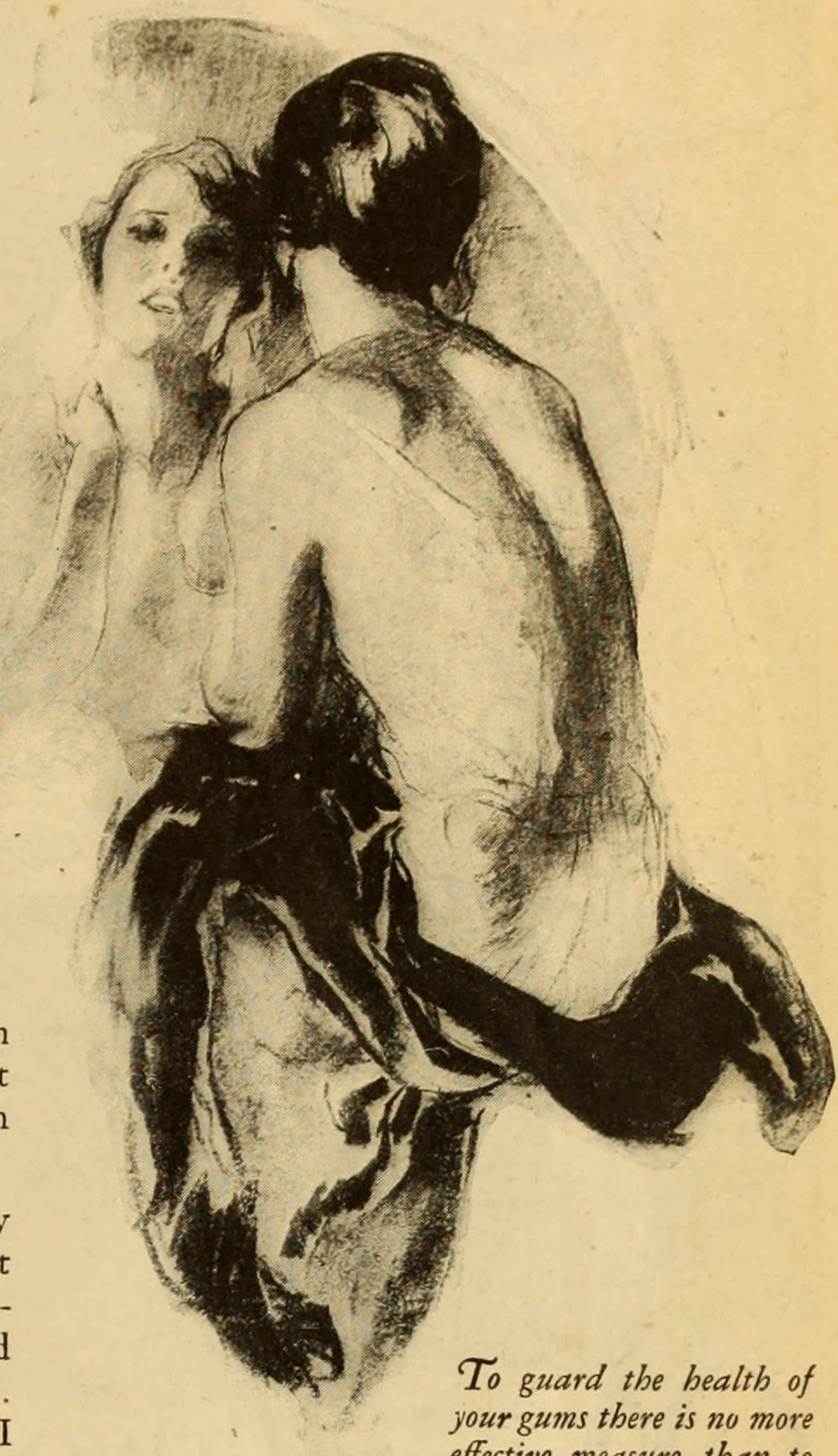
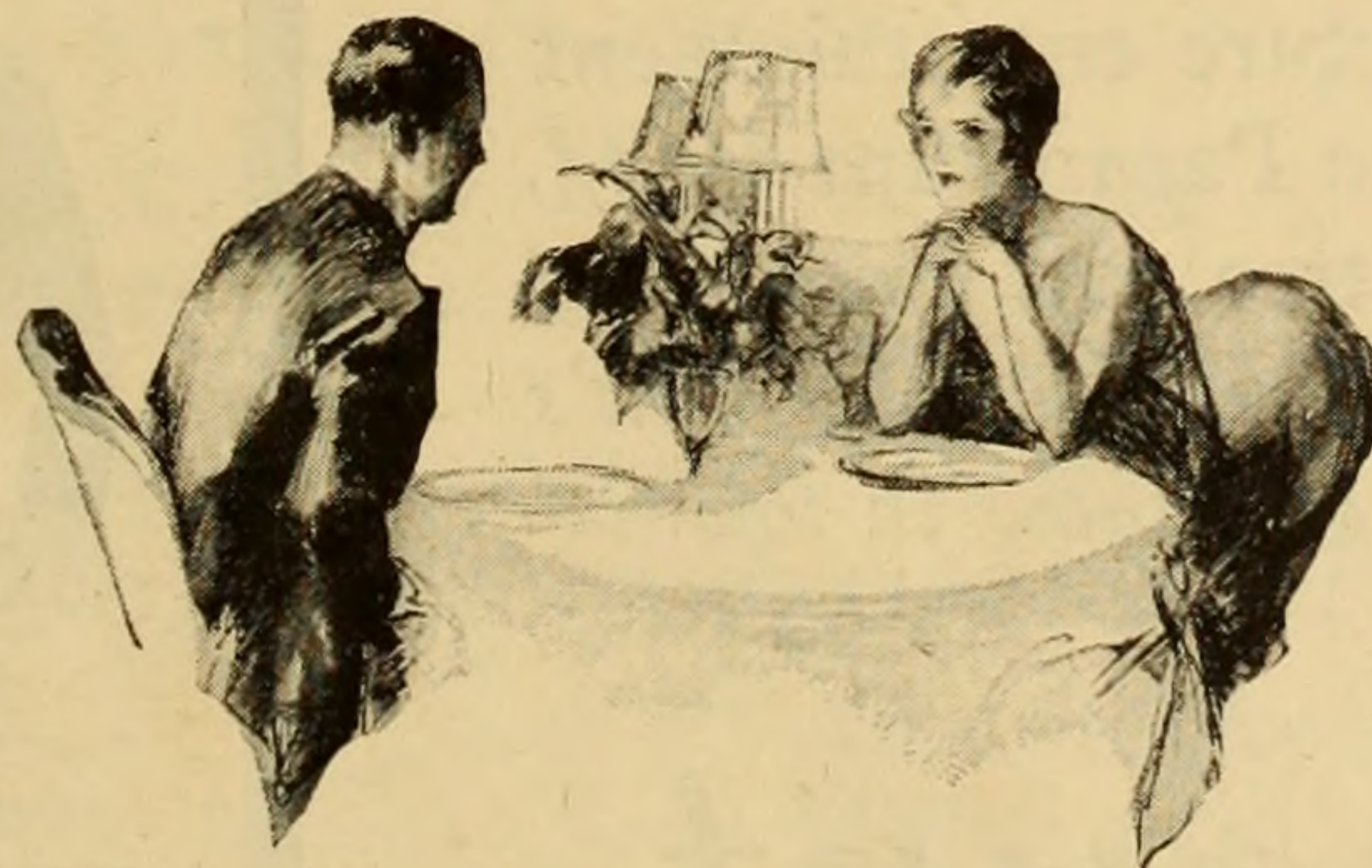
How Ipana and massage offset the damage soft food does

As any dentist will inform you, the simple device of gum massage—with the brush or with the fingers—will do much to prevent

or correct these troubles. And even if your gums are sound today, the best assurance that they will stay in health lies in faithful daily care.

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toning and strengthening the gums, and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to infection

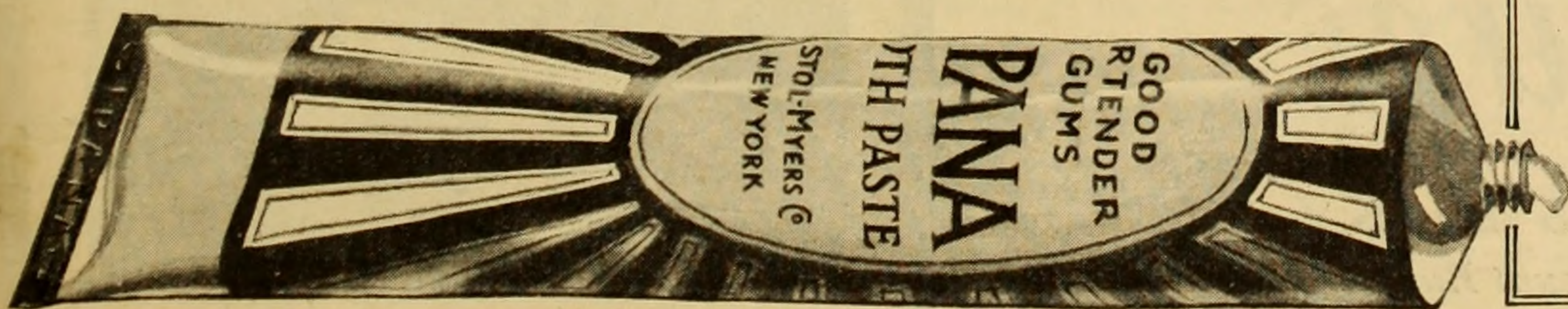
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Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton

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"Oh for
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of a
Fireman!"



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Clara Bow in Hula

*A South Sea
Siren with "It"*

VICTOR FLEMING
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from the novel by
Armine von Temp-
ski, with Clive
Brook and Arlette
Marchal.



Adolphe Menjou in Service for Ladies

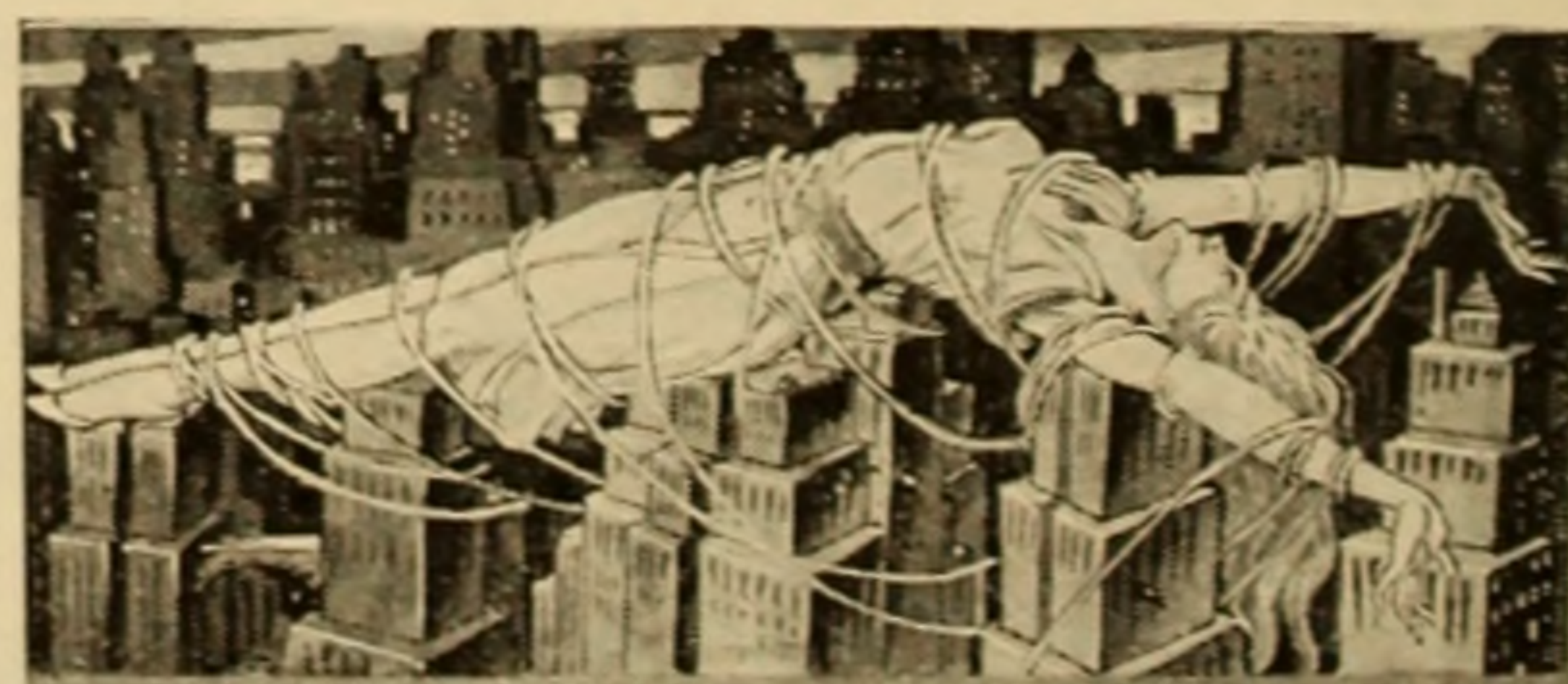
A Head Waiter with a Heart!



ADOLPHE MENJOU loses his to a pretty heiress who is dining at the hotel where he is the head waiter. The perfect situation for this perfect gentleman! Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrest, from the story by Ernest Vajda. With Kathryn Carver.

Metropolis

HIGH into the air! Deep into the earth! The indescribable Paramount-Ufa cinemiracle that startled New York. Directed by Fritz Lang, adapted by Channing Pollock.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII

Contents, September, 1927

No. 4

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Last Minute News from East and West

As we go to PRESS



MR. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) are looking forward to the arrival of a Prince.

IT'S all off between Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell. In the divorce courts, Claire will charge mental cruelty.

THOMAS MEIGHAN came to New York to see the Dempsey-Sharkey fight. Then he sailed for Europe.

ELINOR GLYN is back from a short trip to Europe.

SHIRLEY O'HARA, newcomer, who was given a chance as Adolphe Menjou's leading woman, gets long term contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

JOHN GILBERT and his bosses not on speaking terms. John threatens to retire from the screen.

LEWIS STONE will play *Menelaus* to Maria Corda's *Helen* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

TIBOR MINDZENTHY, Hungarian youth who came to this country as Valentino's double, badly injured when his motor car jumped off a three-hundred foot cliff along a highway near Los Angeles.

HENRY MENJOU, brother of Adolphe, decides not to go into pictures. Instead he is going to study to be a doctor.

MARION DAVIES will appear in screen version of "Her Cardboard Lover."

MARIE WALCAMP, former serial queen, will return to the screen in "A Moment of Temptation." It's a Laura Jean Libbey story.

FIRST NATIONAL will make "Ladies' Night," Turkish Bath farce. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill leads.

ROD LA ROCQUE going to New Haven to make a college story, "Hold 'Em, Yale."

BEBE DANIELS to do "She's a Sheik," in which she kidnaps her man.

MARY CARR and Montagu Love added to cast of "Jesse James," first Famous Players film starring Fred Thomson.

ANN CHRISTY, nineteen years old and exactly five feet high, selected to be Harold Lloyd's new leading woman.

WC. FIELDS arrives in Hollywood after driving across country. Fields never travels by train. All his migrating is done by motor.

KEN MAYNARD visits President Coolidge at the Summer White House, Rapid City, S. D.

D. W. GRIFFITH abandons plans to film "La Piava." Will do "A Romance of Old Spain" instead. Estelle Taylor, Gilbert Roland and Lionel Barrymore probably will have leading rôles. The new story is one of medieval Spain, written by Jack Lloyd.

BEN LYON taking a European vacation.

THE Duncan Sisters are planning to do "Sis Hopkins" as a musical comedy and later as a film.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS to make "The Noose" after "The Drop Kick," postponing "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" until later. Alfred Santell will direct all three.

REGINALD DENNY goes to England for a six weeks' vacation. Mrs. Denny and their daughter Barbara went along.

NORMA SHEARER to be starred in a film version of the Pinero play, "Trelawney of the Wells."

GEOERGE O'BRIEN, having completed "East Side, West Side" at the William Fox studios in New York, is going abroad for a long holiday.

F.B.O. elevates Pierre Collings from scenarist to director.

JANET GAYNOR'S stepfather, Harry Jones, dies in Hollywood.

BUSTER KEATON building a bustling river town along the Sacramento for his new comedy, "Steamboat Bill." "Chuck" Reisner is directing and Ernest Torrence heads the cast.



Herbert Brenon sails for England to get scenes for "Sorrell and Son." Carmel Myers is added to the cast, which includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner

WHO ARE THEY?

WIN A
VALUABLE PRIZE
SEE PAGE 127

The Big Parade of Stars
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

***ANNIELAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (July.)

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

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

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (July.)

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

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

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

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (July.)

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

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

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (July.)

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

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

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (July.)

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

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

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (July.)

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

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (July.)

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

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (July.)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (July.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show with plenty of excitement. (July.)

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

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

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

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

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (July.)

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

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"

"Beau Geste"

"Resurrection"

"Chang"

"The Way of All Flesh"

"The Big Parade"

"Old Ironsides"

"What Price Glory"

"The Rough Riders"

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

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (July.)

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

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

What Price Glory

Based on the Stage Triumph *by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson*

AS a stage play "What Price Glory" was a sensation. As a motion picture, foremost critics of both stage and screen have unanimously proclaimed it "greater than the play" and one of the great screen masterpieces of all time. Even the piquant atmosphere of this powerful drama—so widely discussed by press and public—has been successfully preserved in the screening.

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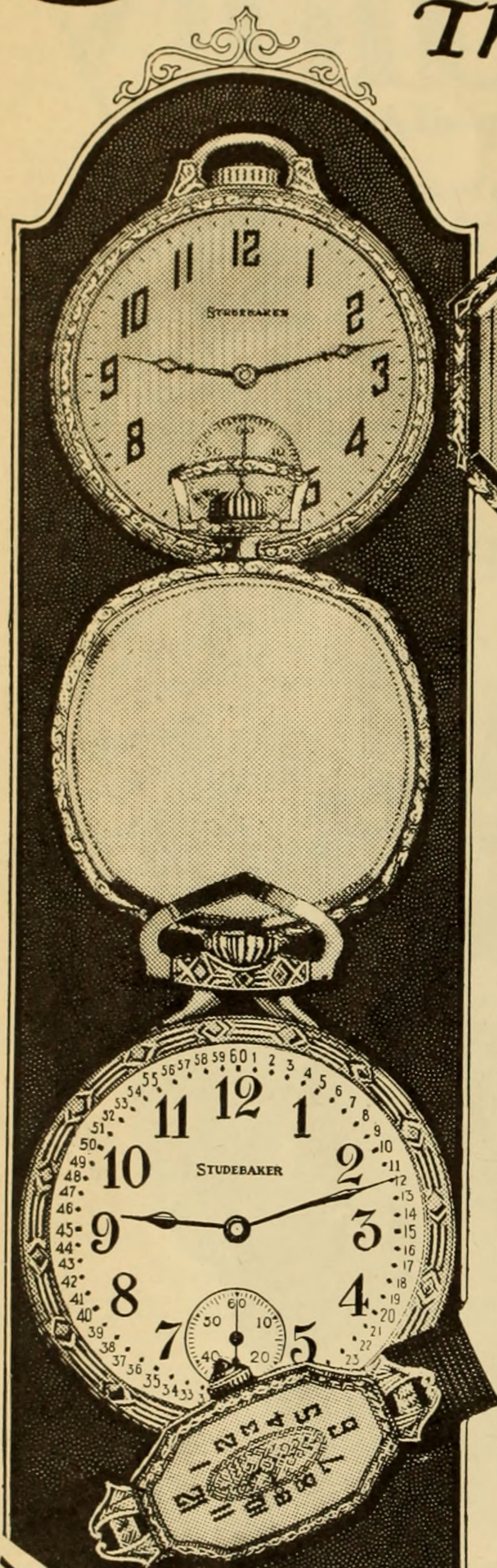
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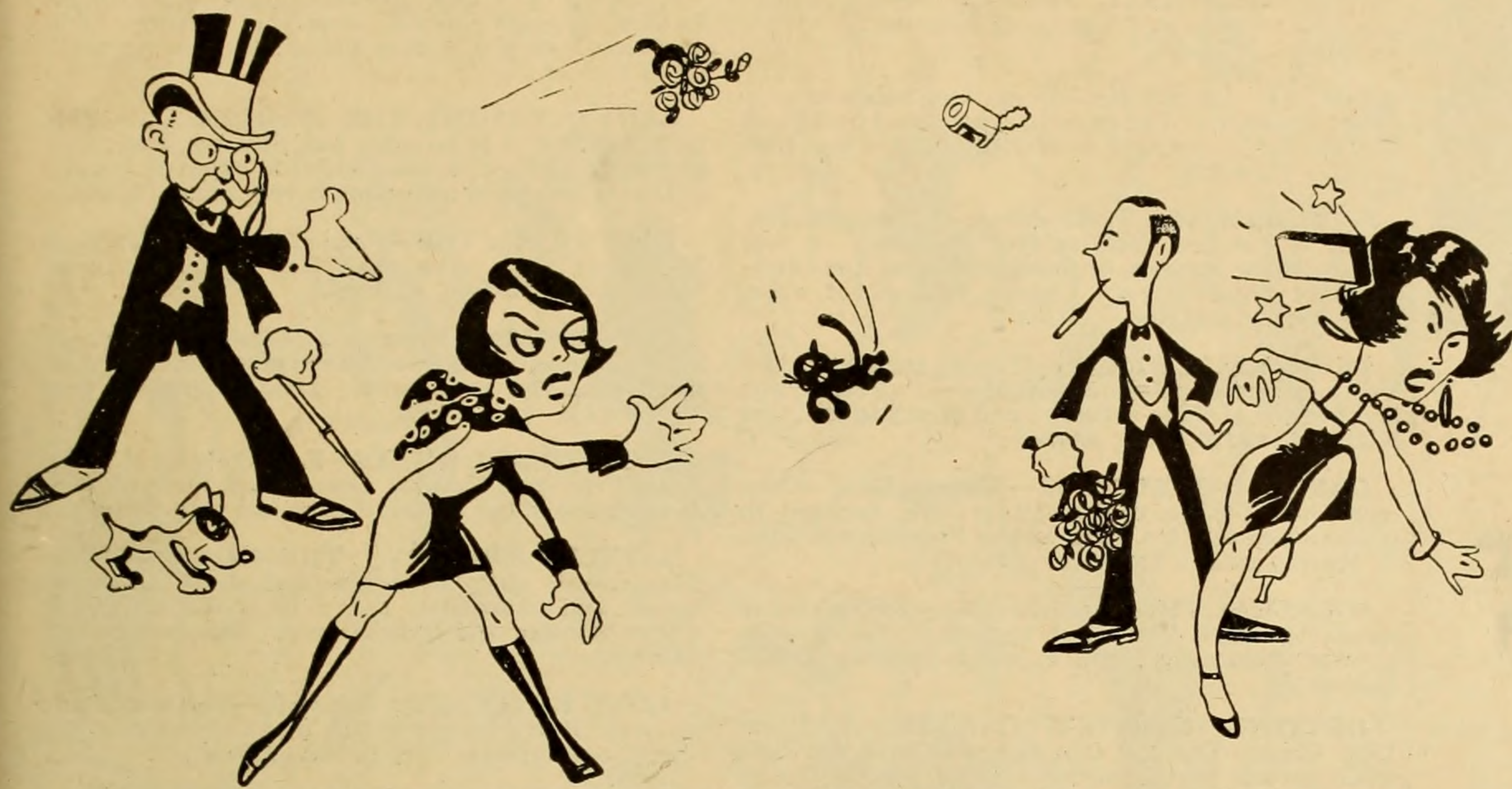
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Brickbats *and* Bouquets



LETTERS from PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

JAMES R. QUIRK'S editorials in the July issue aroused the biggest discussion of the month. Obviously, from the comments, ninety-nine per cent of the "fans" want their movie entertainment straight.

Mrs. H. Johnson's assertion that Greta Garbo is "soapy-eyed" brought down an avalanche of brickbats.

The most popular of the newer pictures are: "The King of Kings," "Resurrection," "Captain Salvation" and "Seventh Heaven."

Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Dolores del Rio are the most discussed feminine stars, with Olive Borden and Laura La Plante making the largest number of new friends.

John Gilbert and Ronald Colman are still on the crest of the wave, although such newcomers as Gilbert Roland and Charles Farrell are beginning to be heard from.

Colonel Lindbergh was highly praised for refusing all offers to go into the movies. The cheaper sex plays are being badly razed, with no defenders. And the younger players on the screen are stealing the honors—and the bouquets—from the longer established stars.

Now step right up and speak *your* piece.

\$25.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

Recently I went to a meeting held by a world-known evangelist. I entered that building with an undoubting mind. After an hour of agony, I fled, my mind in a turmoil. There was nothing there, for me, of the Church. To me it was a show, with a barker enticing ignorant people into believing glib monstrosities. I spent a sleepless night. Next day I decided to return to see if I could regain my peace of mind.

Blocks away from my destination, an electric sign told me that "Beau Geste" was being shown. I walked into a quiet, beautiful theater. The overture ended and, as the picture was shown, my doubts disappeared. The world was all right again. There before me I could see a true picture of unsurpassed brotherly love. There was refinement and intelligence in the faces of the brothers. They seemed a symbol of

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

everything good and clean. I felt that I walked with *Digby* into the sunset and there found my Faith again.

H. L. JOHNSON.

\$10.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

The editorial in July's PHOTOPLAY was great! I pick my picture according to my mood. Supposing I am a bit dispirited and select a rollicking farce. I am eager to laugh off the blues, but the meaningless dirge with which the orchestra starts doesn't help any! Next comes a smug singer with a "sob" repertoire—then a two-reeler on the romance of the nutmeg industry. By the time the feature film emerges I am disgusted and wearied beyond hope!

Why won't theater owners realize that people would rather have one hour of unmitigated entertainment than two or three as described above?

Our maestros go far afield selecting wearying compositions with bizarre names when thousands of pleasing pieces are at hand. Just because a composition is of the so-called classical variety doesn't guarantee its worth by any means.

A poor feature film can never be successfully bolstered with *quasi* vaudeville and an unmelodious overture with a bombastic name. A good film is seriously handicapped by these elements. By all means, however, let the characteristic music accompanying be the best possible.

After all, "the play's the thing!"

BLANCHE BENNETT.

\$5.00 Letter

Colorado Springs, Colo.

I sincerely hope that the beauty and reverence with which the story of the Life of Christ has been filmed will tend to create a better understanding between the churches and the motion picture industry.

Heretofore there has been a bit of intolerance on both sides. The clergy has been inclined to say "unclean" and charges of hypocrisy have been hurled at them from the camps of the picture people.

There is an element of truth in both assertions. But to judge many by the conduct of a few is an injustice. To gauge the masses of God-fearing ministers by the Rev. Frank Norris, the late Dr. Hall or Mrs. McPherson is as unfair as to judge the whole motion picture industry by those of their number who furnish headlines in our newspapers.

The story of Divine Love is too infinite to be confined in its telling to the pulpit, and in the future any minister or church that, through narrow prejudice refuses to use the motion picture as an added medium, will do so at the cost of its usefulness to the community in which it works.

M. M. BRYAN.

Back to Flannel Petticoats

Appleton, Wis.

I used to be a movie fan, but now I've got ocular indigestion. The female form divine on the screen gives me a pain. I'm sick of coy curves, good looking women, and dresses that would make a clinging bathing suit look like a folk dance at the Woman's Club. I don't give a darn about the morality of the thing—but oh, the monotony! Henry Ford and not the Creator might have turned out the female figures I see on the screen. They're all alike.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (July.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (August.)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (July.)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light role, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (July.)

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

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

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

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date, but Harry is funny. (July.)

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

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

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (August.)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (July.)

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

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

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

***KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (July.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (August.)

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

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

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (July.)

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

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

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

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

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

***MAN POWER**—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (August.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

MILLION BID, A—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



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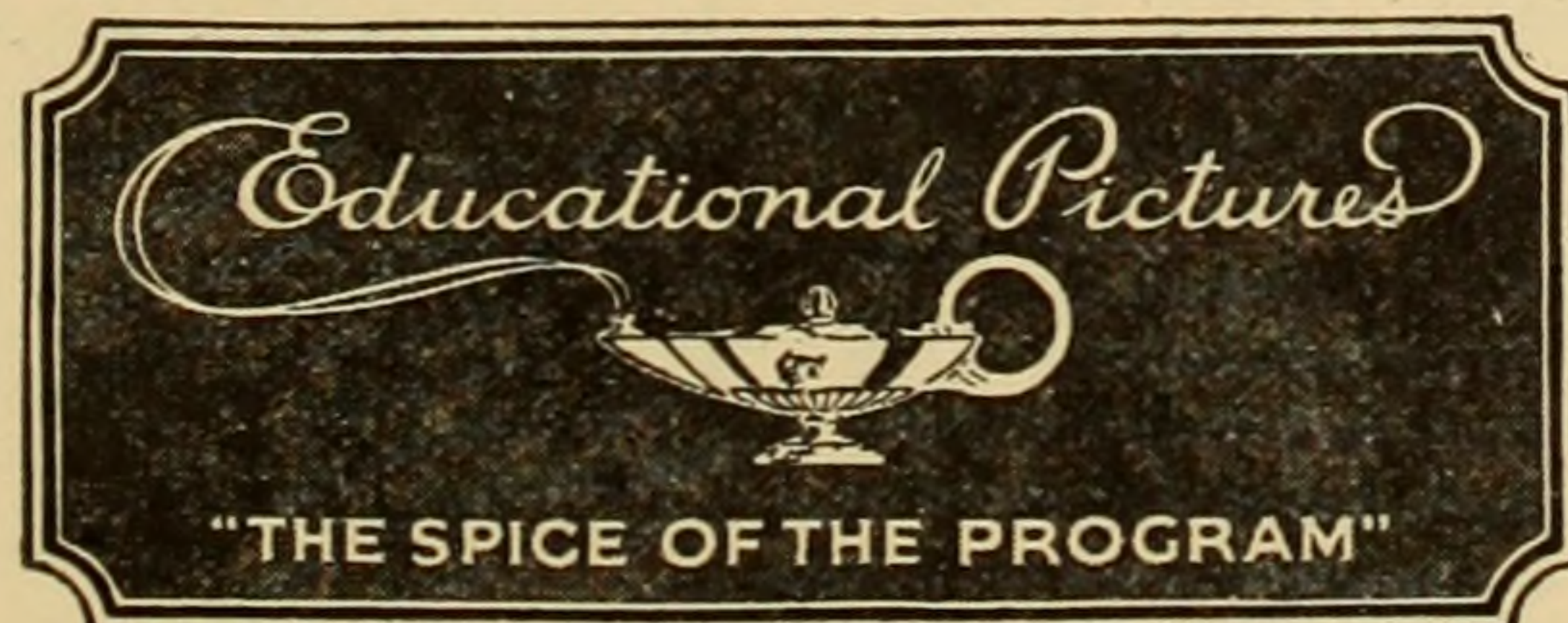
* * *

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- HAMILTON COMEDIES
- BIG BOY-JUVENILE COMEDIES
- DOROTHY DEVORE COMEDIES
- LARRY SEMON COMEDIES
- TUXEDO COMEDIES
with Johnny Arthur
- MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
- CAMEO COMEDIES
- LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
- OUTDOOR SKETCHES
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Will you give me ten days to prove I can make a new woman of you

By Annette Kellermann

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion.

The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day through the same methods as I myself used.

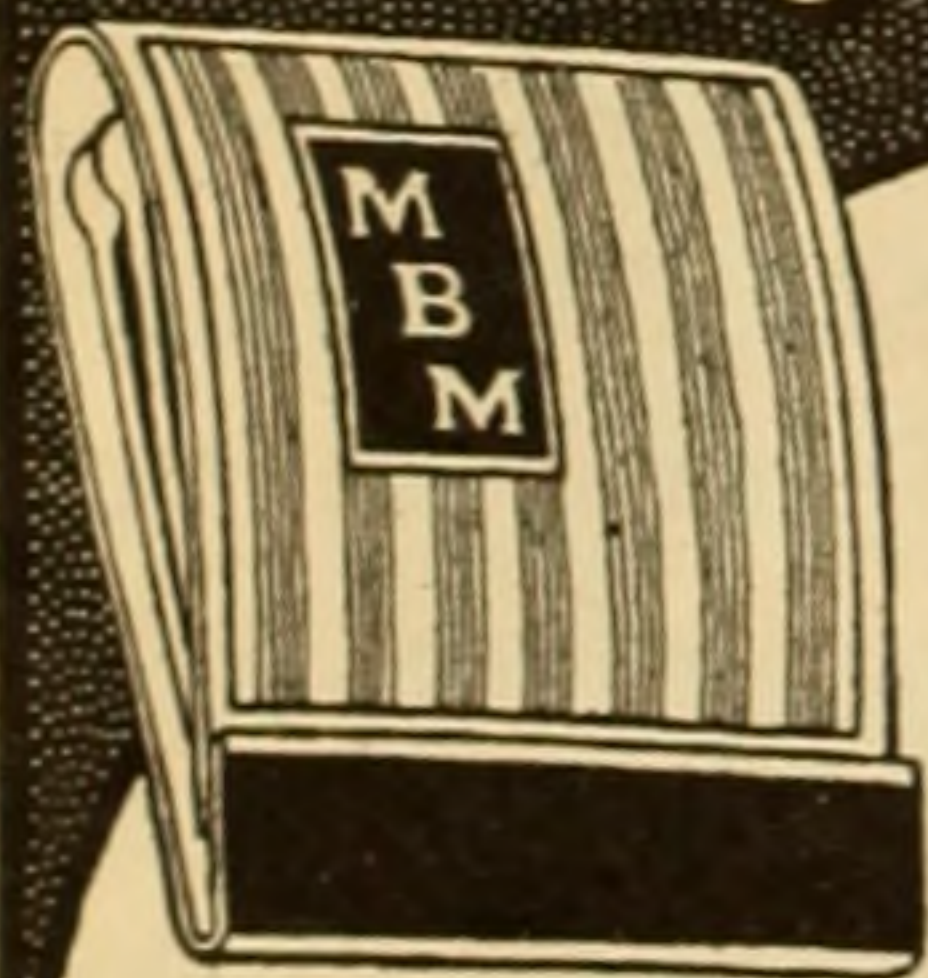
I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I can prove to you in 10 days that you can acquire the body beautiful; make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, brighten a muddy, sallow face; stand and walk gracefully; add or remove weight at any part of the body; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (July.)

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

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

MR. WU—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (August.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (July.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (July.)

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

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (July.)

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

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (August.)

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

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

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

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

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (July.)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (August.)

***SEVENTH HEAVEN**—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (July.)

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

SILVER COMES THRU—F. B. O.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (August.)

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (August.)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (August.)

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

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (July.)

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

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

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

STOLEN BRIDE, THE—First National.—A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer—there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (August.)

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

SUNSET DERBY, THE—First National.—A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (August.)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (August.)

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

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

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

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

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

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (August.)

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

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

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (August.)

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

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (July.)

UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (July.)

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

***UNKNOWN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (August.)

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

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

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

***WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (August.)

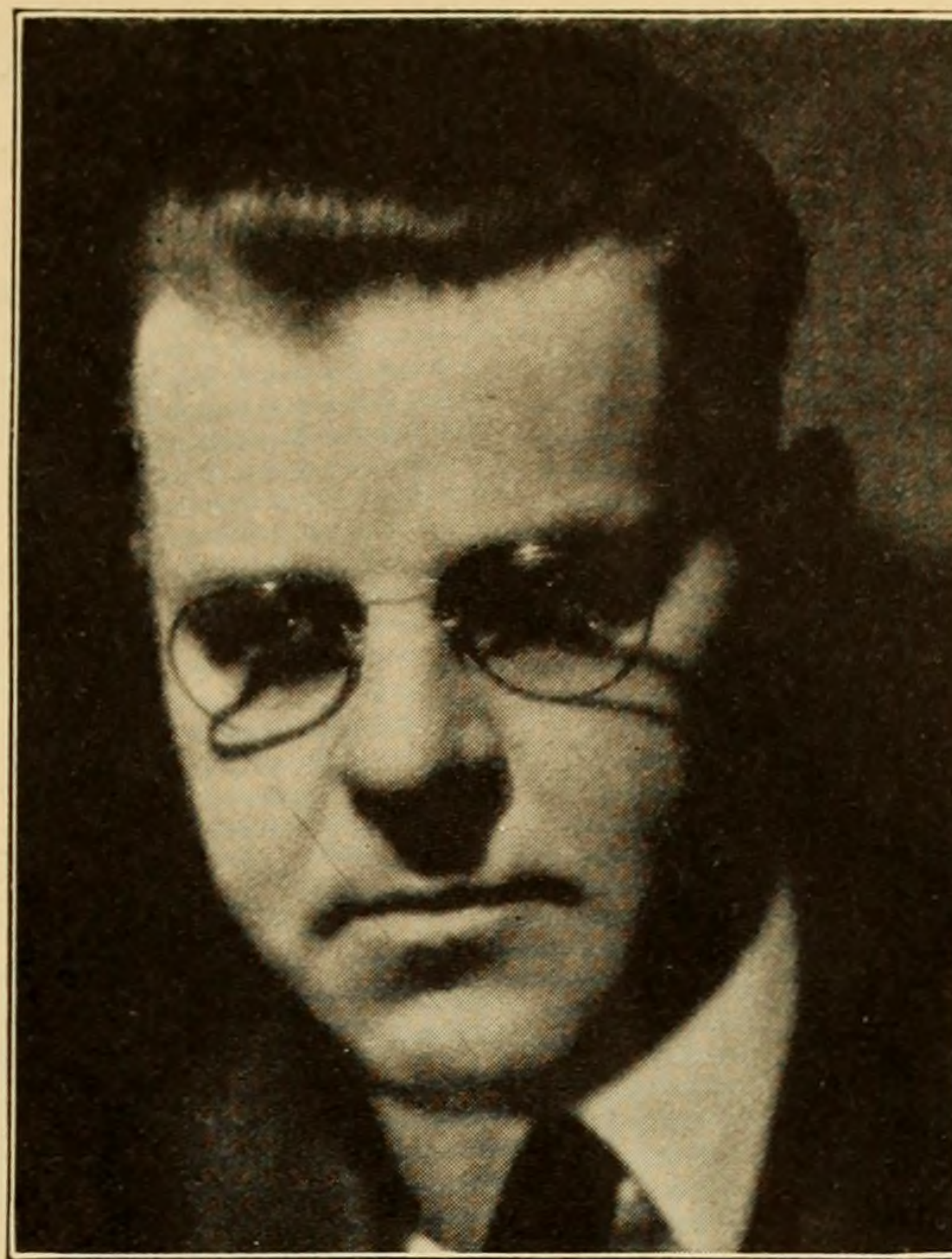
WEDDING BILLS—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (August.)

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

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

WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE—Paramount.—A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (August.)

BIG NEWS FOR THE FANS



HARRY POLLARD
who directed Universal's Spectacle
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Universal's magnificent production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* is destined to create a sensation throughout America, if not the entire world. Unless it does so, then I am no prophet. It will have its premier in New York City this month and if you or your friends are in New York at that time I feel certain it will be one of the big treats of your visit.

The production has been almost two years in the making and has already cost over two million dollars. I mention the amount to give you an idea of the elaborateness and immensity of the production.

Another Universal picture which I am confident will win the plaudits of the fans is *"The Cat and the Canary,"* adapted from the stage play by John Willard, with LAURA LA PLANTE and a perfect cast of stars: ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, FORREST STANLEY, CREIGHTON HALE, TULLY MARSHALL, FLORA FINCH, GERTRUDE ASTOR, GEORGE SEIGMANN, MARTHA MATTOX, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD and JOE MURPHY. It's a Paul Leni Production.

Still another is *"The Irresistible Lover,"* featuring NORMAN KERRY and LOIS MORAN, supported by these sterling players: MYRTLE STEDMAN, GERTRUDE ASTOR, PHILLIPS SMALLEY and LEE MORAN.

(To be continued next month) *Carl Laemmle*
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

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Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "coverups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!" Most astonishing discovery in the history of the beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "Beautiful New Skin in Three Days." Learn how to do what eminent doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends. They come out with a new soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address Marvo Book, Dept. 31-P, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.

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Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano"—and many new tricks, stunts, etc. Niagara School of Music Dept. 202, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Profitable bidding suggestions—Playing instructions by experts—1927 Auction Bridge Laws—Auction Bridge Ethics—and information on the new way to play cards out-of-doors—are all included in Clarks Auction Bridge Primer. Sent for 12c in coin or stamps. Two score-pads included free. Money back if not pleased.

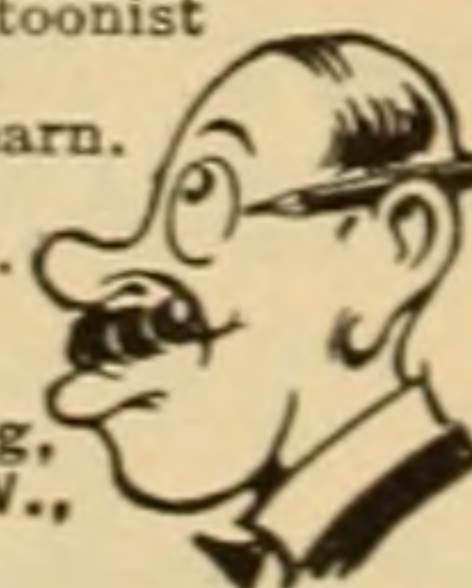
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M. P. Garduno writes: "Having completed your course I was offered \$80.00 a week."
John Neubauer got position as cartoonist on publication after 6 lessons.

Learn at home. Earn while you learn. Cartoonists get \$50 to \$100 a week. Free Book shows big opportunities. Send for it today. No obligation. State Age and Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Washington School of Cartooning, Room 589E, 1113 - 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER, Providence, R. I.
269-C Mahler Park,

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

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

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

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

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

***WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE**—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (August.)

***WORLD AT HER FEET, THE**—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (August.)

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

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

That big parade of expensively revealed perfect twenty-sixes in "Don Juan" might be justified, but when *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl* wears a gingham dress that might have been sculptured by Paquin, realism gets a poke in the eye. The clothes of *Tillie the Toiler*, and the *Notorious Lady*, *Sally Levy*, and *The Taxi Dancer* reveal their forms with the fidelity and the glamour of a rib-cotton union suit. And what do they reveal? The same. The same. The same. Heaven help woman and her claims to mystery if the movies keep up the good work.

And may heaven bless Louise Fazenda whose funny, swathed bulk in "The Gay Old Bird" was as pork and beans after a six month diet of charlotte russe.

M. JOSLYN.

They Grow Old Gracefully

Indianapolis, Ind.

While working in a branch library one has a chance to see what magazine is called for most. I find that I have more calls for PHOTOPLAY than any other magazine of its kind—or any other kind. Our old copies of PHOTOPLAY are badly worn and some are hardly readable, still they continue to circulate.

ESTHER AGNEW.

Oh, Mrs. Johnson!

Los Angeles, Calif.

People like Mrs. Johnson make me sick. For instance: "Greta Garbo is a soapy-eyed vampire who totters and sways like an old woman." Everyone is entitled to her own opinion, but voicing it in such a way certainly does no good.

MRS. HELEN FREEDBERG.

For Mr. Rinaldi

Mobile, Ala.

I think Mr. Gina Rinaldi is all wrong and Mrs. H. Johnson is right. Greta Garbo is not to men what Valentino was to women, because she is passed one hundred times by Clara Bow and Vilma Banky. The gentleman from Green Bay, Wis., should see some of the big pictures or move to a larger town.

E. G.

Pictures for Children

Berkeley, Calif.

In July's "Brickbats and Bouquets," one reader stated that she hadn't seen a picture in a year that she'd care to have a child remember. I have listed some of the pictures of the last three or four years which I think any child of a reasonable age should remember: "Abraham Lincoln," "Janice Meredith," "Old Ironsides," "The Covered Wagon," and "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

RUTH L. WARD.

Paging Mr. Chaplin

Miami, Fla.

Where is Charlie? If it were not for the fact that I have not yet received an invitation to his funeral, I would believe that he had shuffled off this mortal coil. I believe these 'ere wimmin are at the bottom of it all. Ever since Charlie got mixed up with 'em he's been fading out. Maybe he is suffering from a superiority complex and imagines he is a prize fighter on the retired list. They are the only gentlemen I know of who retire in their thirties.

W. HEWITT.

Advice to Romeos

Dorchester, Mass.

"Why," asks PHOTOPLAY, "do great lovers fail as husbands?" Well, that's easily answered. It's because their wives won't allow them to be successful in the matrimonial halter. Far be it from me to discourage the dashing Romeos from carrying a wee wisp of a girl to the altar, but if they intend a stage or screen career my husky whisper from the wings would be, "Don't do it."

No she-woman with an atom of affection from friend husband could stand around and see him murmuring sweet nothings in the ears of every Greta, Dolores or Clara, especially if said wife's appellation is Flo or Mary combined with the facial attractions of a turned up nose and freckles. No sir-ree! There'd be some hair-pulling or ear-roasting in the old fort after a while. Leave matrimony for fellows like me that intend to let the ceremony be a thing of the past, present and future.

CHARLES E. EMERY.

Will Someone Tell Him?

London, England.

I Would Like to Know:

Why Elliott Baxter makes so few screen appearances?

Why Clara Bow affects such strange coiffures?

Why Edward Earle and Laurence Wheat are not given better rôles?

Why casts of players are still given at the beginning of a picture rather than as the players appear?

CECIL KITSON.

Our Hat Is Off

Los Angeles, Calif.

Hats off to Olive Borden! She is so different and so likeable on the screen—the regular girl-friend type. No wonder she has gotten the breaks and is now on the doorstep of stardom in so short a while. Any girl with her personality and her originality deserves the breaks.

RALPH KASH.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

YES, IT IS COLLEGIATE!!

Sappy — Daffy — Batty — Blah!

The only power he had over women was to make them run a mile—the other way. . . .

The Co-eds of Belford U. had already given him his L. L. D.—“Looks Like a Dud”. . . .

And then overnight he turned from the Belford Boob into a Campus Casanova his picture on every female slicker in town!

WHO DID IT?—WHAT DID IT?—HOW DID IT HAPPEN?....

Better reserve a box seat for the big Belford-Weston track meet and end the suspense!



Now you can see this famous \$3.00 Broadway hit at Movie prices . . .!

JESS SMITH presents

The Poor Nut

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ADAPTED BY PAUL SCHOFIELD

From the play by J.C. and ELLIOTT NUGENT

A RICHARD WALLACE production

Starting a year of the

Greatest Movies Ever from

First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



At THE RITZ-CARLTON in New York City

Distinguished Women Guests

find this soap
"superior to any
other" for the skin

IT is the hotel especially beloved by women—the Ritz-Carlton of New York.

There is something feminine even in the suggestion of its architectural lines, as it stands, elegant and aristocratic and aloof, among towering skyscrapers.

It is the favorite rendezvous of the younger set; and society offers no more charming sight than a debutante tea- or supper-dance at the Ritz.

Slim, supple young creatures, their sophisticated poise melting into the naive grace of childhood; shimmering Paris frocks; sleek bobbed heads, golden and dark; and that wonderful complexion of youth, which can be compared to a flower, a fruit, but which has a dazzling, mysterious charm of its own unlike anything else in nature. . . .

How do they care for their skin, these beautiful girls and young married women who frequent the Ritz? What toilet soap do they find safest for that delicate, soft, fine texture that makes the special beauty of their complexion?

Among the women guests whom we asked this question, more than half said, "Woodbury's Facial Soap."

"Delightfully soothing," they said. "The only soap I can use with comfort." "Superior to any other for the skin."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients, it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process



Standing, elegant and aloof, among towering skyscrapers, the RITZ-CARLTON draws to itself the loveliest women of New York's younger set

than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Begin using it daily—see how perfect it is for a sensitive skin!

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the famous booklet of special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use the right Woodbury treatment you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

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

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2217 Alfred Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio

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

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2217 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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BACK in the Vitagraph days, it was considered bad form for a movie idol to be married. So Maurice Costello was officially a bachelor and little Dolores and Helene played kid parts, denying their relationship to the then great Maurice. They are now being rewarded by more electric lights than father ever enjoyed.



NEW PICTURES



Alexander

CINEMA astrologers say that this star is in the ascendant. Not so long ago, Joan Crawford was merely a dancing girl, with ornamental legs. Recent pictures prove that she is acquiring a vivid and distinctive quality in her acting.



WHEN Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque were married recently in Hollywood, the bride—as usual—got all the attention. Well, just to even things up a bit, here is a picture of the lucky bridegroom.



Ball

MARK these two events on your Fall Movie Calendar: Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg" and again Mr. Novarro in Joseph Conrad's great story, "Romance," now being produced under the sympathetic direction of John Robertson.



PARAMOUNT thinks so highly of the team of Dorothy Arzner, as director, and Esther Ralston, as star, that it has told the two gals to make some more pictures. The newest of these ultra-feminine concoctions is called "Ten Modern Commandments."

CREDIT Emil Jannings with a discovery. After a survey of Hollywood's feminine talents, Jannings selected Phyllis Haver to appear with him in "The Way of All Flesh." The erstwhile comedy beauty justified his choice by giving one of the best dramatic performances of the season.



The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

THE quality of a foundation garment can be measured only in its achievement on the figure. Subtly molded lines, subdued, graceful curves, a certain indefinable suppleness of the silhouette marks the appearance of the perfectly fitted figure—accompanied by a buoyant poise and distinctive carriage which naturally come to the woman who successfully chooses her foundation garments.

Unfailing quality of fashionable design, exquisite tailoring, smart durable materials mark Gossard garments as being superbly distinctive in their field. She who is Gossard corseted is well on her way to a truly smart appearance.

Note the ease with which this Gossard step-in of satin brocade molds the figure! The softly fitted smoothness of the waistline, the sloping hip line, the curving line at the thighs—all features which proclaim it a perfectly designed and tailored garment. Model 1398, \$12.50. Also Model 898—same style but made of fancy brocade at \$8.50.



H. W. Gossard

Keeping her clothes like new no longer worries

May McAvoy

"I used to find it difficult to have the right costume always ready. Now my frocks, sweaters and tailored things are easily kept fresh and new-looking."

THE demands upon my wardrobe are so varied and subject to such changes, that I used to find it almost impossible to have the right costume always ready," said May McAvoy.

"If I start the day's work in the studio wearing a lovely dance frock it often happens that before the end of the day, costume changes require me to appear in a riding habit or a luxurious tea gown. This of course means that an enormous wardrobe must be kept always in perfect condition.

"My maid and I struggled with this prob-



The lovely soft frocks so becoming to May McAvoy's piquant beauty as well as the jaunty tailored things she wears for sports and travel. Lux keeps exquisitely clean and like new



MAY MCAVOY delights to be cast for a part where she drives a car as in "The Fire Brigade," the recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer success. Her own gray roadster is often seen on the roads around Hollywood

lem for months. When we sent things to the dry cleaners, they frequently didn't get back in time. We were fearful of the hazards of home laundering yet there seemed to be no other answer to the puzzle!

"So she set out to test what washing would do to my clothes.

"And the results were marvelous.

"For naturally she used Lux, first testing a bit of the fabric in water to make sure it was washable. She has been using Lux ever since for practically all my clothes. Nothing else is used on them. My maid says she won't take any chances."

*"If it's safe in water...
it's just as safe in Lux"*



Now the big convenient package

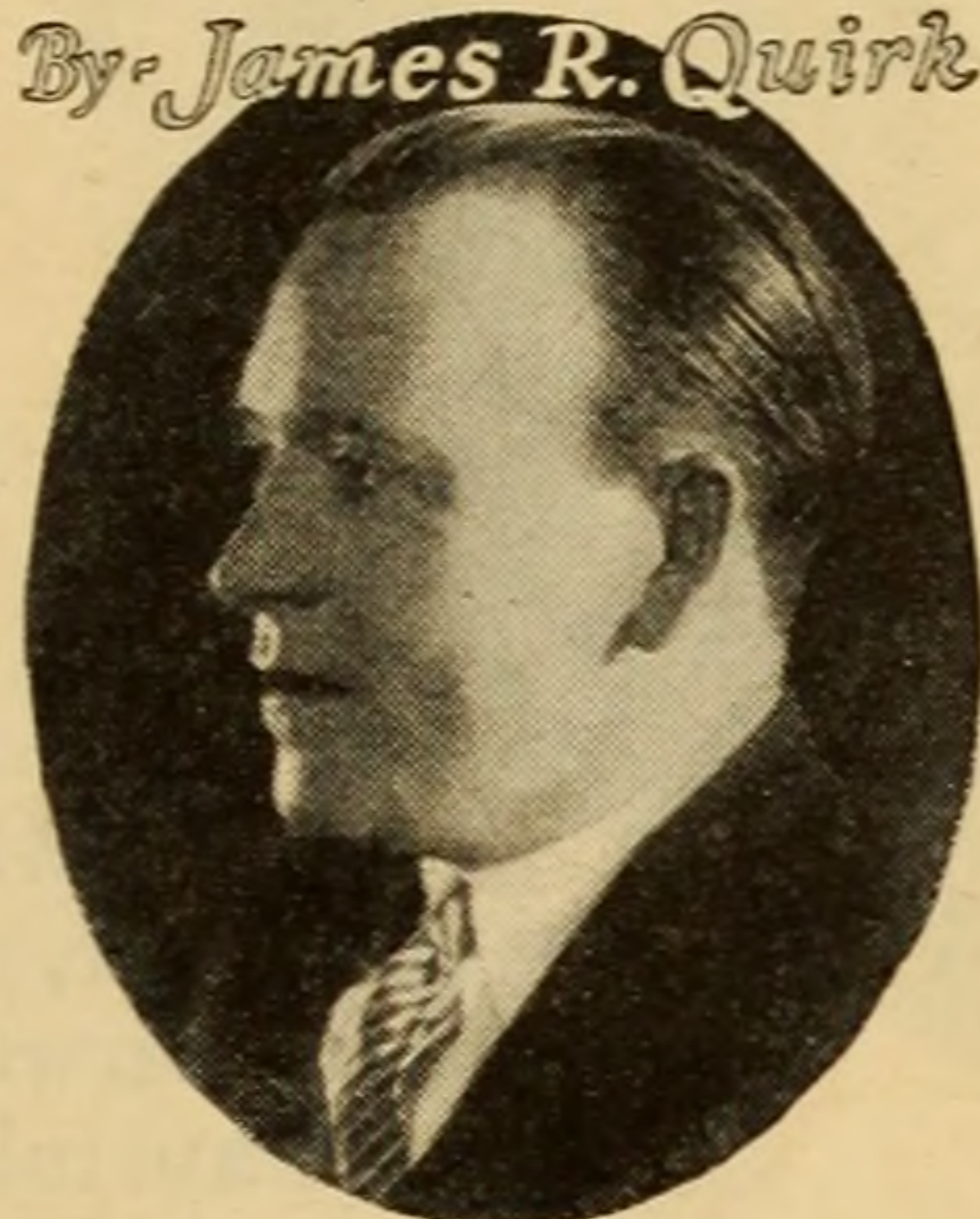
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



ONCE more I am visiting Hollywood, the strangest town in the world.

I have seen some fantastic goings on here, but this time I witnessed the most grotesque spectacle of all my cinema pilgrimages.

The lunatics were again in charge of the asylum, and I beheld half a dozen keepers sitting solemnly, trying to act like an audience, while fifty inmates delivered speeches at them simultaneously.

When the inmates tired of this diversion the keepers locked them up again, and the normal routine of the asylum was resumed.

THE producers had invited the directors, actors, and writers to tell them how to run the motion picture business, and there was not a single slacker. It was settled in fifty different ways within three days. The sacred walls of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences echoed and trembled. It was like the man who jumped on horseback and rode off in all directions.

IT all started with a great *pronunciamiento* of the producers, an efficiency idea conceived and executed with all the diplomatic subtlety of Captain Kidd boarding an unarmed clipper ship.

The bankers back East, it seems, had become uneasy about the high cost of production of pictures and subsequent low earnings. It was up to the producers to explain, and naturally enough, they could not very well explain that waste began at the top as it does in most every

other business and permeated the entire manufacturing process. It was much easier to regret the high salaries paid stars and directors.

Any president of a big New York bank, limited to a salary of fifty thousand a year, could be depended

upon to understand that it was regrettable that a mere actor should be paid half a million.

So, on the bankers' suggestion that it would be business-like to start to correct this with a horizontal cut of ten per cent in the salaries of all studio employees receiving over fifty dollars a week, the edict was promulgated.

THEN started a display of fireworks that made it seem like a national concentration of the Fourth of July in one town.

And in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after, the executive offices of our fourth—or fifth, or tenth, or whatever it is—largest industry were full of headaches, wrinkles, alibis, and flying boomerangs.

OUT on the studio lots the actors found their long unused voices and the writers mounted soap boxes. Electricians dropped lights. Cameras automatically went out of focus. Sympathetic property boys couldn't find an orange in all California. The overhead—that's a mysterious charge of from twenty-five to one hundred thousand dollars placed against every production before it starts—jumped about like the ghost of a wild kangaroo.

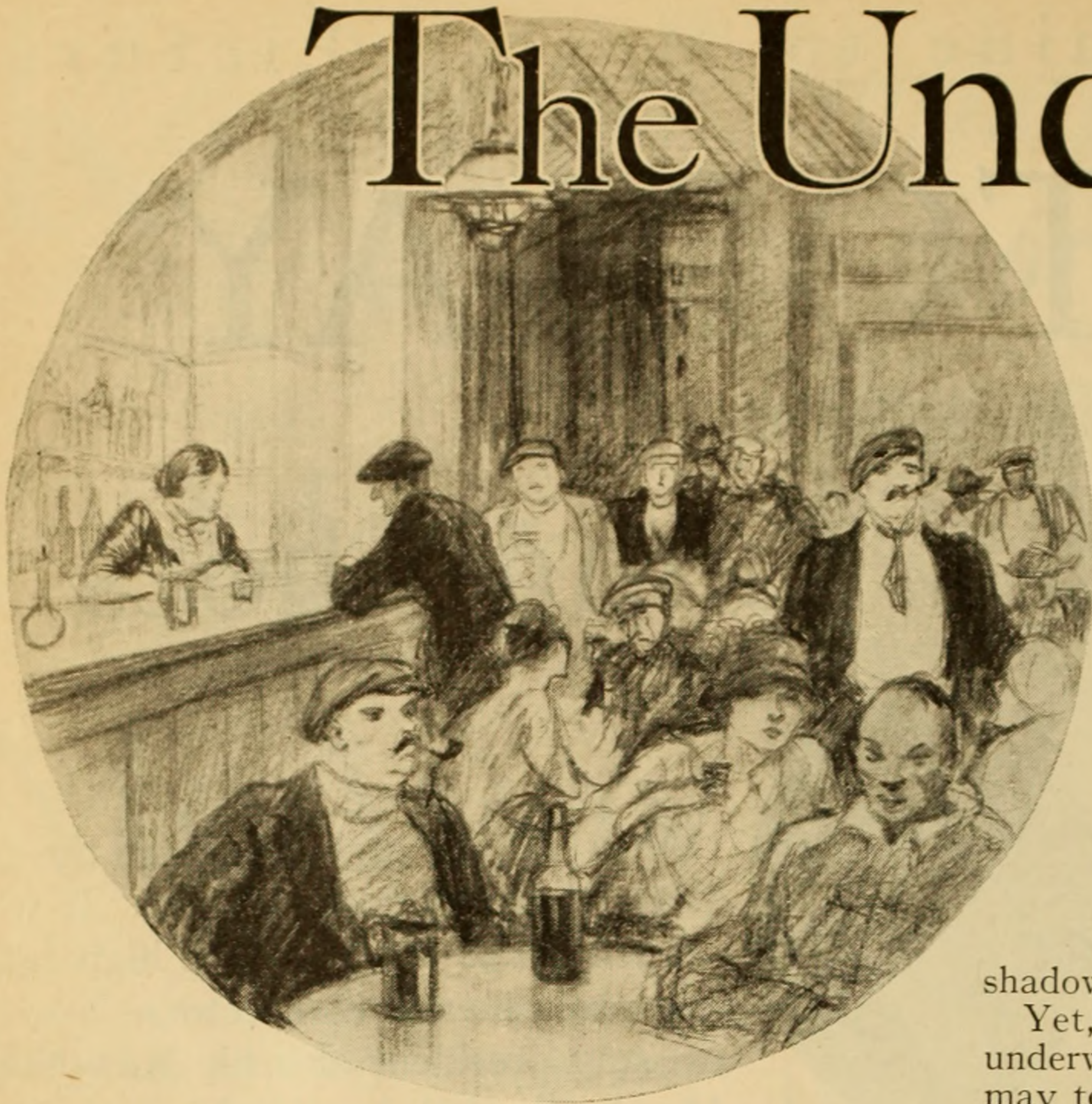
Studio efficiency dropped fifty per cent that day. Salaries total twenty-five per cent of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

The Underworld

Its symbol is the
gold. Its trade—

By
Ruth Waterbury



London's Limehouse, down by the rotting docks, where yellow and white skins mingle so closely that both are tainted and the sane mind becomes dream-fogged with opium

EVERY great city has its underworld. New York, Paris, Chicago, London, Berlin, Vienna. Each and all of them have districts where men live in the shadows and plot and prey.

Yet, even here, Hollywood is original. It has its underworld, no matter what its Chamber of Commerce may tell you. But it is a new underworld, a younger underworld, brash and brazen, like a flapper rouging her lips to go to a funeral.

Its underworld is not the Montmartre of Paris where hags leer from turgid hell-holes, where Apaches flash their fatal knives and young men live from the purchased beauty of frail girls.

It is not the underworld of London's Limehouse, down by the rotting docks, where yellow skins and white mingle so closely that both are tainted and the sane mind becomes dream-fogged with opium.

It is not the swift underworld of New York with its fifty-dollar murderers, its gunmen with their personal lawyers, its blackmailers, the crew of whom slide by night from the murky shadows of the Bowery to the aurora borealis of Broadway.

These cities boast their underworlds and garner gold from sight-seeing yokels who are guided through the stench and horror of them. Here darkness and silence are the swift-footed partners of crime and members of the bloody brotherhoods live in obscure houses and move with stealth. The symbol of these lower depths is the woman of the streets, creeping out at midnight, her eyes vacant and bright, her smiles empty.

The symbol of Hollywood's underworld is the jazz baby, gold-crazy, sex-crazy, hard-boiled, bitter and childishly abandoned to fate.

It's a jazz and gin underworld. Its denizens know no slums. They live in the sunshine, amid the scent of flowers and the light-hearted laughter of little children.

Hollywood's underworld is guilty of murder. Of seduction. Blackmail. Theft. Suicide. Dope. Yet it is an underworld essentially as young and unreal as the dreams of an extra girl and its greatest viciousness lies in the world's imagination.

Distinct from other cities, Hollywood tries to suppress news of its criminals. But the film capital has become the pulse

Montmartre in Paris where hags leer from turgid hell-holes, where Apaches flash their knives and young men live from the purchased beauty of frail girls



of Hollywood

flapper. Its lure—
gin and sex

Illustrations by
Harley Ennis Stivers



of the world's consciousness and no act committed there can go unnoticed anywhere on earth.

The greatest aids to Hollywood's felons are the spotlight of publicity and the roar of the crowd. These factors mean just so much cash to its crooks.

Publicity was what made the plot to kidnap Mary Pickford seem worth while. This deed was planned, not in a dank cellar as it would have been in any other city, but in a shiny bungalow dressed with new monotonous furniture, in a garden spot where green lawns and the blue sky made a strange frame for muddy imaginings. The boys who plotted to abduct Mary were young men, more stupid than vicious. The fault of their scheme was Mary's wealth and prominence. San Quentin now houses them.

Its apparent respectability is the most sinister aspect of this underworld.

IN an ordinary frame house in one of Hollywood's quietest streets, where the pepper trees swept the paths with their lacy fronds, lived two women who took a desperate chance at blackmail. A mother and daughter conspired to frame the Central Casting Agency with a tale of the girl's seduction by one of Central's officials. Adela Rogers St. Johns used the plot as the story of *Judy Keene* in PHOTOPLAY'S series, "The Port of Missing Girls." Just as Mrs. St. Johns concluded her story, the real plot ended. The girl confessed she had lied at her mother's bidding.

It was from some commonplace group, strolling before the open markets that line Hollywood Boulevard that there crept the gang who murdered William Desmond Taylor, the director. A silent man of mystery, Taylor gave his life for trying to save a girl from the curse of the drug habit. She was a lovely thing, a girl outside the movie profession. Taylor's heroism, for no greater deed can any man do than give his life for a friend, was lost sight of beneath the avalanche of dirty linen his death disclosed. And his death was likewise the death of Mary Miles Minter as an actress.

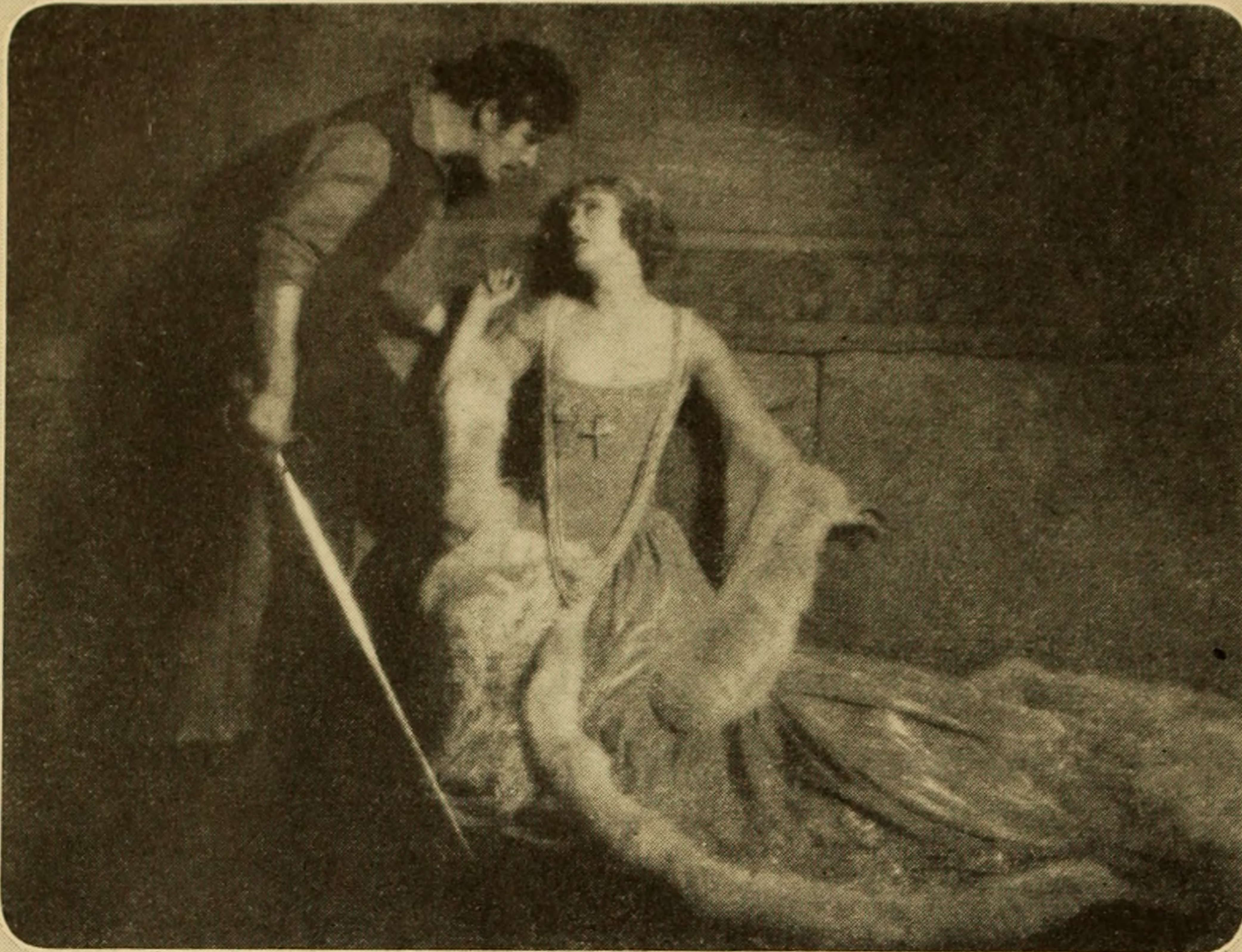
All professions have their charlatans. There
[CONT'D ON PAGE 113]

New York of the Speakeasies, with its fifty-dollar murderers, its gunmen with their personal lawyers, its blackmailers, its mingling of the dark Bowery with bright Broadway

Hollywood's underworld lives in shiny bungalows amid the scent of flowers. Its denizens know no slums. But here is seduction, blackmail, dope, theft, suicide, murder



What Makes Us



“THE NIGHT OF LOVE”

We hold ourselves in check. At pictures the man or woman whose love has been checked can feel the thrill of love triumphant

“IF you don't like the movies there is something wrong with you!”

I can recall distinctly the first time I made that statement. It was during a lecture I was giving on the psychology of amusement.

For a moment or two the audience seemed a trifle stunned by the boldness of what I had said. Then, as if responding to a truth they had never quite realized before, they burst into spontaneous and prolonged applause.

This incident illustrates so well the striking and remarkable hold that motion pictures everywhere have taken of the human mind.

Nothing in the history of entertainment has ever blazed a path of popularity for itself as have the movies.

The silver screen rouses desire with a peculiar fascination. When once it takes hold, it holds fast. Some people it almost hypnotizes!

Why?

Because motion pictures, like nothing else, gratify certain emotional cravings, common to us all.

Because motion pictures dovetail with the physiological side of our make-up better than any other form of amusement that has ever been devised.

We don't have to cultivate a taste for the movies.

To become a movie fan is not only natural—it is inevitable!

Dr. Bisch is writing a series of articles for PHOTOPLAY on psycho-analysis as applied to motion pictures and motion picture fans. He is a distinguished neurologist and psycho-analyst, at present professor of neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital.

Dr. Bisch was the organizer and director of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the New York Police Department and organizer and director of the Psychiatric Division of the Fifth Naval District.

We always like pictures which fulfill what we consciously or unconsciously have wished to be

That is why I claim that a liking for pictures is the same as saying that you are normal!

You and I—everyone of us—has developed from infancy up largely through the instinct of curiosity.

It is curiosity that made you learn to read and write and do arithmetic. You wanted to find out things. As a

child those funny black marks made you wonder what it was all about.

In like manner everything else you have learned since has been prompted by curiosity. Always your motivating desire has been to discover something you did not already know, something that mystified or puzzled you.

And that is the way you still are no matter what your years nor how bored with the game of life you may be. The same as in childhood, the instinct of curiosity is still egging you on.

Stop to consider how conveniently and completely motion pictures satisfy this curiosity craving.

In the movies all kinds of intimacies and privacies and secrets that we speculate about, but can never be sure about through actual experience, are revealed.

Take kings for instance. We hear about them, we read about them, occasionally we actually see one on parade or at a public celebration.

But what are kings really like? How do they talk and act when not on exhibition? Do they behave like you and me? Are kings always on their dignity, or are they regular fellows after all? What goes on inside the palace when the king dines privately with his family? How does he actually treat the queen? Do kings have love affairs on the Q.T.? How do they get

Movie Fans?

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

Certain actors
and actresses
appeal
because their
personalities
represent our
suppressed
desires

away with it? What does the inside of a palace look like anyway?

Well, you can read about such things in books. You can even see them in some plays. Newspapers often supply information.

But can anything beat the movie story in supplying the details you are asking yourself about?

In a play, when a person goes through a door, you don't know what is happening to him after he closes that door, what he does, how he acts after he leaves the house.

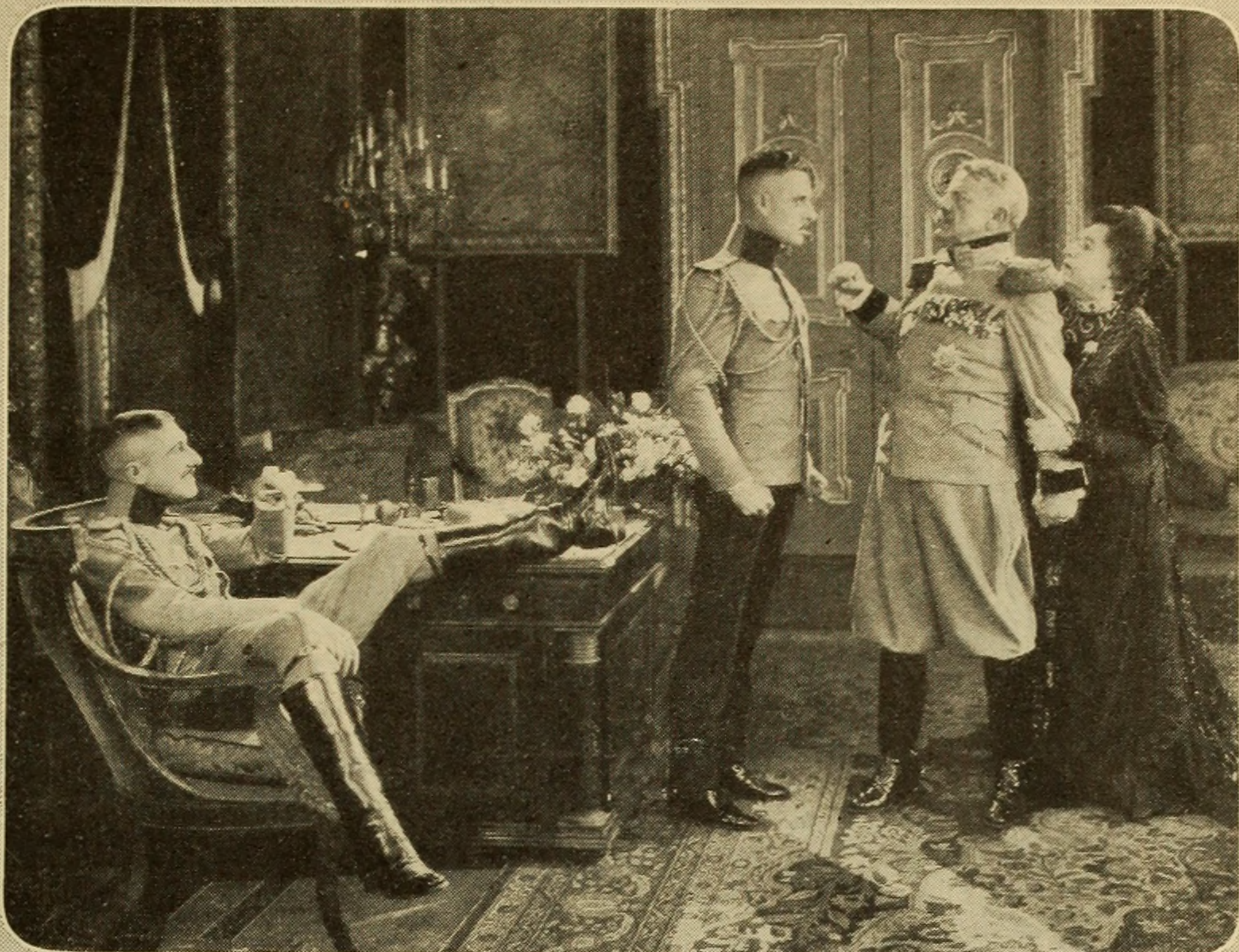
In a novel, yes. But it takes words and words, hundreds of them, to do it. During the time it took to do all this wearisome reading you could have had shown to you in a picture purple patches and high lights of this same character for the next half dozen or so years to come.

The movies also possess tremendous advantages when it comes to depicting character.

We are made to realize why the heroine took a false step at sixteen because we saw the influences with which she was surrounded, how she was brought up, her temptations, her strength and weaknesses, at six and ten and twelve.

We can see her in relation to fifty other characters and situations if need be, if that is necessary to bring out the why and the wherefore of her life. Her experiences in foreign lands, in places separated by thousands of miles, are no obstacle. One minute she is escaping from the orphan asylum. The next minute she is a drug addict in an opium den in Shanghai.

Motion pictures undoubtedly cover the greatest amount of geographical and personal territory in the



"THE MERRY WIDOW"

How do kings talk and act when not on exhibition? Can anything beat the movies in supplying the details you are asking yourself about?

shortest space of time. We can satisfy more curiosity in a couple of hours in a picture show than if we spent six months trying to dig up the information for ourselves elsewhere.

A curious emotional appeal that the movies make comes of the fact that they flatter our egos and enhance our pride.

In a novel everything is explained. In a play too much must be explained to make it clear.

The motion picture, however, with its wide choice of scene and action, can give you just the number of hints necessary to make you a competent and accurate guesser of what is going to happen next. Suspense and absorbing interest can consequently be regulated with the greatest ease.

This invariably thrills. To guess correctly makes you feel intelligent and capable. You pat yourself on the back. Your ego gets a kick. You feel sort of good all over.

Says Dr. Bisch:

"Motion pictures gratify certain emotional cravings, common to us all."

"To be a movie fan is not only natural, it is inevitable."

"Everyone of us has developed from infancy up largely through the instinct of curiosity. Motion pictures gratify this curiosity craving."

"In the movies all kinds of secrets we speculate about are revealed."

The laws of physiology also play an essential rôle in making pictures so popular.

Everybody has an imagination, but everybody does not imagine in the same way.

If you are a musician, for example, your mental images are mostly sounds. The imagination of sound gives you the greatest pleasure.

But not so with the vast majority of us. Most of us are distinctly visualizers.

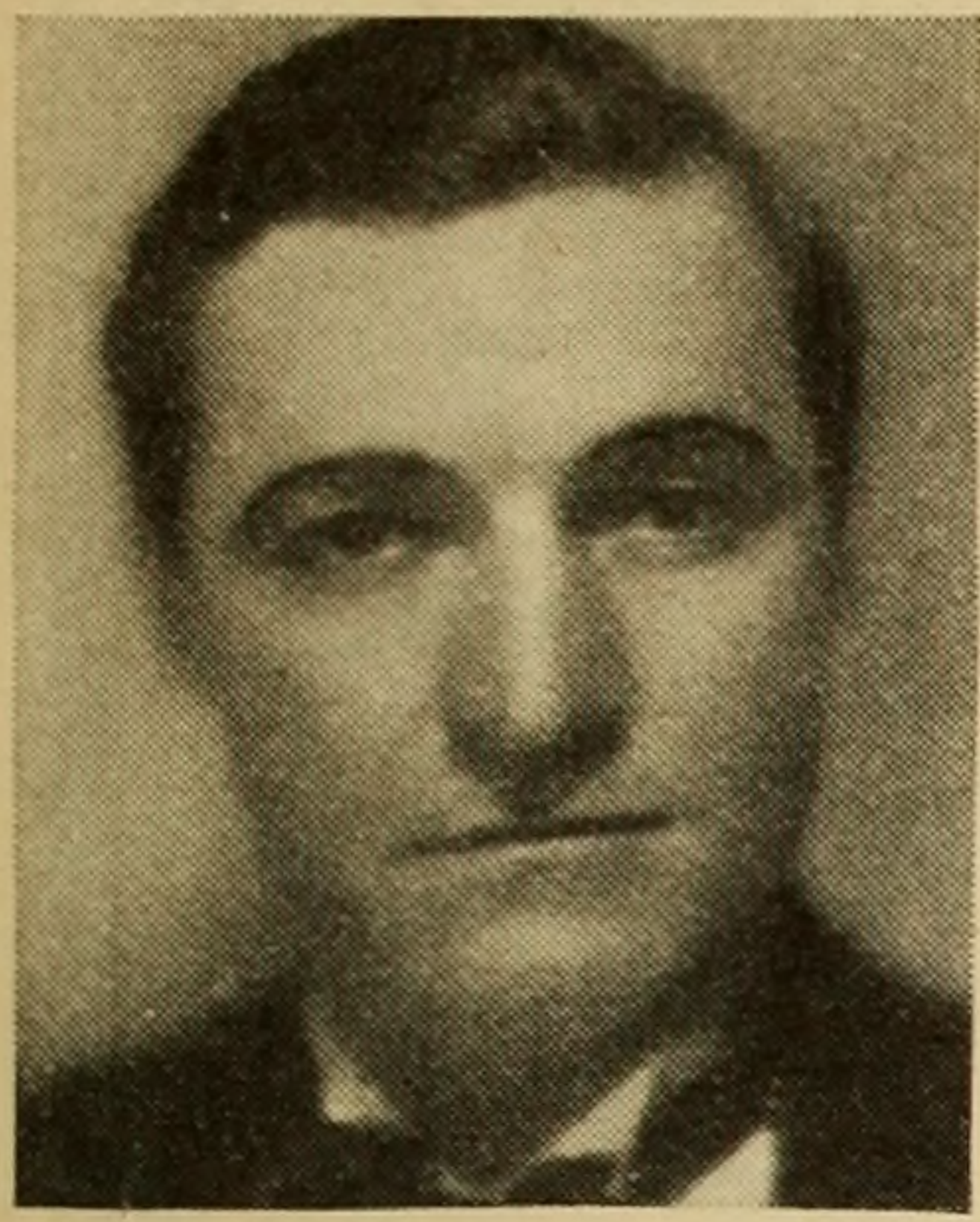
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



CLARA BOW flies to Hawaii—filmally speaking—and goes native. Clara is the latest member of the Royal Order of the Grass Skirt and she is taking dancing lessons so that she can do justice to the title rôle of her newest picture—"Hula."

The Vacation Complex

By Tom Mix



Tom



Victoria

There is no place like home
except Paris and a
few other cities, says Tom

JUST now a lot of folks are hittin' or have hit the trail for the old home shack, vacation days bein' about over. An' rich or poor, they're all a comin' with the feelin' that about the best bed in the world is the one they're a aimin' to sleep in the first night they get back home.

In the expensive hotels—there bein' no cheap boardin' houses aroun' vacation time—the beds are good to look at, but not, accordin' to my way of thinkin', made for sleepin' purposes. I've slept many a time on a Navajo blanket, with prairie for a carpet, sage brush for furniture, a nearby creek for the bath room an' the stars supplyin' the lightin' system and got a fine, satisfyin' night's rest. But if any bird ever got anything like a good night's sleep in one of these new fangled hotel beds fitted out with silk sheets that skid you all over the place an' a "hygenic" mattress harder to lie on than a sun-dried Oklahoma buffalo waller, I'll buy the bed for this bird an' give it to him as a present, providin' he'll agree to keep on sleepin' in it.

The vacation idea has gone through a lot of overhaulin' in recent years. As a nation, we seem to have a vacation complex. I like that word complex, because I can spell it without resortin' to the dictionary.

IN my younger days and in a time when I really got a vacation, a vacation meant a coupl'a weeks' rest—now it means four weeks of unrest. The more unrestable the time, the finer vacation you're supposed to have had. I remember when I used to get a vacation now and then an' thought nothin' of ridin' horseback 250 miles a goin' and 250 miles a comin' just to see a girl. You don't have to go away to enjoy a vacation. Many a time, I've seen cowhands get a week or so off an' have a fine time a ridin' over the ranch, visitin' some of the boys stationed out in the line camps an' even helpin' them work. Any kind of hard work is

a fine vacation providin' you don't get paid for doin' it.

Since I've been makin' pictures, I've only had one real vacation, personal, the time I spent eight weeks in Europe. Then I came home an' plunged into a lot of wild ridin' an' makin' western thrillers to get my nerves quieted down a bit.

Bein' somewhat of a busy man, I don't know much about vacations any more except as they are framed up an' indulged in out here in Hollywood.

It seems that Paris is the only real spot.

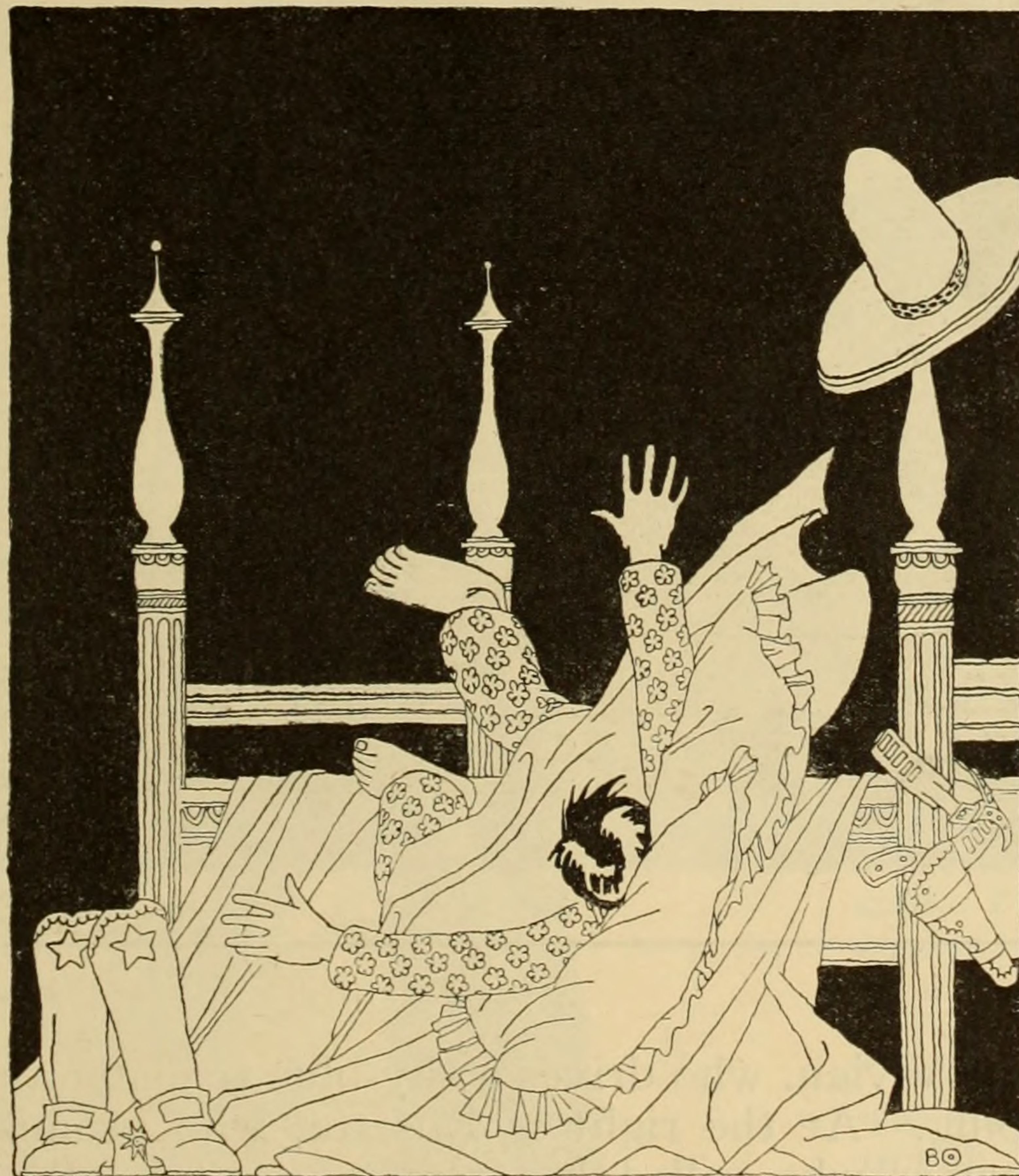
NOWHERE else in the world is there any chance for rest, at least, accordin' to the women folks. I know a lot of good hideaway spots an' a few quiet ranches where it seems to me 'most anybody could sure have a good time, pick up some weight an' come home feelin' fine. But that's just what they ain't a lookin' for. It's Paris or bust!

There ain't a girl out here in Hollywood who wouldn't give her right eye, or what have you, to get into Paris. But with a few exceptions here an' there, they haven't got the price. To them, Paris represents the greatest

bargain sale of window shoppin' the world has got to offer. One of the principal reasons why most of 'em want to reach Paris is to mail picture postals of the Eiffel tower an' Napoleon's Tomb back to the old home town in Iowa and Kansas. Hollywood girls think Paris, talk Paris an' dream Paris, but go on a livin' in California, due to the high cost of ocean travel.

Then on the other hand there are the wives of a few picture stars, directors an' prosperous business men who can afford the trip—or their husbands can—it bein' the same thing. These girls really have no reason for seekin' Paris, except that the folks who can't go would consider them saps if they stayed at home. So, just to prove that they ain't saps, an' know what's good for 'em, they

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



"In expensive hotels, the beds are good to look at but not, accordin' to my way of thinkin', made for sleepin' purposes"



*A*T the left is Vivian, who drives a sky-blue roadster and parks three hours by a fire plug. At the right is Rosetta, who promised a black eye to a woman reporter who called her temperamental. Both Duncans live in Hollywood's Haunted House—and like it

The Song and Patter Kids

Presenting those Duncan girls, the delight of Kings and Princes but terror of traffic cops and directors

By
Dorothy Spensley

I'VE just been lunching with the Duncans. The delectable, delicious, adorable Duncans. Rosetta and Vivian, you know. Jake and Hymie to their friends.

The licorice and marshmallow children of "Topsy and Eva." The darlings of the American boards. The girls who knocked the Prince of Wales for a row of bowler hats. Who taxi-cabbed with Alfonso, King of Spain, through darkling London streets, with gray dawn plucking at the skirts of night.

Those native-born Los Angeles kids, unspoiled, un-

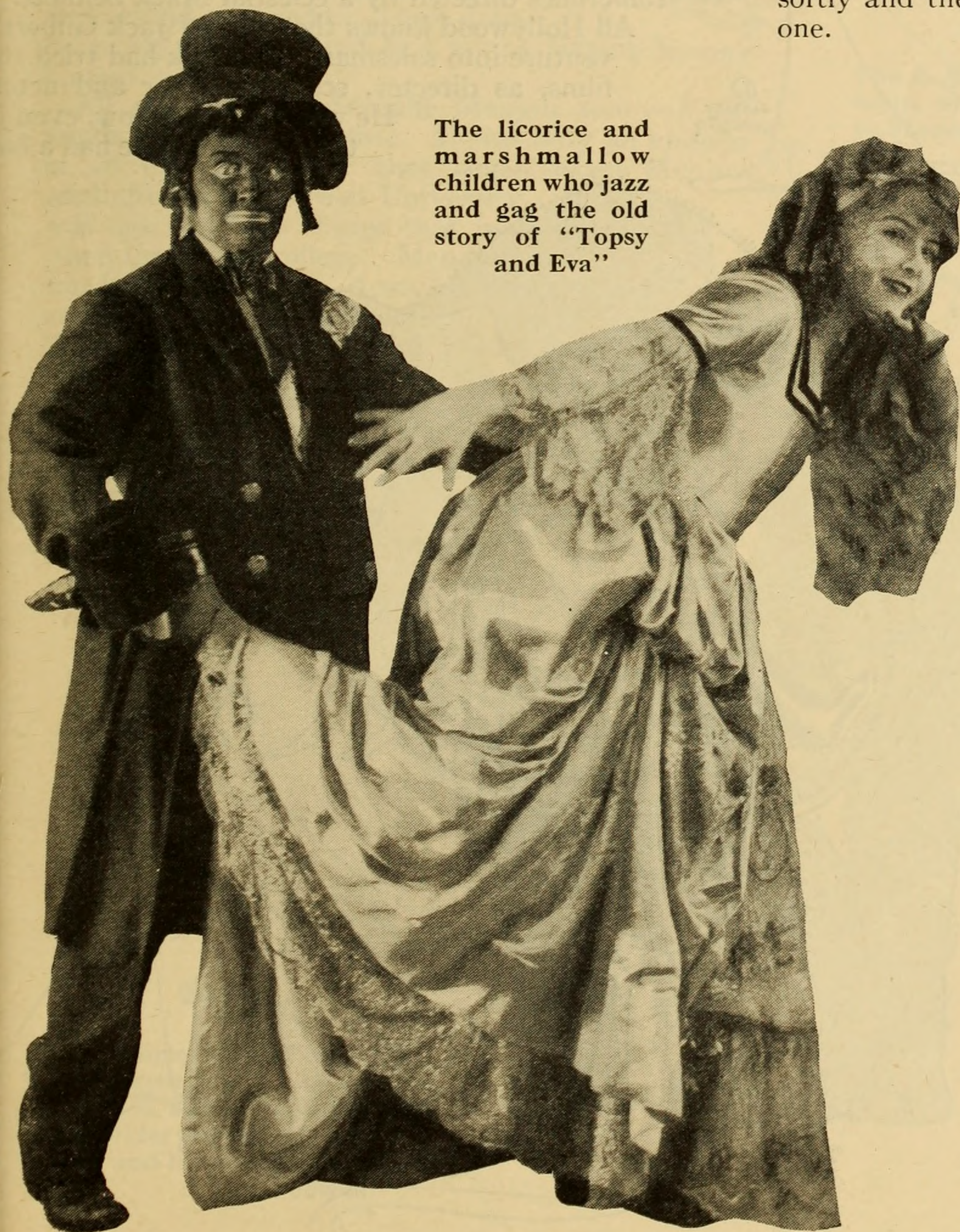
selfish, who have turned the theatrical world into two cocked hats and gone smartly marching on.

The song-and-patter darlings of the stage. The jazz-mongers of the two-a-day. The melody girls of the theatrical world.

Vivian came to the door, all blonde of curls in a green jersey dress. All smiles and one sly dimple. Blue eyes, like a wise angel's. A voice as tinkling as a golden harp.

This is the girl who danced with the Prince of Wales. This is lil' Eva, who harmonizes with Topsy in their famous songs. Who spans a mean piano, and gurgles softly and then louder, to the wisecracks of the licorice one.

The licorice and marshmallow children who jazz and gag the old story of "Topsy and Eva"



"Do you think I look too worldly with my hair bobbed?" questions Rosetta of the thousands at the Hollywood Bowl Flood Relief Benefit. It was two days after Aimee McPherson's shingling. The audience howls, but high above their glee is the golden laugh of Vivian. Spontaneous laughter, honest admiration at the cleverness of her sister. That's the way it always is.

It is Vivian who drives the sky-blue sliver of a Roadster sixty miles an hour, turns in one-way streets and parks three hours by a fire plug. Who gathers traffic tags and hearts in one small fist, shoves them in a crowded vanity case, and promptly forgets them.

"Where do you girls get your pep?"

Vivian's nose, small and pert, wrinkled when she laughed.

"From pop." A joyous gurgle spiralled to the ceiling. "He's the peppiest person in the world. Gosh! He's suing everyone but the mayor." The gurgle hung itself on the chandelier.

"I'm sorry Rosetta is ill today. She's down at the beach house. Took cold, I think. Now she's taking aspirin. She's much more interesting than I am."

The telephone at her left jingled. "Hello," answered Vivian. Her voice was *basso profundo*. "Do you wish to talk to Miss Vivian?" Chaliapin's tones could not have been deeper. "Just a moment, please."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

Old Jobs

Today they're stars, but yes-men, grocery boys

By Agnes Smith

COULD John Gilbert persuade you to buy tires for your automobile? Or could William Haines sell you a bond? Or would you like Adolphe Menjou to trim the shrubs in your back yard? Or how about taking piano lessons from Ramon Novarro?

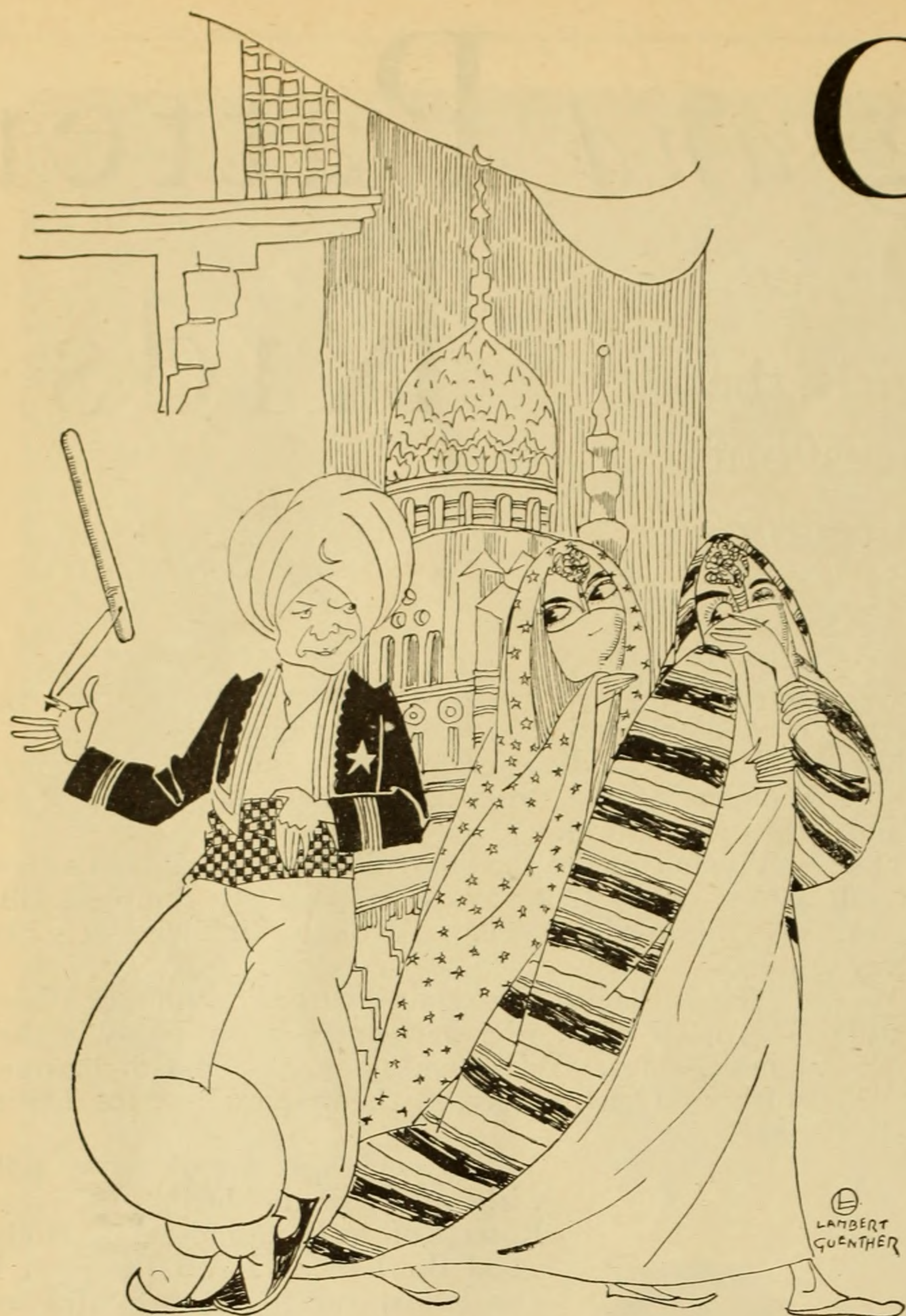
Don't all speak at once.

This is the story of the boys and a few girls who did some tall hustling at odd jobs—very odd jobs—before they struck gold in Hollywood. It's a story of the stars before they had to worry about income taxes, before they knew where their next Rolls-Royce was coming from.

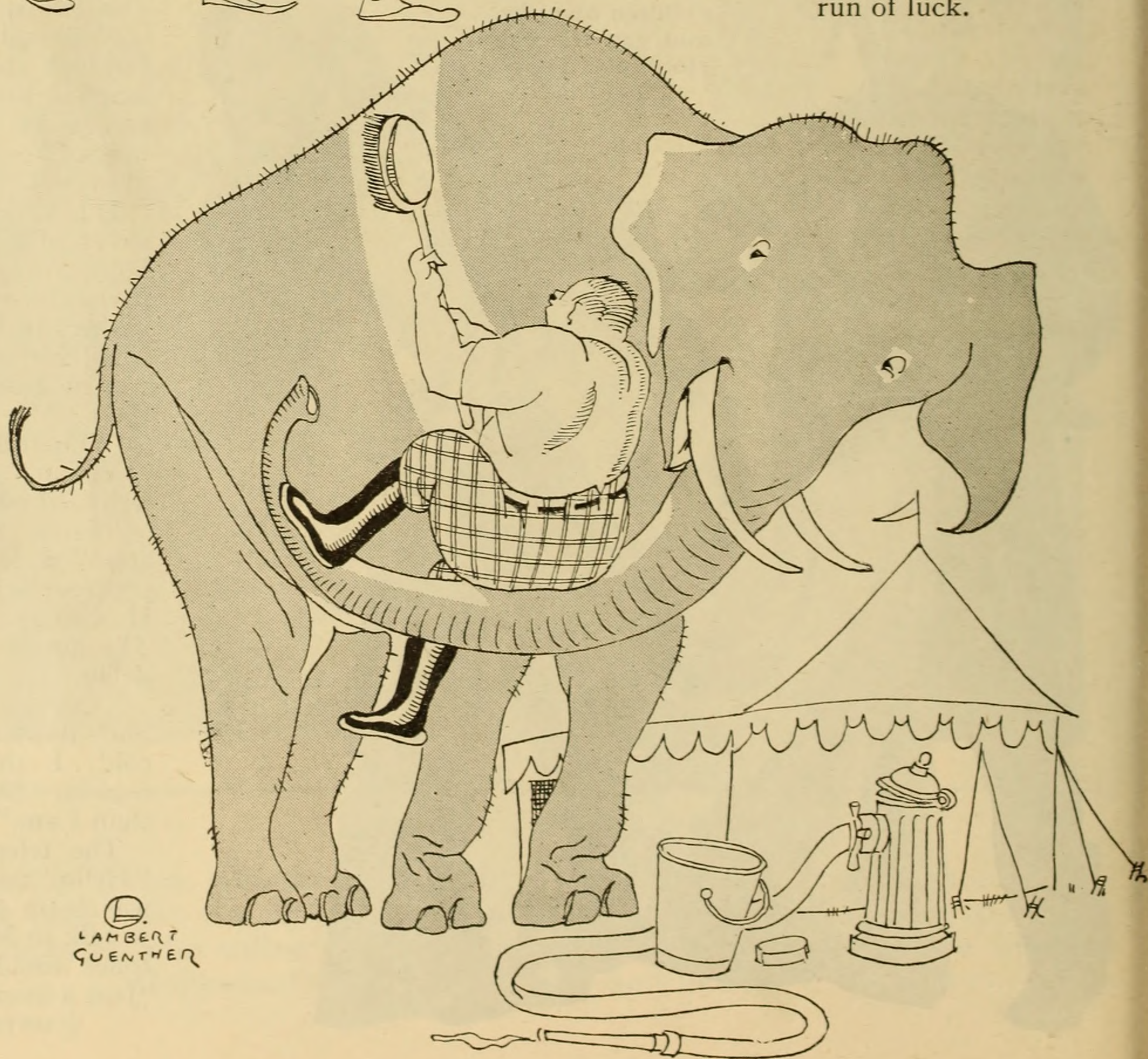
It proves nothing at all, except that life is sometimes directed by a celestial Mack Sennett.

All Hollywood knows the story of Jack Gilbert's venture into salesmanship. Jack had tried the films, as director, scenario writer and actor.

He was a clever fellow, even in those days, but he had a bad run of luck.



Victor McLaglen went into Bagdad with the British Army. He was so big and strong and fierce that they made him Chief of Police—tata-ta-ta-ta. And, oh Fatima, what a job *that* was!



Wallace Beery told the circus manager that he wanted to do something big and clean in this world. The circus manager told him to go wash an elephant. That's how he earned *his* honest dollars

for New

terday they were sales-
or gardeners

Gilbert had an offer of a film job in New York, but he refused because Leatrice Joy, then his wife, was working on the West Coast. To fill out a spare season, Gilbert took a job with the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company. He was through with the screen forever—so he thought. But he changed his mind and Mr. Goodrich lost a so-so salesman.

Down in Durango, Mexico, not so many years ago, an artistic boy, who hoped to be an opera singer, thought he would make a little pin money by giving lessons in piano and singing. Mr. Samoniegos guided stumbling fingers through Czerny's exercises until he had saved enough money to join the Marion Morgan dancers in Los Angeles. These days, he is Mr. Novarro and he's taking singing lessons himself.

All one summer, Adolphe Menjou annoyed the weeds on the Astor estate. It was only an episode in an eventful career that began when Menjou graduated from Cornell University. It was one of those things that boys do when they leave college. Menjou afterwards went into the Army as captain and acted as interpreter during the World War. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



The A. E. F. needed two-fisted, fighting chaplains, so Fred Thomson joined up and went to France, where, you may be sure, there was a preacher's work to be done



Renee Adoree came of a circus family. At an early age, Renee was a bareback rider in small carnivals and life was all a series of ups and downs

LAMBERT
QUENTNER

LADIES in HADES

By
*Frederic Arnold
Kummer*



Illustrated by Gordon Ross

Scheherazade discusses padlocked wives

QUEEN SCHEHERAZADE arrived at Eve's house for the second meeting of the Hades Ladies Club somewhat out of breath.

She had been held up at the door, it appeared, by Mr. Casanova and Captain Potiphar, both very much the worse for liquor, and had experienced great difficulty in getting away from them.

"I hope I'm not late," she gasped. "Fancy those two old birds, so tight they could hardly stand up, insisting on crashing the party! Mr. Casanova is terrible—runs after every girl in Hades. He certainly did look funny in those eighteenth-century barberpole pants of his, trying to make love to a lamp post. As for Captain Potiphar—well—the uniform of the Memphis Mounted Marines may have been impressive in King Tut's day, but when you are sitting in an ash can—"

"The wretch!" Mrs. Potiphar cried. "And he told me he was going to a lodge meeting! Wait till I get hold of him!"

"Ladies—ladies!" Eve pounded on the table with her golden apple to bring the members to order. "We have been promised a little talk tonight by Queen Scheherazade, the well known author of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Her subject is, 'Should Wives Be Padlocked?' I feel sure we are going to have a treat."

Scheherazade leaned back in her chair with a smile.

"Don't get nervous, girls," she said. "I'm not going to bore you with the history of my life. But since our worthy president has mentioned my record as a long-distance bedtime entertainer, I know you will be interested to learn how it happened that I had to lie awake telling my husband stories for a thousand and one nights. It certainly wasn't just to hear the sound of my voice.

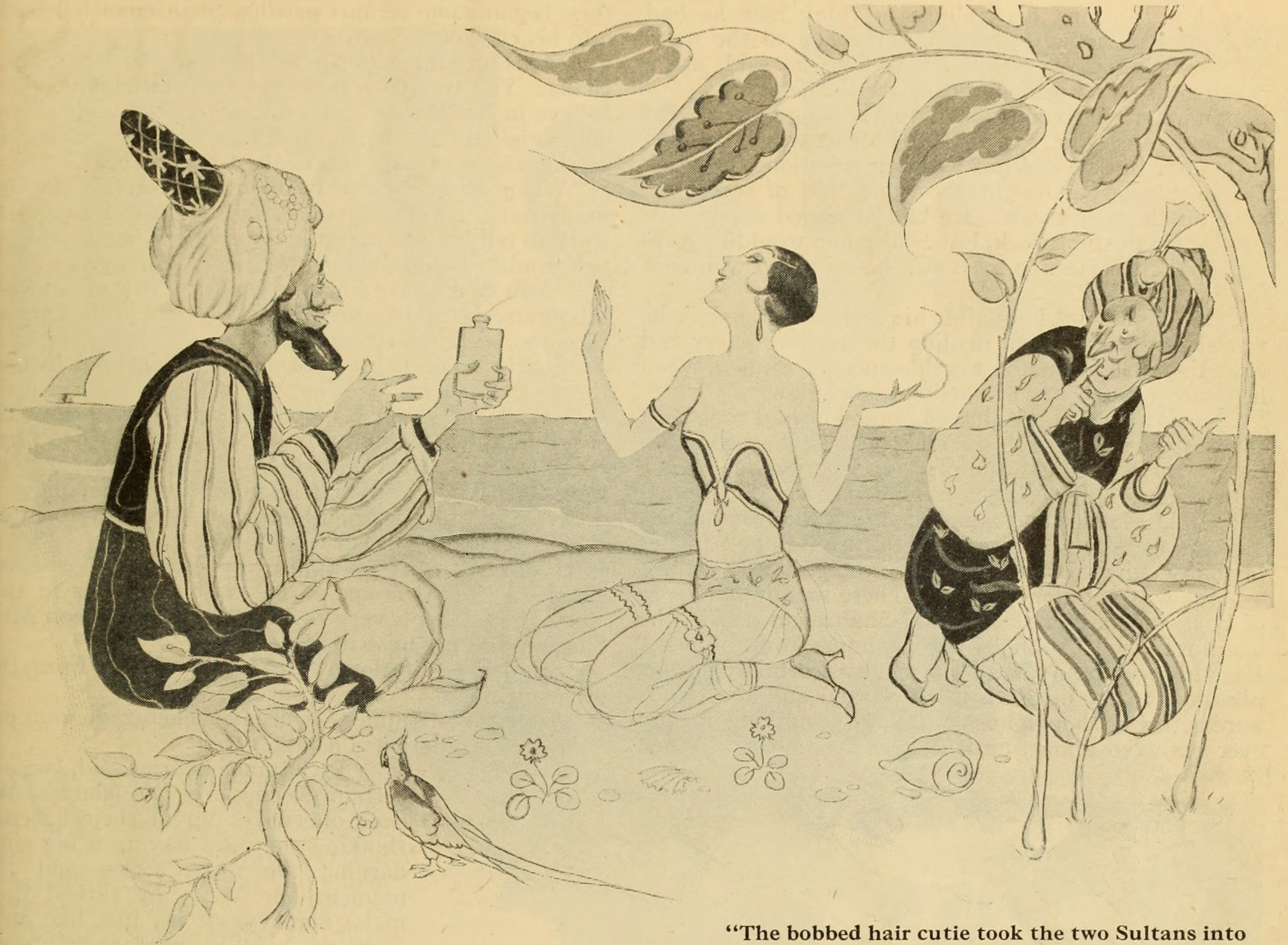
"My husband, Shariar—he wasn't my husband then, although he had had enough wives to know how to treat one—was Sultan of Arabia at the

"Isn't that like a man?" said Lucrezia Borgia. "My second husband was always dashing off and leaving me at home"



Gordon Ross

Eve calls the second meeting of the club to order and another siren of history tells her story



“The bobbed hair cutie took the two Sultans into the bushes”

time of which I speak, with headquarters at Bagdad. And his brother Shahzenan held down the same job in Persia.

“One day Shariar, who hadn’t heard from his brother for some time, decided he would like to see him. So he wrote him a letter and invited him down to the Big City for a couple of months, to take in the sights. There were some nifty new shows in town, he said, and one of the night clubs had just put on a nautch girl dancing act from India that was the limit.

“When Shahzenan read the letter he decided that a trip to Bagdad was just what he needed. He had been working very hard at the sultan business all winter and felt that a change would do him good. So he wrote back telling his brother he would take the next caravan. He did not think it best to bring Mrs. Shahzenan, he said, because she didn’t care for night clubs and anyway she wasn’t much of a traveller, and the motion of a camel made her sick.”

“Isn’t that just like a man?” Lucrezia Borgia interrupted. “My second husband was the same way. Always dashing off somewhere and leaving me home. That’s why I had to get rid of him. But I gave him a beautiful funeral.”

“Ladies—ladies!” Eve exclaimed. “Please do not interrupt.”

“So one afternoon a couple of weeks later,” Scheherazade went on, “Shahzenan kissed his wife goodbye and promised to write and climbed on his camel. But he

had no more than reached camp the first night, when he discovered that his Head Valet had forgotten to pack the new silk pajamas he had ordered especially for his trip to Bagdad.

“This made Shahzenan very sore, and after having cut the valet’s ears off and given the rest of the servants a good bawling out, he said the only way to get anything done right was to do it yourself, and he would ride back to town and get those pajamas before he went another step. It was necessary, for the sake of the family, to make a good impression in Bagdad, he said.

“When he got to the palace and sneaked in the back way so as not to disturb his wife, he was considerably surprised to find a party going on in the harem. It was not a large party—just Mrs. Shahzenan and the palace gold-fish polisher—but it was a snappy one. The wife was all dressed up in a pink chiffon handkerchief and was teaching her boy friend how to do the Samarcand Slide. There was also a jug of Shahzenan’s best private stock on the table. Naturally he was peevish.

“‘It is bad enough,’ he said to the young man, drawing his scimitar, ‘to find you making love to my wife, although I can get another wife without much trouble. But where do you think I am going to get any more of that pre-Babylonian liquor?’ So he carved up Mrs. Shahzenan and her boy friend as neatly as possible and threw them out of the window.

“When he got back to the caravan he did not say anything about what had happened, but his spirits

How the Arabian Nights really got their start

were low. It hurt his feelings to think how he had trusted that woman, giving her the key to the royal wine cellar and everything. Women, he said, are a deceitful lot, and he was through with them.

"Shariar, who came down to the Bagdad caravan station to meet him, saw that his brother was not feeling so peppy, but he did not ask any questions, thinking maybe Shahzenan might have got hold of some bad stuff on the way down. He had arranged several big parties for the first week, but Shahzenan wouldn't go to any of them. He was tired out, he said, and wanted a few days' rest.

"One night, not long after his arrival in Bagdad, he was sitting in his room reading the evening paper and reflecting on the general worthlessness of women, when he heard quite a racket outside his window.

"Everybody in the palace supposed he had gone with the rest of the bunch to see the new Senegambian Scandals, so of course the place was very quiet.

"Hearing the noise, Shahzenan took a peep through his window lattice and almost fell into the rose bushes. There was Mrs. Shariar, tastefully enveloped in her birthday suit, taking a swim in the big marble pool.

"She was not alone, either. There was quite a bevy of boys and girls with her, and Shahzenan decided he had not missed a thing by staying home from the show. Bagdad society, he said to himself, was certainly *ne plus ultra*, not to say modern. Mrs. Shariar and her friends were acting as though husbands were something no lady ever bothered about, until the rent came due. When

they began some serious petting, Shahzenan fell back into his chair with a groan.

"This marriage business,' he said, 'is like Santa Claus. You've got to be in your second childhood to believe in it. Here I've been looking on myself as the only original easy mark, and poor brother Shariar is getting the same sort of a deal. Can you beat it?'

"When Shariar came in about four A. M., feeling somewhat the worse for wear, and began to frame up a story to tell his wife about his chariot having developed tire trouble, Shahzenan sprang the glad news.

"You could have knocked me for a row of Turkish tabourets,' he said, 'when I saw you were in the cuckoo class too. What's the answer?'

"Shariar took the royal battle-axe off its hook behind the door.

"Well,' he said, 'I suppose I have got to do what every husband ought to under the circumstances provided his wife doesn't beat him to it. I have not slept well since I took out that last life insurance policy.'

Mrs. Potiphar, who had been trying vainly to catch Eve's eye, sprang to her feet.

"I do not wish to appear hypercritical," she exclaimed, "but it seems to me that the wives in this story are getting a very raw deal. If I had been Mrs. Shariar, and my husband had—"

"Sit down—sit down!" came in chorus from the other members. "You're out of order!"

"After the obsequies," Queen Scheherazade went on, "the two brothers had a talk.

"As Sultans,' Shariar said, 'we are certainly a couple of false alarms. We shut our wives up in their harems, thinking they are having a big time darning the royal socks, and the moment our backs are turned they make monkeys of us, just like anybody else. All women are deceivers. I'm off them for life.'

"What do you say,' Shahzenan suggested, 'if we give up being Sultans for a while and go on a pilgrimage? As far as I am concerned I feel like travelling. And I am not coming back until I find a husband who has been given a worse deal than I have. How about it?'

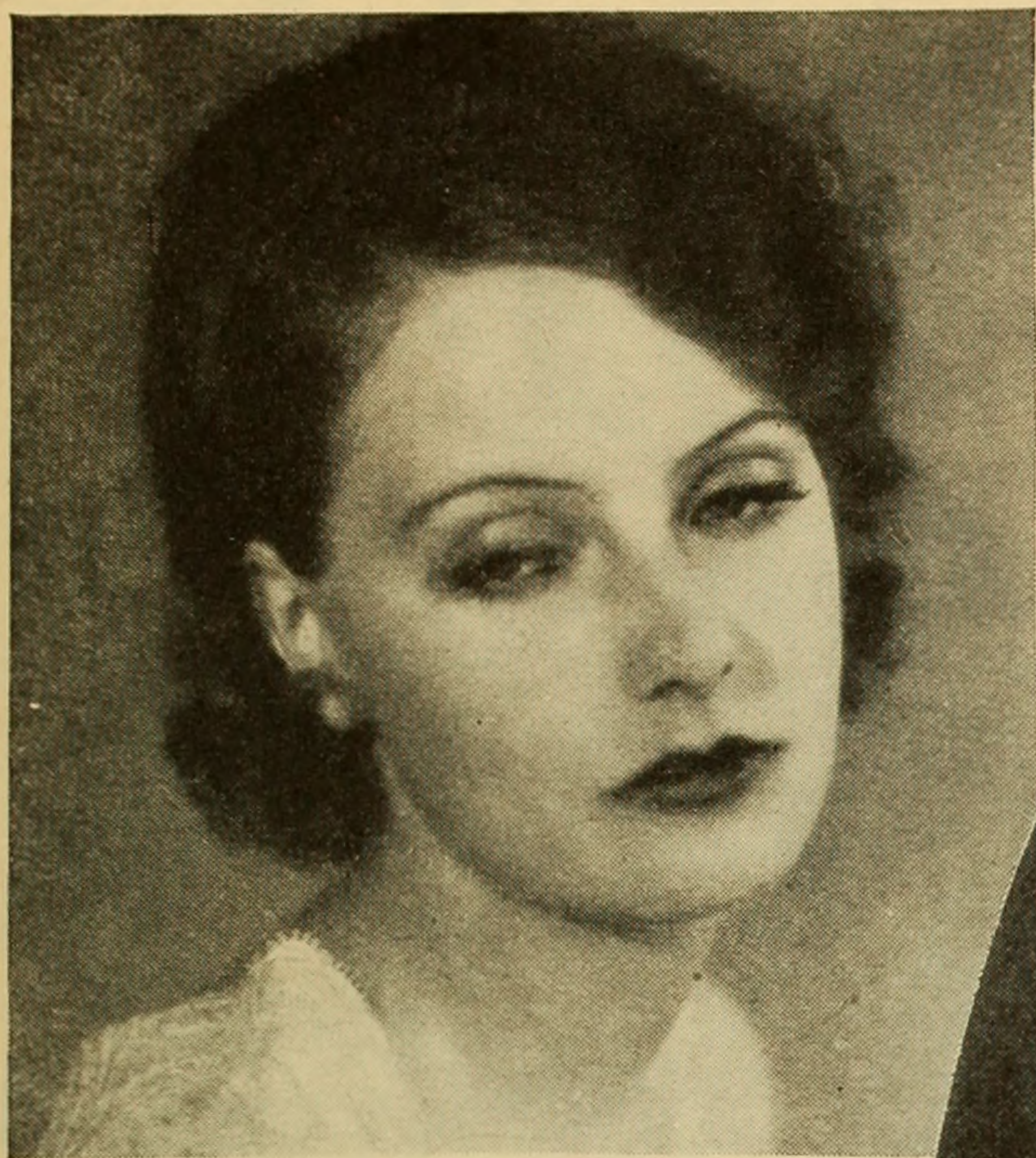
"Shariar said he thought it was a great idea. Women no longer interested him. He didn't care if he never came back.

"Look here, Ali Baba,'
[CONT'D ON PAGE 133]



Shariar and Shahzenan were afraid that the lady would wake up her husband and that he might fail to understand

BEFORE *and* AFTER Using



Here and in the center picture you see the weak, wan Greta before she discovered Cod Liver Oil



Revealing what fresh vegetables, plus milk, cream and plenty of fruit did for the languishing Greta

WHEN late in the spring Greta Garbo, during the filming of "Love," taken from Tolstoi's masterpiece, "Anna Karenina," became suddenly ill and left the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, it was not temperament. It was anemia and very nearly pernicious anemia at that. Greta was very, very sick. Intestinal flu complicated the diagnosis. For five weeks her doctors kept her under constant supervision. They forced her to rest. They forced her to get plenty of fresh salt air and sunshine and vigorously they made her follow a diet.

Six weeks on the diet and Greta returned to the studio, a radiant, vital Greta. She had gained nearly fifteen pounds in weight and had acquired pep. Fancy the languid, cool Greta with vitality and a joy of living! That was the Greta who returned to work.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials were worried. Would this sparkle affect the torrid Garbo box-office appeal? Frightened they watched a laughing Greta face the camera. And then they relaxed.

For, from far across the big lot Mr. John Gilbert hurried. Production plans stopped immediately. Mr. Gilbert announced in no uncertain words that star or no star he was going to be Greta's leading man in "Love" or he just wouldn't play.

The officials watched. But Greta didn't say she thought she

would go home now. Instead she announced to Ruth Harriet Louise, the studio photographer, that she wanted some ro-

mantic pictures taken with Mr. Gilbert.

Thus the gentle peace of a fat bank balance came to the turbulent souls of Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, and all, including Greta, was well.

Here's the diet Greta followed.

Cod Liver Oil, 5 cc—a spoonful—four times daily for supplying Vitamin A. Butter, five or six pats daily on vegetables or whole wheat bread, made with milk instead of water. At least six glasses of milk and one-half pint of cream. Three yolks of eggs, containing Mr. B. Vegetables daily, especially tomatoes in any form, for they are full of Vitamin C. Then spinach (A and B), lettuce, cabbage, fresh and raw, carrots, string beans, cauliflower, endive, peas, sweet potatoes and Hubbard squash. Fruits daily to furnish more A, the best being oranges, lemons, grapefruit, raspberries and apples, preferably as apple sauce.

The meats will astonish you—liver and kidneys, and next to them sweetbreads and brains.

Bread, four slices a day. Generous helpings of vegetables were furnished and about a quarter of a pound of red meat added to ordinary servings of the liver.

Gossip of All *the*



Senor Jaime Martinez del Rio overcomes his camera shyness and poses for his first professional picture with his wife, Dolores. Senor del Rio wants to make good as a scenario writer



"Cigars, Cigarettes!" In "After Midnight" Norma Shearer is seen as one of those picturesque night club employees who charge you thirty cents for a fifteen cent package of smokes and then take the change from a dollar for a tip — after midnight

A NEW difficulty confronts Lon Chaney. There's a city ordinance in effect in Los Angeles that demands a dollar tax from anyone who in his vocation "wears disguises or false faces." And Lon is known as "The Man of a Thousand Faces." "Should I," said Lon when I met him in his make-up for "Mockery," "pay them one dollar or a thousand?"

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and Captain Alastair Mackintosh have decided to let the divorce courts make their temporary separation a permanent one.

Anita Stewart is going to cut the legal tie that binds her to Rudolph Cameron. Anita and Rudolph have been separated for years.

But Colleen Moore and First National have made up and everything is sweet and amiable once more.

EMIL JANNINGS cut his wrist during the making of "Hitting to Heaven." The accident occurred during the height of the 10 per cent salary cut agitation.

Rushing into the office of Jesse Lasky, Jannings held up his injured hand. "See, Mr. Lasky," he shouted. "I have taken the cut."

THE latest marriage in the film colony, to be recorded this month, is that of Renee Adoree to William S. Gill, Los Angeles tailor. They've both been married before, Renee to

Tom Moore. They skipped to the judge's chambers with Tom Meighan and Mrs. Walter McGrail, and they do say that Renee did not tell her other swains of her plans. That should make Douglas Gilmore, Rudolph Friml and Gaston Glass sad.

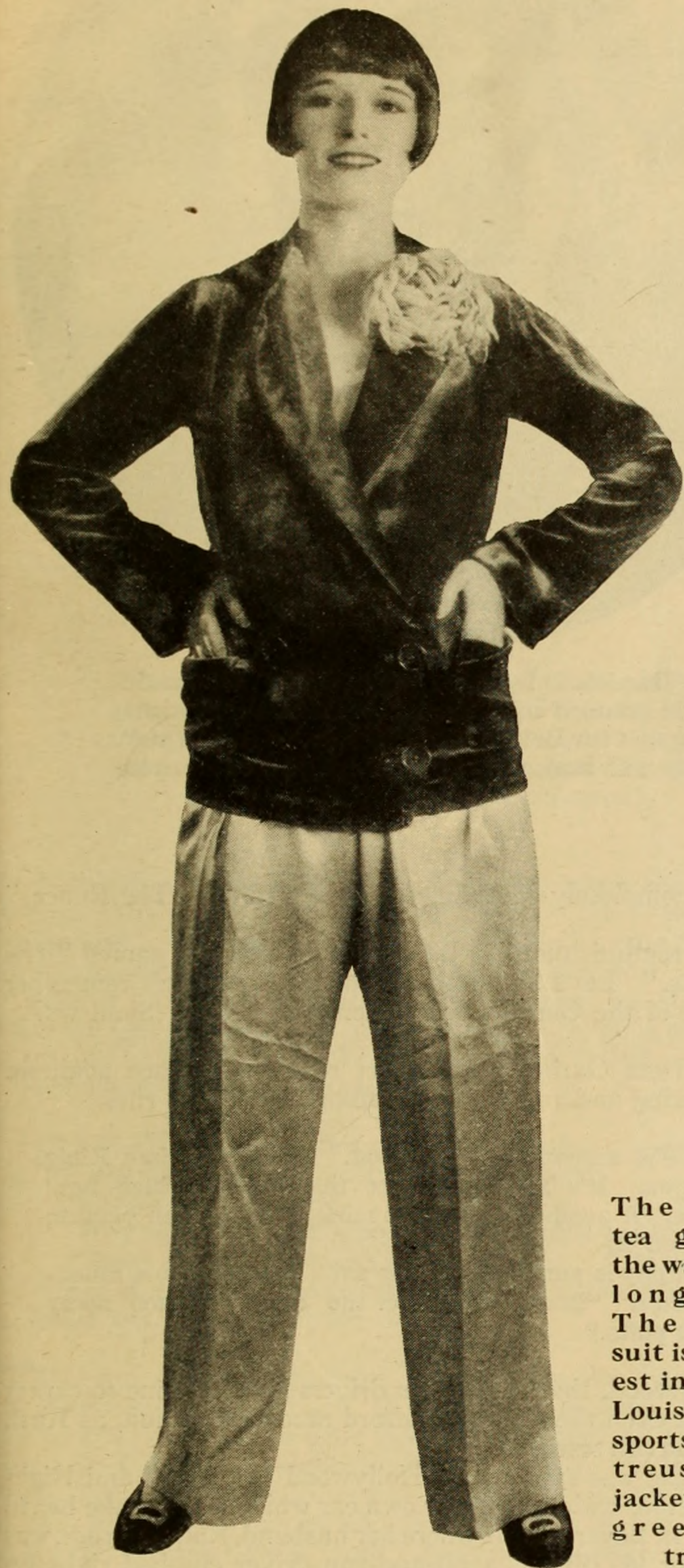
AND Jane Winton, so beautiful, married Charles Kenyon, a scenario writer. It was a hurried wedding, although they have known each other for years, and Jane used her mother's wedding ring in sentiment and haste. Privately, I have a suspicion that Charles did a Lochinvar and carried Jane away from her interest in Lee Kent, who is Ruth Roland's former husband.

Then Lee Moran, the comedian, secured a license to wed Bernice Beatrice Sibeck, after which they will sail for the land of leis, Hawaii, honeymooners' delight. And isn't it?

NOW we come to the wedding of weddings, the ceremony of ceremonies, the supreme achievement of Sam Goldwyn's

Studios

By Cal York



The trailing tea gown goes the way of other long skirts. The pajama suit is the newest indoor garb. Louise Brooks sports a charreuse velvet jacket with jade green satin trousers



Renee Adoree de la Fonte is now Mrs. Sherman Gill. It was one of the surprise weddings of the month. Mr. Gill is a merchant in Los Angeles. Send along your congratulations

career as master showman, impresario of producers, maestro of super-productions.

The wedding of Vilma Banky to Roderick Ross La Rocque, with hundreds of fans storming the entrance to the little Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. To the bridesmaids—Monique La Rocque, Rod's sister, in Nile green, Mildred Davis Lloyd in orchid, Bebe Daniels in green, Diana Kane in orchid, Constance Talmadge in green, Frances Howard in orchid. To Mrs. Abraham Lehr, matron of honor, in peach gown and hat.

To the ushers, Harold Lloyd, Jack Holt, Victor Varconi, Donald Crisp, Ronald Colman and George Fitzmaurice. To Cecil B. De Mille as best man. To the five-tiered wedding cake, containing the legendary thimble, penny and ring. To the turkeys, which no one ate, and certainly they are not fattening.

To Lohengrin's wedding march, played twice before the bride could struggle through the waiting crowds to reach Rod's side.

And lastly to Vilma, all in white, with tulle and crepe

and orange blossoms forming a bridal swirl of loveliness to frame the pale gold of her hair and the lines of her young body.

It was without a doubt the loveliest, albeit pretentious, wedding the colony has ever attended.

TOM MIX, dressed to the last minute and wearing silk hat instead of his usual sombrero of the ten-gallon variety, was the sensation of the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding when he wheeled up to the church in a mid-Victorian coach drawn by four pure white horses and with two cowboys in full regalia on the box.

As Tom was entering his coach after the ceremony he nonchalantly brushed his topper with his elbow and remarked:

"Wouldn't be at all surprised if I was the only feller here wearing his own outfit."

WHAT bothered Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque more than matching the diamonds in the narrow wedding circlet, was where to go on their honeymoon, away from the adoring but inquisitive eyes of their public.

"Oh, ve do not know where to go," said Vilma, in a white sports outfit, to me, shortly before the wedding. "Always there are people, which is nice, but not on a honeymoon." (And the silken way she pronounced honeymoon!) "Maybe



Leila Hyams and Myrna Loy feel perfectly safe in doing any kind of stunt on the surf board, because the dog guarding them is not just any old dog, but Rin-Tin-Tin. They're taking him along to the beach to act as life guard



Bebe Daniels is feeling simply slick. Gertrude Ederle greased up Bebe in this Channel swimming suit for Bebe's film, "Swim, Girl, Swim." Trudy will make her bow before the camera in this picture

ve should take one person with us to show us where there is solitude." Then, as an afterthought, and with a smile:

"Lindbergh, perhaps."

They finally decided on a motor tour of the Canadian northwest.

SAM GOLDWYN gave away the bride at the Banky-La Rocque wedding. This you have undoubtedly gleaned from the papers. But the real reason why Vilma was twenty minutes late has just come to light.

It was because Sam, we are informed, was counting the gate.

HERE'S another one on the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding. A girl-friend asked Vilma what she was going to name her first child.

"I don't know," answered Vilma, "you will have to ask Sam Goldwyn."

"**DREHER** fele malatasor a legg jobb!" the sign yelled, blue letteredly, from the wall of the Hungarian bar room in "The Stolen Bride."

"Who's making this picture?" queried the first extra who had just wandered onto the set.

"George Fitzmaurice, I guess," answered the second, squinting at the last three words of the sign.

It was Alexander Korda's first American picture, but Fitzmaurice's name as a director of distinction and beautiful women had gone before him.

JAMES CRUZE'S first film for De Mille will be a special called "The Pioneer Woman." When Will Rogers made his burlesque called "Two Wagons—Both Covered" he inserted a subtitle that read: "While the women did the work, the men went down into history." So, evidently, Cruze is going to take the hint and give the feminine side of struggles of the Forty-Niners.

NICE little birthday gift, this. Frank Borzage gave his wife a yacht. It used to be called Apache, not a wild craft at all, but a neat sea-going little vessel. He's going to have it re-

painted, completely overhauled and will call it "The Renee," of course.

Which reminds me that Jack Gilbert's yacht is named "The Temptress." Let's be dumb and pretend we don't remember the name of the Garbo's first American picture. Shall we?

THE Greta Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance is once again in full swing and rumors of a wedding are again rife.

A NEW ailment in Hollywood. More dire than Kleig eyes. It's something like this curious "high hat" disease. A pugilistic friend of mine, gone motion picture, explained it.

"Dat guy is punch goofy," he said, thumbing to a limousined star. "Been slapped on the chin with too many powder puffs."

IN Hollywood, the hit-and-run drivers have become so expert that not even the sidewalks afford much protection, as Ruth Chatterton can testify.

While she was standing at Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue, waiting for her own car which was to take her to her home in Beverly Hills where her husband, Ralph Forbes, was waiting for his dinner, a hit-and-run driver climbed right up on the sidewalk, knocked her down and went on his merry way. The actress was not badly hurt.

WALTER WINCHELL has discovered a girl so dumb that, when the night club was raided, she thought it was a signal for a Paul Jones.

JACKIE SAUNDERS, who is Mrs. J. Ward Cohen in private life, has been cast in her most important rôle by Dr. Stork. She is the mother of a lovely baby daughter, Maryann Jane.

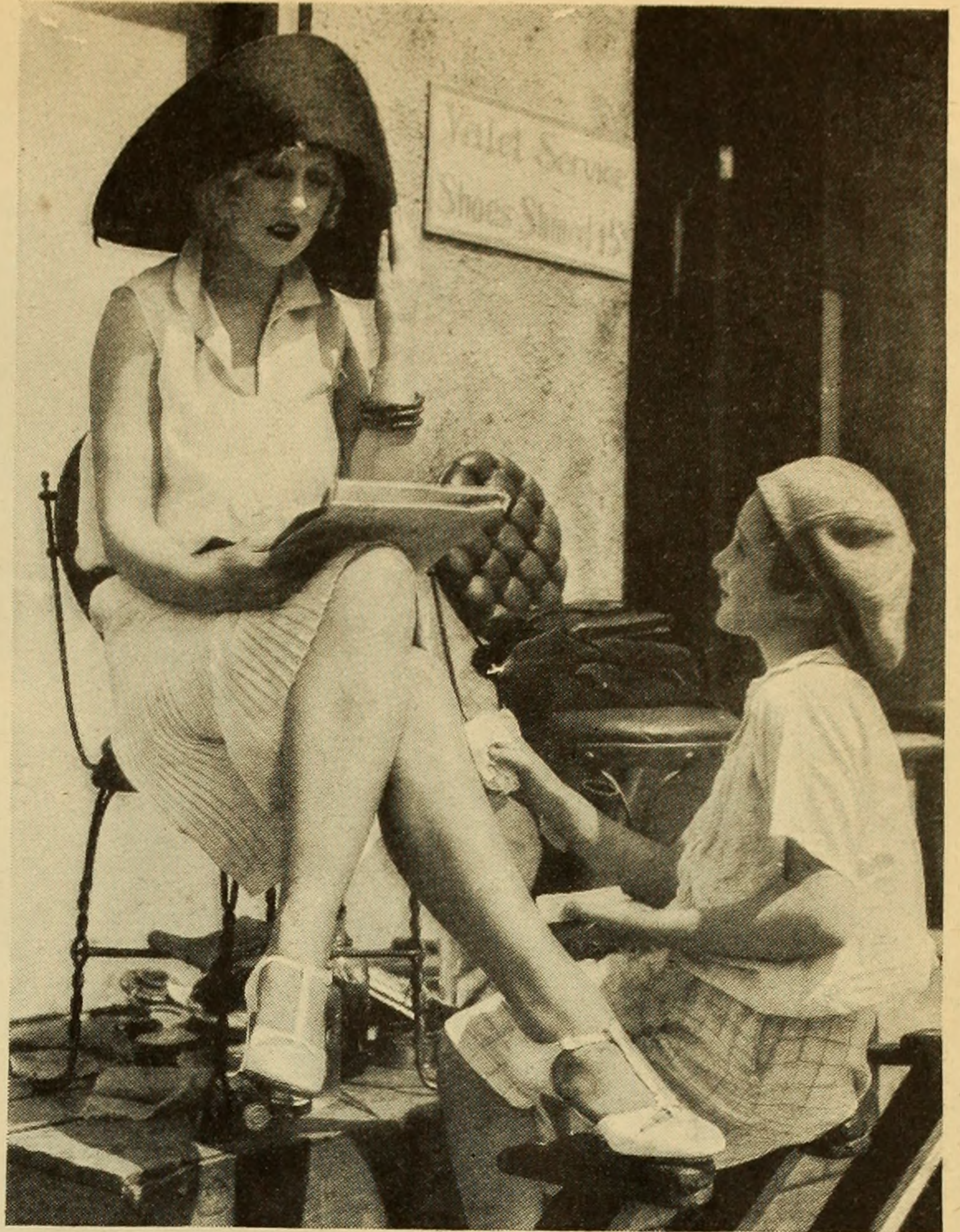
STOPPED for a chat with Tom Mix when he was confined to his bed following an injury received when his horse crushed his leg against a rock. Tom didn't seem to feel so bad.

He showed me his leg and remarked that this new accident had given him unusual distinction—that his leg now had more embroidery on it than any other in existence.

With the 'steen stitches that the accident had added it brings Tom's total up to well over the one hundred-and-twenty mark. Not so bad for just one leg, eh?



A chip off the old monacle. You don't need ten guesses to learn whose little boy *this* is. Naturally it is Josef Eric von Stroheim, Jr., stealing some of papa's best stuff. We wonder if he will follow in his dad's footsteps?



Do your legs match your shoes? Rita Carewe discards her stockings and simply has her legs polished to harmonize with her shoes. It's a grand idea—in California climate—and enthusiastically endorsed by bootblacks

I WONDER what Mae Murray will say when she returns from Africa and finds that her title—"The Peacock of Hollywood"—has been usurped by Adolphe Menjou, and this by popular acclaim. Which reminds me of another.

I saw a handsome flask the other day given by Menjou to Director Luther Reed at Christmas time. On it is inscribed: "FROM ADOLPHE MENJOU to LUTHER REED." Adolphe has a sense of humor.

CREDIT another to Bancroft and Conklin.

"Did you see 'Beau Geste'?" asked George.

"No," replied Chester.

"Why not? It's been playing for over half a year."

"That's nothing," whanged back Chester. "There are rivers in Africa that have been running for five thousand years and I may never see them."

THE ten college boys have arrived, some in Filene togs, others in Sears-Roebuck, all with sheik haircuts, to spend the summer vacation as First National players, and those who are most Dix-like, or embodiments of Gilbert, will remain to dance with the girls at Montmartre. And to receive fan mail. If they are all bum actors, and they can't be, they will return in the fall to their Greek. And I don't mean a restaurant.

IT'S all settled, amicably, between Belle Bennett and Sam Goldwyn, the producer, who had her under exclusive contract. The contract is broken and Belle shall be allowed to wend her way to what she considers bigger and better parts.

THERE seems to be no limit to the versatility of some picture people.

In Hollywood, recently, rather than close a synagogue during the summer vacation of the rabbi, the congregation decided to carry on with the services in charge of John Stone, a Paramount scenarist, Sol Wurtzel, western manager of the Fox Film Corporation, and Louis Lipshitz, scenario editor of the same organization.

WIRE received by the editor—sent by Marshall Neilan:

"The chap that saved Blanche (Blanche Sweet—Mrs. Neilan) at Santa Monica Beach, and left me to drown, must have had a good sense of picture values. I suggest you hire him as a critic."

MACK SENNETT, since you ask, is building a new studio in San Fernando Valley, some five or six miles from Hollywood. All the dear little bathing girls will be there. It's only fifteen miles from the water.

THE houses of Hoot Gibson, Charlie Ray, and Norman Kerry, in Beverly Hills are within a stone's throw of one another, but Charlie Ray's public among the birds of the air seems to be larger than that of either of his neighbors. He has the largest bird-house. It's an exact reproduction, upon a much reduced scale, of the house in which he lives.

TO find somebody who is connected with the silent drama and who does not talk enough is an unusual experience, to say the least, but it is an experience which has befallen Evelyn Brent, according to her suit for divorce, filed recently against her husband, B. F. Fineman, a production manager for Famous Players-Lasky.

Miss Brent alleges that Fineman, to whom she was married in 1922, has been in the habit of speaking to her but seldom of late and that when he did speak to her it was usually for the purpose of telling her that she was spending too much money.

CONVERSATION eavesdropped in a Park Avenue restaurant:

"I'm going to Europe next month."

"Have you booked passage?"

"Not yet."

"Then be sure to get an inside cabin."

"But I thought the outside ones were the nicest."

"Oh, dear no! I had an outside cabin last month, and I couldn't sleep, what with the airplanes whizzing back and forth."

SOMETHING new in featured teams. Little Junior Coughlan, the eleven year old De Mille actor, and Rudolph Schildkraut, of the Schildkrauts, are going to be featured soon in "Harp in Hock." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



THE first of the youth brigade. Olive Borden was in the vanguard of the overwhelming army of youthful film invaders. And she stood her ground. Olive is now engaged in starring in "Pajamas." Which should be cause for hymns. And you know just what we mean.

I Spent a *MILLION* to Dress Up

By Charles Ray

ONCE in the dear dead days beyond recall, Raymond Hitchcock used to sing a song which I would like to make the text upon which to hang a few remarks. I have forgotten the title of this lyric that Benjamin Hapgood Burt wrote, but I can never forget the refrain which ran: "All dressed up and no place to go." Nor can I forget the blended comedy and pathos with which Mr. Hitchcock sang it.

There's a reason why this should stick in my memory. In fact, there are more than a million reasons why it should so stick. For I, myself, spent more than a million dollars to dress up—and, after I had dressed up, I found I hadn't a single gol-darned place to go.

But I had a place to go when I first went into pictures for \$35 a week, and I have a place to go now that, as a free-lance actor, I am drawing more than \$3,500 a week. To my present goal I am going as fast as I can, but it is not of the present nor of the remote past that I would like to tell you through PHOTOPLAY. Rather, it is of the years between. Because, in the hitherto unwritten history of those years,



When Charlie wore clothes like this, he averaged over six hundred "fan" letters a week

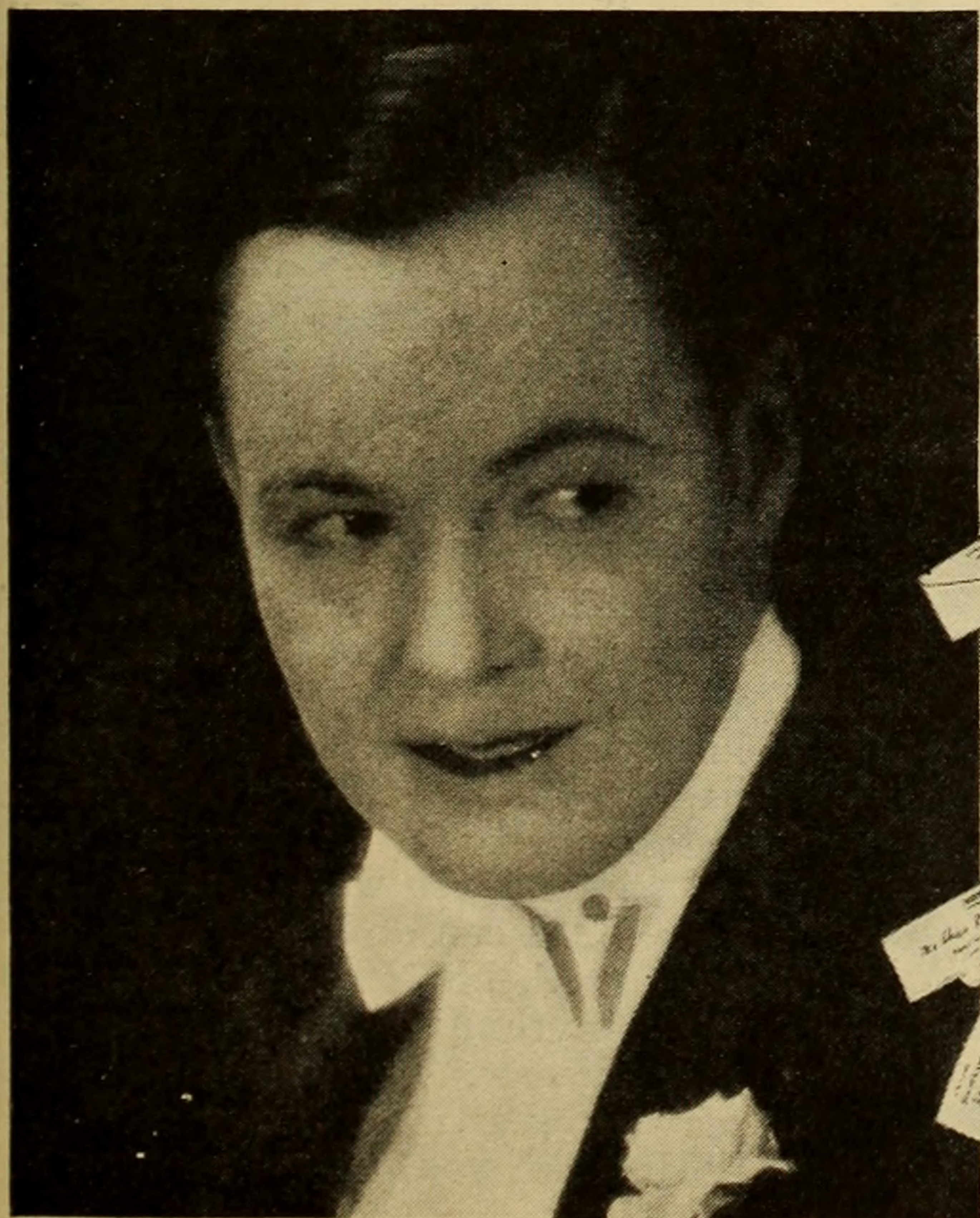
there is much of that best kind of comedy—the kind that lies close to a tear. There is more of the stuff of encouragement which may help some other pursuer of an ideal, some other restless chaser of a dream, to keep true to his ideal and his dream and so, before the end, snatch victory from defeat.

One thing that warms my heart in the telling is the memory that at two crucial points in my career I found doors of opportunity opened to me by men who would not have lifted a hand for me if they had not done me the honor to believe I was an artist first, a business man afterward; that my work meant more to me than money, and that though I wanted money—as who of us does not?—I wanted much more, oh, so much more, to do the best work of which I was capable.

I hope that does not sound high-falutin'. I don't mean it to be. But I'm not a professional writer, I'm a professional actor, and I'm conscious that when it comes to expressing myself in words I am not an expert. But I am sincere. And I feel I am not the only person in the world who hates to have sincerity mistaken for gush.

Certainly, neither of those two men who helped me was a gusher. Each was a hard-headed picture producer, but each showed he had—like so many other business men have—the soul of an artist. One is alive now, so I won't mention his name. He has no more use for flattery than I have. The other has gone where no words of mine can reach him. This was Tom Ince. He gave me my start. I'll never forget him or cease to be grateful.

And I'll never forget the start. I was eighteen. I'd been in a dramatic school. And then, all up and down the Pacific [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



When he put on soup and fish, his mail dropped to nothing

Two Girls Who



Lupe Velez
rushed right in

EVEN in Hollywood there are many kinds of luck. There is, for instance, the luck of Lupe Velez. Lupe was one of the two "unknowns" selected for a leading rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Gaucho."

Little Mexican Lupe is black-haired, black-eyed, slender, small and untamed. Lupe comes from Mexico—from the seething, turbulent Mexico of incessant warfare.

Lupe took her first whirl at Art by dancing in the *cantinas* of Mexico City. She was a riot from the start.

Her fame spread over the border and Richard Bennett sent for her to play in the Los Angeles production of "The Dove." When Lupe reached Los Angeles, all set for the drama, Bennett had changed his mind.

"I don't care," said Lupe. "If I fail at one thing I have no time to cry. I'll try something else."

The "something else" was a dancing act. Several producers saw Lupe with much resultant telephoning.

FOR days Lupe made "tests" and then Hal Roach gave her a job in comedies. Lupe's stay in comedies was short because Fairbanks heard about her and demanded more tests.

Lupe prayed. Her mamma, her sister and her six Chihuahua dogs all prayed. "For," explains Lupe simply, "if I did not get the part, we did not eat."

The prayers of the Velez family were so excessively fervent that Lupe not only got a job with Fairbanks, but Florenz Ziegfeld wired her an offer to play in the "Follies" on the same day. And she picked the job with Fairbanks.

"I will never fail," she crows. "If one will not be beaten there is always a way to success. I am so happy. I make my whole family happy—my mother, my brother, my sister, my six Chihuahua dogs.

"One English word I never learn—*can't*. I can do anything—not so very good, but I do it—swim, ride, act, anything. Anything except show my feet. Those are ugly. Bare feet I stop at. Nothing else."

How are you going to beat a girl like that?

Got the Breaks

Eve Southern waited ten years

AND there is the luck of Eve Southern, so different from the sudden, whirlwind luck of Lupe Velez. Eve is the girl selected to be the heroine of "The Gaucho."

When you hear the story of Eve Southern, it almost seems as though the girl had no luck at all. For five years or more, Miss Southern has been the face on the cutting room floor, the heroine of unfinished or shelved pictures.

Ten years ago she came to Hollywood and D. W. Griffith gave her a small part in "Intolerance." Because of her accent he called her "that Southern girl." Hence her name. Griffith liked her work, but he stopped work for a time. Eve went back to Texas to cultivate her voice.

But she couldn't forget the movies and she returned. Rupert Hughes "discovered" her again and gave her a prominent part in the picture he was directing. The old Goldwyn company was suspended and merged with Metro. The Hughes picture was shelved and Eve's chances were shelved with it.

The girl with the remarkable, tragic eyes next attracted the attention of Chaplin. He gave her a rôle in Edna Purviance's picture, "The Sea Gull." Charlie never finished the film.

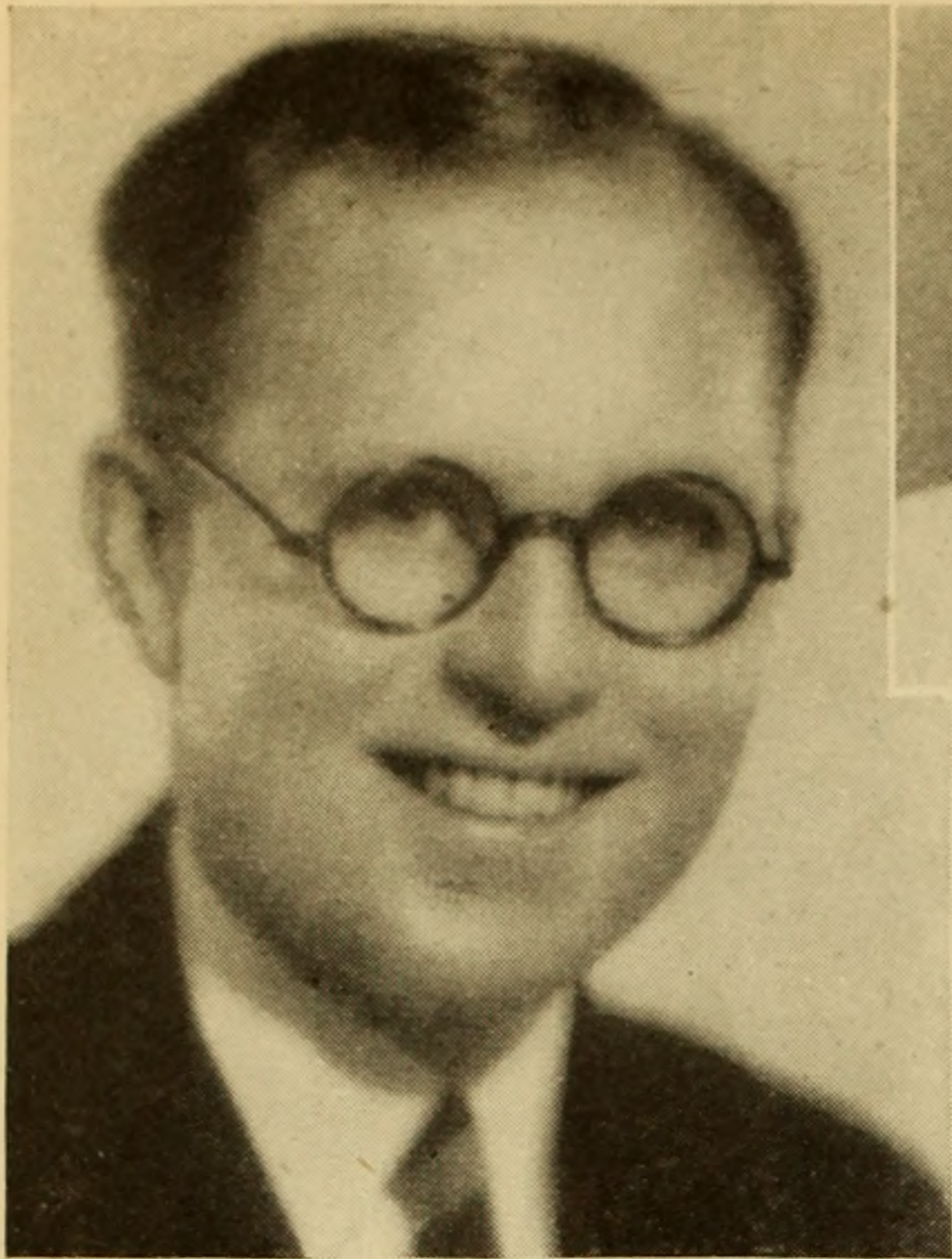
EDWIN CAREWE, looking about for someone to play the *Countess* in "Resurrection," selected Eve. The film had to be cut and something had to be left out. Miss Southern was that something.

"That was the greatest disappointment of those ten years," says Eve. "I could not help but believe that Fate never meant me to succeed in pictures. It seemed so hopeless. So I prayed. It was the only thing I could do. I prayed all night, prayed for a chance, prayed that all my hard work, all my experience, all my disappointments of those ten years might not all go for nothing."

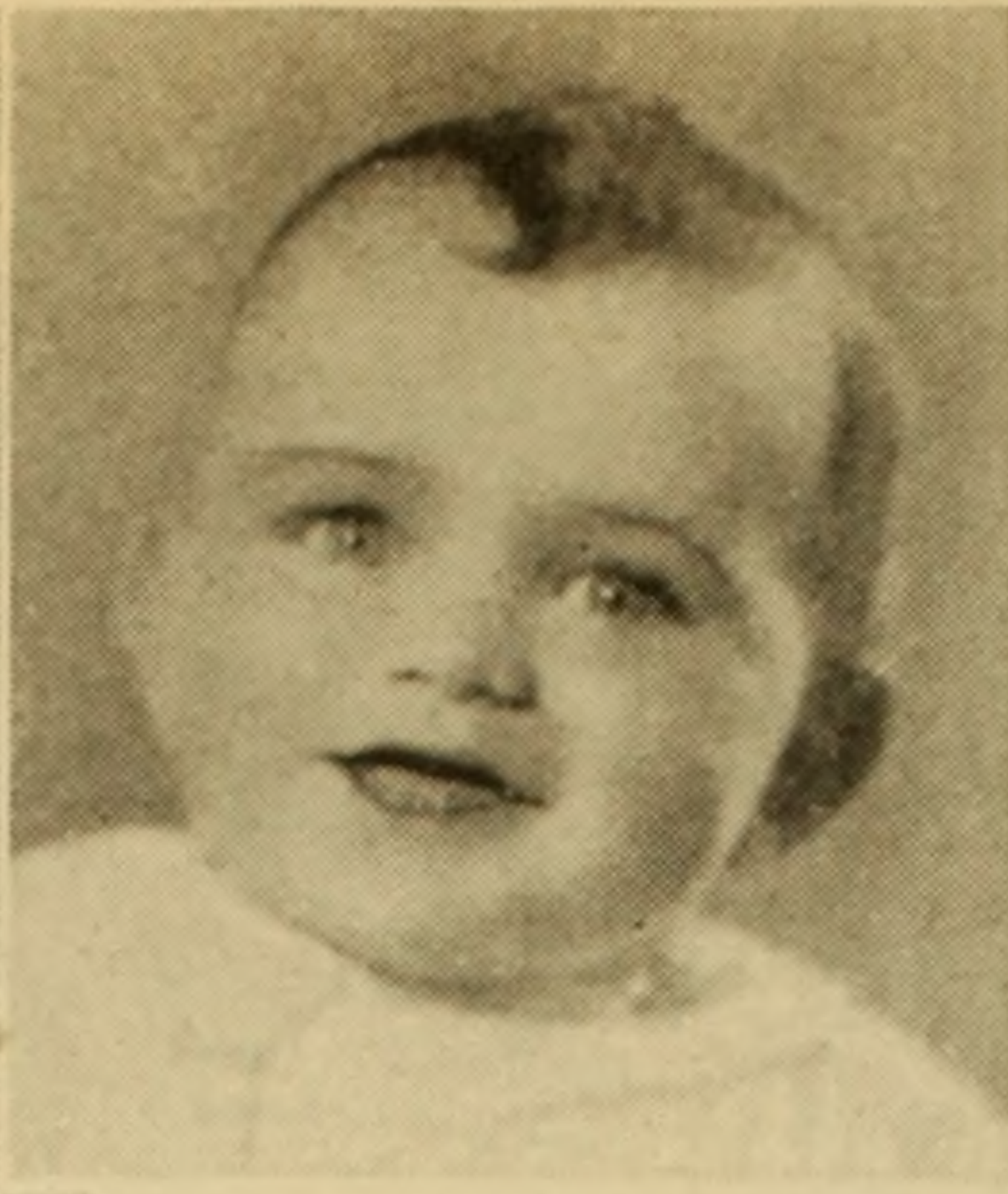
The prayer was answered. While the public never saw Eve's work in "Resurrection," Fairbanks did. The morning after her prayer, Eve was called for the pure, spiritual girl in "The Gaucho."

How are you going to beat a girl like that?





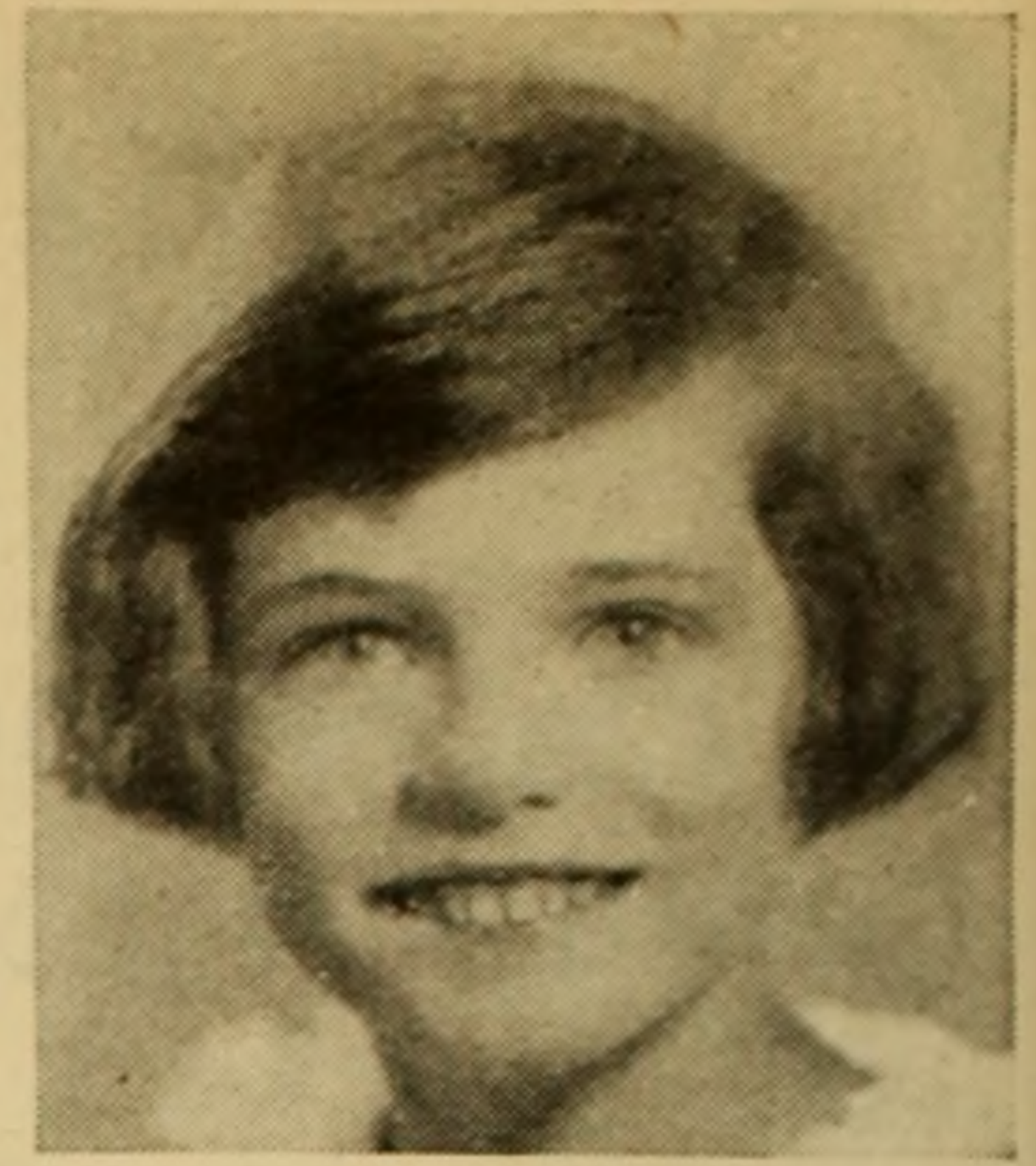
Joseph Kennedy, the screen's newest executive and its leading family man



Robert Kennedy



Patricia Kennedy



Eunice Kennedy

Intimate Visits to the Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates

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

ONE snowy day in February of last year four hurried men emerged from the Harvard Club in New York's Forty-fourth street and started to board a taxicab while porters piled luggage and golf bags about them. The hurrying four had fifteen minutes in which to catch the Havana Limited which was to bear them to Palm Beach.

A page boy dashed out as the taxi started. "Phone call for Mr. Kennedy—they say it's important."

Kennedy stopped the cab and went back into the club. A few moments later he emerged and addressed his waiting companions.

"Sorry, but you fellows will have to go on to Florida without me. I'm going to Boston tonight. I seem to have bought a motion picture company."

Kennedy sent his bag back into the club and turned his steps toward Broadway.

Presently the trade press and newspapers announced that one Joseph P. Kennedy, mostly banker, mostly of Boston, had taken over control of R-C Pictures Corporation and the Film Booking Offices, Inc. Within the industry there was that coloration of expression which admitted that there was a touch of the extraordinary in the advent of a man of the type.

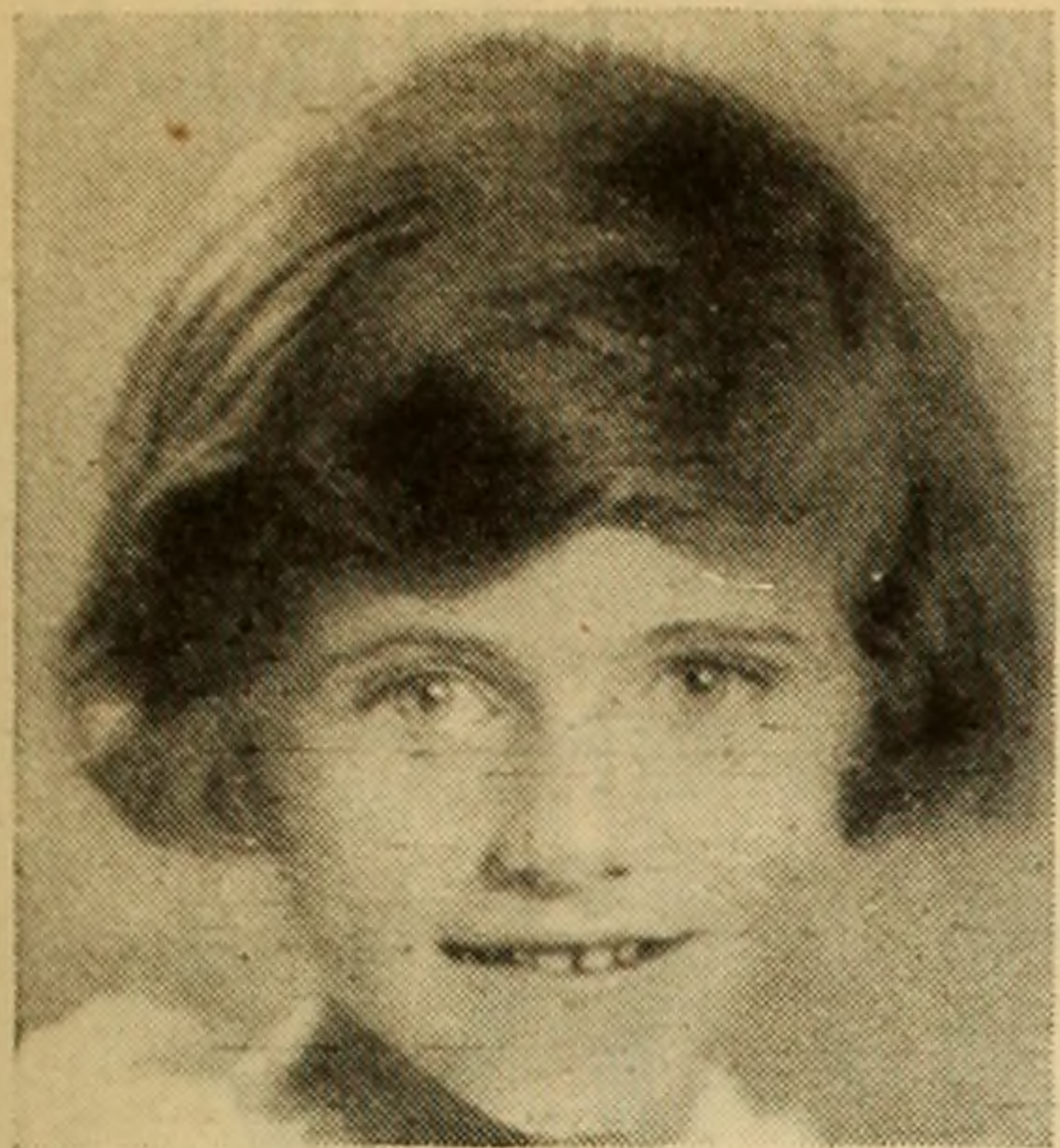
"A banker!" commented Marcus Loew in one of his waggish moments. "A banker?—why I thought this business was just for furriers."

Also, while there may not be much in a name there is a considerable atmosphere about the name of Kennedy for the older and dominant figures of the motion picture world, because of that other and unrelated Kennedy, "Fighting" Jeremiah J. Kennedy, the iron boss of the old Motion Picture Patents Company, the first to put the hand of discipline on the Industry. "Kennedy" stands for order—and punch—in the motion picture mind, no matter who wears the name.

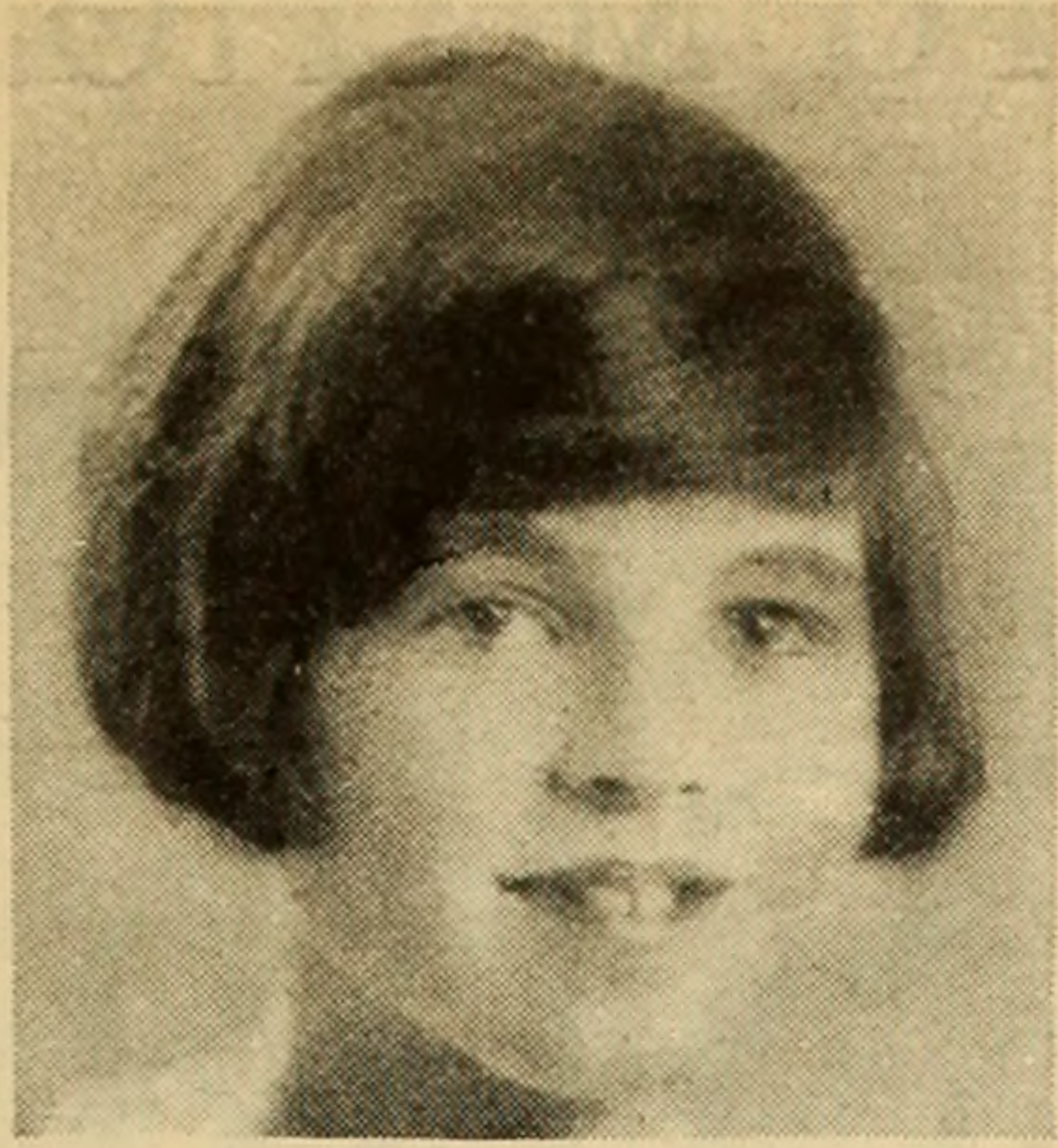
Further in the year of 1926 there were other and special aspects of the coming of this Joseph P. Kennedy into the films. Every other important chieftain of the contemporary screen world could plead extenuating circumstances and accident to account for his presence in the industry. None of them committed cinema

deliberately. Carl Laemmle fired himself from a clothing store and stumbled into the nickelodeon business while looking for a new job. William Fox made an overlap dissolve from clothing sponging to arcade operation. Marcus Loew let David Warfield introduce him to the Mutoscope. Adolph Zukor loaned money to an arcade investor and had to take the business to save his money. Jesse Lasky loaned his good name to a friend who wanted to start a producing company. But this Joseph Patrick Kennedy, in the full maturity of age, 38, with a career of business success behind him in such unrelated concerns as banking and shipbuilding, came in the amusement world and the motion pictures deliberately, consciously and with his eyes open.

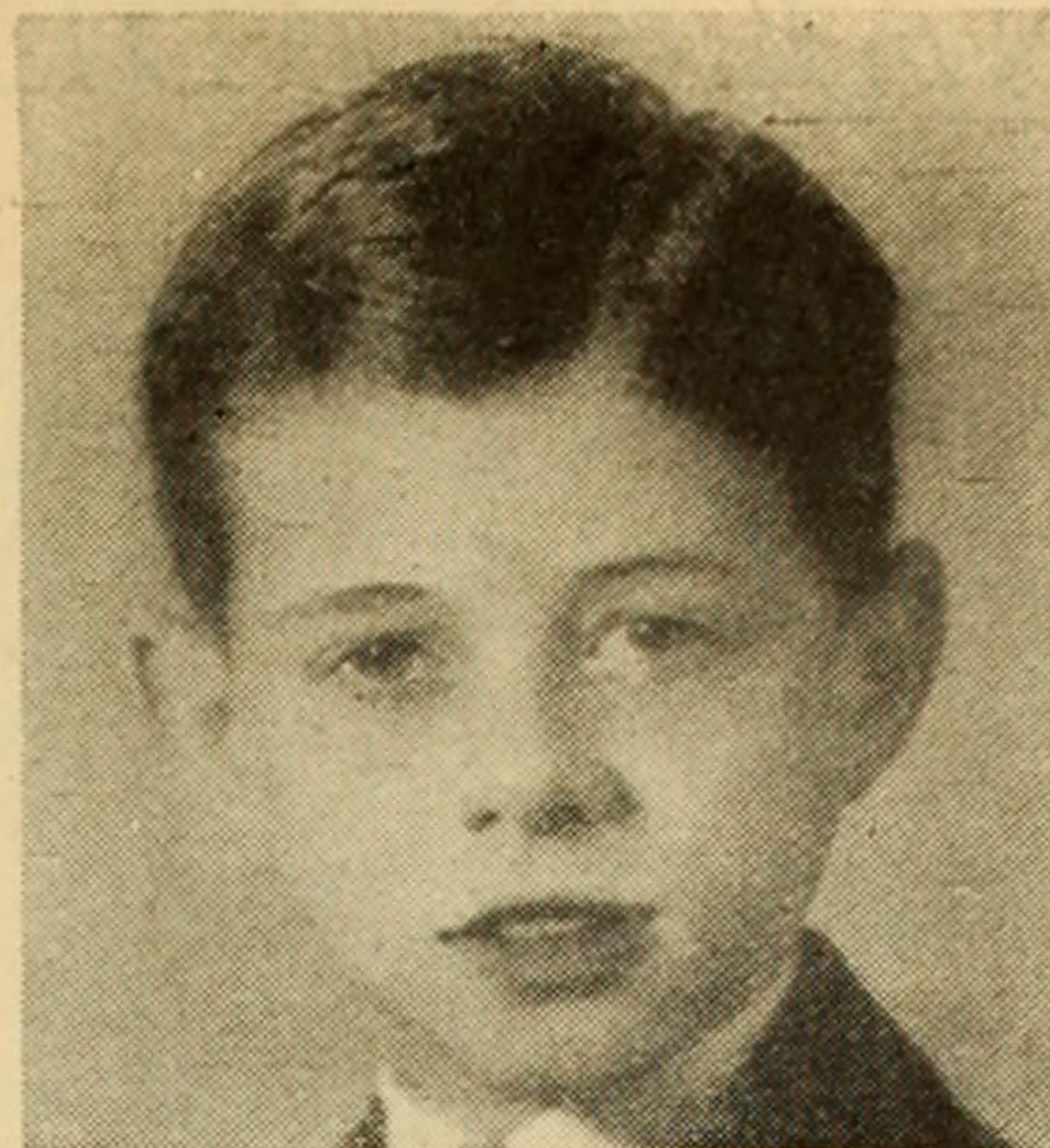
REALLY something new and different had happened in the motion picture industry. It may as well be admitted that the motion picture institution is an odd, wild organism, and it knows it. It is a vast, intricate machine of costly operations, the sole final activity of which is selling the public and the theater their own state of mind about a shadow on the screen—and then taking the shadow away to sell to some one else. The motion picture is really so intangible that anything, or nothing may be true about it, and often is. Its ways have been supposed to be mysterious, controlled entirely by some deep combination of luck, magic and genius. No outsider is farther outside than in the film business. It has developed a language and a logic of its own. It has bookkeeping that has driven strong



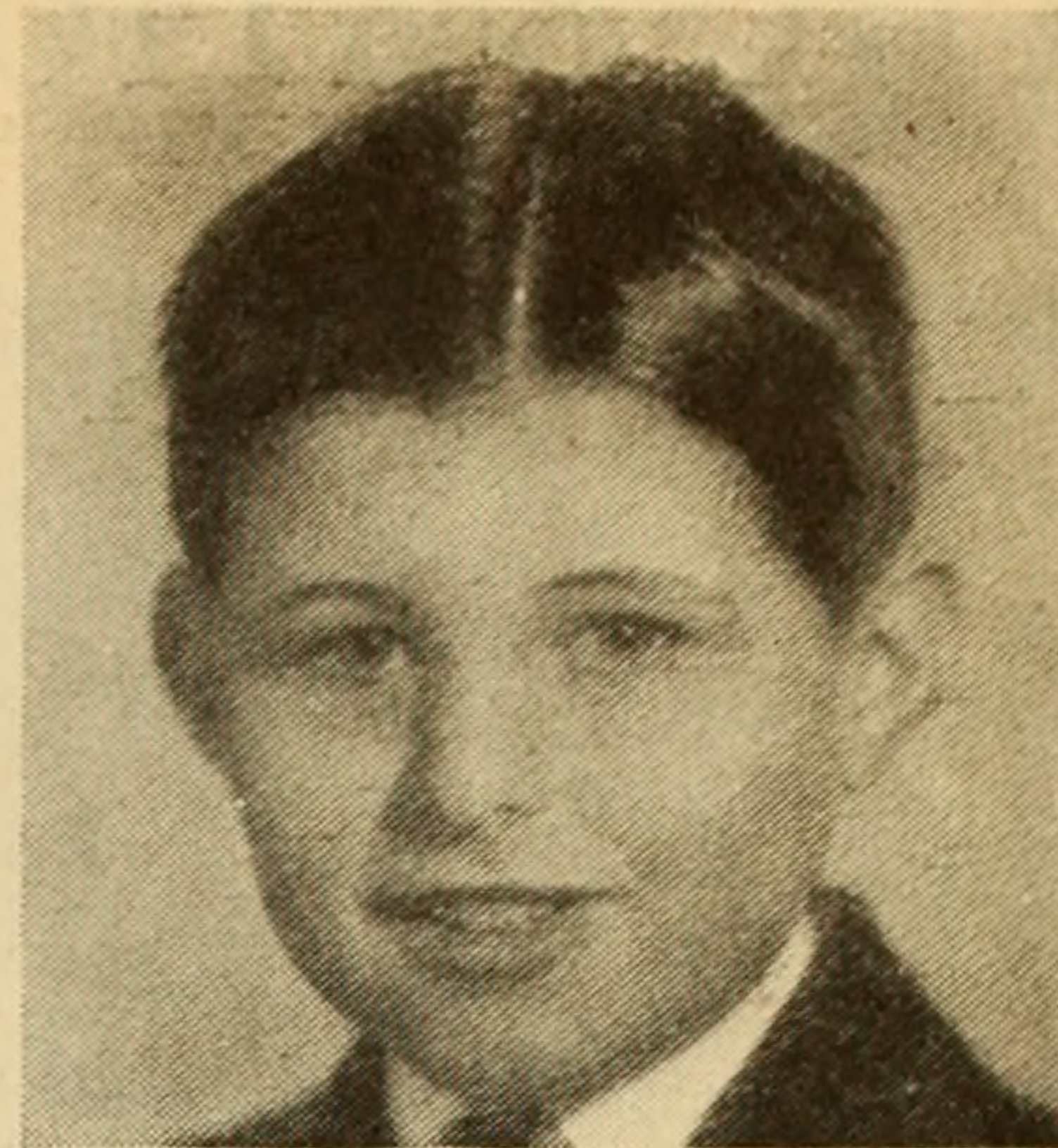
Kathleen Kennedy



Rosemary Kennedy



John Kennedy



Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Jr.

Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Harvard graduate and banker, brings Americanism and substantiality to the industry

auditors insane, and it has processes of mental mathematics that leave Einstein tied to the metaphorical mast.

Now comes this banking person Kennedy, and a very young person at that, with freckles on his face and a very chalance in his manner. And he comes not as a sideline observer watching a loan, nor as an angel hopefully backing a star-to-be, nor by any of the other many sidedoor entrances, but bolting in at the main gate, acting as though he knows just what he is doing. Apparently he does.

THE movie world began to size up this Kennedy discreetly and wonder. Some prophesied he would "last quick," and leave his roll behind him. But time went on and it appeared that after all it was just possible that Kennedy had actually come into the motion picture industry for the purpose of operating a motion picture concern, which is a novelty. Meanwhile the somewhat wavering and uncertain corporation, with many problems and difficulties before it, has taken its own substantial place in the industry and this Joseph Patrick Kennedy is no longer exactly an outsider.

Back of all this and leading up to it are many stories, and some of them intricate beyond the telling here. Just for instance there is the story of the Graham Trading Company of Glasgow in Scotland, which arose three centuries ago in the prosperity of the traffic in the red fruity wines of Portugal, and then all at once found itself in possession of a motion picture company in New York, just because of a bank clerk's error in London. And there is the story of the rise and fall of the once impressive Mutual Film Corporation and the passing of its relics into the hopper of sales and reorganizations. Also there is the endless saga of the adventures of Patrick A. Powers, a founder of Universal and subsequently a petrel of film finance flitting through some of the components of what is now the F. B. O. Picture Corporation.

But this is, after all, the story of Joseph Patrick Kennedy, president of F. B. O., and it begins where he began, on September 6, 1888, in East Boston, son of the Hon. Patrick J. Kennedy, banker and legislator.

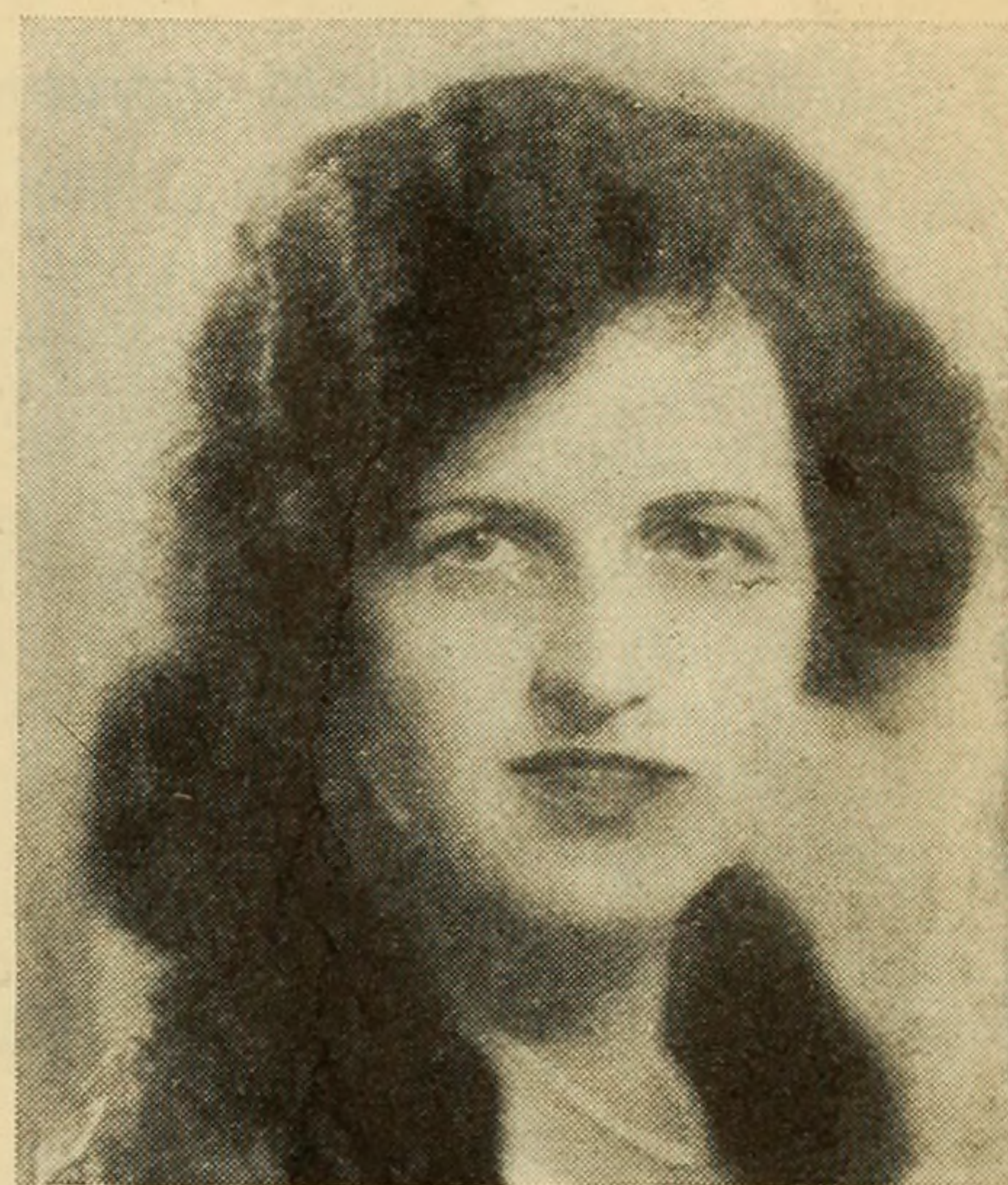
In East Boston young Mr. Joseph Kennedy, somewhere about his fourteenth year, with a summer vacation from school to spend, decided to go into business in a serious way. With the indiscretion of youth he decided on an enterprise that he could put his heart into—the candy business. The S.S. Excelsior was running tourist excursions out of East Boston to points of interest about Massachusetts Bay and Boston Harbor. Kennedy went to sea on that adventurous

craft as a vendor of sweets. This business would have been all right if he had merely put his heart into it. He got his teeth in, too. At the end of the season he had gained ten pounds in weight, and a careful audit supervised by the Hon. Patrick J. Kennedy revealed that all the profits had gone under the belt of the proprietor in terms of adipose tissue. About then young Mr. Kennedy, candy merchant, learned about balance sheets and their relation to what Broadway calls "heavy sugar."

The best place to study the habits of the dollar is right where it lives. So young Mr. Kennedy began to spend his vacations from the Boston Latin School working in banks, first as an errand boy and presently as a clerk. He began to learn things about exchange and discounts and bills of acceptance and loans and accounting with all of its curious abstractions by which bankers can reduce any business whatsoever in any language to a column of figures which tell it all.

THERE was no necessity for it, but Kennedy got so businesslike that he determined to pay his own way through Harvard. He entered the university in 1908 and proceeded to finance his collegiate career by a new enterprise, again exploiting the tourist. He established a sight-seeing bus to show the classic spots of adjacent New England landscape to the visiting school marms and other travelers. This bus was handsomely christened "The Spirit of '76," operated under Kennedy management and equipped with a lecturer whose pearly words were dictated by that same ambitious student. Bunker Hill Monument and the "Minute Men" guarding the bridge at Lexington put Kennedy through Harvard.

The records indicate that while Kennedy stood well in his class of '12 at Harvard he was no grind. He spent a deal of time in the gymnasium and on the athletic field. He made the varsity [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



Last but not least, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy

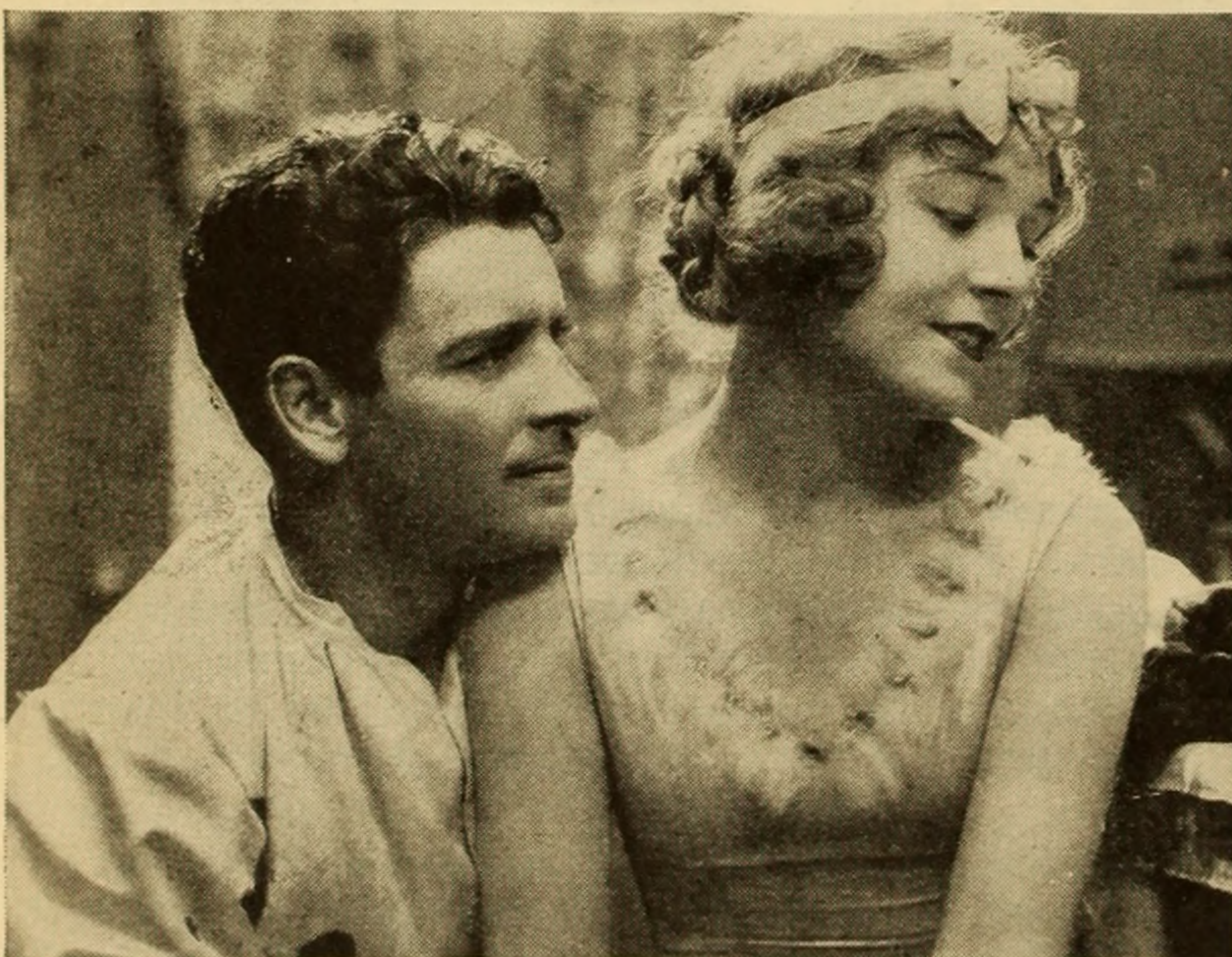


WINGS—Paramount

A GREAT war spectacle of the air. Thrilling airplane fights and manoeuvres in and above the clouds. Unfortunately the story is weakly built and, with the exception of several touching scenes, misses conviction.

Two youngsters, both loving the same girl, quarrel over her just before battle. One lad is brought down within German lines and is lost in the marshes. He steals an enemy plane and makes his escape toward the Allied front. His pal goes on a lone hunt for him, sights the German plane and blazes away at it. The other boy is shot to pieces and, dying, is recognized by his friend.

The two lads are splendidly played by Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen. Clara Bow, as the girl, is too sophisticated for the part. By all means see "Wings."



THE MAGIC FLAME—United Artists

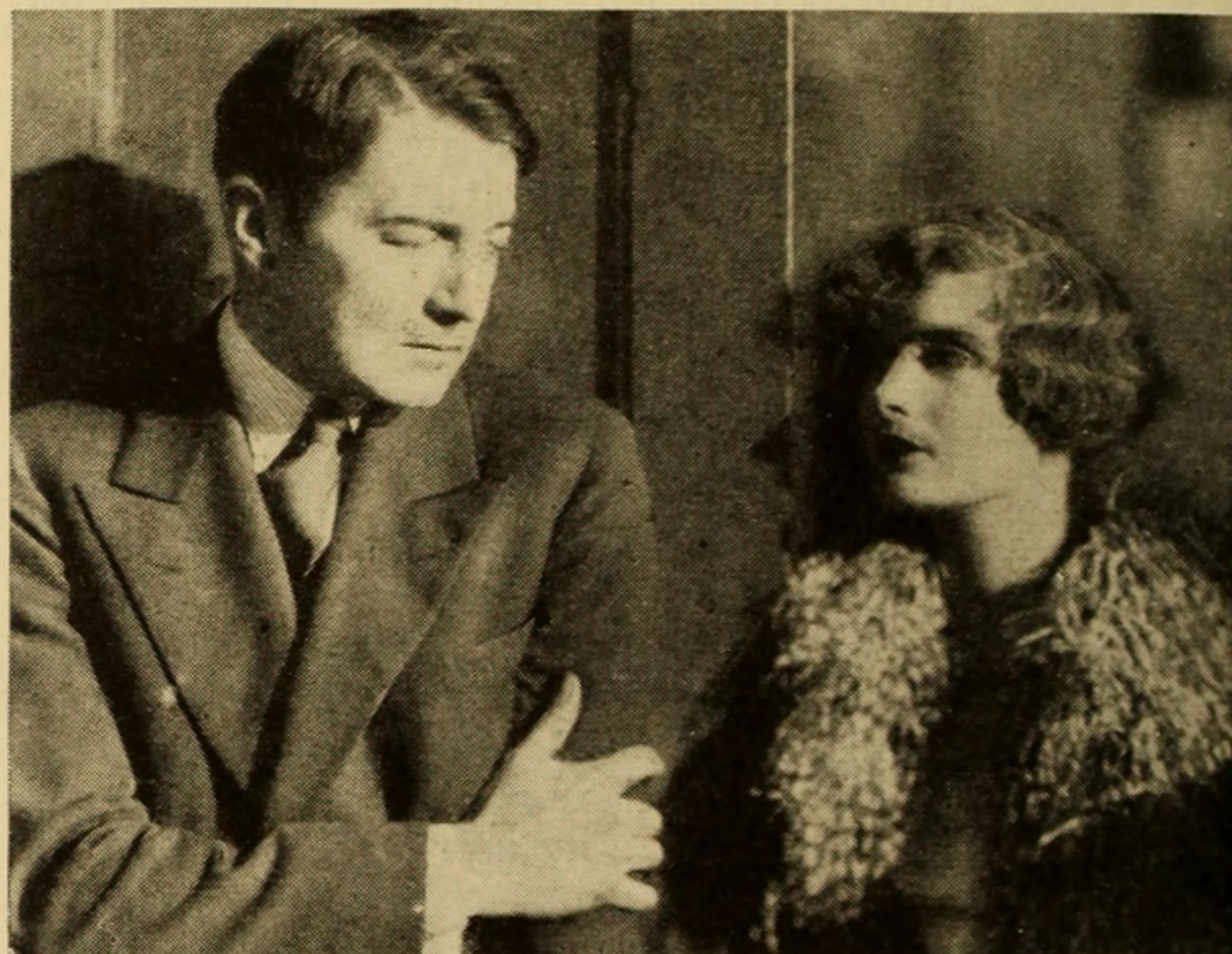
HERE is nearly everything—melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—beautifully produced and directed by Henry King with adroit charm. The lyric love of a pretty trapeze performer and a handsome clown is threatened by a sinister Italian count, who desires the girl. Decoyed to his rooms, she escapes, but the avenging clown accidentally murders the count. Faced with prison, the clown allows himself to be mistaken for the count and is made king of one of those mystical movie kingdoms. Comes *Bianca*, the girl, seeking revenge on the supposed monarch. It all becomes very muddled, very dramatic and very happily ended.

Vilma Banky surpasses all her previous work as *Bianca*. She is extraordinarily lovely. Ronald Colman in the rôle of hero heavy is superb. Happiness for the whole family.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



UNDERWORLD—Paramount

A STRONG story, plus powerful direction, plus three marvelous performances combine to make "Underworld" one of the greatest pictures of the year.

It is raw, red drama, vivid as the front page of a newspaper, compelling as the bark of a machine-gun.

Bull Weed, murderer, gang leader, law defier and sentimentalist, loves his moll, *Feathers*, a beautiful queen of the underworld, and *Rolls Royce*, a bum who, on a whim, he stakes to a thousand dollars. Sobered up, *Rolls Royce* becomes *Bull's* devoted friend and the brains behind his campaigns. *Bull* thieves and kills gloriously until he sees a rival gang leader attempting to kiss *Feathers*. He promptly pumps him full of lead and is sentenced to be hanged.

The suspense from this moment is nerve tightening as the shriek of a fire engine. *Feathers* and *Rolls Royce*, knowing they love each other, pledge their loyalty to *Bull*, but their attempts to save him from the noose arouse *Bull's* worst suspicions. He breaks away from jail to hunt them. Under police fire himself, he threatens their lives, only to surrender to the law, happy, as he beholds for himself the strength of their fidelity to him and their love for one another.

Credits are due in all departments from the story by Ben Hecht, to the titles of George Marion, Jr. Joseph Von Sternberg's direction cannot be praised too highly. The photography is flawless. Characterizations of rare distinction are given by George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook. Leave the younger children at home but give yourself a treat.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

UNDERWORLD THE PATENT LEATHER KID
WINGS THE MAGIC FLAME
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR
THE LOVES OF CARMEN

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid"
Dolores del Rio in "The Loves of Carmen"
Rudolph Schildkraut in "The Country Doctor"
Jane Keckley in "The Country Doctor"
Wilma Banky in "The Magic Flame"
Ronald Colman in "The Magic Flame"
Richard Arlen in "Wings"
Buddy Rogers in "Wings"
George Bancroft in "Underworld"
Clive Brooks in "Underworld"
Evelyn Brent in "Underworld"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



THE PATENT LEATHER KID—First National

DICK BARTHELMESS, in a stirring war story that lifts him to the heights he reached in "Tol'able David." Based on Rupert Hughes' short story of the same name, supplanted with a splendid adaptation by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and the beautiful direction of Al Santell, here is a tale that will shuffle you back and forth between laughs and tears.

Rupert Hughes went down into the East Side of New York for his character, a second rate prize fighter, with a flair for patent leather, in everything from his hair to his automobile.

A conceited young pug to whom the flag of his country means less than the towel his trainer waves in his face. A demon battler in fistic combat, but a coward under real fire.

That character is practically the story.

Unlike "Wings," the war is merely the background, and although this picture gives us some spectacular battle stuff, it is the character study which holds us.

A love story, of a sort, is woven throughout the picture, but just as "The Big Parade" is a war built around a love story, in "The Patent Leather Kid" there is presented a battle, serving as the atmospheric environment of the awakening of courage.

Minor criticisms might be made but the province of these columns is to guide you to good pictures. So why take up space carping at details? Even if they charge you top prices for it—go see it.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—Producers Dist. Corp.

GIVEN a story of New England, immortalizing one of that district's quieter heroes, the country doctor, Director Rupert Julian discarded all sure fire box office tricks. The result is a work of art and fine entertainment.

It is gentle drama. *Doctor Amos Rinker* loves *Abbie Harding*. They plan to marry the moment their dream of twenty years is realized—*Amos* to head *Abbie's* brother *Ira's* hospital. But *Ira* revenges himself on *Amos* because of the latter helping *Ira's* son to elope with a girl of whom he disapproved. Losing the appointment, *Amos* loses his practice, his home, his dog. Then comes the opportunity to save the son's life and gain his own happiness.

Rudolph Schildkraut's performance as the doctor is a masterpiece and Jane Keckley is perfect as *Abbie*.



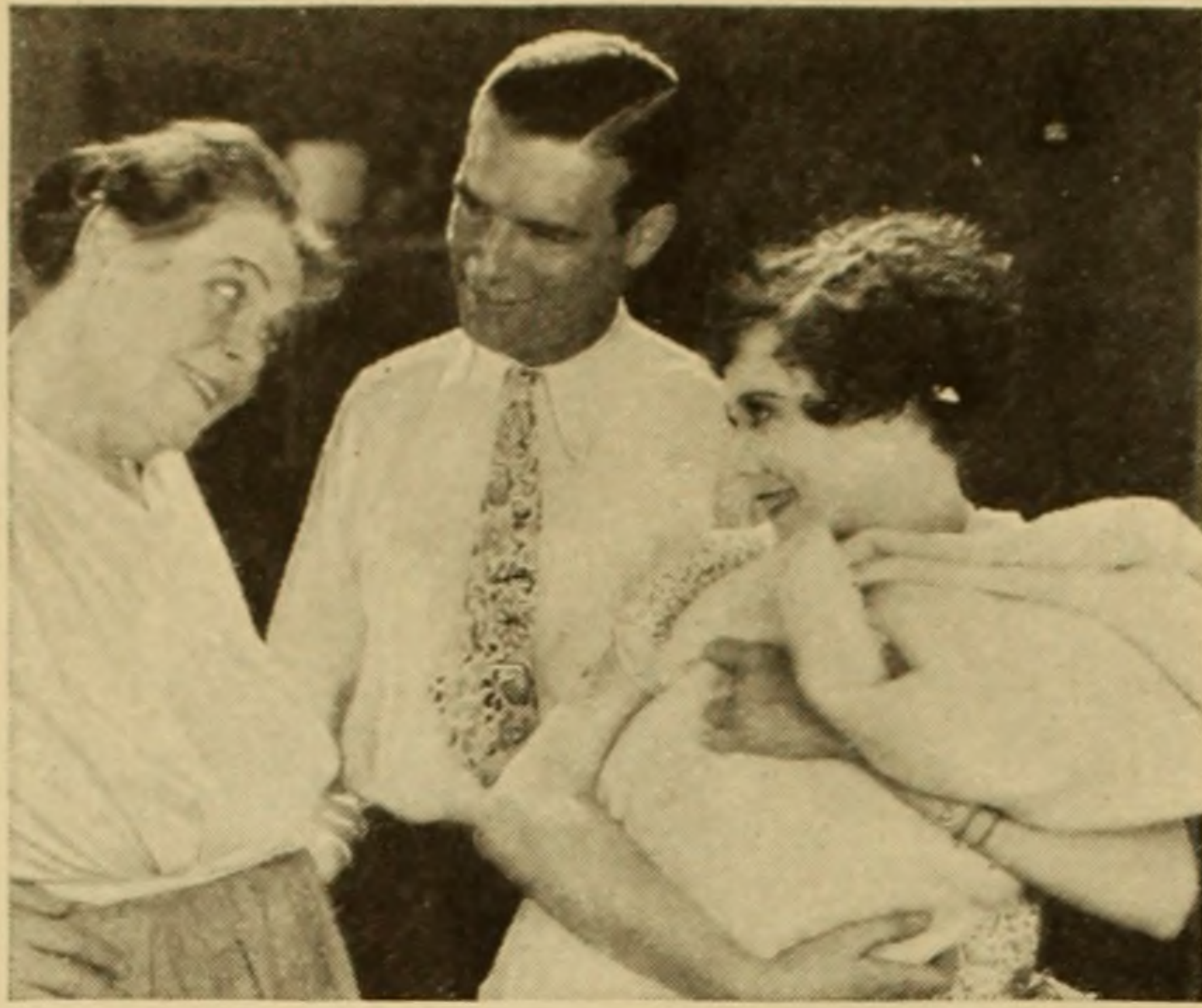
LOVES OF CARMEN—Fox

NOT the opera. Not Prosper Merrimee's story. Raoul Walsh sought to pep up the old tale and merely succeeded in vulgarizing it. He extracted most of the drama and substituted gags. Dolores del Rio's portrayal of the gypsy is vivid and flashing but stamped all over with movie mannerisms. Victor McLaglen's *Escamillo* is the marine in "What Price Glory" dressed in Spanish clothes. But all the former character is there, even to the spoken but un-subtitled cuss words.

The use of a little good taste would have made this a much better picture. Mr. Walsh chose to sacrifice the fire and drama of the story for laughs. Many of the laughs are off-color. So there you are—a lively burlesque *Carmen* but not for the sensitive and not for the family trade. O dear me, no!

Photoplay's Review Department Must

**THE
CALLAHANS
AND THE
MURPHYS—
M.-G.-M.**



COMEDY, as subtle as a kick in the pants, through which George Hill, the director, has allowed Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Sally O'Neil, Lawrence Gray, Eddie Gribbon, Frank Currier and the rest of the cast to romp through with grand Irish glee. The story revolves about the love affair of *Dan Murphy* and *Sally Callahan*, but Marie Dressler as *Mrs. Callahan* and Polly Moran as *Mrs. Murphy* are the panic.

**TOPSY AND
EVA—
United Artists**



FIVE reels from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in slapstick. A series of gags, with little or no story, in which Rosetta Duncan as *Topsy* and Vivian as *Eva* patter through the broad burlesque of their famous musical comedy. At times vulgar, wholesomely funny in others. A Sennett comedy *de luxe*. A good vehicle for Rosetta's clowning but giving Vivian little chance to do anything but look beautiful.

**TEN
MODERN
COMMAND-
MENTS—
Paramount**



DOROTHY ARZNER directed it and Jack Lait wrote it. It's another back stage theater story in which a little slavey blossoms out into a revue orchid, thereby putting over the hero's song hit. Not so much as to story but Esther Ralston makes it into real entertainment. Miss Ralston has real possibilities and a nice sense of comedy. You'll like her immensely in this little effort.

**PRINCE OF
HEAD
WAITERS—
First National**



AN entertaining story, worthy of special comment because Sam Rork, the producer, had courage to permit the so-called unhappy ending. In it Lewis Stone plays a wealthy head waiter and finally saves his son, who doesn't know of the relationship, from the advances of Lilyan Tashman. Ann Rork is waiting for Robert Agnew, the boy, and they walk out leaving *Poppa Pierre* silent to his last filet of sole.

**SILK
STOCKINGS
—Universal**



CYRIL HARCOURT'S hilarious stage success provides Laura La Plante with her best comedy to date. A young husband, a jealous young wife, young love and two healthy young tempers, lead to a divorce. Both discover freedom awful and plot to be compromised together, rendering their divorce void. After a series of mad escapades they are reunited to live scrappily ever after. Don't take the children.

**THE
FIGHTING
EAGLE—
Producers
Dist. Corp.**



POOR Rod La Rocque! He wins official stardom only to have his leading ladies steal his pictures. "The Fighting Eagle" is entirely Phyllis Haver's. A mildly glamorous story of Napoleon's time, Phyllis is a lovely spy of the French Empire and Rod a dumb devoted peasant boy who rises accidentally to high army rank. Good entertainment for the easily satisfied and nice aid for the children with their history lessons.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

ROLLED STOCKINGS
—Paramount



THIS illustrates the newest trend in pictures—a small cast of young players, peppy direction and a corking story. Two brothers at a co-ed college love the same girl. The youngster gets into trouble. The senior sacrifices himself to save his brother's name, and thereby wins the girl. James Hall, Richard Arlen and the pert Louise Brooks form the triangle. Excellent entertainment for the whole family.



TWELVE MILES OUT—
M.-G.-M.

HERE is a fine picture in which John Gilbert gives one of the soundest performances of his career. A romance of today that is at our very doors. It's the epic of rum-running, or the saga of the brave boys who supply the julep for our mint. The moral is that the wages of bootlegging is death or the hoosegow or maybe both. Good stuff, even if a love story isn't part of the plot.

ADAM AND EVIL—
M.-G.-M.



A NEW co-starring team, and clever. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in a smart picture concerning twin brothers, mistaken identity and a husband and wife, each slightly erring. Lew, of course, is the whole show as the twins, one of whom is the husband, and Miss Pringle's scenes are played with exquisite appreciation of subtlety. It's cleverly worked out, and directed with usual finesse by Robert Z. Leonard.



NAUGHTY BUT NICE—
First National

ONCE more Colleen Moore is a modern youth—the type of rôle to which Colleen is suited. There is nothing exceptional about this piece—it's just a cute bit of nonsense because of the charming personality of its star. Colleen's a gal from an oil town who goes to college. And what she doesn't learn about clothes and men is nobody's business. College is so educational. This is worth your time.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND
—Warner Bros.



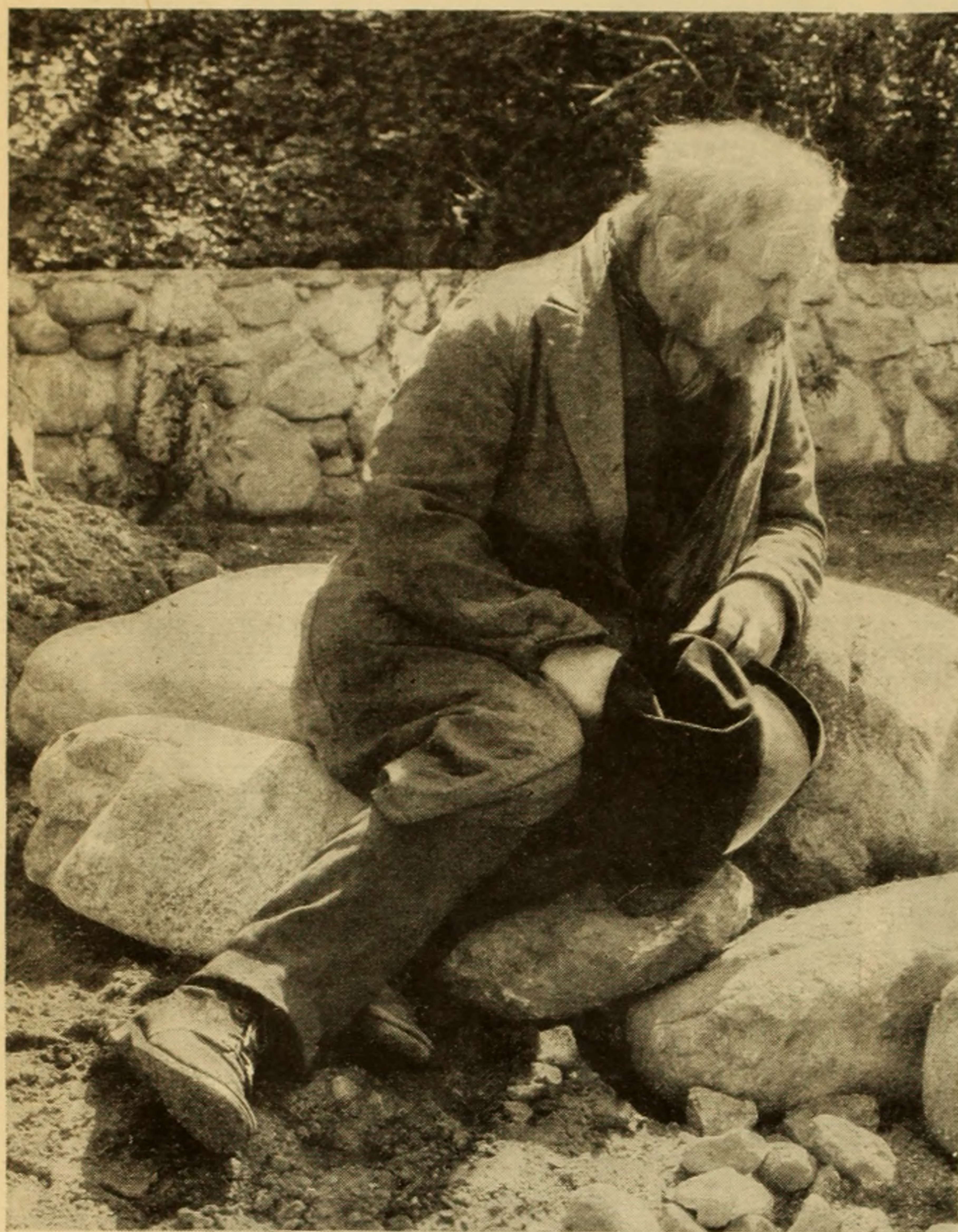
THE ever-famous story of Maryland Calvert is again revived as a starring vehicle for Dolores Costello. Most everyone knows the story of the Southern girl whose heart was torn between her love for a Northern officer and duty to the Confederacy. It is a story that will never grow old. The scene of Maryland Calvert hanging to the bell to protect her lover will always be a thrilling moment for all audiences.



PAINTING THE TOWN—
Universal

A FEW more pictures like this and Glenn Tyron will be in a class with our topnotch comedians. He has a distinctive style of comedy that is refreshing. Here he is an inventor and considers himself a cross between Edison and Ford. And what invention that boy has! But his automobile is the most important factor, and how he interests the Fire Commissioner in it is where the plot comes in. Don't miss it. [CONT'D ON PAGE 100]

Four Strange Yarns From



Emil Jannings never knew that the suit he wore as the old derelict of "The Way of All Flesh" came from the Hollywood morgue. Here's the story

The Suit from the Morgue

THE last scenes and the strongest of Emil Jannings' first American production, "The Way of All Flesh," called for the characterization of a bum, a derelict, a beaten old man. No costume in the wardrobe at Paramount suited Jannings.

"No good," he grunted in German, as he waved each garment aside.

To Arnold MacDonald was delegated the task of finding a suitable costume and he, being enterprising, paid a nightly visit to those dismal streets of Chinatown with its midnight missions, cheap lodging houses and pool halls.

He had little trouble purchasing garments from these scavengers of life, but getting Jannings' approval afterwards seemed impossible. "Not in keeping," he would say.

Then, one night MacDonald saw the costume he wanted. A burly old fellow swayed into the back row of seats in a midnight mission. The minister's words, super-induced by a lot of cheap gin, caused the old man to intone noisily. MacDonald described the garments to Jannings the next day.

Perhaps they would do. He hurried back to Chinatown and located the old man's rooming house.

He had died during the night, perhaps, of too little religion and too much synthetic gin.

To the undertaker MacDonald was quick with his proposition. He would supply a shroud and pay the funeral expenses if he might have the old man's tattered rags.

But Jannings never knew that the costume he wore so successfully came from a Los Angeles morgue.

A Real Heidelberg Lad

AS typical a Hollywood story as was ever written. The story of John Kremple.

He stands on the sidelines of the "Old Heidelberg" set and listens to a mob of drug-store cowboys, shaven-headed young extras, sing the songs of his *Alma Mater*.

Watches them stomp their feet to the tune of "Drink, Drink, Drink," and swing down the *lager* in honor of "Guaedemus Igitur."

John Kremple is an electrician. He is a real Heidelberg man. Son of German-American parents, St. Louis born, with a broad hyphenated smile all his own.

And a real student of Old Heidelberg.

Does he grieve because he does not prance with them? He does not.

He wants to be a famous lighting expert, and rejuvenate aging stars by the glory of his rose-colored spotlights.

And that's why the story is typically that of Hollywood.



John Kremple, one of the electricians employed on the "Old Heidelberg" set, at the Metro-Goldwyn studios, is a real Heidelberg student, although St. Louis born

The World's Strangest Town

The Knight of the Bath

HE looks like a blond Norse Viking. And he's more handsome than most of the leading men and stars on the screen.

Perhaps—no, undoubtedly—that's why so many of the beautiful Hollywood girls are calling upon him at his little place on Yucca, just a few steps off the boulevard.

They call him "The Knight of the Bath," but his real name is Hugh Anderson—a tall, pink and white young chap with the most winsome of smiles.

Less than a year ago Anderson came to Hollywood from Atlantic City, where he gave reducing treatments to society women and taught them how to keep fit.

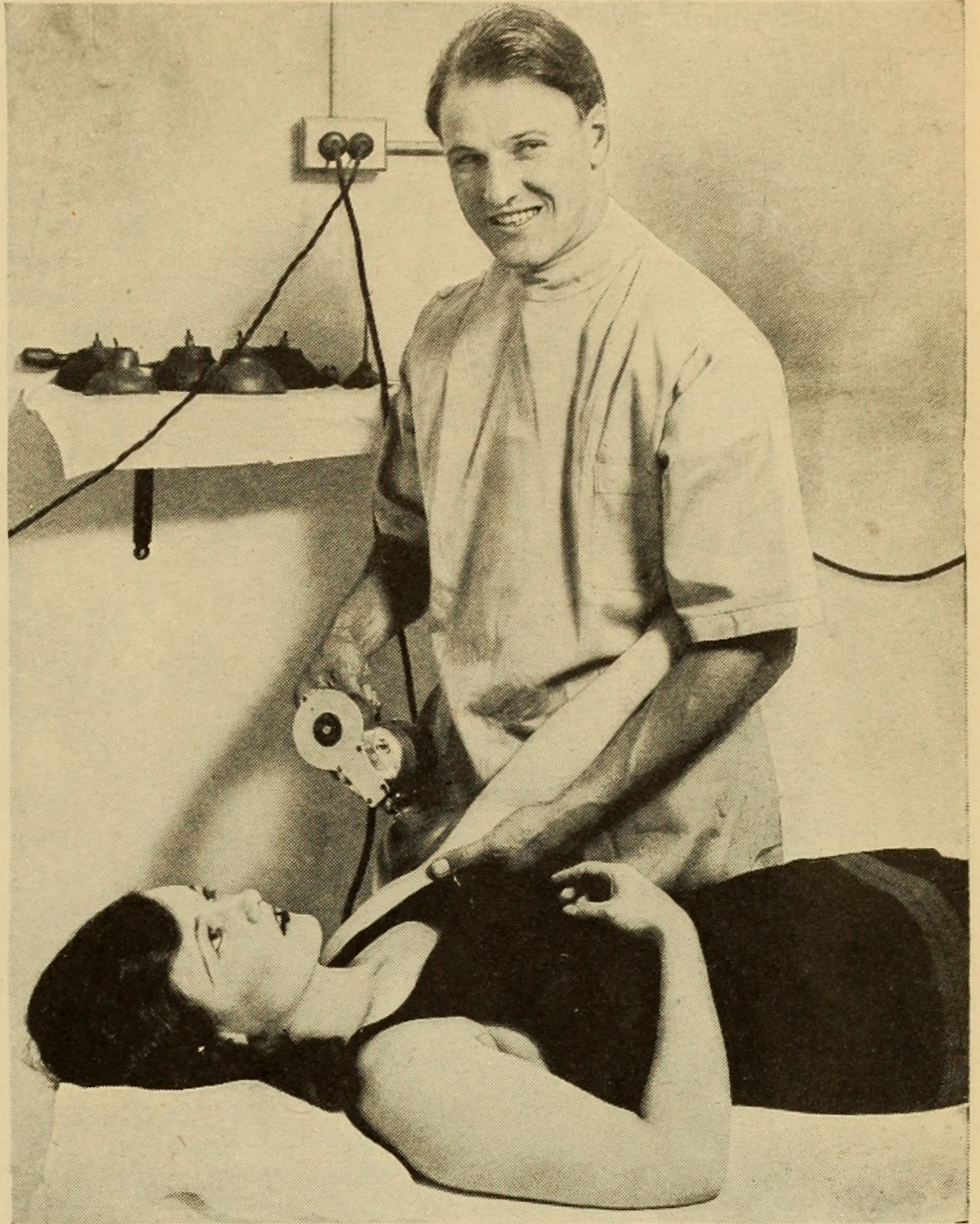
Today there is what you might call a "reducing craze." And those of the stars who are too thin to think of reducing have been seized with a sudden mania for keeping fit.

We won't tell you who his patients are—for it might cause them trouble with friend husband or the boy friend—but a list of them would include most of the big names of the screen.

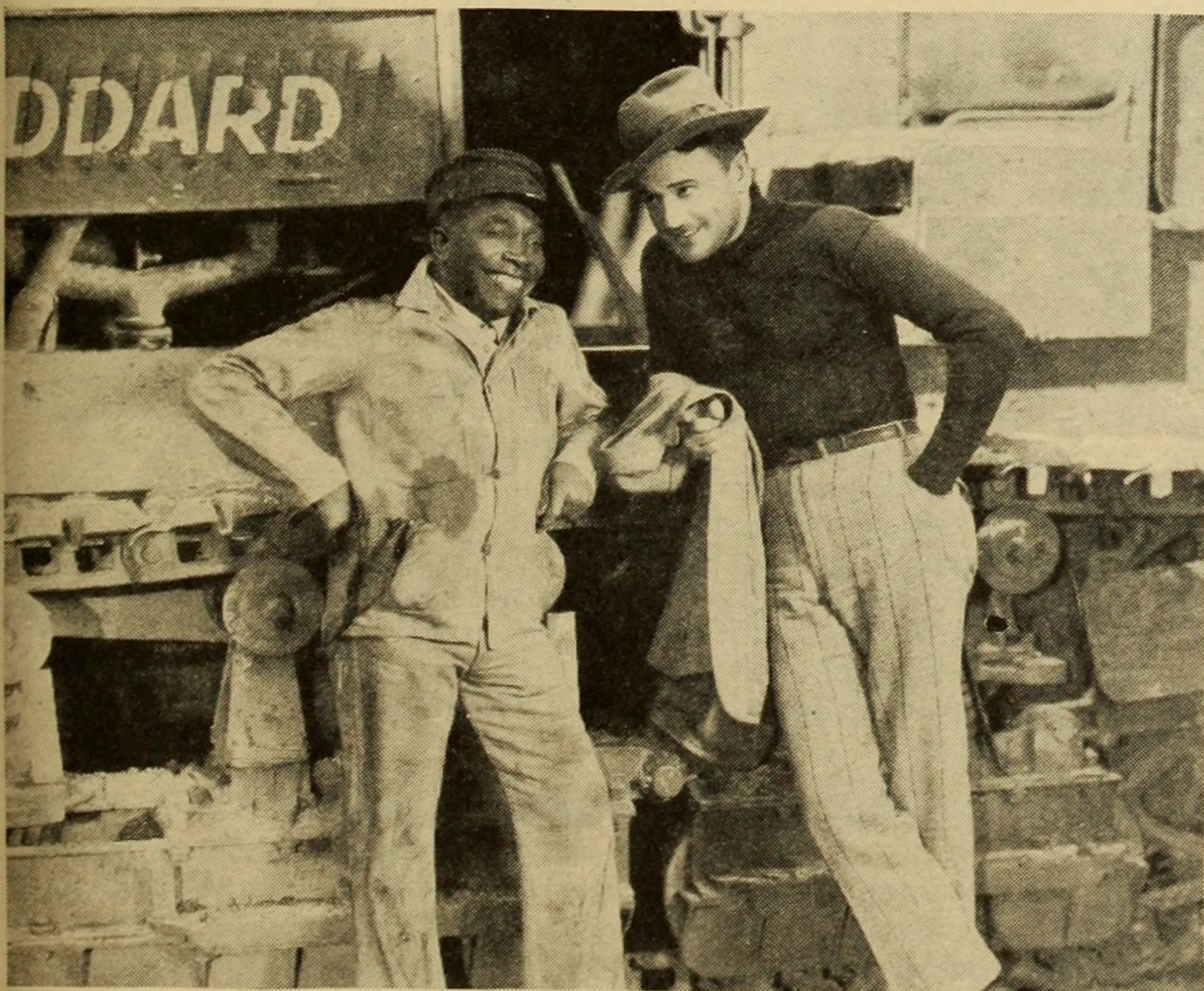
His place, fully equipped with all of the latest electrical appliances, including some of his own inventions, for a successful warfare on increasing weight, is kept busy from morning 'til night—so busy, in fact, that a visitor has quite a wait before catching a glimpse of him.

And when you do see him it is easy to understand just why Hugh Anderson's reducing treatments are proving so popular.

Also they say that he is more than a little successful in keeping milady's figure just where it should be.



Hugh Anderson is called "the knight of the bath" in Hollywood. He's a Viking reducer. Here he is giving a beauty treatment to Doris Dawson of the Christie Films



Just like a Horatio Alger hero, Oscar Smith was blacking boots on the Paramount lot. Then Richard Dix discovered him and gave him a rôle in "Manpower"

Introducing Oscar Smith

EVERYONE in Hollywood knows Oscar, "the cute kid," the colored lad who was once Wally Reid's valet and who in the last five years as the official bootblack on the Paramount lot has shined the shoes of practically every star in pictures.

But who knows Oscar Smith?

Well, Smith is Oscar's last name and soon the world will know him, for he has graduated from bootblack to actor and has an important rôle in Richard Dix' latest picture, "Manpower," with his name on the cast sheet and everything.

Dix is credited with the discovery of Oscar. In "Manpower" a colored man was wanted for comedy relief and Richard suggested the bootblack.

Now Oscar is to have the chance of his life. He has been cast as the heroic Senegalese soldier, *Djikki*, in "Beau Sabreur," a melodrama of the Sahara by the author of "Beau Geste," which Paramount is producing.

Last Lap of \$5,000

HERE'S your last chance to win \$5,000 in PHOTOPLAY'S cut puzzle and name contest of 1927!

RACE

These key letters, as noted, have appeared on the various cut puzzle picture fragments published in the issues of June, July and August, as well as the current September number. This issue concludes the contest and your solutions may be submitted up to midnight of September 20.

Of course, you are taking part. No previous cut puzzle contest appears to have aroused quite the tremendous interest of this year's contest. The new feature, the assembly of key letters into motion picture players' names has added a lot of zest to the contest.

Once more the contest editor is going to explain in detail how to work out the motion picture players' names from the key letters. Altogether 128 key letters have appeared on the cut puzzle fragments. These 128 letters are reproduced in the box on this page.

From these 128 letters you are to develop as many names of well known players as you can. Suppose you elect to work out the name of Greta Garbo. Check off two G's, two R's, two A's, one E, one T, one B and one O. These letters can not be used again in creating a player's name.

Other names will have to be created from the remaining letters only.

Do not submit elaborately assembled cut puzzle solutions. Simplicity is the thing this year. Contestants have been going to too great lengths and to too great expense in developing their solutions. This year you will win on neatness, accuracy and SIMPLICITY. And solutions will not be returned.

Here's an important item. The names of the film players developed from the key letters must be spelled correctly. Incorrect spelling will count against you. Watch your spelling. As a guide a list of names is published on page 92. You are not limited to this list, however.

But the name must be that of a recognized screen player, and must be spelled the same as the player uses it for screen purposes.

KEY LETTERS	
A A A A A A A A	N N N N
B B B B	O O O O O O O O
C C C C	P P P P
D D D D	Q Q Q Q
E E E E E E E E	R R R R
F F F F	S S S S
G G G G	T T T T
H H H H	U U U U U U U U
I I I I I I I I	V V V V
J J J J	W W W W
K K K K	X X X X
L L L L	Y Y Y Y
M M M M	Z Z Z Z

Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61

Star Names on Page 92

RULES OF CONTEST

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

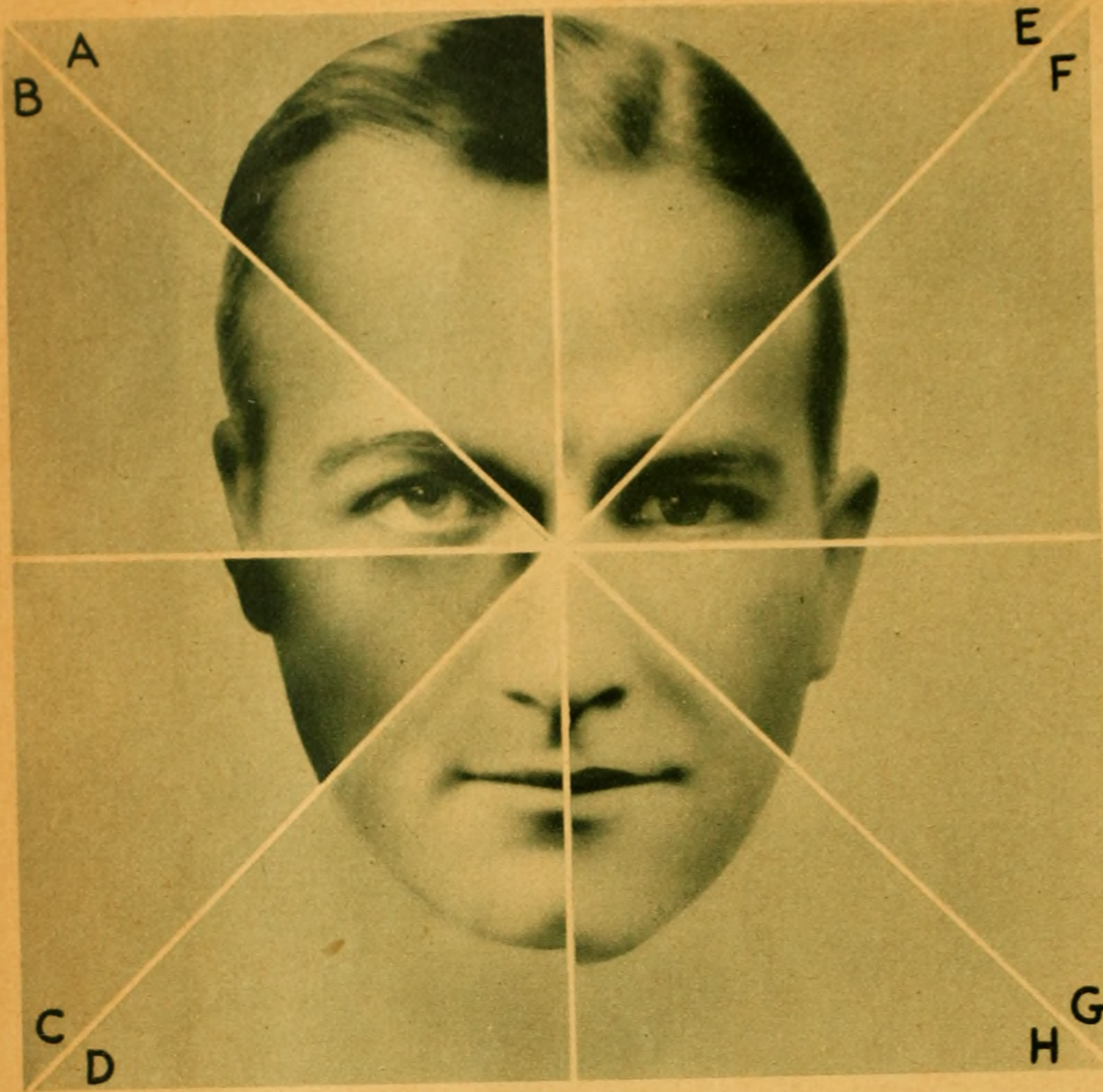
9. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send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



© Rayhuff-Richter

NO international society wedding received more public attention than the marriage of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. And no young couple ever started in married life with more sincere good wishes for their future happiness.

Last Chance to Try



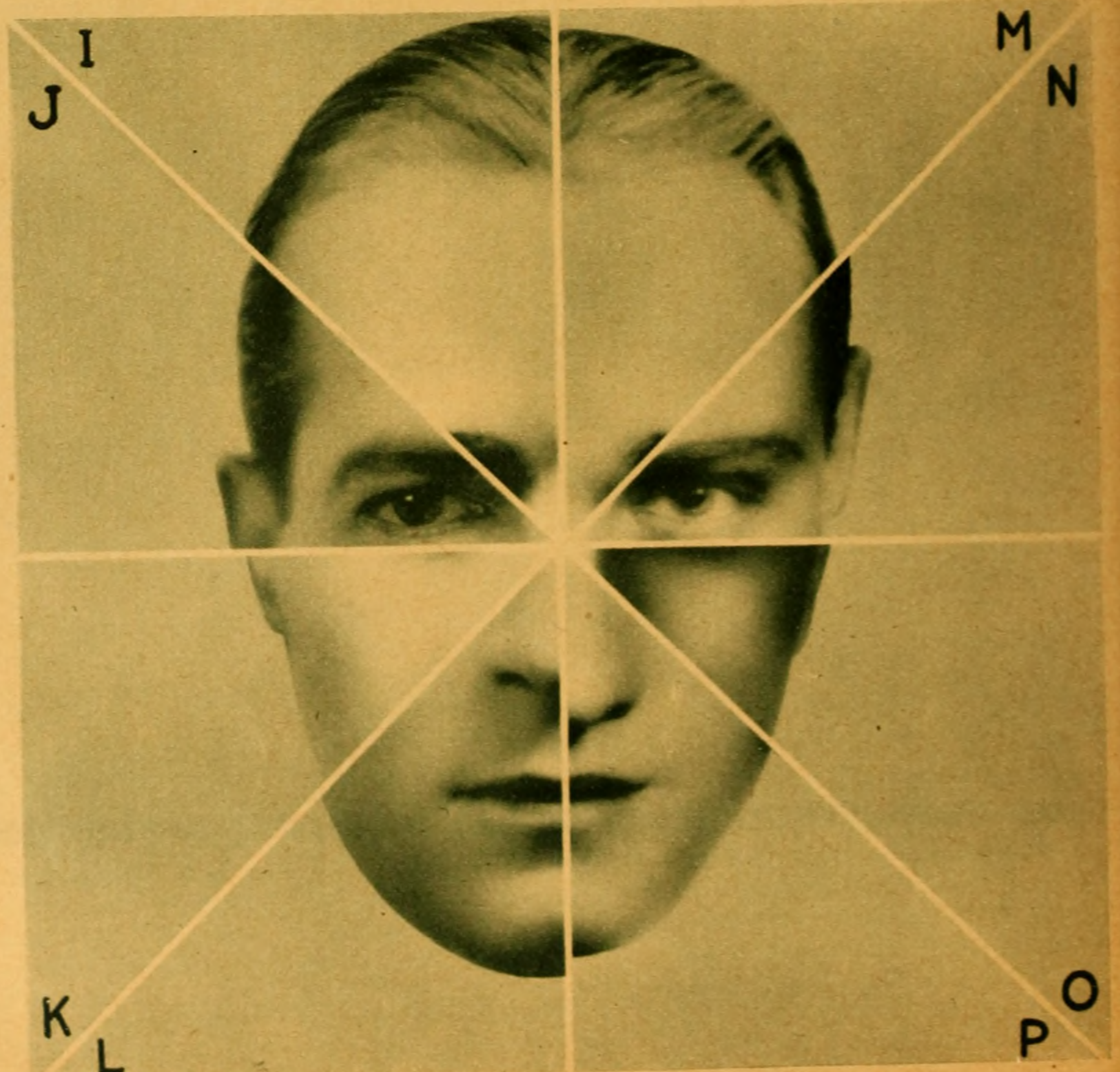
Carefully Read

Upper

Who is from Iowa?
 A was born there—
 B has blue eyes,
 He has, also, brown hair.
 E knew the stage,
 And the old "three-a-day"
 F has green orbs,
 So the records all say!

Lower

Who has a daughter?
 C has, lucky man!
 D played with Bebe—
 (Guess who, Daniels' fan?)
 Who is unmarried?
 Why G—more's the pity—
 H first saw light
 In Ohio's big city.



Upper

I was with Pola,
 In a recent play;
 Lasky, himself,
 Was the one who found J—
 Who was twice married?
 M twice took a chance;
 N was the lead
 In the great Glyn romance.

Lower

Who's not yet thirty?
 K's not twenty-seven;
 L is from Frisco
 The native son's Heaven.
 O's from the state
 Where the cowboys abound;
 P leads a life
 With which fault can't be
 found!

For \$5,000 in Prizes

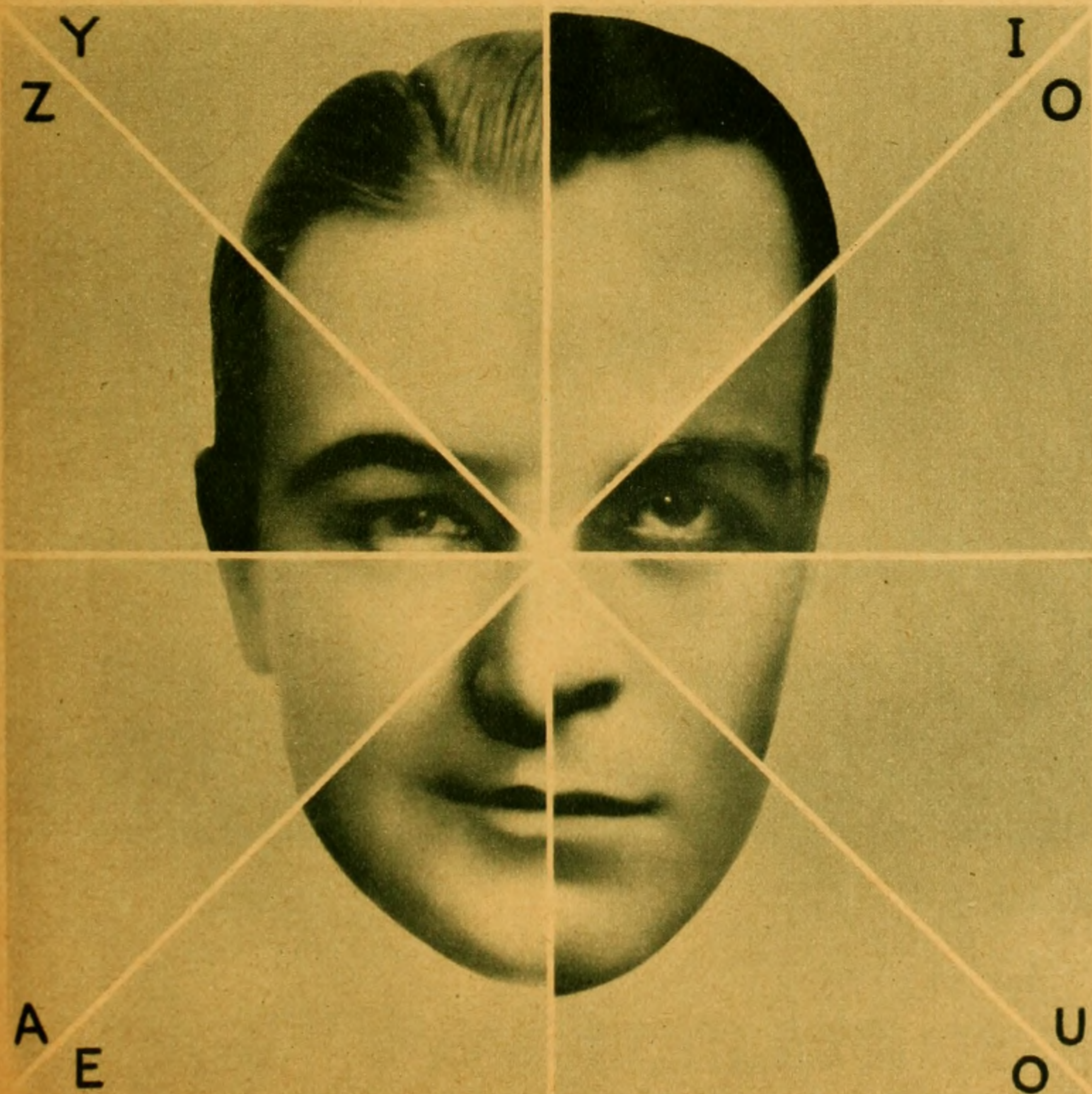
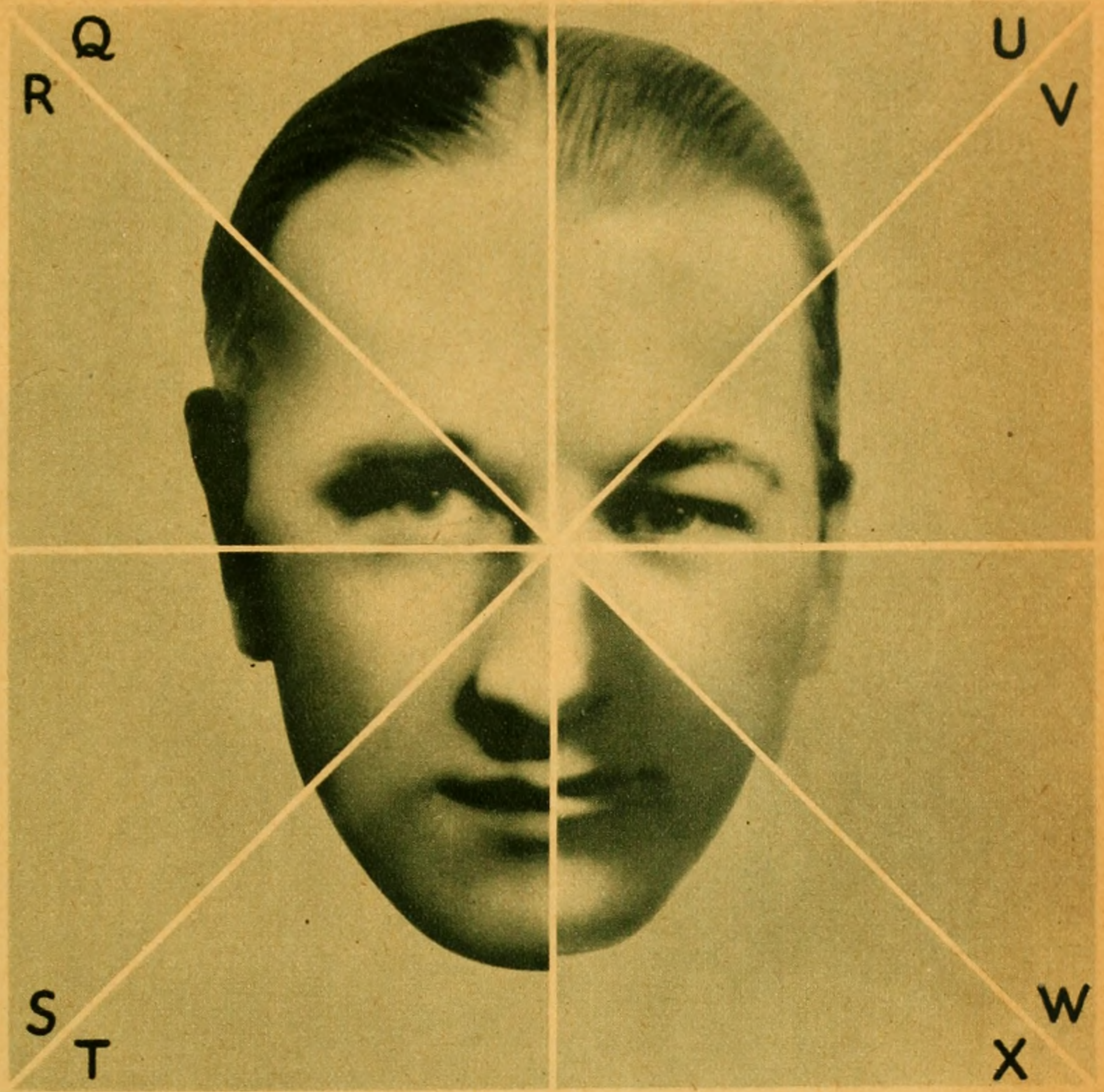
Rules on page 58

Upper

Who has a son? Q—
 And by his first wife.
 R knew the stage
 For six years of his life.
 U with Miss Bronson
 Once made quite a hit;
 V in De Mille's greatest play
 Had a bit.

Lower

S knows a lady
 Who's fair as can be—
 T went to college
 And earned a degree.
 W played in
 A picture of Russia;
 X in the theater's
 Been all but an usher!



Upper

Y has supported
 A comedy star;
 Z in two years
 Has—we'll say—traveled far!
 Who had a musical father?
 I did—
 O's just a year on the screen,
 Lucky kid!

Lower

Who will be thirty
 Next year? Mr. A.
 E is a comer,
 So all critics say.
 U's wife is not of the screen—
 (She's non-pro);
 Who made a vivid green picture,
 That's O!



YOU'VE seen her often, although her name never appears in the cast. She's Evelyn Law, Ziegfeld Follies dancer, and she has doubled for many of our best stars in the dancing scenes. Now Evelyn wants to play in Westerns and get some glory of her own.

Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

Sympathy to Tom

WE'VE heard that legs are sometimes pulled,
We've heard of doughboy's hurried marches,
That caused a lot of pedal grief,
Like charley horse and broken arches.

We've heard the well known story told
Of Mandy, struck upon the head—
Who did not get a fractured skull,
Who got a blistered sole, instead!

So now that Tommy Mix is ill
With injured legs—we figure that
He caught his trouble in this way,
From carrying around his hat!

Vilma Banky Marries

Rod La Rocque

SHE was the prettiest girl on
the screen,
And he was its greatest beau;
And when they became engaged,
folk said
That Fate made it happen so!

She was a blond, and he was dark,
As brunette as she was fair—
And they were quite charming,
photographed
With his head against her hair!

Vilma was Hungary's gift to men,
And Rod was of sunny France.
And so they built, in the grandest
style,
An over-the-seas romance!

And now, on their marriage, we
wish them luck—
(Tho they need it not a bit!)
For they have each other, and lots
of love—
And—as Elinor would say—IT.

Emil's Accident

EMIL JANNINGS hurt his ribs—
We are sorry for His Nibs!
(My this is a silly rhyme—
Can't be clever *all* the time!)

Wedding Bells for Renee—

RENEE ADOREE of being unmarried
Has had, these last years, quite her fill;
And so she became—to the film folks' surprise,
A few weeks ago—Mrs. Gill!

Her husband's first name is as green as the isle
That is famous for shamrocks and peat;
It's Billy, begorrah—here's hoping he's nice,
For he's certainly won something sweet!

Oh, Renee had suitors—a legion in number,
In fact they formed quite a brigade;
'Tis said that the picture she made her big hit in
Was named for her beaus—"Big Parade."

DOLORES DEL RIO

in the Title Role of Carmen



*A Sonnet Impression
of a Shadow Stage
Best Performance—*

THE splendor of an olden, shadowed year
Is written in the romance of your face;
Your eyes reflect life's passion and life's fear,
The while your body mirrors all life's grace!
A kiss, a song at twilight, and the roses
Of deathless ecstasy upon your mouth. . .
One wonders if the heart of you reposes
Upon some breeze that dances from the south!

Your every lightest gesture holds the wonder
Of red and gold against a purple sea;
Untaught—ah quite instinctive—you reach
under
The soul's veneer, to probe its mystery!
Bright as a sunset coming after rain,
With hint of storms to follow—you are Spain!

Hoping You'll Soon Be Well—

WILL ROGERS — best be-
loved of all,
Is ill and we regret to say
His smile has been less bright to
see
For many and many a day!

The world's best news will be
forgot,
His ropes lie idle, more's the
pity;
And mayorless, now, Beverly Hills
Is a neglected, saddened city.

When illness comes to some we
shrug,
And, nothing daunted, turn
away;
But when Will's sick—"How is he
now?"
Is all that you hear people
say!

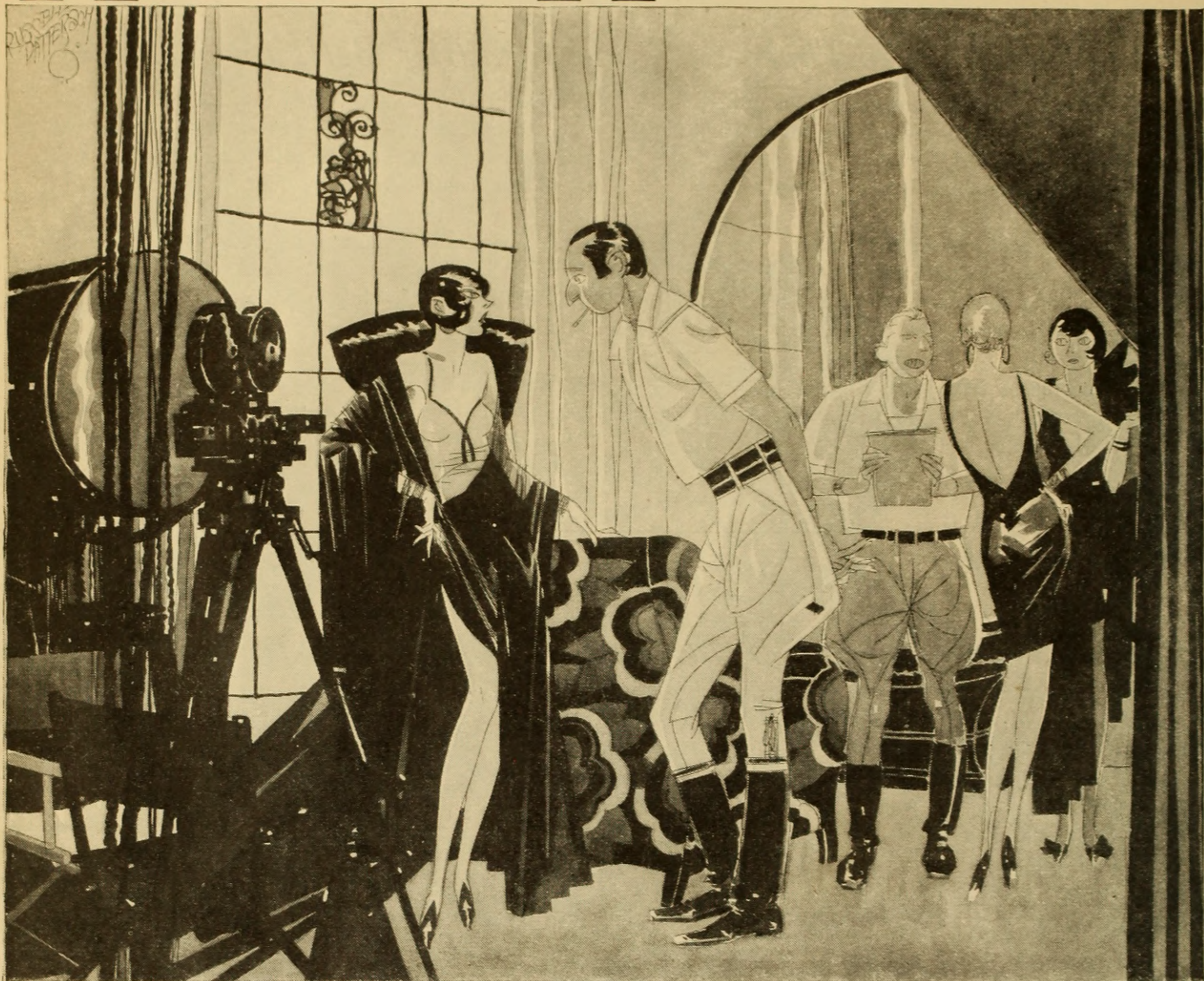
When he has left the hospital,
Quite well again, and making
fun,
They'll say all up and down the
coast,
The social season has begun!

Announcing a New Arrival

JACKIE SAUNDERS has a baby,
Yes, she has—we don't mean maybe.
Eyes of blue like Jackie's own,
But it packs a louder tone!

HIGHER HIRE

By
Stewart Robertson



"Vy not see me some efening? I lofe the black-haired men and you are so sleek. Can you seeng?" she asks

BEFORE I became a movie star I used to clerk in a haberdashery in Grand Central Station. I'm telling you this and other things on account of not wanting to hide any detail of my past, also to beat them Hollywood scandal sheets to it.

This is positively the low down on my sensational rise to four thousand sinkers a week, and while I'm not so proud of parts of it, I feel that the truth is due my public.

If you've ever been to New York the chances are that you know the shop, and, if so, you probably remember me. If you came in for a dozen of your favorite collars, you'd go out with eleven of them and one of the latest snappy style, but you wouldn't know it until you got home.

You might want grey suede gloves, but I'd sell you lemon buckskin. As I say, if I served you, you'd never forget it.

Well, one afternoon I was taking a snooze behind a rack of cravats, and that reminds me, I never yet heard a customer call a necktie a cravat. Perhaps they do over at Bottomley's, which is a swell dump over on the

Avenue where all the salesmen must have an English accent and a superior look. Anyhow, this particular snooze of mine was interrupted by a perky looking guy who demanded service.

"Shirts, collars, ties and all that sort of rubbish," says the fellow, pounding on the counter. "Wake up, you're beautiful enough."

"Yes, sir," I says, "how about these lovely English foulard cravats?"

"English foulard hell," he says, feeling them. "Number two rep from Hester Street, you mean. Don't try to stick that junk over on me."

"Well," I says, cautious-like, "would you care to look at some fine English broadcloth shirts?"

"I would not," he comes back, "seeing as there's no such thing as English broadcloth, leastways not in England. No more than English breakfast tea," he says.

With that I let him have Resentment. You see, I'd been taking a course in Gesture and Expression, being dark and sheikish looking. Then I followed up with Dignity.

A Stunt Man Gives a Star the Air—and Writes his Morality Clause in the Sky

"If you've come in here to quarrel about the English," I says, very coldly, "you are picking on the wrong person, as I am an inhabitant of the Bronx."

"Stop bragging," he sneers, "and tell me how you and the other one get along."

"What other?" I asks him.

"The other Gentile," he answers, "and listen, oily, if you've got any honest American goods, drag 'em out on that basis. Joints like this help to make a nation of snobs," he says.

FOR answer I gave him Arrrogance, combined with Indifference, and pointed to the door like a classical dancer. "Sir," I says, "it causes me deep regret to have you knock our goods, and as this is no place for a brawl, will you kindly take yourself off?"

Out he goes, banging the door, whereupon I assumed Well Bred Anger. Then comes the big surprise.

Another customer, a little pot-bellied specimen with a moon face, edges along the counter. "Say, younk feller," he begins, "I been watching them expressions of yours, and they could be worse, maybe. But anyhow, what I want to ask you is, would you like to go into the movies?"

"Sure I would," I tells him, "also I'd like to own Central Park so I could walk on the grass once in a while."

The little guy looks very earnest and leads me over to a corner. "I mean it," he says, hitting my lapels with the backs of his hands. "You got the face and the idea of usink it. That's all you need besides understanding

English. I told that lowlifer Koffaloff when he ran out on me that I could make a bigger star as him out of an unknown. Believe me, I'm a liar if I don't give you two hundred a week to start if you pass the camera tests yet. We'll go West tomorrow. What's your name?"

I told it to him, Harold Simpkins.

"Never mind," he says, "there's always the telephone book to fall back on. Meet me here in time to catch the Century tomorrow. I'll pay all expenses. Are you on?"

"On?" I says, giving him Pleasurable Excitement, "I'm riveted tighter than the smile on a fat dame after a facial lift."

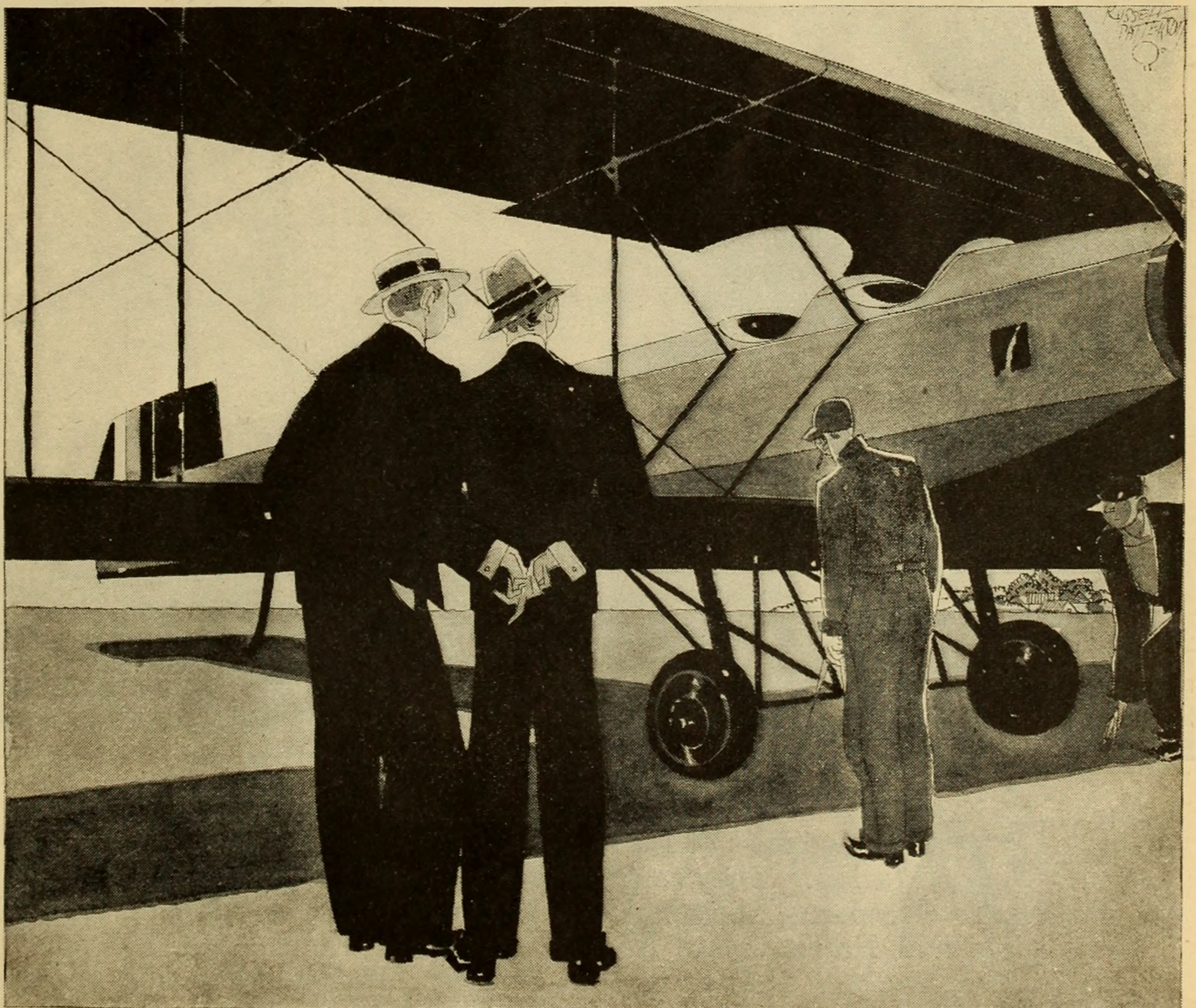
"Fine," says the little guy, "and in six months Jake Barrymore will be looking for a place to hide."

He shoves a card into my hand and rushes out in the direction of the telegraph counter while I was thinking of the hard boiled customer who had brought me luck. And that is how I came to work for Mr. Abraham Zoop of Stupefaction Films.

II

I HOPE none of my public will accuse me of boasting when I say that I knocked California bowlegged except for maybe a few cornfeds who had escaped from the Middle West in that condition. I paraded right on through the camera tests like a burlesquer through a steak and onions and was assigned small parts in big pictures. Pretty soon they began casting me as the hero's friend and several [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

I takes a squint and sees that she was a two-seater, the same as we use at the studio for fake shots



Illustrated
by
Russell Patterson



THE two kids of the De Mille lot are Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion. They're playing the leading rôles in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," directed by Elmer Clifton. Virginia hails from Tennessee and Frank comes from Kentucky. Frank was a kid actor of old Hollywood. Then he went to a Jesuit college and almost became a priest

Two New Kids *at* De Mille's

THE girl is Virginia Bradford.

She has been longer in pictures than Frank Marion and she knows her vegetables more thoroughly.

There is something very subtle about Virginia. Like Lorelei Lee. Like Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Like all the girls who know enough just to be beautiful and to keep their mouths shut.

Virginia is very beautiful. She knows it. She is very young. She makes sure you know it. She is too wise to be a feminist. She is simply feminine instead.

Born in Brownsville, Tennessee, she grew up in Memphis and broke into the movies by way of writing a series of articles for a newspaper syndicate. But Virginia's was not the face to launch a thousand rejection slips. She preferred being a little chip off "The Ten Commandments" for Mr. De Mille.

She went from Lasky's, where De Mille was at that time, to Universal, where she played in the cow operas, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she never played in much of anything, to the Van Bibber comedies and Monty Banks' "Atta Boy," where she played in bathing suits.

Then she came back to De Mille again.

LIKE Frank Marion, her first hit under the new contract was in "The Country Doctor." And, of course, she's Frank's love interest in "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

She doesn't like to talk. The day I saw the two of them, she let Frank do the talking, while she held his hand under the table. She looked awfully, awfully shy. Just a little girl trying to get along.

Finally she said, "All I can tell you is what Raymond Griffith once told me. He said, 'Don't worry, Virginia. Gloria Swanson was even dumber than you when she first started.'"

Now she's following in Gloria's footsteps at the De Mille studio and she'll probably end up, dumb like Gloria, at about \$17,000 a week.

Virginia says nothing about what she hopes of her work.

Further, she says nothing of marriage.

She doesn't need to. She slowly smiles.

At Frank.

At the press agent.

There's something very subtle about Virginia. Like Lorelei Lee. Like Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Men will adore her.

Watch Cecil's finds, designed to follow in the footsteps of Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque

By Myrtle West

they did. He's got so much. Youth. A handsome face. A long, lean figure. Charm. Charm of the kind that is fatal to women. Half little boy and half fatherly, a devastating combination.

HIS experience covers two widely separated periods. When a child Frank and his mother, following his father's death, came to Los Angeles from Louisville, Kentucky. His mother knew Constance Collier, the stage actress, who was making her movie debut under the direction of D. W. Griffith. A little boy was needed for her picture. Frank must have been such a handsome little boy. He got the job. Griffith put him in two more pictures and then Frank played the featured child rôle in "The World and Its Women," starring Geraldine Farrar, and later did a bit with Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

That earned him enough to pay for his schooling. He went to the grade schools of Los Angeles and on to Loyola College, a Jesuit institution. For years he forgot the movies. He came close to dedicating himself to the priesthood. Instead he made a screen test.

The test won him a five-year contract with the Lord Cecil. His first adult work was in "The Country Doctor."

Now he is playing the lead in "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

"I can hardly believe my good fortune," Frank says earnestly, in his pleasant voice, "but I believe I won't get spoiled."

"I've so much to learn and every time I feel at all important I shall remember the Jesuit fathers. They are wonderful men with fine minds, but every so often they make themselves scrub floors or do other humiliating tasks to keep themselves from growing proud."

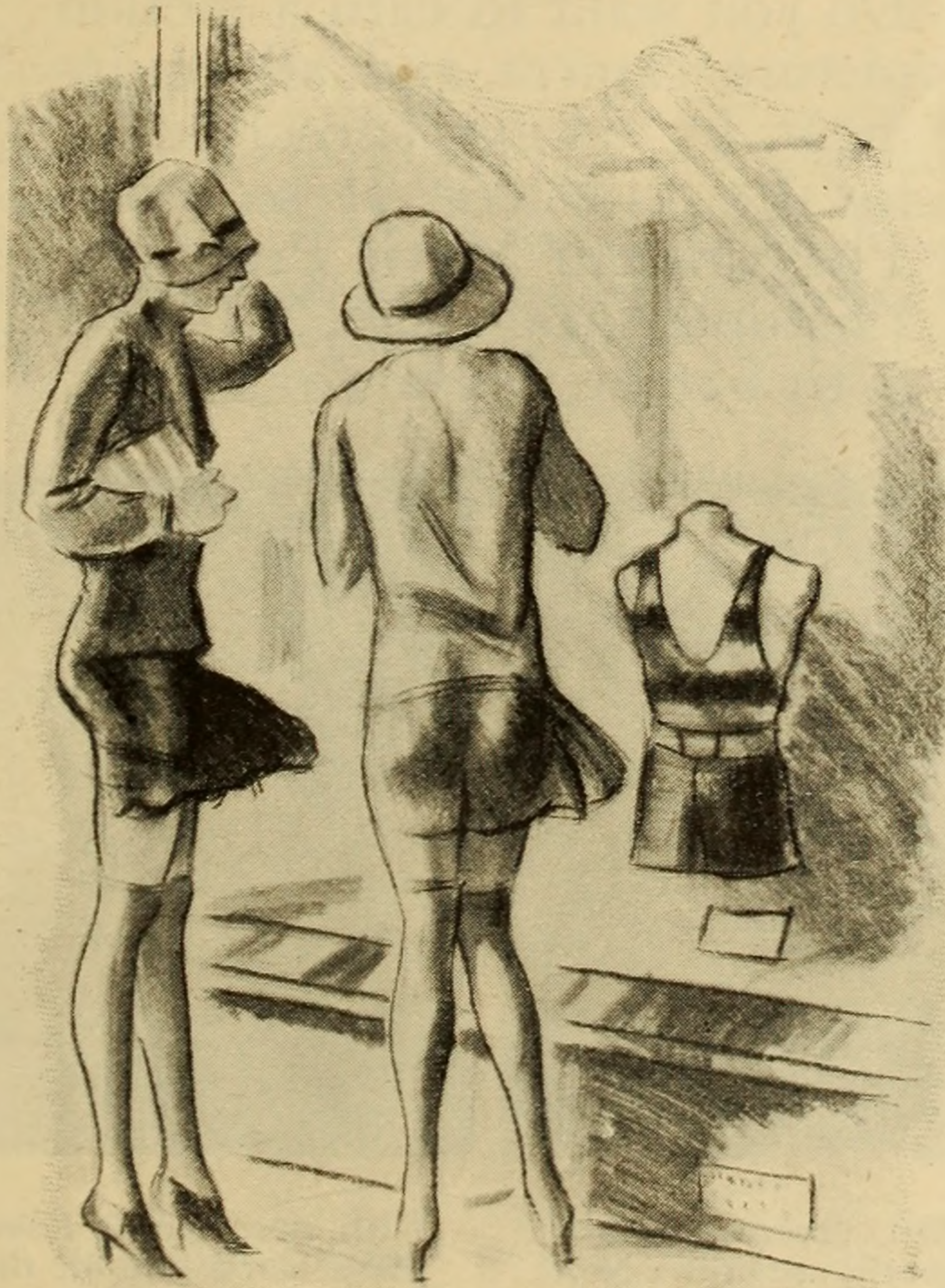
"I shall try to follow their example."

Yet Frank, he tells me, plans to differ from his Jesuit mentors in one important particular.

"The first nice girl who gives me a chance, I'll marry," he says.

On that basis Frank will have more wives than a sultan.

For women will adore him.



"My dear! How can men wear such indecent garments?"

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

A NUMBER of events of high interest to amateur cinematographers are on the immediate horizon. New cameras, new amateur movie appliances and new films are about to appear.

The Du Pont Pathe Film Manufacturing Corporation is about to launch a new reversal process 16 mm. film for amateur cameras. The Du Pont laboratories supply the film used in Pathex cameras. More recently, a Du Pont Pathe 16mm. negative was placed on the market. This 16 mm. negative has been sold in hundred foot lengths at a price of nine dollars, which also included the developing and the making of one positive print.

It is announced that the Du Pont Pathe reversal process 16 mm. film will sell at six dollars per hundred feet. There is an interesting feature to this film. If, after you have shot your hundred feet, you decide that you would like to retain this particular film as a permanent negative, having positives made when you wish them, it will be possible to have your request fulfilled. The film can be kept a negative, although, of course, your decision must be made before the film is put through the reversal process.

THE Du Pont Pathe Corporation is planning a 48-hour service, plus mailing time. Laboratories are to be opened in Chicago, Los Angeles and other localities. A New Jersey laboratory is now in full operation.

Amateur cinematographers will be greatly interested in the report that a 16 mm. De Vry camera is to be put on the market. This will have all the excellent features of the popular standard film De Vry.

The dream of every amateur movie fan is to be present at a national event, catching the only pictures of the incident. Everyone hopes it will happen to them some day.

Thus you can appreciate the thrill which came to Arthur Levi, when he stood on the deck of the *S. S. Mauretania*, film in hand, while the Chamberlin-Levine plane, the *Columbia*, circled the ship on its famous trans-Atlantic flight.

Mr. Levi is a member of the firm of Berth, Levi and Company, of 149 Franklin Street, New York City. We will let Mr. Levi tell his story himself:

"I GOT an eighteen foot shot of the Bellanca plane, taken from the deck of the *Mauretania*.

"The ship posted the news that Chamberlin had left New York, so I thought I would be prepared for an eventuality, and accordingly shot blank the film that I had in my camera at that time. I reloaded it, and early in the morning went up on the ship's deck, adjusting the lens from time to time according to the sun conditions. I did not go down to lunch but stayed on deck the whole day and around 4:30 o'clock was lucky enough to hear the roar of a motor.

"I jumped out of my chair and caught the *Columbia* coming down the port side of the ship, until she redoubled her track and crossed our bow on the starboard side. I went over to this side then and got a fine view as she was within 150 feet, and not higher than the crows' nest. Took her until she got out of sight and the picture also shows the deck work of the *Mauretania*, as well as the passengers lined against the rail, cheering her. It was really a considerable thrill, but as a spectacle, I missed most of it, my eye being glued to the finder the whole time.

"I think this film has considerable historic value, as it is the only picture taken of any one of the three planes in mid-Atlantic. Some of the news reel companies made me an offer on it, but I preferred to retain my film." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

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



Eleanor Boardman demonstrates how to make up. Clean face with cold cream and pat on grease paint No. 2. Rub in well. Treat neck similarly



When grease paint is smooth, use brown No. 2 over eyes, shading well up to the eyebrows. Note that one eye is made up and the other one is not



With small paper liner, place black line on the upper lid near the eye lashes. This is done only on upper lid. The black used is "black liner"



With puff distribute No. 12 powder over face. Should be patted into grease for at least five minutes or until grease has absorbed the powder

\$2,000 for Best Amateur Films

HENRY L. MENCKEN is a pessimist when it comes to professional motion pictures. He says the present status of the photoplay is due to the fact that the making of movies is not entrusted to artists or competent artisans but to blacksmiths, pants pressers and other such manual workers.

However, he does believe that the future of the photoplay lies in the Little Theater movement now sweeping across America. Now that amateurs are making experimental pictures, the screen may be liberated. "Soon or late the movie as an art will have to emancipate itself from the movie as a vast, machine-like, unimaginative, imbecile industry," Mr. Mencken declares.

Mr. Mencken has expressed himself several times as believing that the movie amateur will have a tremendous effect upon motion picture making. Robert Flaherty, the maker of "Mona" and D. W. Griffith have said the same thing.

THE Amateur Movie Contest, now being conducted by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, may unearth the man who will have the same effect upon commercial movies that Eugene O'Neill and his early plays had upon the commercial speaking theater.

There are between 50,000 and 100,000 active, enthusiastic operators of amateur cameras in this country. All these operators are experimenting steadily with their cameras.

Believing in the unlimited possibilities of the amateur cinematographer, PHOTOPLAY created its \$2,000 contest, which is now in progress and which will close on Decem-

ber 31st. The contest primarily was designed to teach amateurs the enjoyment of editing and cutting their films. Too many amateurs shoot films and let it go at that. The contest was mapped out to lead amateurs into the highly interesting field of editing and cutting.

In arranging the contest, plenty of time was allowed amateur movie makers so that they could take their leisure with their contest entries. Judging from the hundreds of letters from amateur cinematographers, entries are coming from all parts of this country, from Canada, from South America, from the Philippines, from Holland, from China and other lands.

THE jury of contest judges can now be definitely presented, numbering Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, S. L. Rothapfel, managing director of the Big Roxy theater, Nickolas Muray, the well known photographer, James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

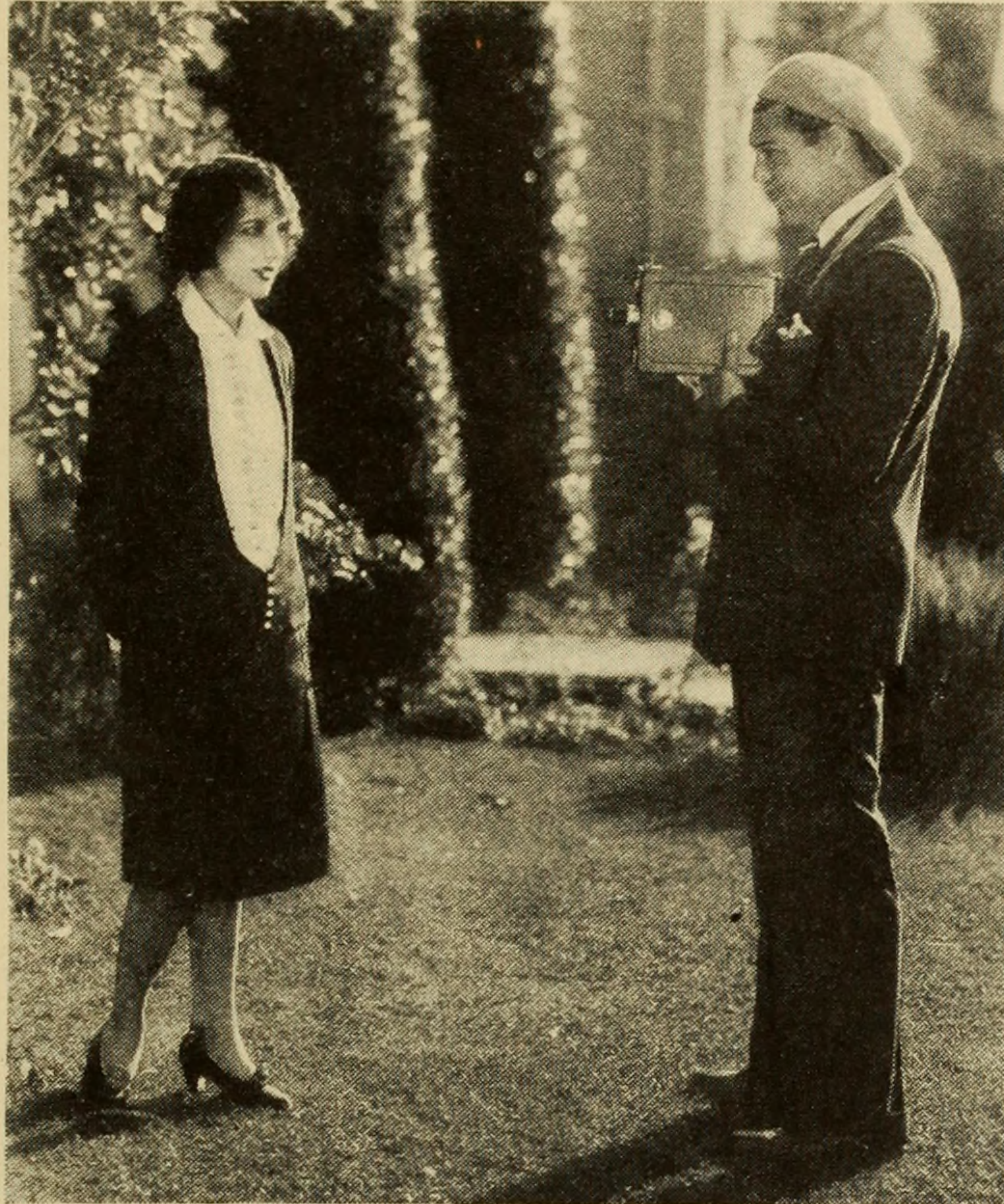
Every contest entry will receive careful attention and study.

Remember these essentials:
Read the rules.

Keep your film entry within the prescribed length. Originality counts more than anything else.

Do your own editing and titling. "Store-made" titles will count against your entry. Your film must be wholly your own creation. You can submit as many entries in the contest as you wish.

It is not necessary to spend a lot of money on your entry. Put your brains to a simple, fresh and original film.



Jack Dempsey, caught in the act of filming Estelle Taylor with a De Vry



After having removed all traces of powder from eyebrows and lashes with a small brush, remove powder from face with an infant's brush



Black mascara is used on upper lashes, being placed with a moistened camel's hair brush. Use more mascara on upper than lower eyelashes



With tip of little finger, line the mouth with moist rouge. Use finger rather than lip stick. Follow the natural line of mouth carefully



Eleanor Boardman as she appears when make-up is complete. Note how the make-up accentuates the charm of her face and adds smoothness



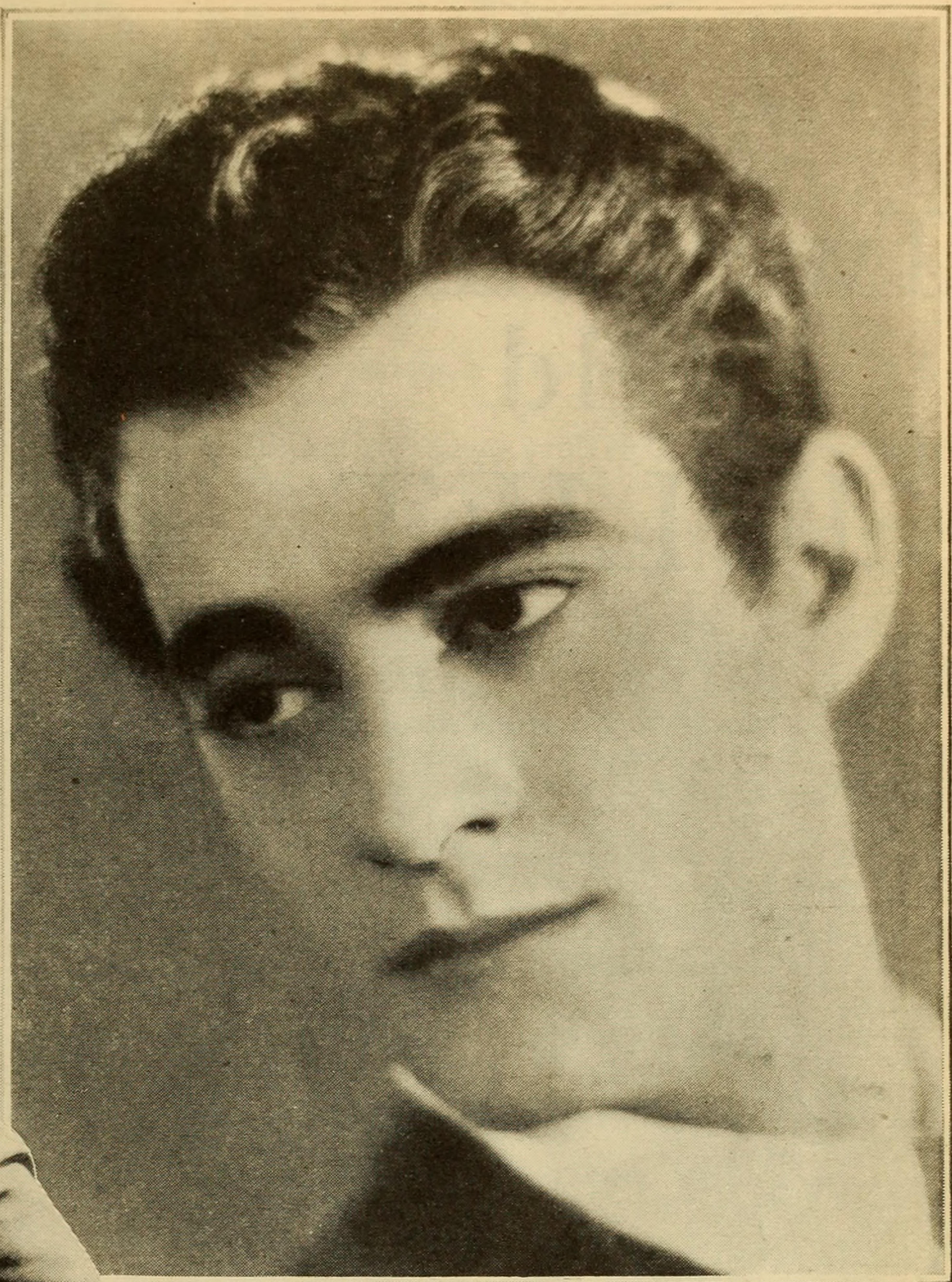
A WARM moment in Alaska or a Klondike kiss. Ralph Forbes pauses for a moment in the Gold Rush to enact this love scene with Dolores del Rio. It is a romantic interlude in Clarence Brown's production, "The Trail of '98."

His Pop Threw the BULL

By
Ivan St. Johns



Gilbert Roland was almost discovered by Madame Glyn, but he was several years landing an opportunity



His real name is Luis Antonio Damaso Alonso and Chihuahua his birthplace

WHAT manner of school is this that the Good Prof. Guerrero conducts in Chihuahua?

Ramon Novarro delivered a valedictory there eventually to salute the stars.

And, now comes Gilbert Roland, molded in the same academy.

Is it, perhaps, a school of hard knocks in which a boy is taught to accept Adversity or Opportunity with equal readiness?

A study of the experiences of Gilbert Roland may give some indication of the curriculum of the Chihuahua school taught by Novarro's uncle.

Roland is the son of a famous Spanish bull-fighter. For years the boy followed his father about two hemispheres searching for romance and adventure.

He has found it in motion pictures.

Roland skyrocketed to fame as *Armand*, playing opposite Norma Talmadge, in "Camille." He is now being featured in "Rose of Monterey," a story of old California, with Mary Astor, which George Fitzmaurice is directing for First National.

Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, whither his father, Francisco de Alonso, had gone to continue his exploits in the bull ring after having left Seville, Spain. The elder Alonso was a native of Bilbao, in Northern Spain. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

A Twelve Year Old JULIET

The RALSTON FAMILY

Metropolitan Entertainers—With Esther
"America's Greatest Juliet"

In scenes from Shakespeare, playlets, sketches, songs, dances, mimicry

Permanent Address,
Washington, D. C.

Present Address,

THE Ralstons are a bona fide family of seven: father, mother, and five children; and, for the past twelve years, they have appeared in colleges, schools, Chautauquas, vaudeville and in the pictures. Senators, representatives, members of the diplomatic corps, and many in prominent positions have seen and enjoyed their performance. It is admirably suited to audiences of the best people, those with brains and refinement.

"Not only entertaining, but full of helpful instruction," says Mr. Jefferson Smith, State Secy. Y. M. C. A., Portland, Maine. "Full of snap and interest," says Mr. Harry M. Harris, Committeeman, Portland, Ore. The costumes are gorgeous, "like scenes in Fairyland," says Mr. Chas. M. Moore, Director Educational Alliance, New York. The company is second to no other of equal size. "One of the cleverest in the business," says the New York World. "The children make a specialty of playing heavy adult roles, few if any others do this," says the Brooklyn Eagle. In general, a clean, novel and wholesome performance, and, according to the Washington Post, "With none of the fun left out."



The herald of the Ralston family and the seven talented thespians. Esther is the fourth from the left. They played schools, Chautauquas and vaudeville in performances "suited to audiences of the best people, those with brains and refinement"

All for Art—Esther at the age of six, when she lisped through the blank verse of Shakespeare, taking it all very seriously. In those days she wanted to be another Julia Marlowe. Not for her the frivolous goings-on of the movies



Billed as "America's Greatest Juliet" at the age of twelve, Esther was the star of her father's troupe, "The Ralstons." Four other little Ralstons played the supporting rôles, to the delight, their herald says, of senators, representatives and diplomats



A Movie Intelligence Test

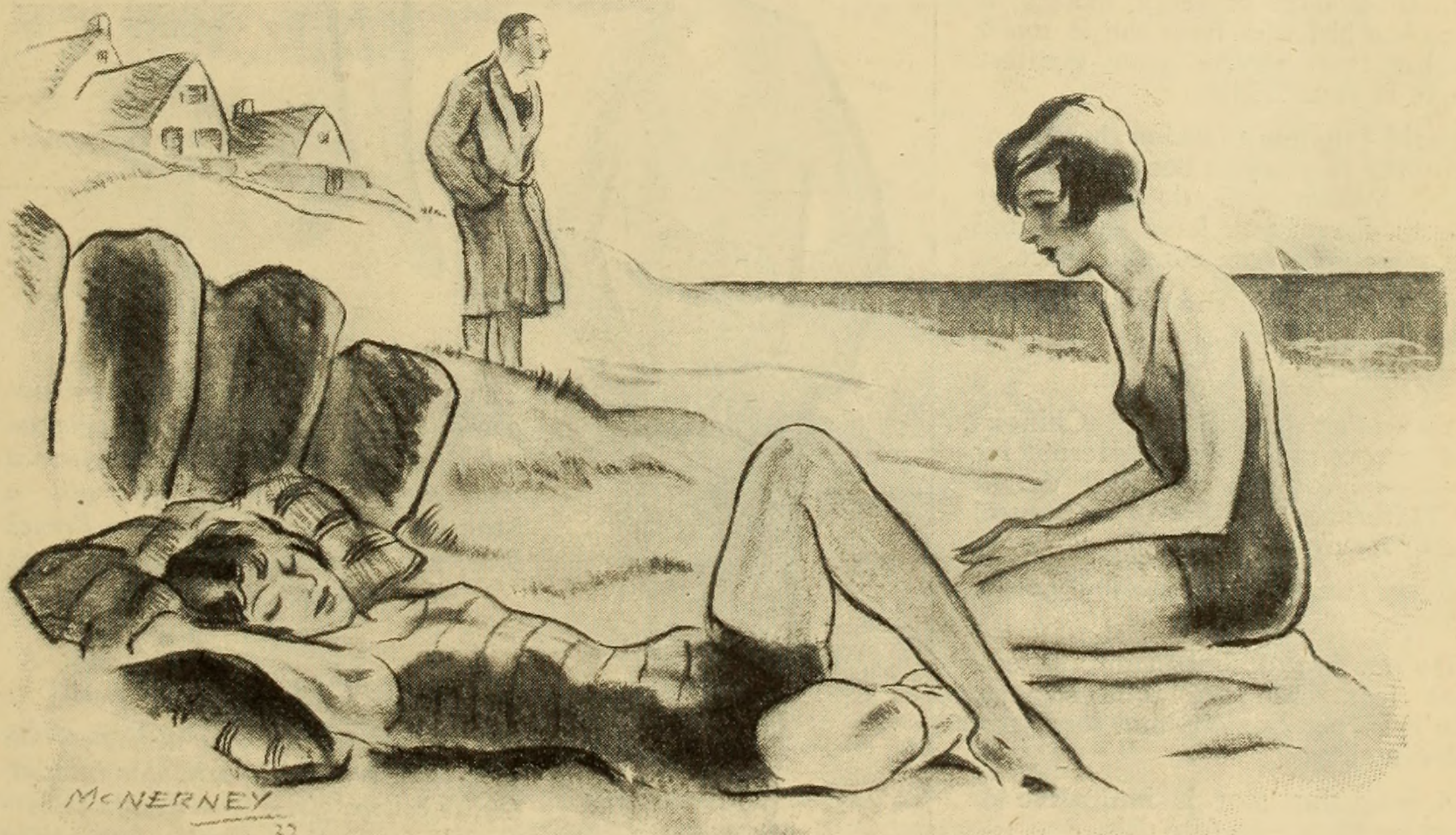
Can You Tell Who's Who Among the Stars?

1. What Hollywood he-mannikin started life as Lewis Joseph Cote?
2. Who shook off the cognomen, Marie Michalska?
3. Which two Valentino successors are these, Luis Alonzo? Alfred de Biraben?
4. What Black Bottom expert first strutted as Lucille Le Sueur?
5. Who won the flowery title, Sylvian des Jardins?
6. What dark gent was christened Allen Clay Hoskins?
7. Which Western star is Glenn A. Raymond?
8. What aristocratic surname does Lucille Langhanke use?
9. Whose sister is Kathleen Morrison?
10. To what name did Ernesto Guillen recently change?
11. Give the pseudonym the blonde Olga Cronk prefers.
12. When you see Patrick Fitzgerald, whom are you watching?
13. What beautiful belle bore the name of Lillian Bohny?
14. Three girls have the same screen surname Sylvester Mazetti uses. Do you know what it is?
15. This is almost too easy. Who was Gladys Smith?
16. Who are these megaphone wielders—Jay Fox? Percival Thomas?
17. Anita Dooley is a villainous vamp. What's her reel name?
18. What American is known in England as Walter Terry?
19. Under what name is Mary Gwendolyn Stribble trying to stage a come-back?
20. Benjamin Greenberg is engaged to a girl who put her money in real estate. If she marries him, what will her name be?
21. How did the divorce court judge address Betty Riggs?
22. Joe Page is the latest Spanish sheik. How does he sign his pay checks?
23. Whose wife is Augusta Appel?
24. Whose box-office wow is Ernest Carlton Brimmer?
25. Can you identify Leonia Flugrath?
26. Which Paramount patootie is Brynece Butler?
27. What member of a famous group of wives is Elda Furey?
28. What screen villain was handed this gentle name, Joseph Liebchen?
29. Her family called her Jewel Baroni. What do the fans call her?
30. Who are Jack Krantz and Jack Crane?

(Answers on page 108)

The Reclining Sennett Gal

"Yes, he's a sort of cousin of mine. My brother ran off with his wife"



Shopping Tips

By

Carolyn Van Wyck

A pocketful of "don't's" for the plump girl

DON'T wear sweaters—they are for your boyish sisters.

DON'T wear light colored stockings with dark shoes—gun metal or thin black hose will increase your charm and decrease your legs.

DON'T pinch your plump hips into a tight corset.

DON'T mash your bust into a brassiere a size too small.

One's body, to be graceful, must suggest freedom of movement, no matter how much *avoirduois* there is to move.

A rubber girdle—not too tight—and a brassiere that shapes one's bust without cutting off one's wind is best for smartness and health.

DON'T wear strap shoes. Pumps are better, since an unbroken line from knee to toe gives length to the limbs and an impression of slimness.

DON'T wear all snake shoes, if your feet are plump. Use it as a trimming, if you have a weakness for reptiles.

DON'T wear odd designs in hosiery.

DON'T use the "choker" strand of pearls or beads—a longer string will lengthen your throat line.

DON'T shorten your skirt above your knee—no matter if the whole world is indulging in this exhibition.

DON'T make your chiffon and print dresses in large patterns. The small designs are best for you.

DON'T fail to take your daily dozen AND don't fail to count your calories.

In these days of hectic dieting, if there is a girl who feels she is *under* weight, then realize your greatest charm is your frailty.

DON'T follow a fashion that is unbecoming to you just because it is the style. When you do this, what natural charm you have is lost and you merely become commonplace.

Accentuate your slimness—you can achieve distinction.

No athletic styles for you.

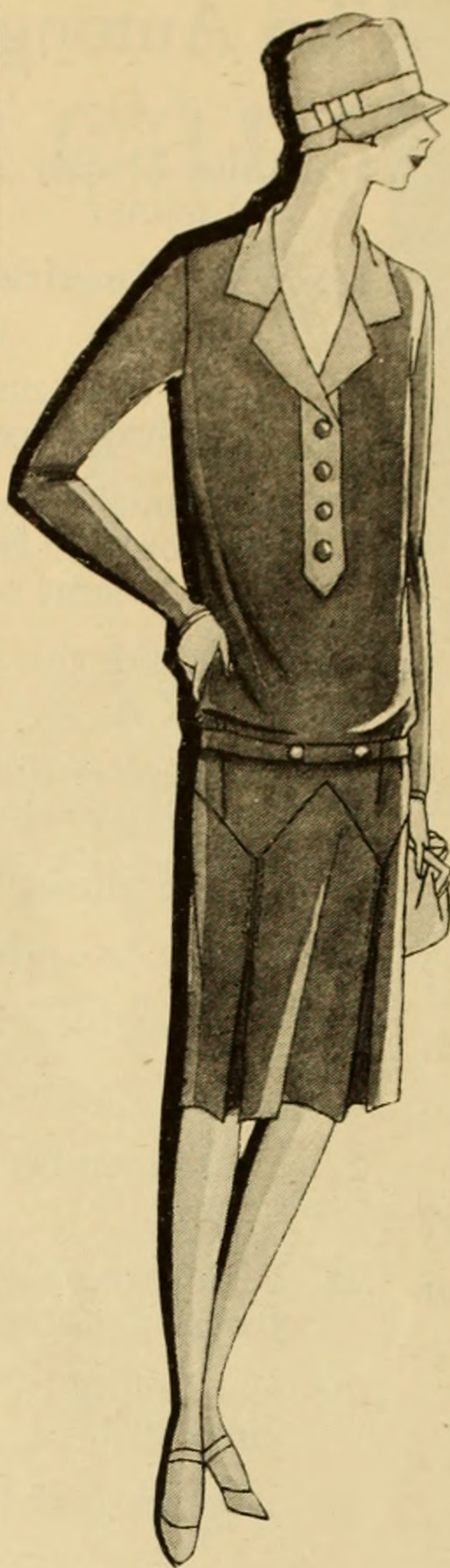
You must be ethereal. Chiffons and crepes in dark patterns for street—chiffons in flowered design for afternoon—chiffons in pastel shades for evening.

Never wear your evening gowns too short.

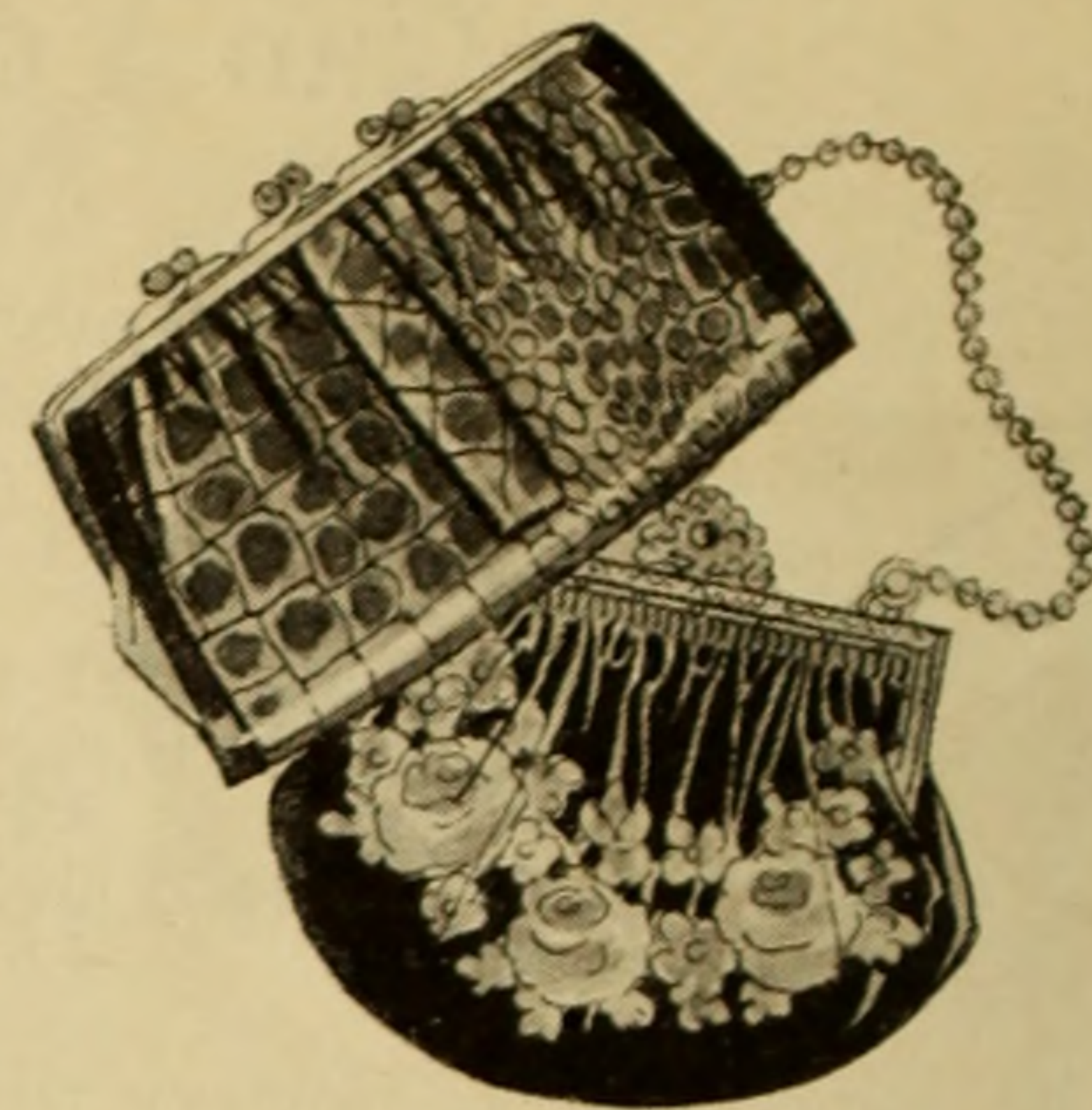
Do not buy a short vamp shoe if your feet are long and slender. You'll gather bunions and lose your individuality.

A long slim foot is indicative of good breeding—feature this.

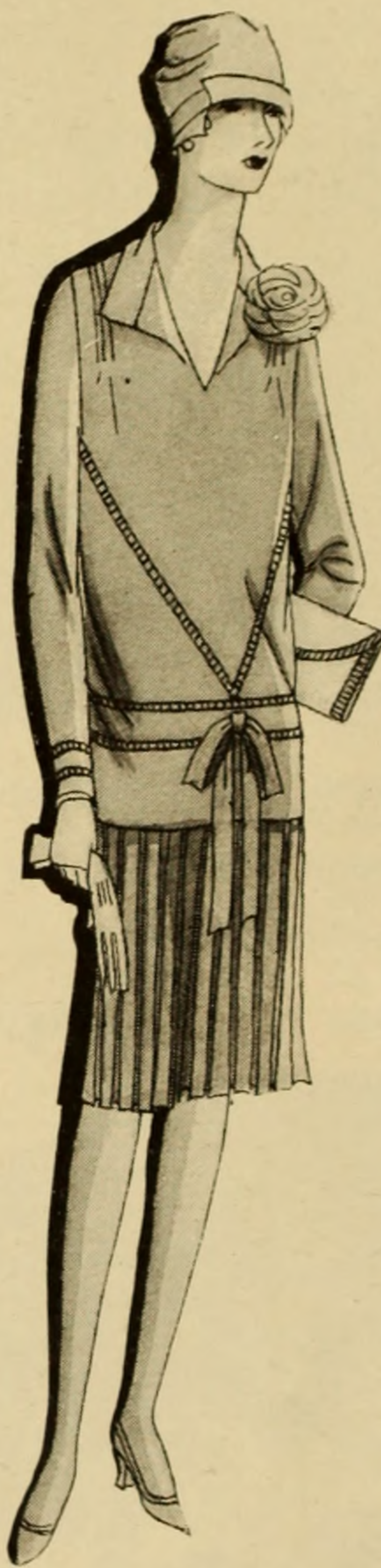
Willowy, soft, clinging, dependent. This is your type—play it up.



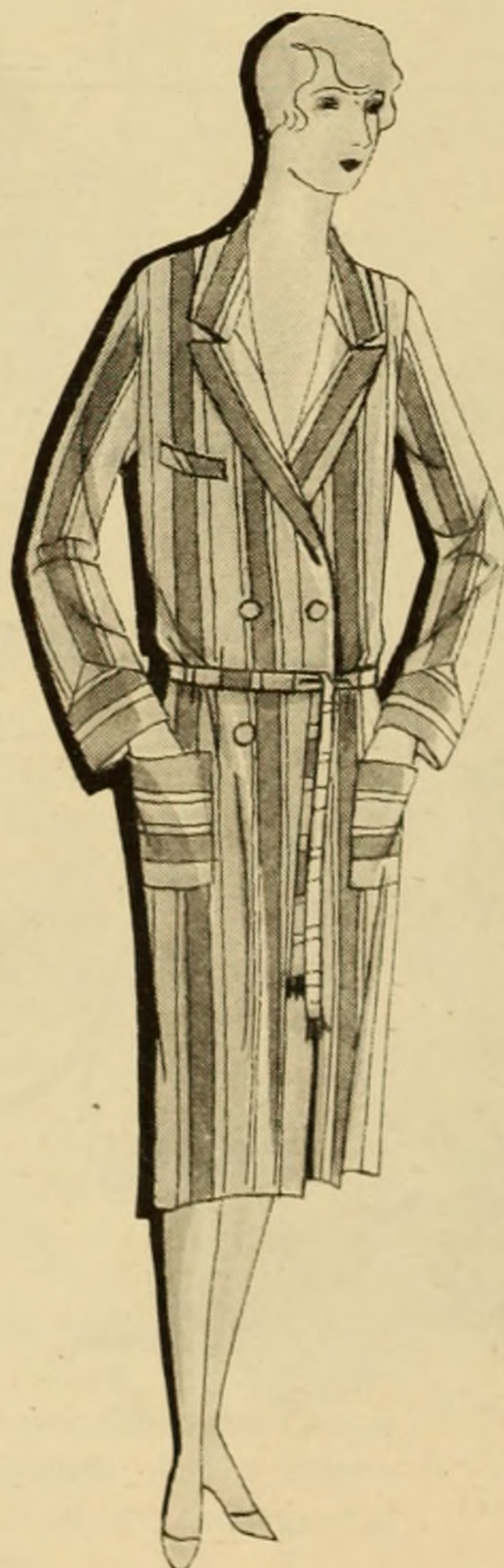
For the first sparkling days of Autumn, a jersey dress. An ideal addition to the wardrobe of the girl who is going away to school. In a pleasing variety of colors—green, navy, copenhagen, tan, garnet and brown. Sizes 18 to 46. Priced at \$7.95



The brown alligator hand purse has three separate compartments which makes it useful for the business woman. Only \$4.95. The black silk hand bag has a gilt finished frame and colored embroidery. Fitted with purse and mirror. Price—\$2.95



Proving that the utility dress, for wear at home, may be just as attractive as the more elaborate frocks. This house dress (below) is of figured cotton charmeuse with assorted colored figures on a white background. Sizes 36-46. And exceptionally low priced at \$2.95

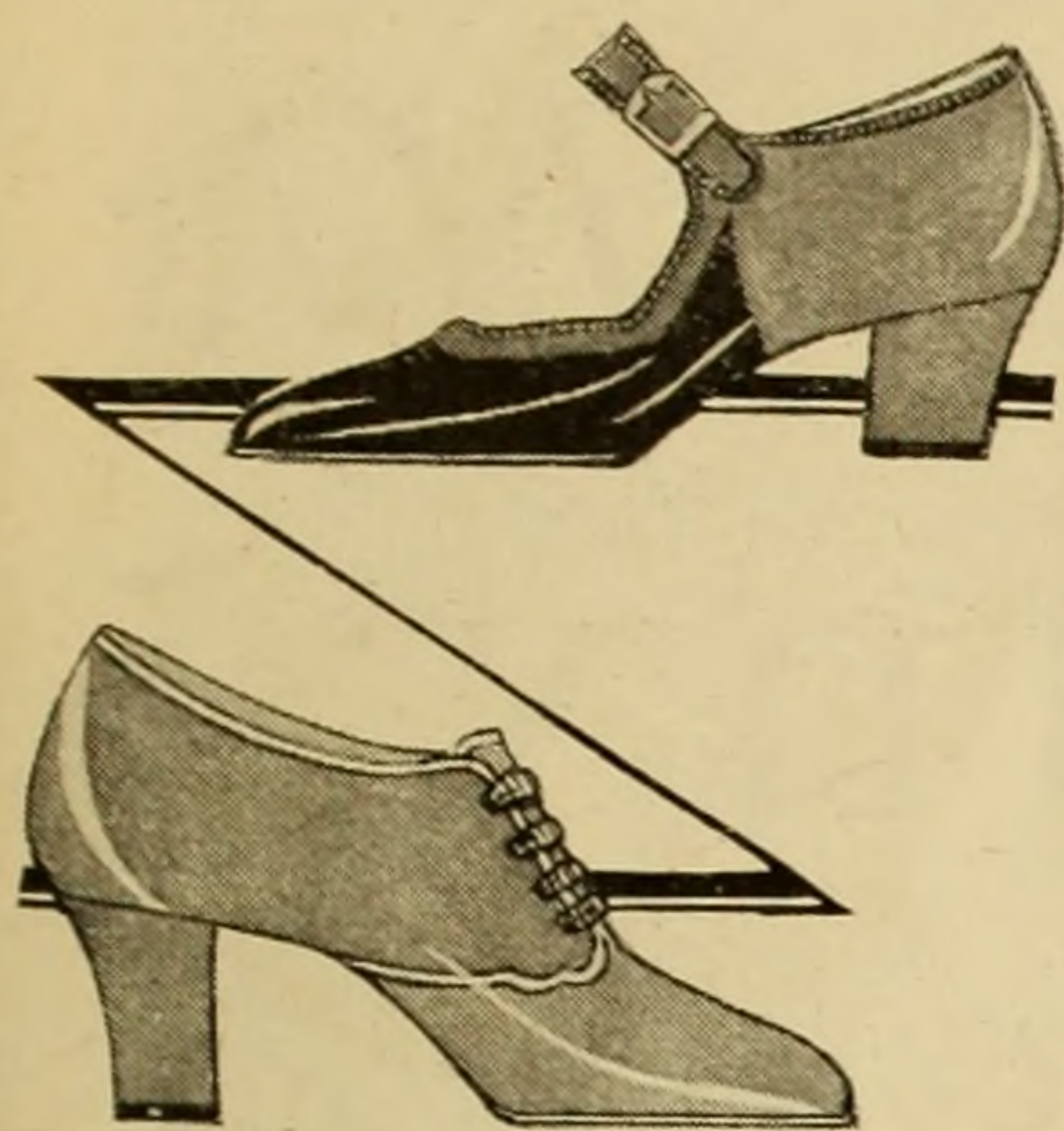


The two-piece wool georgette frock shown above has the new box-pleated skirt on a bodice top. The blouse is trimmed with faggoting and set off with a jaunty self flower. It comes in French blue, tan, rose, green and navy blue. Sizes 14-42. Price—\$24.75

For travelers or stay-at-homes—an ideal bath robe. Of particular interest, too, to college girls. The design is borrowed from the sensible masculine lounging robe. It is made of Scotch flannel with rainbow stripes. Sizes 16 to 44. The price is merely \$8.95



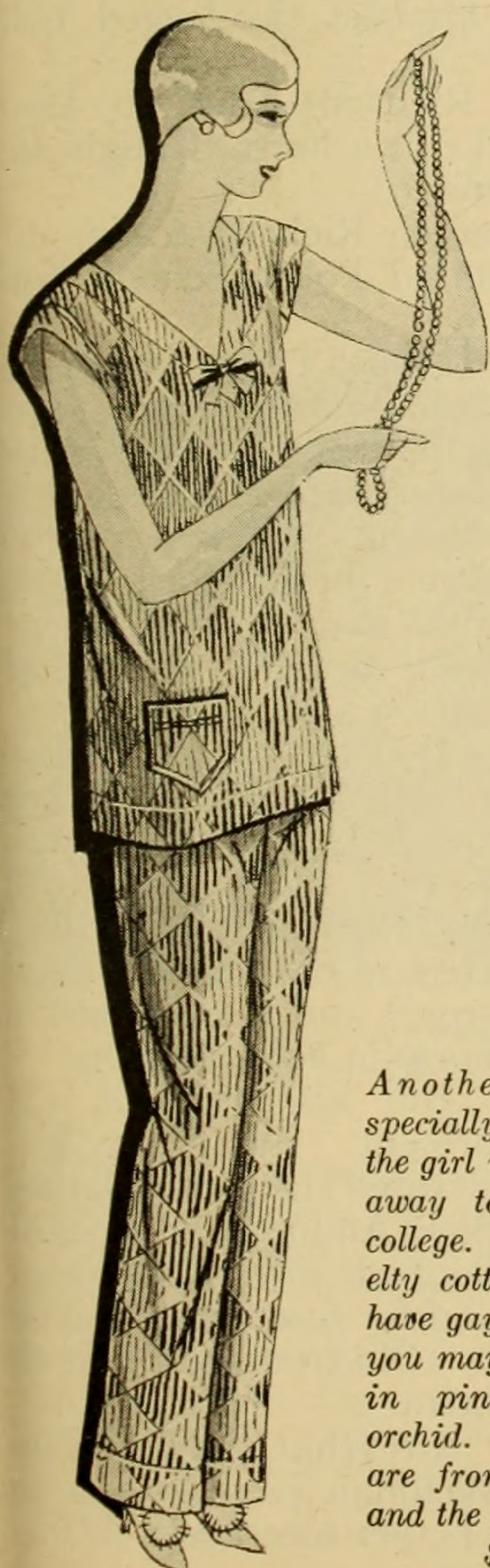
Do Your Shopping



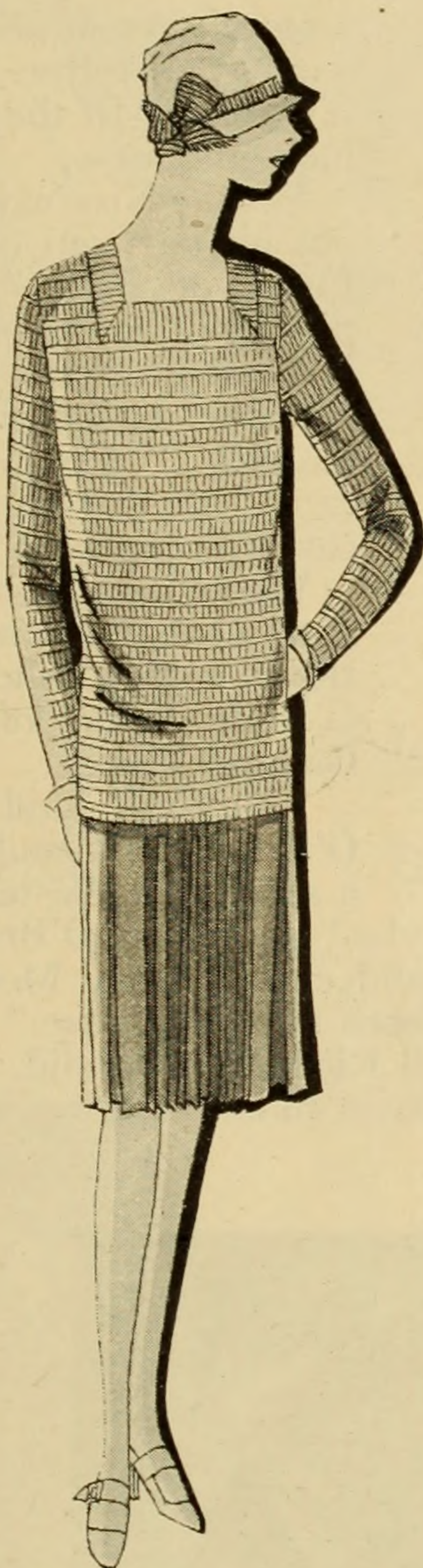
A smart one-strap pump. Your choice of patent leather with black suede back, black calfskin with black suede back, or tan calfskin with matching suede back. Sizes 3 to 8—AAA to D. \$8.50

Cuban heel oxford of patent leather with matt kid piping, black suede with patent leather piping or navy blue suede with blue kid piping. Sizes 3 to 8—AAA to D. \$10.50

A complete sport outfit. The crepe de chine pleated skirt on bodice top is only \$2.89 and comes in navy, black and tan. Sizes 14 to 42. The slip-on sweater has a square neck line. In powder blue, green, navy, black, grey, buff and Neapolitan blue with contrasting single thread stripe. Price \$2.95



Another garment specially chosen for the girl who is going away to school or college. These novelty cotton pajamas have gay checks and you may order them in pink, blue or orchid. The sizes are from 34 to 42 and the price is only \$1.95

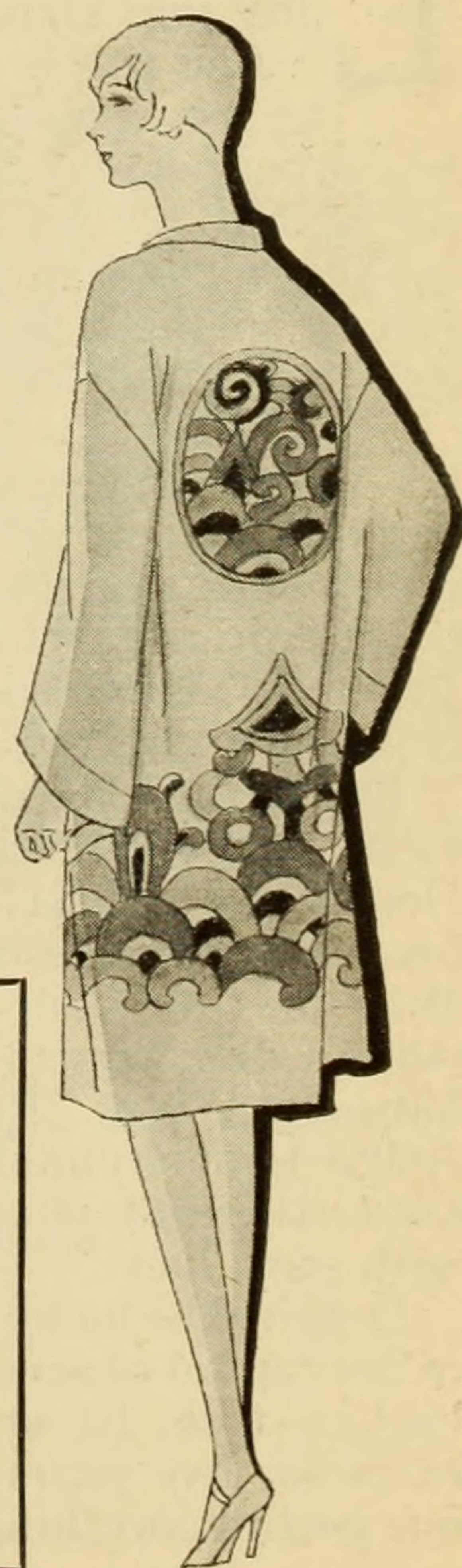
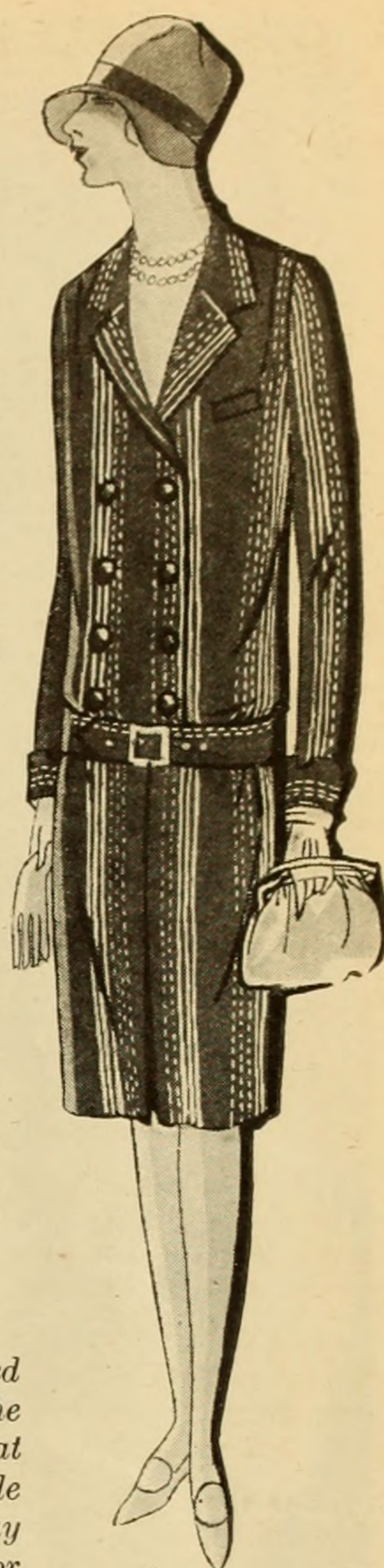
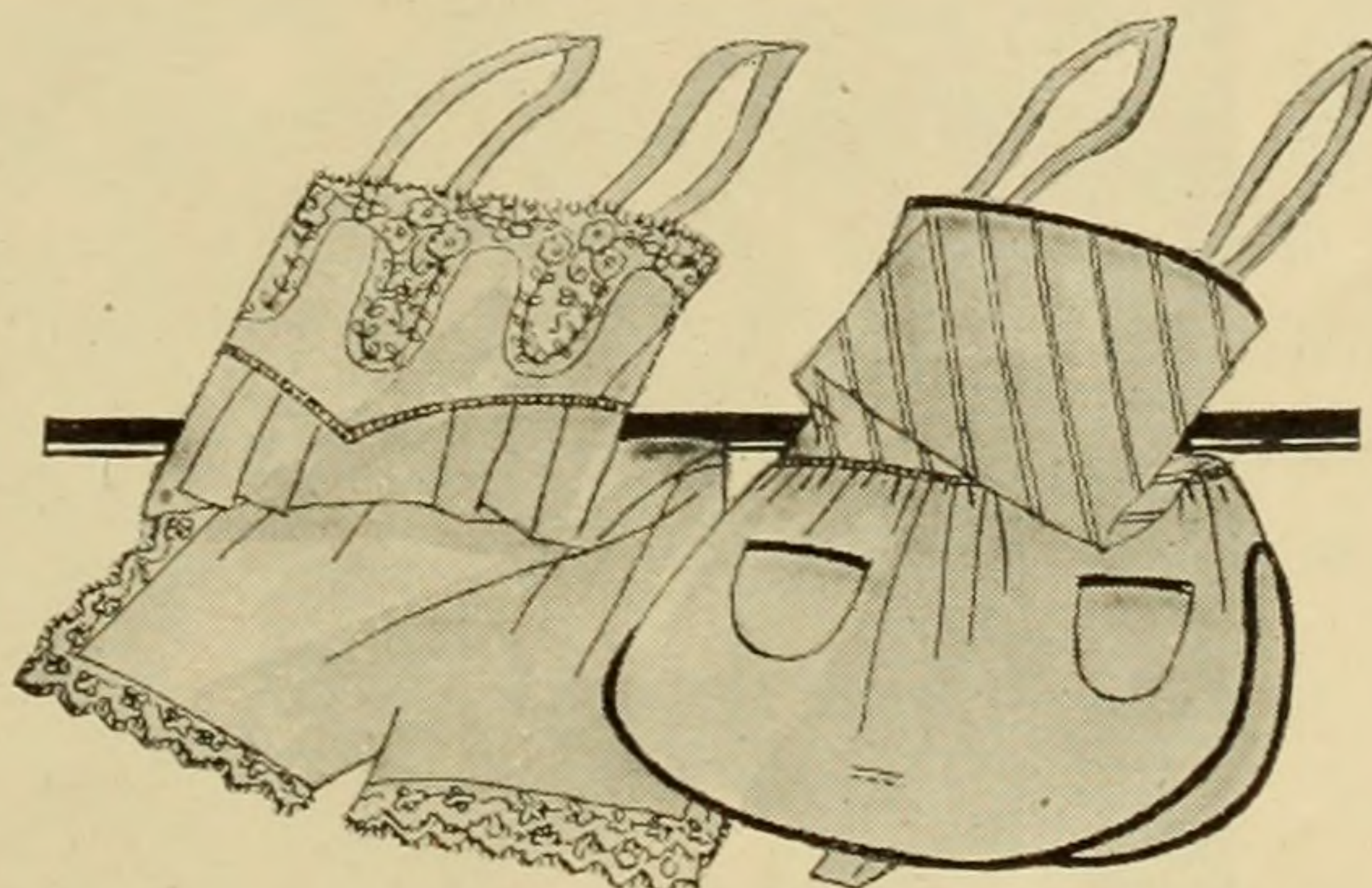


This frock (right) will appeal to the school girl. It is a tailored Cherlain dress in a wide variety of becoming colors—black, navy, copenhagen, wine, bottle green, cocoa and red with clusters of invisible stripes. In sizes 16 to 42. Particularly well made. The price is \$9.95

An unusually graceful and becoming tunic frock is shown at the left. It is of crepe satin and may be had in the newest shades—banana red, copper leaf, English oak (dark tan) Carrara green, black and navy blue. Sizes 34 to 42. A good value at \$16.50

A short, bright-colored negligee, very much in the modern spirit, is shown at the lower right. It is made of crepe de chine and may be had with black, red or king blue background, hand painted in gay colors, assorted designs. In three sizes—small, medium or large. For \$10.95

Two dainty chemises—specially priced at \$2.95 each. One a crepe de chine flapper chemise with diagonal pintucks. Sizes 34 to 40. The other has brassiere top and is trimmed with ecru thread lace. Sizes 32, 34 and 36. Both come in flesh, peach, or Nile

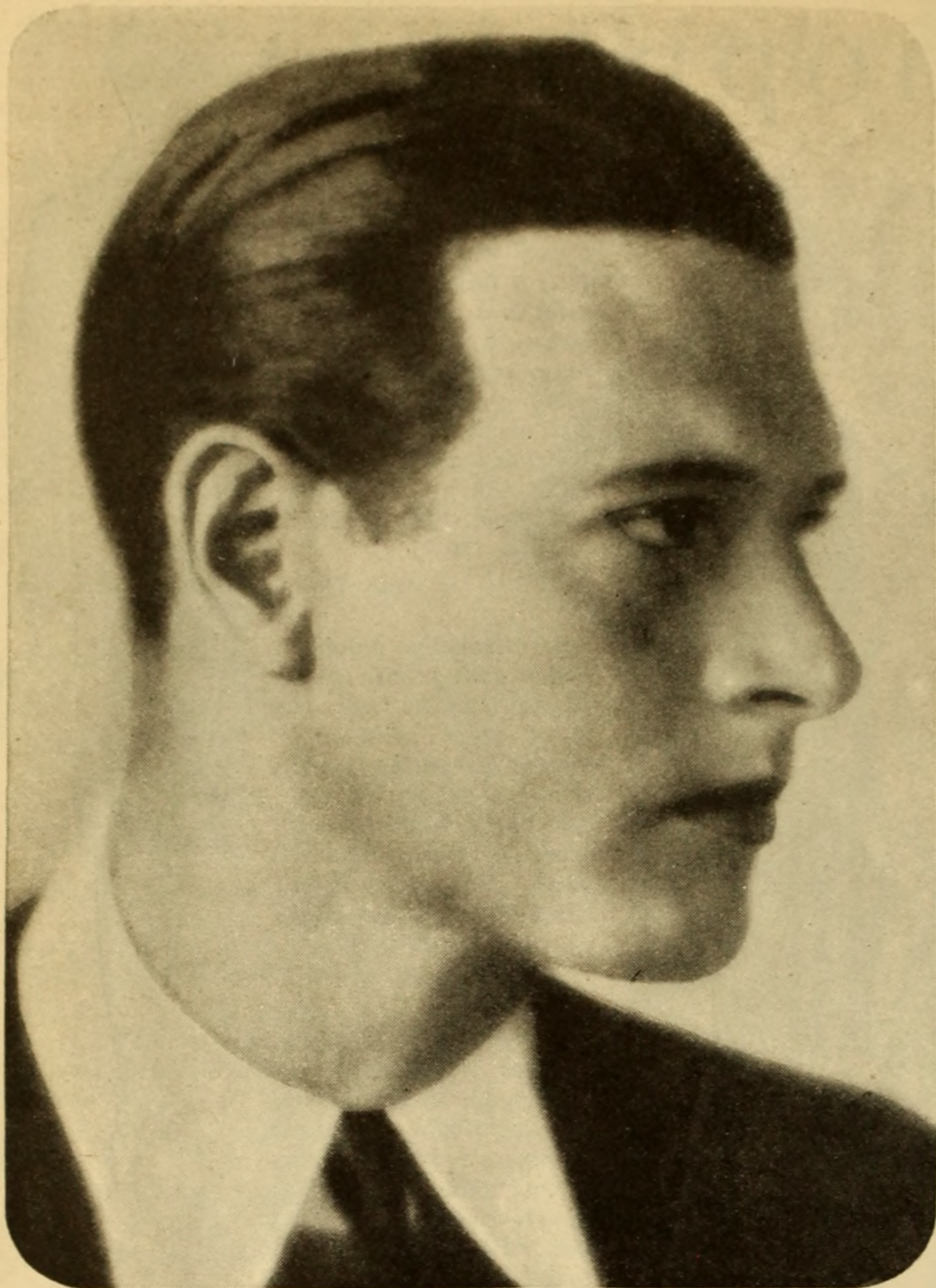


How to Order

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Arlen Loses His Jinx

By Cal York



"You'll rise to the heights," says Jesse Lasky of Richard Arlen

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear of the jinx that chased Arlen for many a year— And this is about as good a place as any to quit trying to write poetry. You can't rhyme Duluth with many words except uncouth. And young Richard Arlen from Duluth, who has just made a smashing success in the new Paramount picture, "Wings"—his first real success in his twenty-six years of life and his seven years in Hollywood, barring, of course, his marriage to Jobyna Ralston—doesn't rhyme with uncouth.

But, from the day in 1920 that he landed in Hollywood with \$17.85 to his name, till the day in 1927 that William Wellman, a new director, put him into "Wings," Richard Arlen had rhymed consistently and perfectly with hard luck.

Despite the lucky seven in his capital of seventeen eighty-five, he was an extra for five years without getting anything that

remotely resembled good luck. And then he got a part—the juvenile lead with Greta Nissen in "In the Name of Love"—and his luck got worse.

For the Nissen opera was a flop. And they cut his part out of Gloria Swanson's "The Coast of Folly," which was his second picture under his brand-new Famous Players-Lasky contract. And after he had worked for three days on his third, which was Bebe Daniels' "Martinique," released as "Volcano," he was painlessly extracted from the cast and replaced by Ricardo Cortez.

Whereupon he took his Great Dane dog and went to San Francisco and told his troubles to a policeman—Police Chief Dan O'Brien, father of his best two-legged pal, George O'Brien.

"Maybe," said Richard Arlen to Dan O'Brien, "if I could ride a horse, I might be a success in Westerns."

"Maybe," said Dan O'Brien to Richard Arlen, "if you would enroll in my Mounted Police School, you might learn to ride a horse."

Enroll Richard Arlen did. It wasn't long before he was able to mount a horse without, as somebody has said, riding off in every direction. His fellow-students were sure he would bring glory to his alma mater when he went back to Hollywood and got on a horse.

He went back to Hollywood. But he did not get on a horse. He went back to play the juvenile lead in "The Enchanted Hill." He had only eight or ten scenes and there wasn't a horse in any of them.

But his jinx still was present. For "The Enchanted Hill" was another flop. And from it Richard flopped into the water and for five weeks played in "Old Ironsides"—as an extra.

After that, until William Wellman came along to [CONT'D ON PAGE 131]



Richard Arlen kissed Jobyna Ralston in "Wings"— and thereby kissed his jinx good-bye

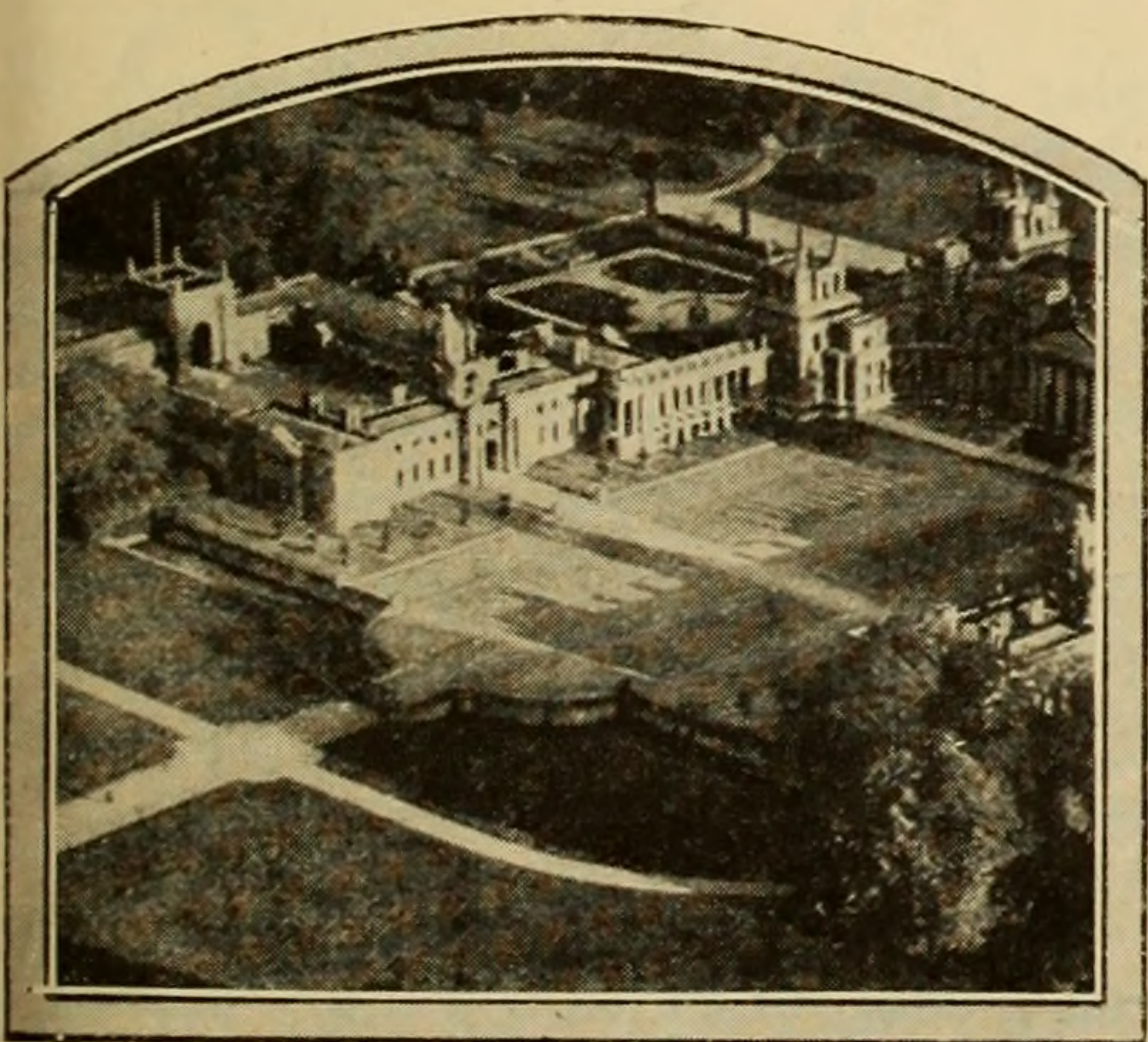


Her Grace in the priceless gown of ivory lace she wore at her wedding in the historic gardens of Blenheim Palace

The Duchess of Marlborough

formerly MISS GLADYS DEACON of BOSTON

Tells how to keep the Tradition of Beauty



Blenheim House—the palace of the Dukes of Marlborough near Oxford

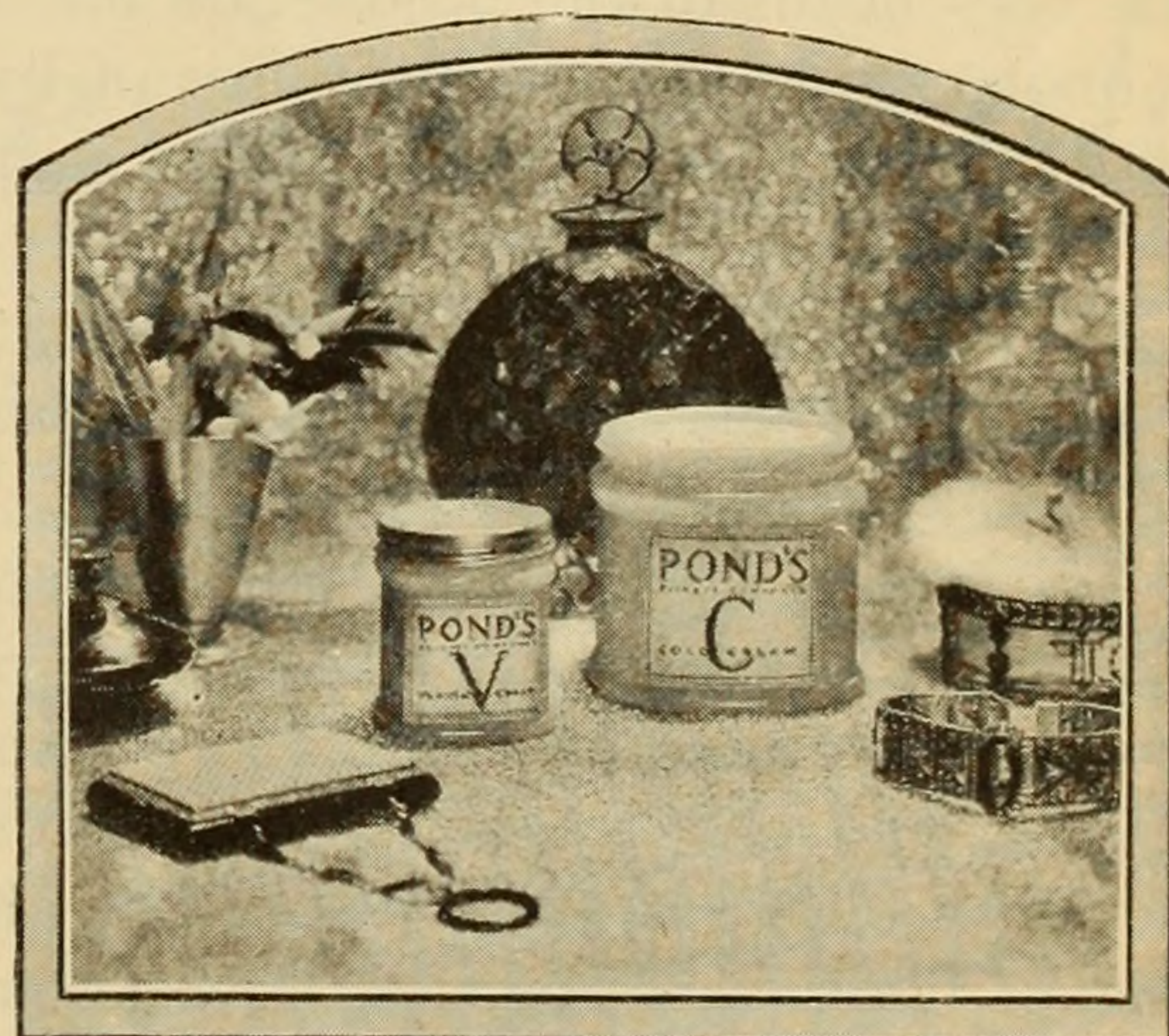
a clear, fresh skin and points out how easily one can preserve this youthfulness today.

“Down to the modern woman,” she says, “the social leaders of every age thought that beauty, like a delicate hothouse flower, must be sheltered. The woman of social prominence today guards her complexion, too, but not with veils and parasols. Instead she strides through wind and sun and frosty air, her skin exquisitely cared for with Pond’s Two Creams.”

And the Duchess adds, “For my own part they keep my complexion vigorous and healthy.”

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple with Pond’s Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. In a few moments its fine oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. For a dry skin leave some of the Cream on overnight.

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness for evening and when you go out, apply Pond’s Vanishing Cream lightly. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives unflinching protection from all irritation.



The Two Creams, chosen by women of rank to protect their delicate skins

+ + + + +

Free Offer Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond’s Two Creams with instructions.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. W
114 Hudson Street, New York

Name.....

Street.....

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

HER GRACE, the Duchess of Marlborough, is one of the first peeresses of England. An American by birth, noted for her great beauty, she is the charming mistress of historic Blenheim Palace, manor of the Dukes of Marlborough for over two hundred years.

Among the women of her exalted station traditions play a large part, and the beauty of exquisite grooming is a matter of daily etiquette, which none would dream of neglecting. The Duchess herself particularly stresses the need of

Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

cost of pictures. Ten per cent of that is two and one-half per cent. The medicine turned out to be poison.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, ironically enough, happened along about then, and by the time the French colony in Hollywood celebrated the falling of the Bastille on July 14th, the actors were joining the Actors' Equity Association, which is allied with the American Federation of Labor, and the writers were lining up in mass formation. For the first time the line between the interests of the companies on one side and the creative workers on the other, was definitely drawn, and the screen Paul Reveres were riding hard and fast.

SETTLING the problems of motion picture production has grown to the proportions of a national pastime. They say that everyone has two businesses—his own and the motion picture. And I would fain enjoy the unique distinction of being the only person even remotely connected with the screen, who has no solution **BUT—**

I BELIEVE that the whole responsibility for the great bulk of the unpardonable waste of money in the business rests squarely and solely on the shrugging shoulders of production executives, and I believe that these irresponsible and incapable chaps will eventually be eliminated.

By executives I do not mean necessarily the men at the very heads of the production forces, although they cannot escape the responsibility of having hired their subordinates, and in many instances must accept complete blame.

It is absolutely necessary to delegate authority, but it is unpardonable to continue to do so in the face of proven colossal stupidity.

The under executives I refer to are called "supervisors." Supervisors are placed in charge of one or more picture making units, and are supposed to guide, inspire, and encourage writers, directors, and actors. But with few exceptions they grope about in the darkness of limited mentalities, have not a creative cell in their brains, and do not know the difference between encouragement and bullyrag.

THERE are a few production heads and supervisors who have demonstrated by years of accomplishment that they have the necessary experience, knowledge of life, patience, fairness, open-mindedness, diplomacy, common courtesy and common sense that qualify them to direct a group of other men engaged in creative work. But unfortunately, they can be counted on the fingers of your two hands, and that is being very liberal.

When more of these men are developed we need not worry about waste.

WHEN a star or a director gets a huge salary it is generally because their pictures make money for their companies. When a supervisor gets a huge salary it is often because he was once remotely connected with a sensational box-office success for which he claims credit; because he is a high pressure personal salesman or a pal or a relative of the owner of the company. But it isn't the salary he gets that makes the bankers worry—it's the millions that such an incompetent can lose the company by his bad judgment and his utter demoralization of the creative workers.

"I JUST cannot figure out this reduction of ten per cent on my salary," said one player who has become a big box-office attraction within the past year. "They are renting me out to other companies at three times the salary they pay me, and I am supposed to give back ten per cent of what I get."

AND while the discussion of the wage cut was at fighting heat one director held up work in his studio half a day at an expense of three thousand dollars because a piano which he was merely photographing was out of tune. And one studio manager permitted a three-thousand-dollar a week star to loaf about Hollywood for twenty-two weeks because they couldn't find a story for him.

THE situation is far from hopeless. Hollywood is in the throes of a glorious washday. And after all I can imagine nothing more inane than motion pictures produced by Henry Ford's efficiency sharks. Imagine Ford trying to turn out a million cars a year, all varying slightly in power, design, and color, and you get an idea of the futility of attempting standardization methods. Look at the great pictures listed as the best six in this month's Shadow Stage, in *PHOTOPLAY*, and be comforted.

WE have become a nation of motion picture critics, and after all, if the screen has done nothing more than to stimulate the latent critical sense of the American people, it has performed a great service. Faced by an audience of ten million people every day, an audience with a keen sense of discrimination—of what they like, not necessarily what the critic likes—a public that is quick to detect emotional and technical shoddy, a public that takes keen delight in detecting flaws, the making of good pictures is not as simple as it seems.

It is far more than a manufacturing process. It is a fine art.

H A V E A C A M E L



Camel is as good as the sea is wide

BOUNDLESSLY deep is the quality of Camel. Its cool, smooth smoke is as tasty and fragrant, as restful and friendly as an ocean plunge. Modern smokers, educated by experience to the quality of tobaccos, have made Camel their favorite. In worktime and playtime, Camel is the most loyal smoking companion anyone ever had.

The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos tell in the smoking. Expert

blending has its part in making Camel the finished masterpiece of cigarettes. In creating Camels no cost or care is too great to make them the fittest and finest, regardless of price.

If you don't yet know Camels, you are invited to complete taste satisfaction. Camel is the smoking friend that will never fail you. It's first in this modern, particular age.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



—charm of youth “that schoolgirl complexion”

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

WHEN tempted to “try” an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told “use no soap on your faces.” Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost*, it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

Urged by leading skin specialists, that rule is based on keeping the skin and pores clean of age-inviting accumulations. Its whole secret is the *KIND* of soap one uses. *A true complexion soap is meant*, a soap like Palmolive, *made for one purpose only*; to safeguard the complexion. Others may prove too harsh.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3668

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

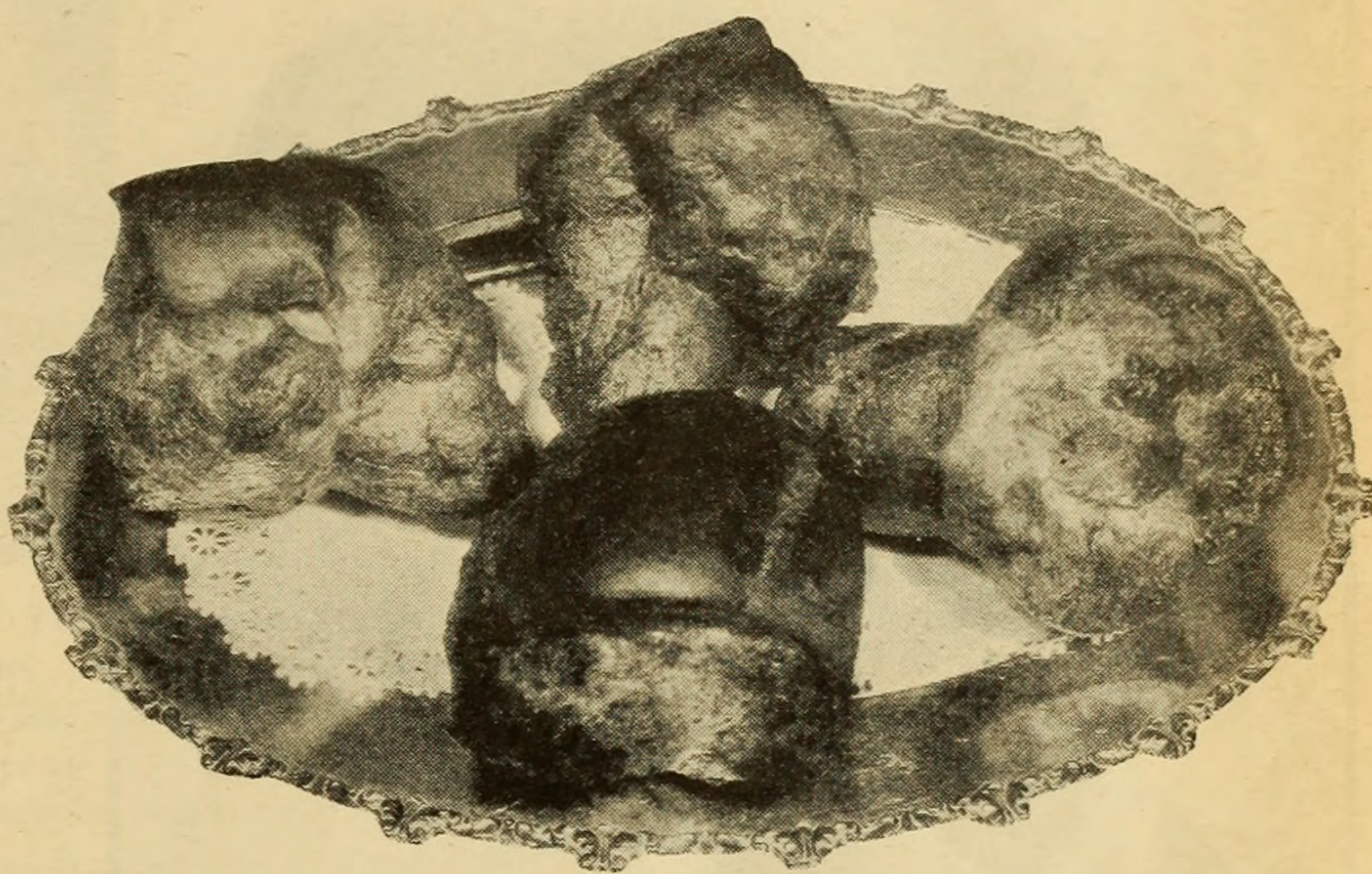


Favorite Recipes *of the* Stars

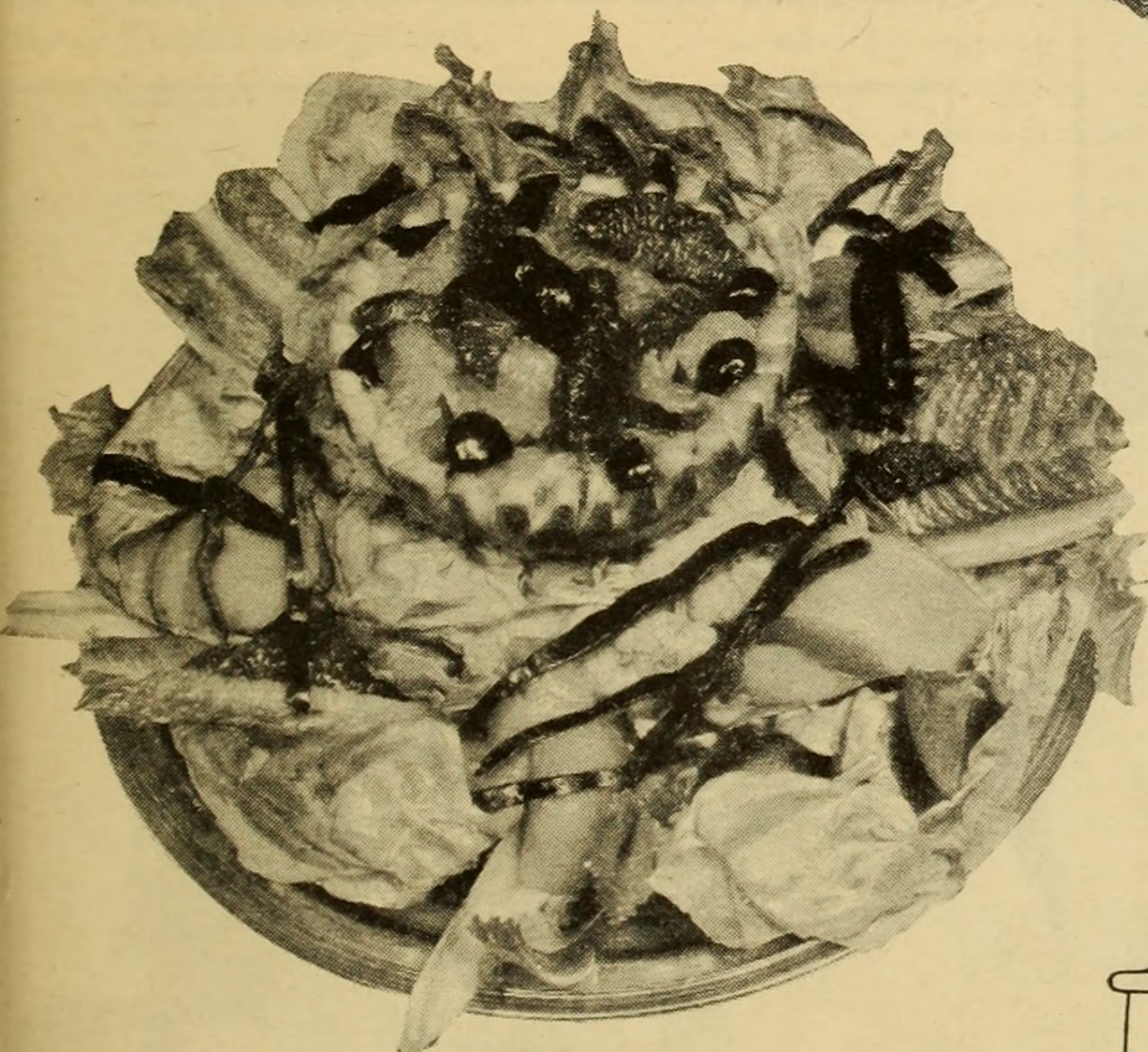
Have you received
Photoplay's cook book?

WOULD you like to have your dinners cooked by the best cooks in California? Would you like to have your parties arranged by the best hostesses in Hollywood? If you look in the little kettle at the bottom of the page, you will find a magic recipe for delightful dinners and successful parties. PHOTOPLAY asked 100 stars to contribute to its cook book. On this page, you will find two of the recipes. Try the popovers for breakfast, if you want to start the day right. Serve the salad when you have guests for luncheon and want to give them something unusual.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Popovers—Dorothy Mackaill. 1 scant cup of flour, 1 cup of milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Sift together flour and salt and mix with milk. Add the eggs, well beaten, and the melted butter. Then beat, with egg-beater, for five minutes. Pour into hot, greased popover pans. You will need heavy iron to get the best results. Bake for twenty or twenty-five minutes in a very hot oven. Do not open the oven door for the first fifteen minutes of baking. After that reduce the heat in the oven. It is important to have the batter light and thin and to beat steadily for the full five minutes.



Irene Rich's Salad a la Philippine. Ingredients: 1 head of endive, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 2 halves of pears, narrow strips of green and red pepper, 2 tablespoons olive oil, juice of fruits, salt and paprika. Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, washing carefully. Dispose the endive halves on plates, set the pear fan shape over these. Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp and a section of grapefruit, just above the tips of the leaves. To the fruit juice, add olive oil and salt; beat vigorously and pour over the salad. Garnish with peppers.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

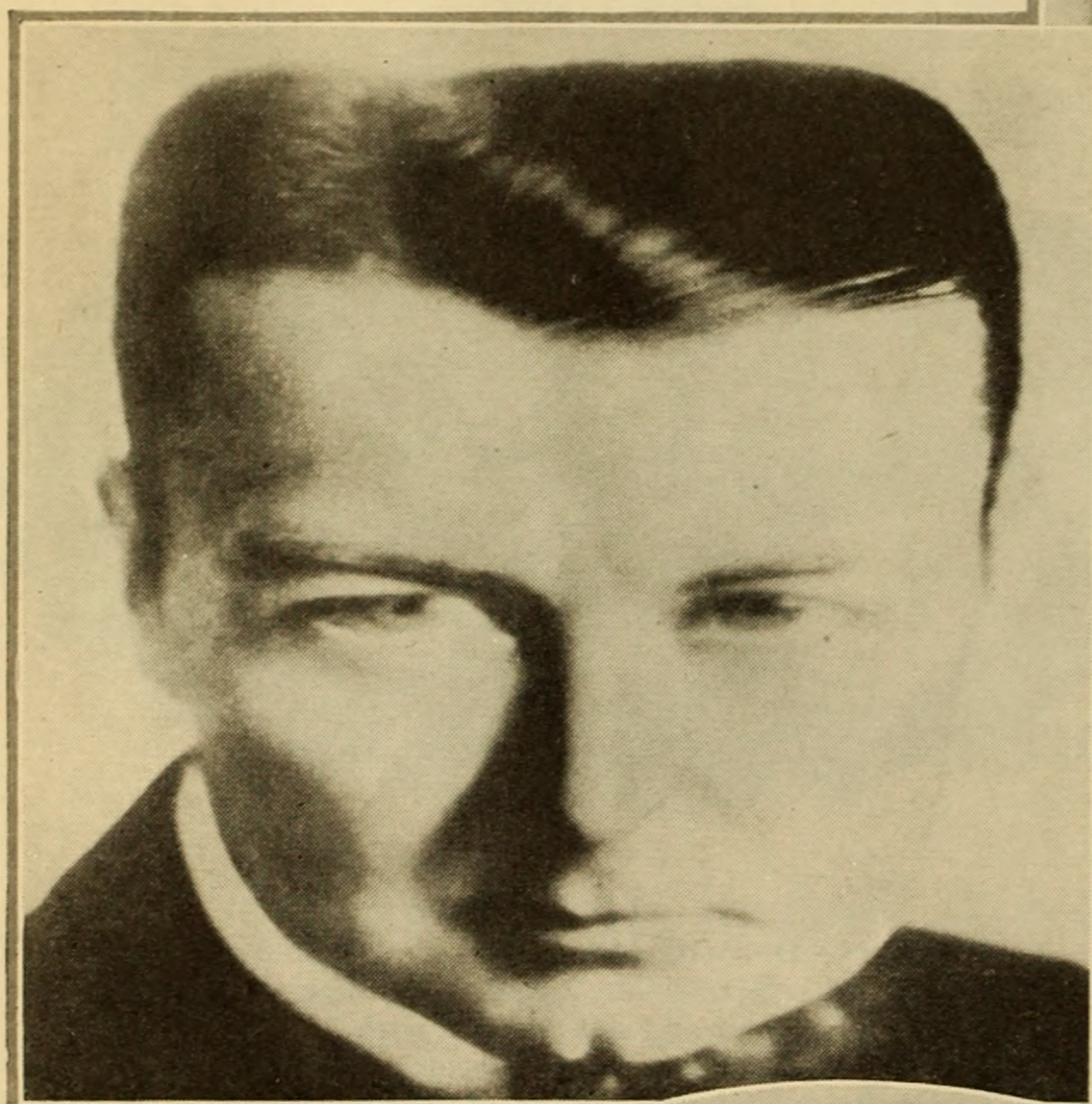
Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

The Day *Salaries* Were Cut

As money grew shorter the
faces got longer

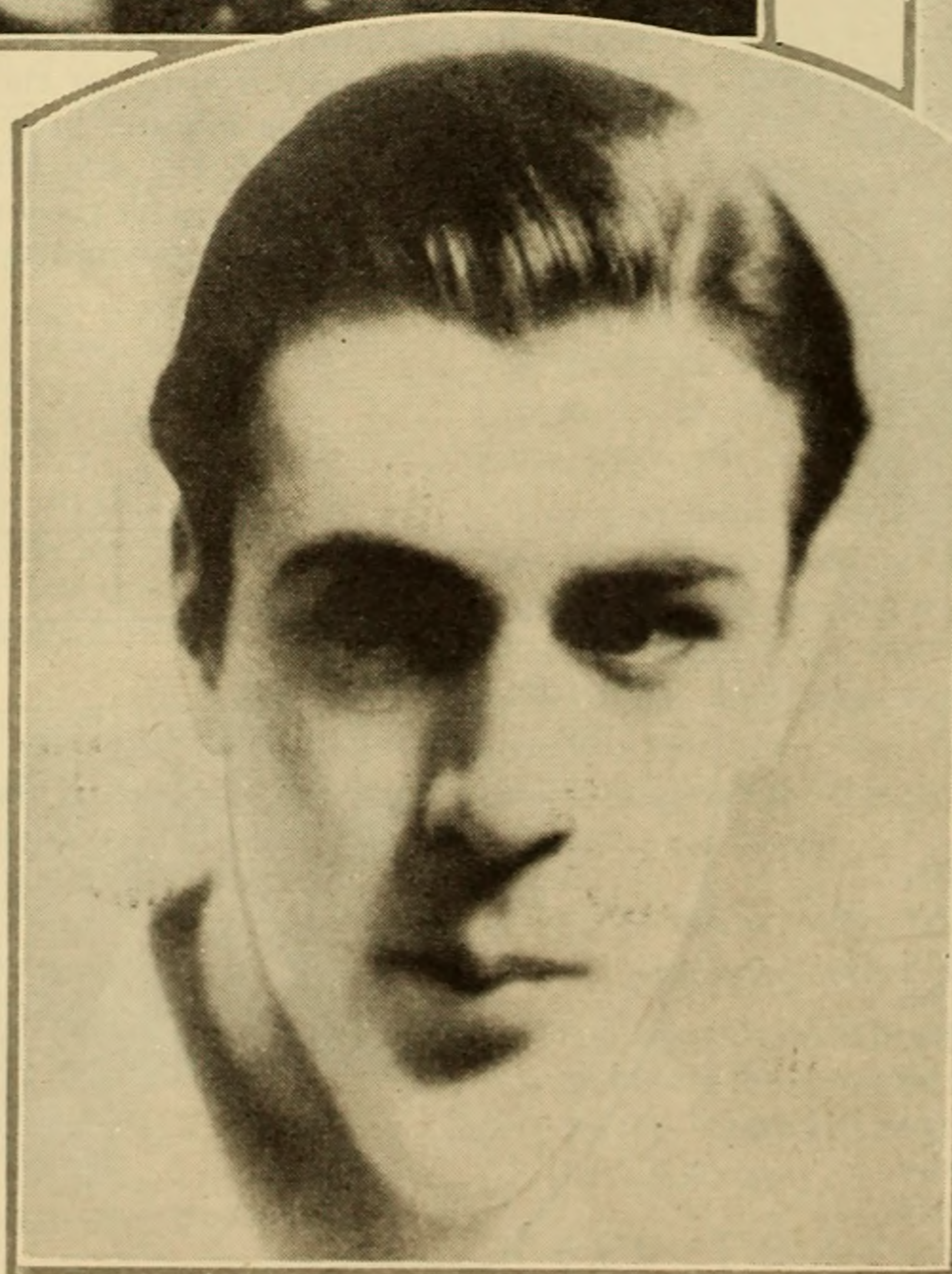


"Ten per cent off?" asks Betty Bronson. "Will my salary do a Peter Pan and never grow up? I'm laughing out of the other side of my mouth!"

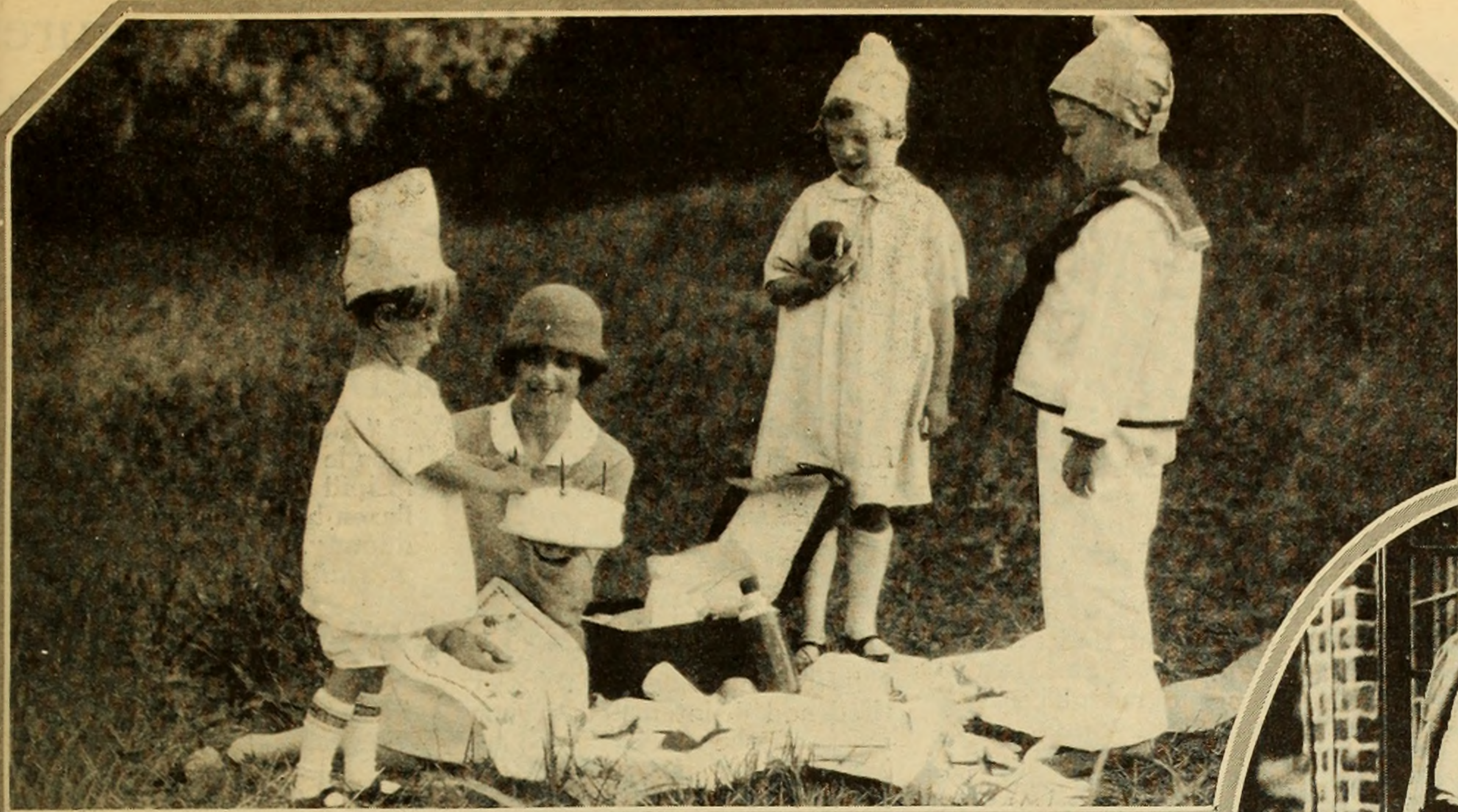


"I've always been a square fellow," says Clive Brook, "and this seems a little thick. Ten per cent off, old dears, means considerably less for tea and biscuits"

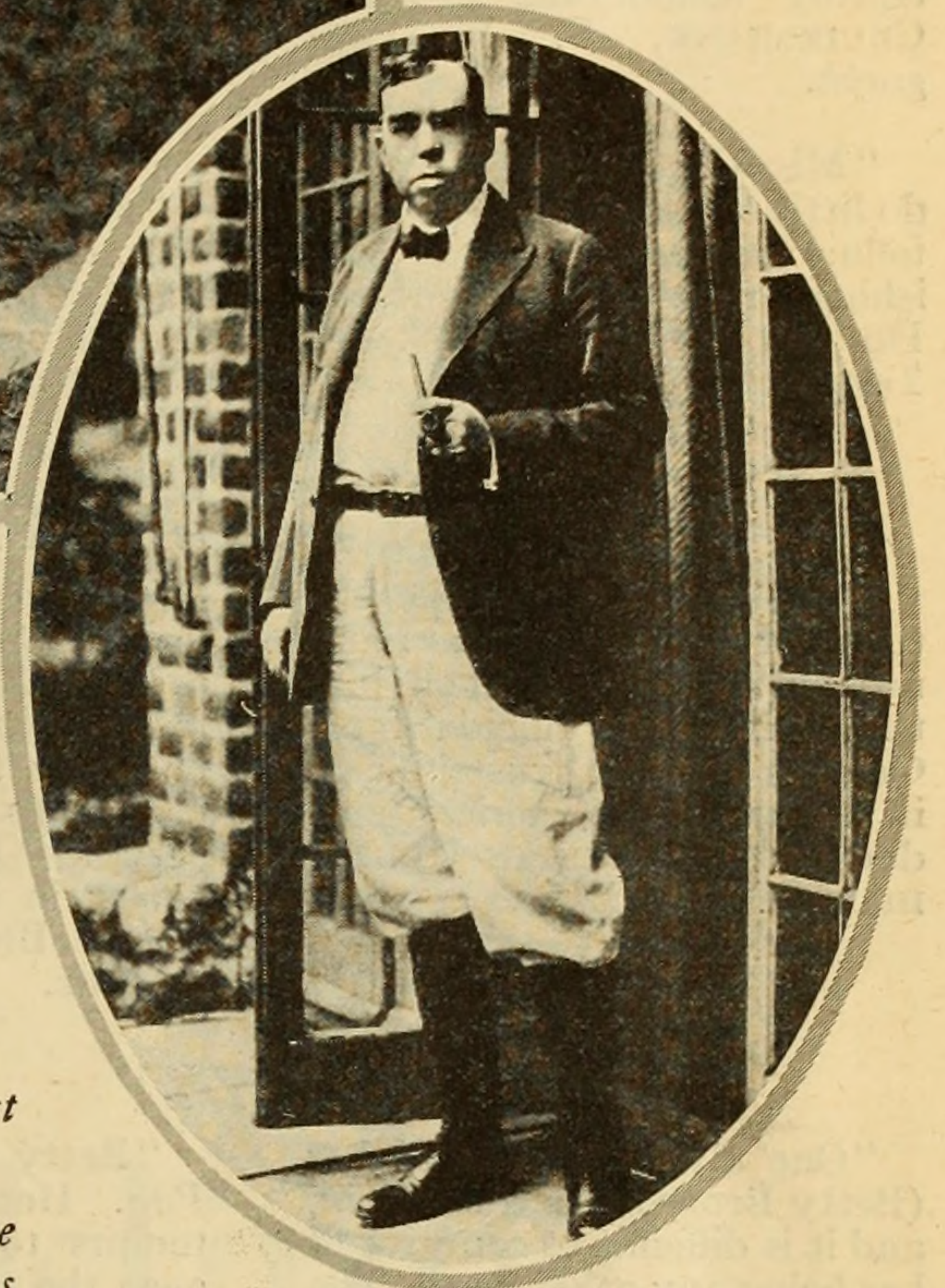
"Of course," announces Gary Cooper, "they would think of something like this, just as I got going. A couple of years ago, ten per cent of my salary would have left nothing at all"



"Pooh!" cries Elinor Glyn. "I am more syndicated than sinning. And there's always money in royalties, if you know your IT." Nevertheless, for one hour her face fell



Mrs. Pauline Siegenthaler and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco



IRVIN S. COBB, famous author

“‘Just what you need’— my doctor said”

“IT HAD COME almost to the point of a breakdown. Stubborn constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.

“For some time I had not even been sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I would never get well.

“Finally I asked a doctor what he thought

of Fleischmann’s Yeast. ‘Eat all the yeast you want,’ he said, ‘It’s what you need.’

“I began. To my surprise I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy.”

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER, Oakland, Calif.

FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake are grown in a rich extract of malt and grain. They counteract the poisons of putrefaction. They strengthen the intestinal muscles.

Then your skin clears, constipation and digestive troubles vanish, the energy that is your birthright is yours again!

Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly. You can get it at any grocer’s. Buy two or three days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 33, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

“IT WAS MY WIFE who converted me to yeast cakes. Before she successfully overcame my counter-arguments, she had convinced all the other members of the household.

“I insisted that there was nothing wrong with me. She insisted that no matter how well I felt I’d feel better if I tried yeast cakes. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

“I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

“Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, I had more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

“I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them—that I have greater bodily vigor, greater capacity for working at my trade, greater enthusiasm for the job of living, greater fervor for enjoyments than I had before.”

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City



“SICK HEADACHES almost every other day. Indigestion. No appetite. I was badly run down and literally half sick most of the time.

“No wonder I want people to know what Fleischmann’s Yeast has done for me!

“I had read so much in the magazines about what Yeast had done for others that finally I decided to try eating it myself. I began, and in two months I found I could eat anything. My stomach gave me no more trouble. And my skin, too, became much clearer.”

GLADYS LYNCH, Memphis, Tenn.



This Easy Way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

When *the* Doctors Disagree

Does what picture you see depend on what newspaper you read?

"OLD SAN FRANCISCO"

"The photodrama is raring, tearing melodrama." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *N. Y. Telegraph*.

"Miss Costello is required to do little but look beautiful and follow the beaten track of vanishing rancho melodrama." DONALD THOMPSON, *N. Y. Telegram*.

"This picture is recommended to those who wish to spend a quiet and romantic evening." LANGDON W. POST, *N. Y. Evening World*.

"Miss Costello is called upon to do more acting than ever she has done before. She rises to the occasion magnificently." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune*.

"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"

"One cannot follow the fortunes of the picture stars and not have it forced upon him that it is almost suicidal for a German actor to trust himself in the hands of American producers." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune*.

"The cinematic Americanization of Emil Jannings . . . present the rare spectacle of a foreign film actor whose genius not only thrives when transplanted to Hollywood, but who goes his UFA successes one better in screen characterization." BETTY COLFAX, *N. Y. Graphic*.

"RITZY"

"One always thinks of her (Betty Bronson) as *Peter Pan*, and it is difficult to conceive of her being any other way. The fact that she is so successfully snobbish speaks well for her histrionic ability." DON KRULL, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"Betty will always be *Peter Pan*. Her movements, her attempts to be grown up and even the twist of her head are reminiscent of Barrie's heroine." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"Elinor Glyn is credited as being author of the 'story' that makes up the contents of 'Ritzy,' but if Elinor was paid over \$1.25 for what was flashed on the screen . . . Paramount probably has a good case against her for taking money under false pretenses." TAMAR LANE, *Film Mercury*.

"Mme. Glyn is customarily pilloried (in her own phrase) by the critics, but to give Madame her due, she has evolved a neat satirical idea in 'Ritzy.' . . . It is an idea that Tarkington might envy." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *N. Y. Sun*.

"THE PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS"

"Around the convincing idea of the story has been built the usual hokum about college boys on vacation in New York . . . All rather movieque." MARQUIS BUSBY, *Los Angeles Times*.

"John Francis Dillon, the director, and Jane Murfin, the scenarist, have added some of the foibles of the modern college boy, and that is good comedy." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"VANITY"

"Miss Joy is not quite as real as she usually is in her performances." MORDAUNT HALL, *N. Y. Times*.

"'Vanity' brings Leatrice Joy again to the type of dramatic rôle in which she first scored. . . . She does her best work since 'Manslaughter.'" MARQUIS BUSBY, *Los Angeles Times*.

"FAST AND FURIOUS"

"The film sets out in the usual tricky Denny vein, but as it unreels its story it becomes silly and even a little boresome." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News*.

"'Fast and Furious' is good entertainment, packed as it is with action and love interest, a pretty girl and a handsome hero." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

"FRAMED"

"Natalie Kingston is beautiful in the part of *Diane Laurens*." BETTY COLFAX, *N. Y. Graphic*.

"Natalie Kingston, in a blonde wig, goes through her insipid rôle looking like a flaxen-haired department store dummy." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News*.

"ALIAS THE DEACON"

"June Marlowe . . . looks tired and disinterested during most of the play." JOSEPH McELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

"June Marlowe is attractive in the ingenue rôle." *N. Y. Telegraph*.

"MAN POWER"

"There is a sufficient combination of suspense and thrills at the finish to satisfy almost everybody." EDWIN SCHALERT, *Los Angeles Times*.

"In other words, 'Man Power' lacks suspense." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"THE CIRCUS ACE"

"There isn't a minute when Tom isn't active and there aren't many when Tony . . . isn't carrying Tom into new adventures." *The Chicago Daily News*.

"Tom's performance is absolutely nil save for a mild stunt. . . . Even Tony doesn't do much in this one." *New York Daily News*.



What They Say While the Camera Grinds

"You dirty ham—you stole my best angle!"



When you take off your hat ...
— swan or duckling?

Just *after* you've taken off your hat, how do you feel? Like the pleased swan of the fairy-tale—or the rather self-conscious duckling? Are you *prettier* because your hair is satiny and shiny and becoming? Or not so pretty—because your hair is limp and dull and discouraged?

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to *make* your hair lovelier:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine.

It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health.

These two shampoos are

gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now **2 PACKER Shampoos**

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-I
 Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil Pine Tar
 (If you wish samples of both types, send 20 cents)

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Carmel Myers and her "around the clock dress." Just by shedding a few layers, it changes from a luncheon to a dancing frock



The Twelve Hour DRESS

FROM luncheon to supper—all without a change of costume. Carmel Myers designed this four-in-one dress for the girl whose dates overlap. The gown is also called the Bermuda Onion, because it can be unpeeled in layers. Carmel considers it the biggest invention since rolled stockings or the trick cigarette lighter.

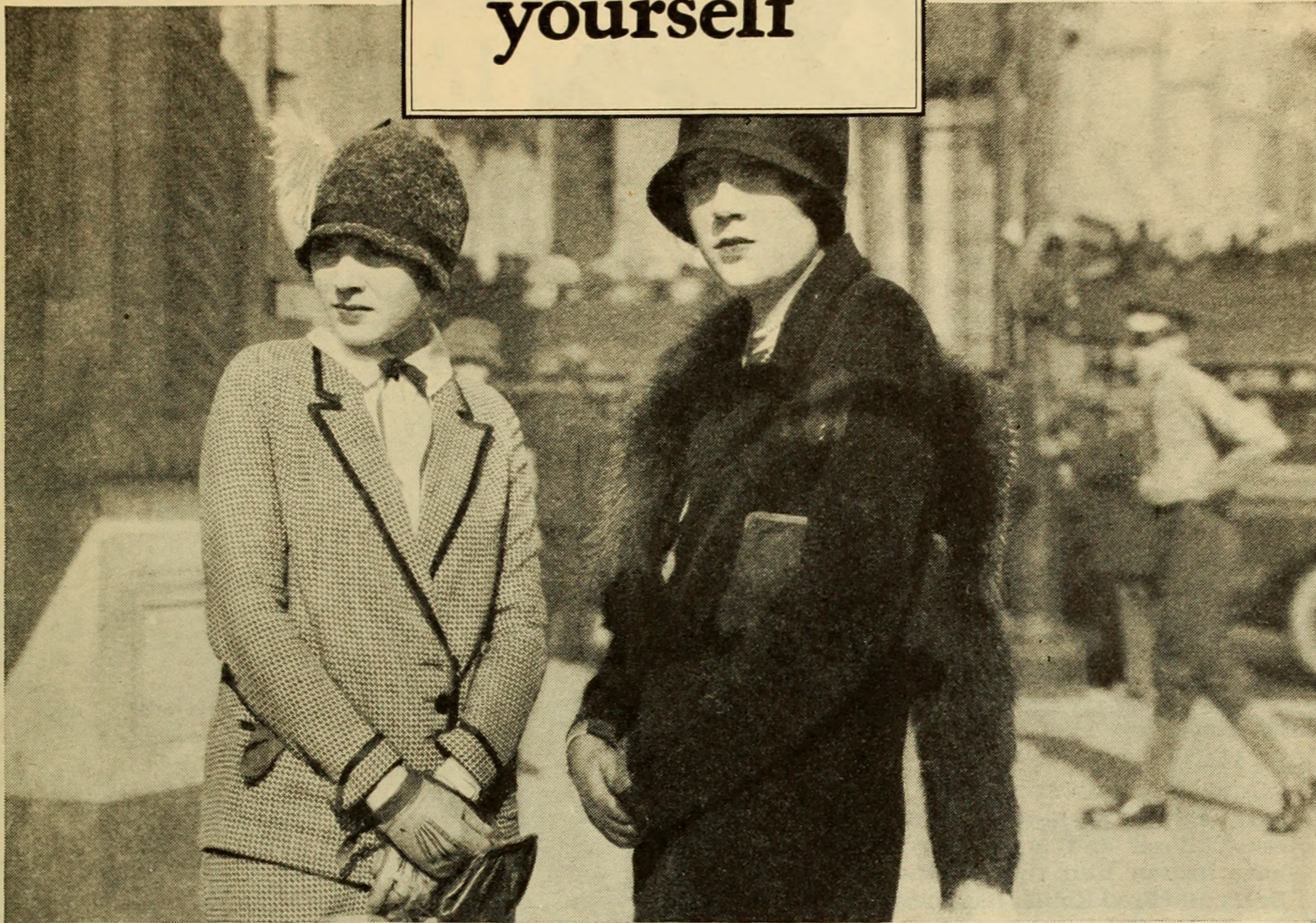
In the first picture (at the top of the page), you see the frock as it is worn for luncheon—a dark blue duvetyn ensemble, embroidered in beige. The coat comes off and presto!—an afternoon frock with an apron front and skirt of dark blue and a bodice of pale blue braided in a darker shade.

The apron unbuttons and, when it is removed (as in the third picture), Miss Myers is garbed for dinner in a frock with a blue chiffon blouse and a white skirt, with a bodice of silver ribbon.

Will wonders ever cease? The sleeves snap off at the armholes (see the picture at the left) and finally we have Carmel all ready to step out for a dance.

Now don't ask us where Miss Myers parks the pieces of her costume as she leaps from date to date.

don't fool
yourself



They talk about you

It's a fact that most of those who offend by halitosis (unpleasant breath) are unaware of it.

The one way of putting yourself on the safe and polite side is to rinse the mouth with Listerine before any engagement—business or social. Immediately, every trace of unpleasant odor is gone, and with it that dread fear of offending.

$\frac{1}{3}$
Had Halitosis

120 hotel clerks, 40 of them in the better class hotels, said that nearly every third person inquiring for a room had halitosis. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth which is the source of most cases of halitosis.

Really fastidious people keep a bottle of Listerine always handy in home or office to combat halitosis. It's a good idea for everybody to follow. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

FALL IN LINE!

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

—the safe antiseptic

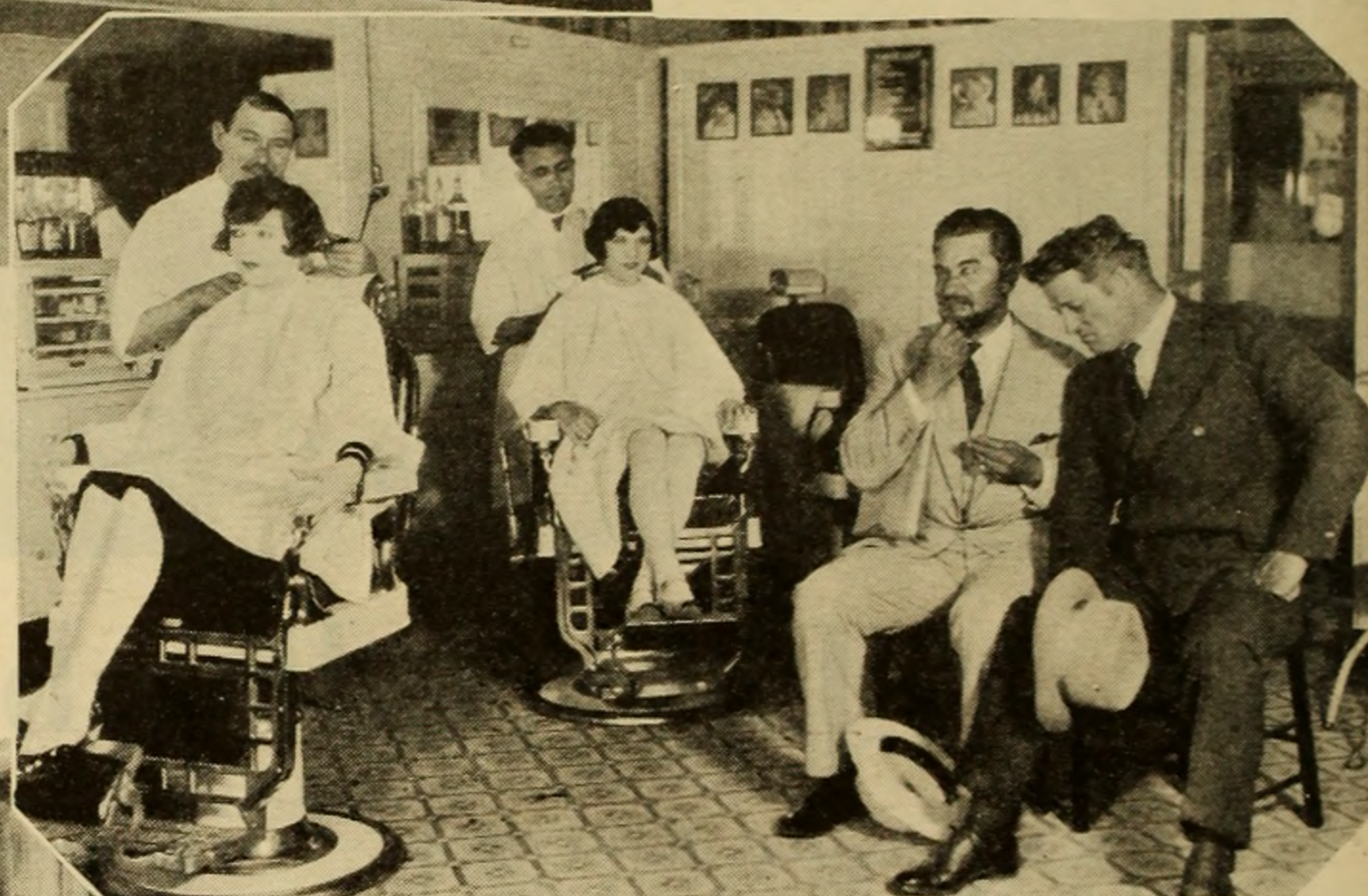
Why Men Go Home

There's No Place Else to Go



The lonesome man strays into the Hollywood Athletic Club to shoot a little pool. And there he finds Marion Nixon, Alyce Mills and Ena Gregory parked for an all afternoon session. That lets *that* out!

"Guess I'll drop around for a haircut," says he to himself. But Marietta Millner and Marion Ivy Harris have beaten him there. And Noah Beery and Fred Kohler have been waiting for an hour



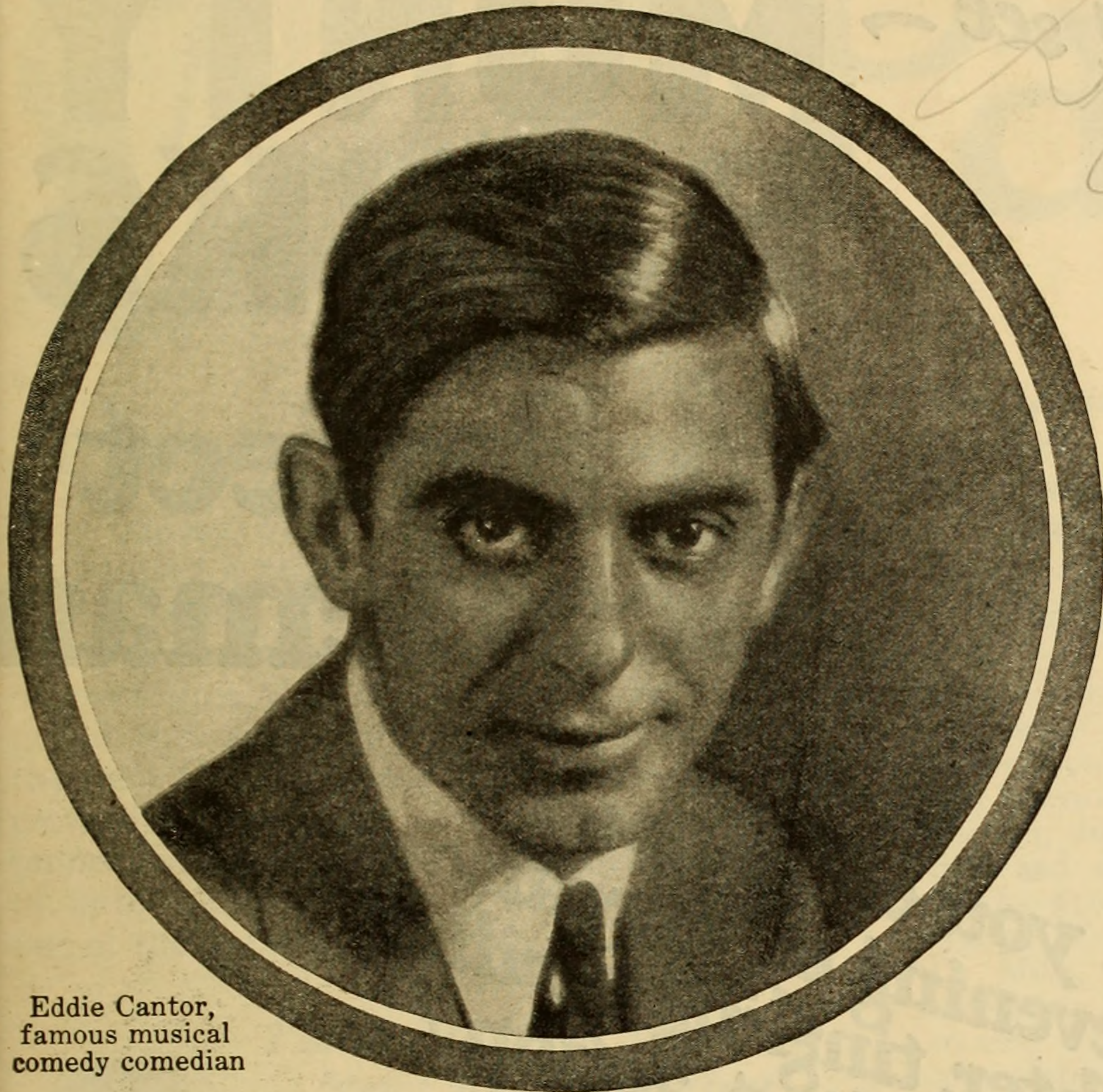
Who can blame Oscar, the bootblack, for making Gary Cooper and Jack Luden wait, while he gives an extra-special polish to the shoes of Louise Brooks, Doris Hill and Thelma Todd?



"Then a prize-fight!" says the lone man. But try and get in, with Gertrude Olmstead, Jacqueline Gadson and Fay Webb in line! James Murray, Johnny Brown and Karl Dane will soon learn the girls bought the last tickets



If you talked with Eddie Cantor about throat protection, he'd say to you:



Eddie Cantor,
famous musical
comedy comedian

"My voice must be in condition 365 nights a year and when I smoke, I insist upon Lucky Strikes because I found from experience that they don't irritate my throat."

Eddie Cantor

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

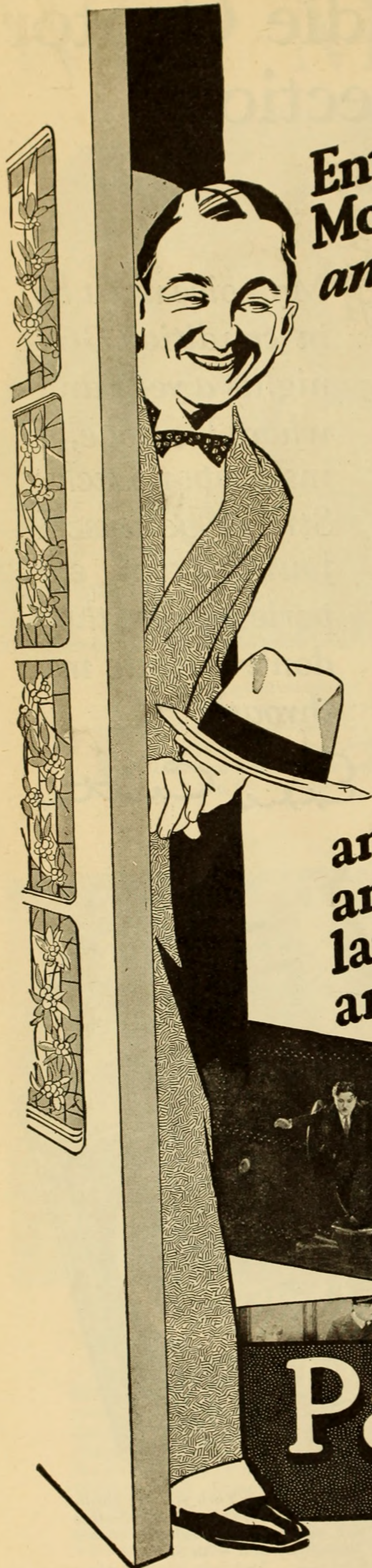
Enter your favorite
Motion Picture theatre
and see —

MONTY BANKS

IN

A Perfect Gentleman

and you enter upon
an evening of uproarious
laughter, tingling thrills,
and sparkling action!



Pathepicture

ALWAYS LOOK FOR
THE PATHE ROOSTER



THE MARK OF MOTION
PICTURE PERFECTION

DEMILLE PICTURES
PATHÉCOMEDIES

PATHE' NEWS
PATHÉSERIALS

The Romance of Pathé

The Start of the Pathe Romance, over thirty years ago.

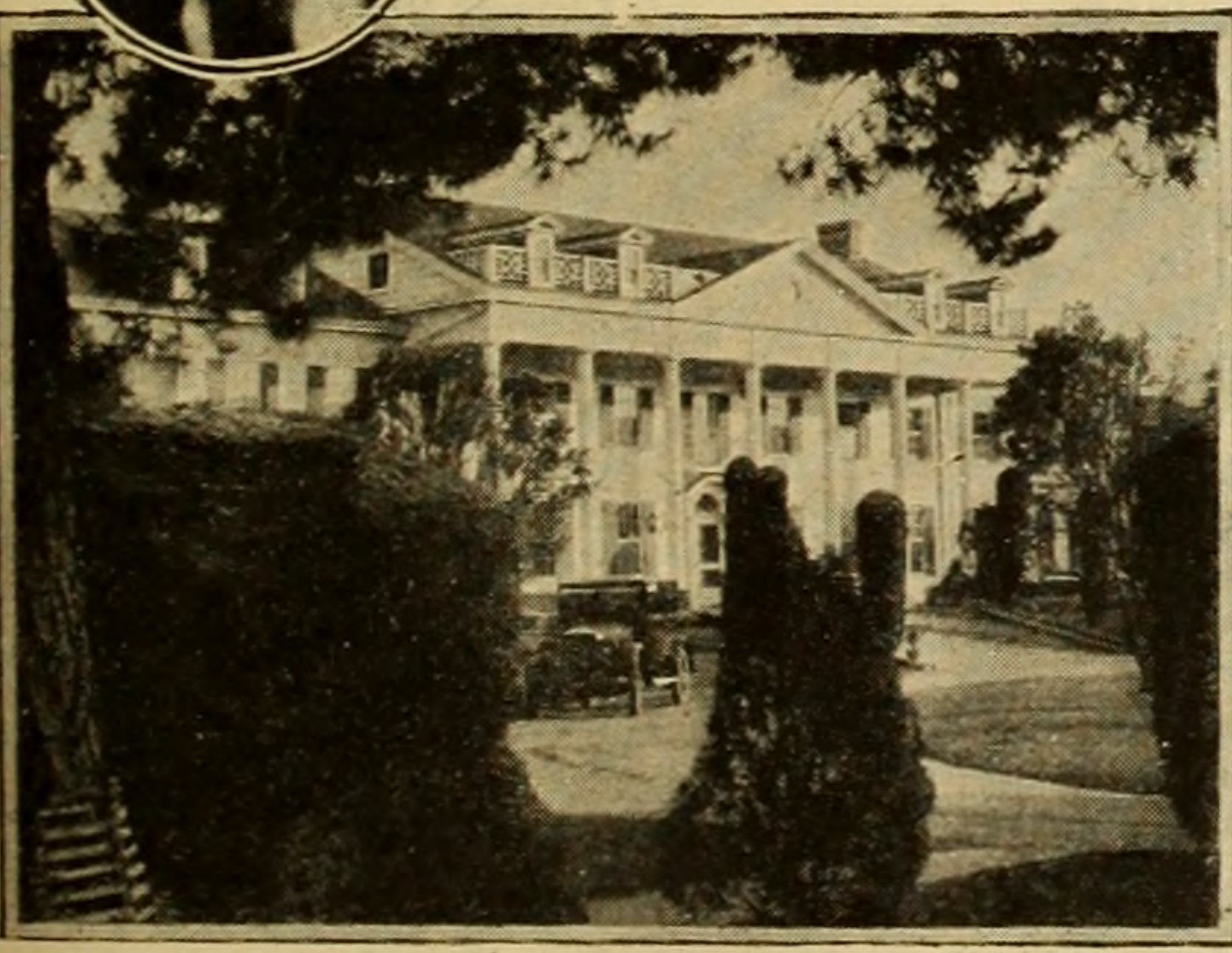


A pioneer in picture entertainment

Over thirty years ago in France, Charles Pathe used a primitive motion picture camera to take scenes of a woman feeding chickens, a running horse, and the like. He developed his own films, then exhibited them to a curious public through penny-in-the-slot machines—the far-off predecessors of the modern motion picture theatre. He thus became a notable pioneer in a business which has made the lives of untold millions happier, and has become one of the great industries of the world.

Pathe Produced the First News Reel, the First Drama and Comedy

From that day to this the house of Pathe has been a leader. The first news reel, the first enacted motion picture drama and comedy were produced by Pathe. It is today famous for the best news reel—the Pathe News—as well as the best in comedies and every kind of short subjects.



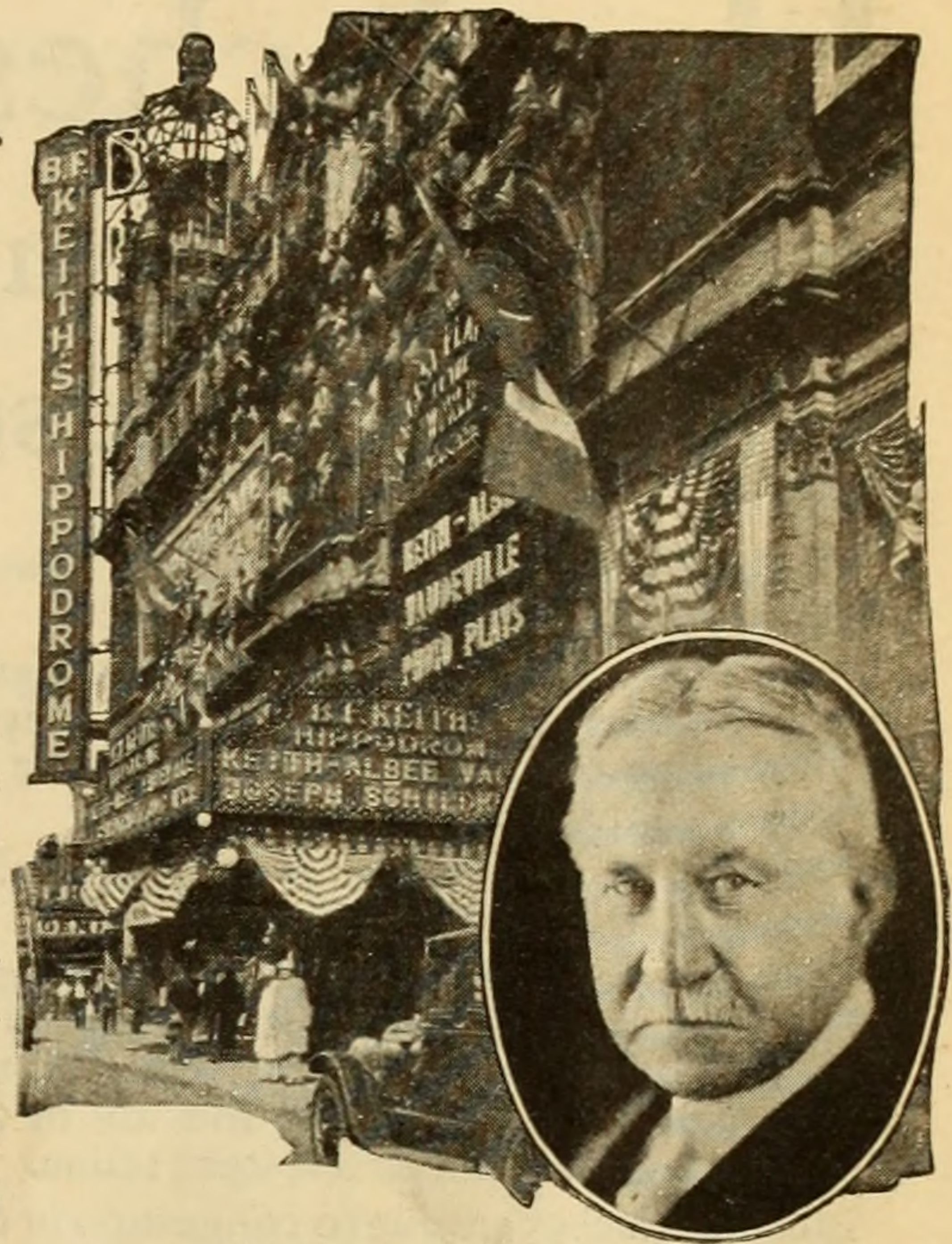
Cecil B. De Mille, master Producer, and his studio at Culver City, Calif.

The Genius of De Mille, The Showmanship of Keith-Albee, Make a Greater Pathe

Now for the betterment of screen entertainment, the best brains in production, distribution and exhibition have come together. Cecil B. De Mille, whose surpassing genius created the incomparable "The King of Kings," and who stands alone as a feature producer; Pathe, the leader in short subjects, and through the Pathe-Dupont Co., a manufacturer of film, and the vast Keith-Albee, Orpheum and allied theatre circuits, the world's greatest showmen.

For the first time there is thus associated in one enterprise every vital element of motion picture activity from the raw film stock to the perfect and lavish presentation upon the screen.

Thus is continued the romance begun over thirty years ago. The pioneer is still the pioneer. The first is still the first.



E. F. Albee, President of the Keith-Albee Circuit of theatres and the New York Hippodrome, typical of the Keith-Albee Theatres.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

35 West 45th Street, New York

DE MILLE PICTURES—PATHECOMEDIES—PATHE NEWS
PATHESERIALS

Watch for the famous Pathe Rooster on the screen



It means the best for your entertainment

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:



Headaches will go if you get at the cause

WE all know the woman who "always has a headache."

She can't make any plans. Time and again she has to disappoint her friends and family—for any minute the familiar ache is liable to start its dull throb.

Nothing is so enervating as a headache. Nothing is so aging—so nerve racking!

There are scores of ways of deadening a headache—but to really correct a headache you must get at the cause of the trouble. And the natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Most headaches are due to congestion in the stomach or intestines. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and results in dizziness and headaches. *Sal Hepatica defeats a headache by promptly and effectively removing this congestion.*

Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines that draw thousands to European Spas. It is efficacious not only in relieving headaches, but in the treatment of many other ills.

For Sal Hepatica flushes away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within us. These poisons affect different people in different ways, causing stomach disorders, bad complexions, hyper-acidity, rheumatism, and even serious organic troubles.

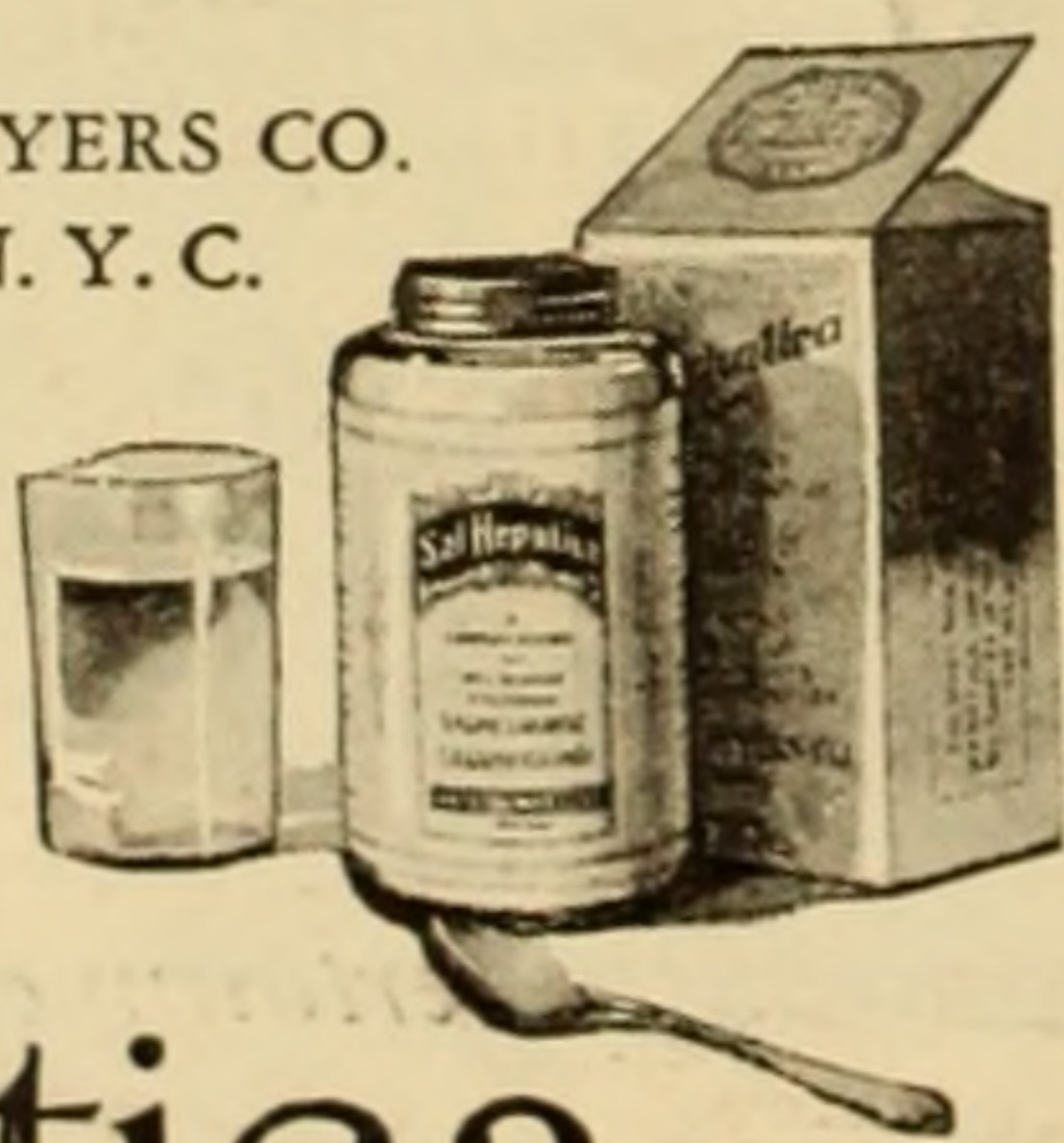
Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

For an acute headache, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica dissolved in a large glassful of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. For chronic headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in water, before breakfast.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps relieve headaches and other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-97, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



© 1927

Renee Adoree
Robert Agnew
Mary Alden
Ben Alexander
May Allison
Don Alvarado
Robert Ames
Richard Arlen
George K. Arthur
Gertrude Astor
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
George Bancroft
Monty Banks
Vilma Banky
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Barbara Bedford
Noah Beery
Wallace Beery
Madge Bellamy
Belle Bennett
Alma Bennett
Constance Bennett
Enid Bennett
Andre Beranger
Holbrook Blinn
Monte Blue
Betty Blythe
Eleanor Boardman
Olive Borden
Hobart Bosworth
Clara Bow
John Bowers
William Boyd
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Gladys Brockwell
Betty Bronson
Clive Brook
Louise Brooks
Edmund Burns
Neal Burns
Mae Busch
Francis X. Bushman
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
David Butler
Eddie Cantor
Harry Carey
Mary Carr
Cyril Chadwick
Helene Chadwick
Lon Chaney
Charles Chaplin
Sydney Chaplin
Ethel Clayton
Ruth Clifford
Lew Cody
Buster Collier
Ronald Colman
Betty Compson
Chester Conklin
Lige Conley
Edward Connelly
Jackie Coogan
Clyde Cook
Al Cooke
Hal Cooley
Gary Cooper
Virginia Lee Corbin
Anne Cornwall
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Costello
Helene Costello
Ward Crane
Joan Crawford
Dorothy Cumming
Frank Currier
Bob Custer
Viola Dana
Karl Dane
Bebe Daniels
Mickey Daniels
Roy D'Arcy
Frankie Darro
Marion Davies
Marjorie Daw
Alice Day
Marceline Day
Priscilla Dean
Marguerite de la Motte
Dolores Del Rio
Carol Dempster
Reginald Denny
Lya de Putti
William Desmond
Dorothy Devore
Elliott Dexter
Richard Dix

Jack Daugherty
Billie Dove
Louise Dresser
Dorothy Dwan
Helen Jerome Eddy
Robert Edeson
Snitz Edwards
Leon Errol
Elinor Fair
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Virginia Browne Faire
Farina
Charles Farrell
George Fawcett
Julia Faye
Louise Fazenda
Rockcliffe Fellowes
Leslie Fenton
Casson Ferguson
Helen Ferguson
W. C. Fields
Lefty Flynn
Ralph Forbes
Harrison Ford
Allan Forrest
Johnny Fox
Earle Foxe
Alec B. Francis
Betty Francisco
Robert Frazer
Pauline Frederick
Dale Fuller
Greta Garbo
Pauline Garon
Janet Gaynor
Hoot Gibson
John Gilbert
Claude Gillingwater
Douglas Gilmore
Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish
Gaston Glass
Huntly Gordon
Jetta Goudal
Gibson Gowland
Red Grange
Ralph Graves
Gilda Gray
Lawrence Gray
Corinne Griffith
Raymond Griffith
Kit Guard
William Haines
Creighton Hale
Georgia Hale
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
Einar Hanson
Lars Hanson
Kenneth Harlan
Mildred Harris
Johnny Harron
William S. Hart
Raymond Hatton
Phyllis Haver
Holmes Herbert
Jean Hersholt
Walter Hiers
Johnny Hines
Jack Holt
Hedda Hopper
Reed Howes
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Gardner James
Emil Jannings
Julanne Johnston
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy
Alice Joyce
Raymond Keane
Buster Keaton
Donald Keith
Ian Keith
Doris Kenyon
Norman Kerry
Kathleen Key
Natalie Kingston
Cullen Landis
Harry Langdon
Laura La Plante
Rod La Rocque
George Lewis
Margaret Livingston
Harold Lloyd
Jacqueline Logan
Bessie Love
Montagu Love
Edmund Lowe

Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell
Marc MacDermott
Dorothy Mackaill
Douglas MacLean
Arlette Marchal
Percy Marmont
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason
Ken Maynard
May McCoy
Tim McCoy
Malcolm McGregor
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
Tom Mix
Colleen Moore
Matt Moore
Owen Moore
Tom Moore
Lois Moran
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Edna Murphy
Mae Murray
Carmel Myers
Conrad Nagel
Pola Negri
Anna Q. Nilsson
Greta Nissen
Marion Nixon
Mabel Normand
Ramon Novarro
George O'Brien
George O'Hara
Gertrude Olmstead
Pat O'Malley
Sally O'Neill
Mary Philbin
Jack Pickford
Mary Pickford
ZaSu Pitts
William Powell
Marie Prevost
Aileen Pringle
Esther Ralston
Jobyna Ralston
Charles Ray
Vera Reynolds
Irene Rich
Lillian Rich
Jason Robards
John Roche
Charles Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Ruth Roland
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Tom Santschi
Joseph Schildkraut
Rudolph Schildkraut
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lowell Sherman
Milton Sills
Pauline Starke
Myrtle Stedman
Vera Steadman
Ford Sterling
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge
Richard Talmadge
Lilyan Tashman
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry
Fred Thomson
Ernest Torrence
Ben Turpin
Tom Tyler
Virginia Valli
Victor Varconi
Alberta Vaughn
Florence Vidor
Johnny Walker
George Walsh
Henry B. Walthall
H. B. Warner
Bryant Washburn
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor
Jane Winton
Grant Withers
Fay Wray

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Another Scotch Yarn

Ludlow, Ky.

I think I can tell Chester Conklin as good a Scotch story as his yarn in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY.

A Scotchman who has accumulated a great deal of real estate suffered from amnesia.

His sons were afraid that during one of his spells of loss of memory he might unwittingly give away his property, so they had the deeds transferred to their names.

One day the Scotchman disappeared and when he remembered to return from his trip of wandering, the sons found in one of his pockets a ten dollar option on the Philippine Islands.

MRS. BERNICE JACKSON.

How About It, Lillian?

Utica, N. Y.

Some day I hope to see Lillian Gish play in the former Pauline Frederick hit, "Madame X."

My conviction is that within ten years, Miss Gish will be the greatest character actress of the screen.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

Cambridge Lists Its Favorites

Cambridge University, England.

It may be of some interest to yourself and the readers of PHOTOPLAY, which category no doubt includes the Stars themselves, to hear the approximate opinions of Cambridge undergraduates, where they concern the stars.

Laura La Plante—At present the favorite of favorites. But she must not let herself get so plump.

Esther Ralston—Rapidly catching Laura up.

Reginald Denny—Almost certainly heads the male list. His pictures are invariably a riot.

Rudolph Valentino—Extremely popular, almost without exception. Many of his films were reshowed last term.

Adolphe Menjou—Liked by the majority, but by no means universally.

Lillian Gish—One can fairly say; unani- mously loathed.

Dorothy Gish—Almost ditto.

Greta Nissen—Very popular, but there are plenty of exceptions.

Wallace Beery—A favorite villain, but Noah Beery seems almost more of a favor- ite.

Marie Prevost—Very popular.

John Barrymore—As popular as every- where else.

Greta Garbo—Just as you would expect! And the showing of "The Temptress" has been postponed from July 20th to October 15th. So that the undergraduates will not miss it during vacation.

Bessie Love—Generally hated.

Tom Mix and all cowboys—Very unpop- ular except with a few—very few.

Alice Day—Very popular with nearly all, especially with me.

Clara Bow—Is not popular.

Colleen Moore—Is hardly more popular than Clara.

Betty Bronson—Is pretty unpopular too.

Richard Dix—Considered rather an oaf.

Alice Joyce—Very unpopular.

WARD HUTCHINSON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Do you use a dentifrice because you are *scared* or because you want your teeth to be **CLEAN?**

PICK up the package of denti- frice that is in your bathroom now and try to remember why you bought that particular kind.

Was it fear? Did you buy it to cure or prevent some ugly mouth disease that you had been fright- ened about?

Or did you buy it simply be- cause you wanted your teeth to be *clean*?

It is a very wise thing to keep the teeth clean, and a very foolish thing not to. There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth is dan- gerous and that you ought to do all you can to protect the health of your teeth, mouth and gums.

But how much can you do?

You can get the best answer to that question

from your dentist. He will tell you just this: "The most that we in the dental profession expect of a dentifrice is that it will *clean* the teeth safely and thoroughly. More than this, we feel, a denti- frice cannot be logically expected to do, nor can it actually do.

"Keep your teeth clean and don't be afraid, for in keeping them clean you are doing every possible thing that anyone ex- cept a dentist can do to avoid dangers of tooth decay and other dental troubles."

It is better to rely on *cleanliness* and be confident, for in using a dentifrice that *really* cleans, such as Colgate's, you are doing the utmost you can do to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful.

Colgate
Est. 1806

KEEP YOUR TEETH
CLEAN
*and fear no ugly mental
dental ills*



FREE

Colgate & Co., Dept. 206-I
581 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me a sample of this modern Den-
tifrice that cleans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

PHYLLIS HAVER, too, after patiently watching her sister Sennett splashers climb to stardom—Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost—is going to have her very own production. It's to be "Chicago," the Maurine Watkins' satire. Of course she'll be Roxie Hart, the jazz slayer.

Bill Boyd is the other newcomer who saunters to stardom this year under Papa De Mille's banner, which is a worthy reward for being young, blond, handsome and receiver of the most fan mail borne to the studio.

A GOLF professional was playing an exhibition game out in Los Angeles. He was off form and zig-zagged from rough to bunker to sand trap. Most of his shots were used to get out of tight places. Finally, his skill returned and he sank a long putt. The ball rolled neatly into the hole.

"There!" yelled a tourist who was looking on. "He won't get out of that one."

GOODY! We've got another beauty contest winner with us. Phyllis Gibbs, lugging the title of "Miss Australasia," most pulchritudinous miss in the

Antipodes, won from twelve thousand beauteous contestants, who is going to become a picture actress for Mr. Cecil De Mille.

SAUNTERED onto Mary Pickford's set, a reproduction of a busy ten cent store, and discovered a beautiful blonde selling garden hose to "Buddy" Rogers under the able direction of Sam Taylor.

"Who is she?" I queried, breathlessly. "Mary's cousin, Isabelle Sheridan."

She recently completed a commercial course at the University of Southern California, requested an introductory letter from Miss Pickford to a local business firm and Mary decided, instead, to use her in "My Best Girl."

NICE little pact, that between Bill Russell and his adoring wife Helen Ferguson.

On wedding anniversaries they promised to give each other something that would ornament the home.

The second anniversary occurred, and William gave Helen a set of flat silver service.

And Helen gave him the fence around their Beverly Hills home. But not the gate.

RICHARD DIX met her at a Hollywood party. The girl who was so dumb she thought Maxfield Parrish was an ecclesiastical district.

THERE'S always something new under the sunlight-arcs in Hollywood. The latest is an organization devoted to the education of masculine tourists who are willing and financially able to go places and see things but who don't know the local geography.

The middle-aged woman, who founded the organization, has upon her pay-roll a number of personable and interesting young women, many of them moving picture extras whose art does not monopolize all their time.

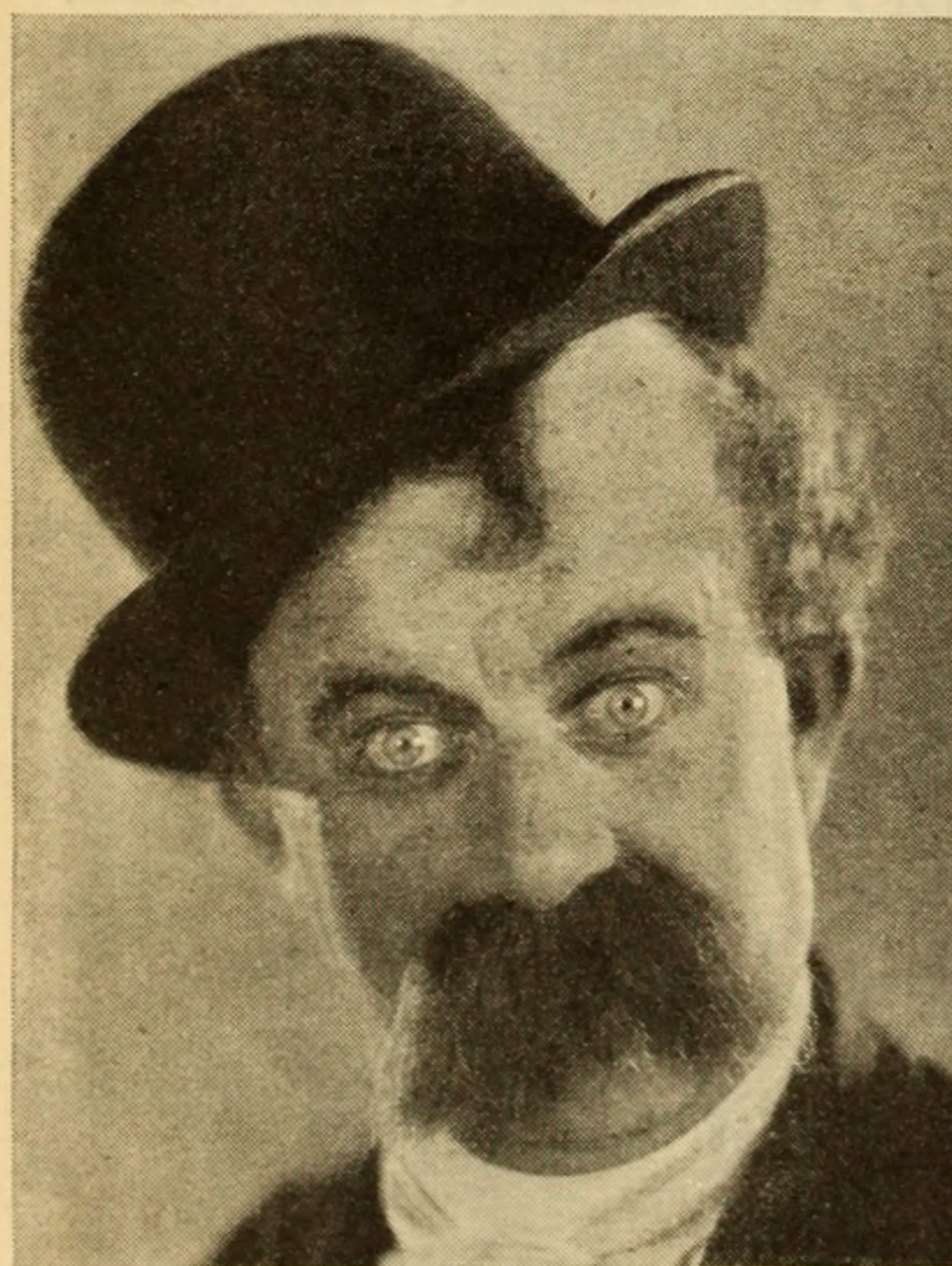
They accompany the currency-laden and curious tourists hither and yon, dining, driving and dancing with them. It's all very high-brow and refined and all that sort of thing. The fee is \$10 for the services of the guide, who must qualify as a perfect lady.

The more mature promoter gets a slice of the ten—to say nothing of commissions from those shops and restaurants to which her wise virgins have piloted their seeing-Hollywood clients.

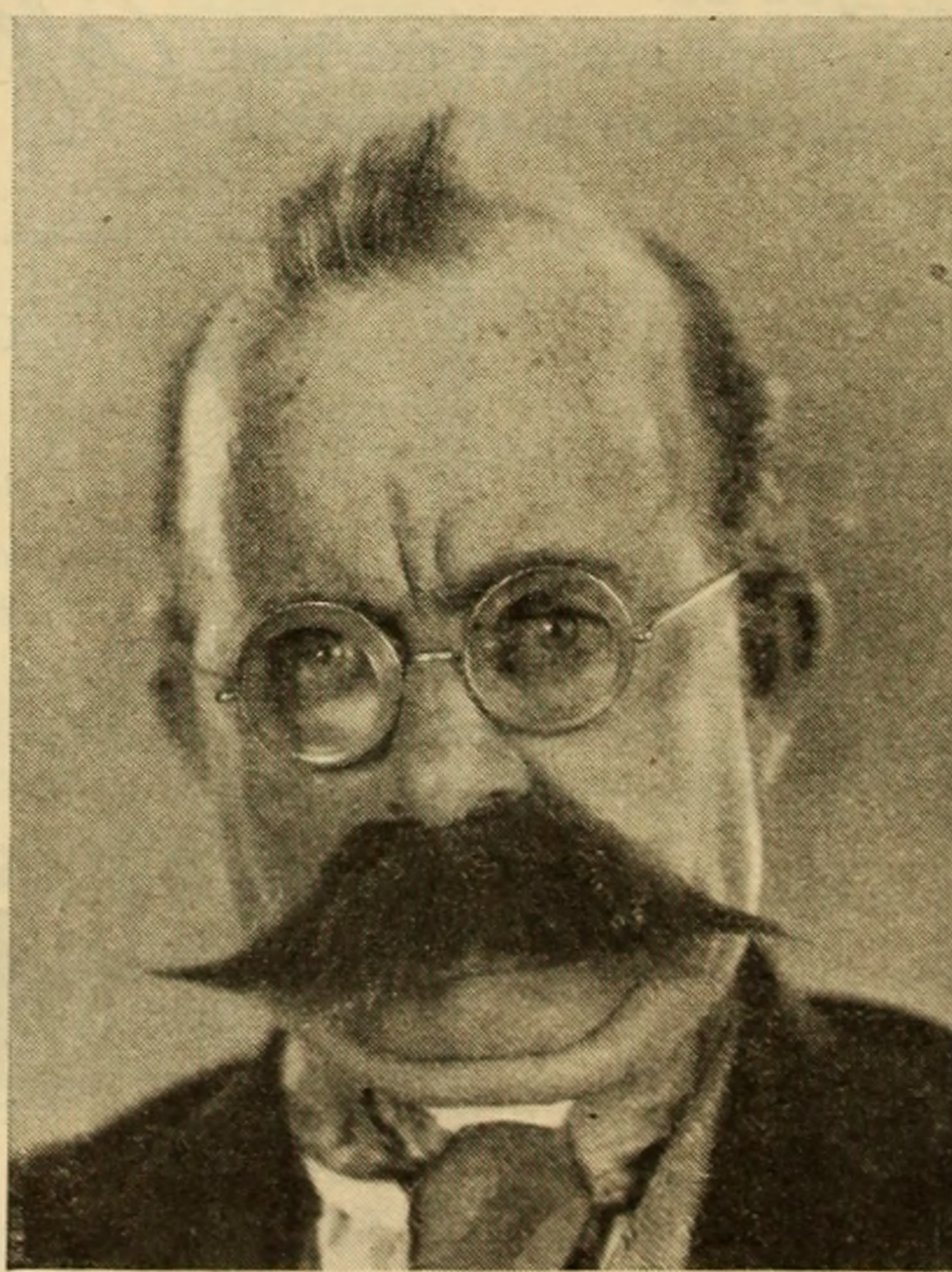
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The Odyssey of a Moustache

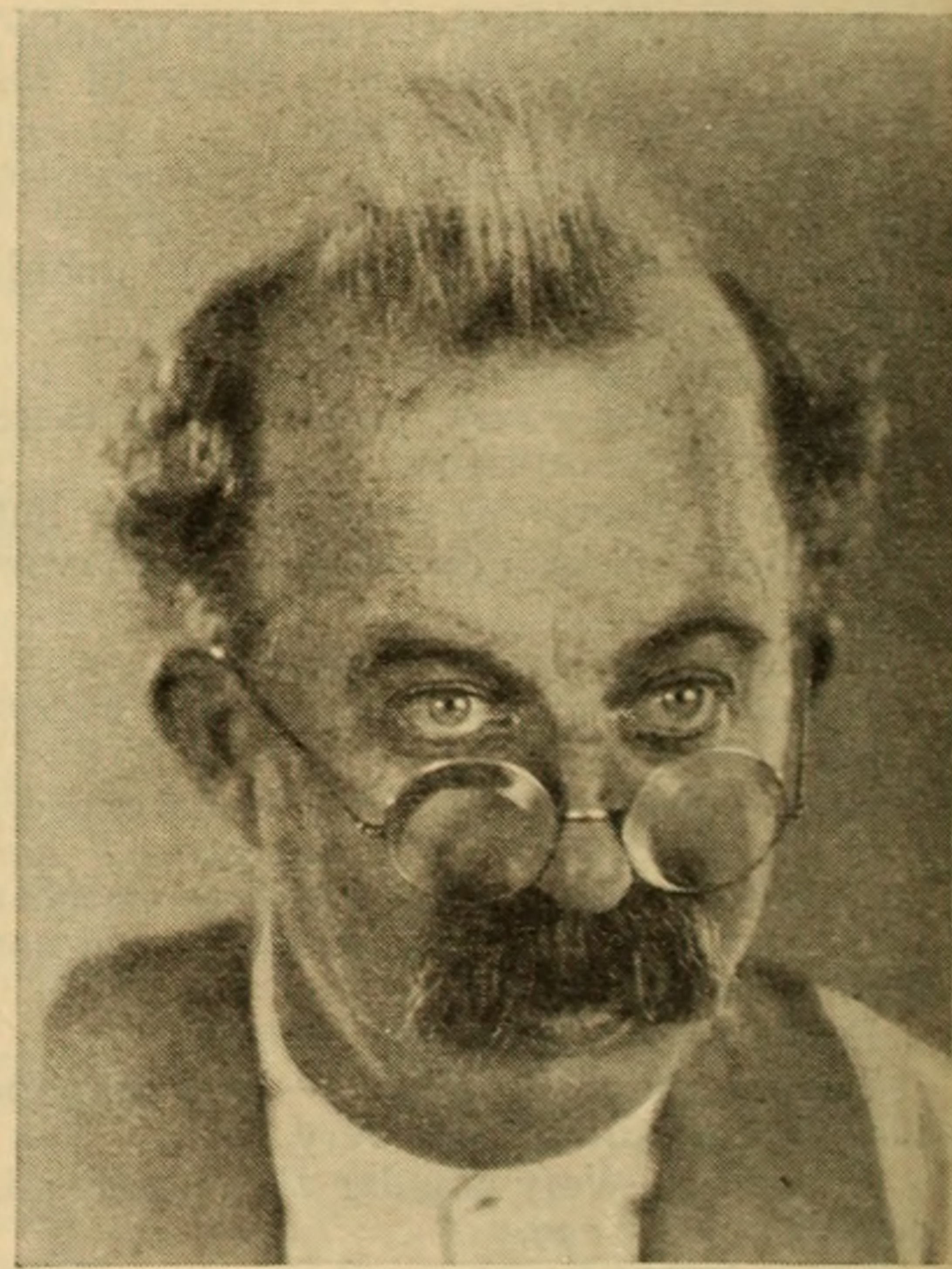
Or How Chester Conklin Found His Make-up



Our Ulysses was once apprenticed to a baker, but he reformed and went into vaudeville for seven years. There he found the Golden Fleece, which he glued to his upper lip



For five years Our Hero dallied by the pools of Sennett. Feature productions beckoned and Ulysses sailed over to "Greed." The Fleece got trimmed. Glasses were added



Ulysses as he is today. Mal St. Clair chartered him for "The Woman of the World." And just see what happened to the Fleece! Even the glasses had their downfall

An easy triumph of wifehood

YOU are a wife. You must be a nurse, a home decorator, a domestic scientist, a seamstress, a laundress, a beauty specialist, a bureau of information, a buyer, a banker, a hostess. You must be all these professionals almost every day, yet you must not be tired at dinner. It must be a good dinner. You must have good news. And you must not only keep up with your professions, but grow wiser in them each day.

SOUNDS hard, but is it? Not if you use that practical university—the advertisements. For here are the best safety-firsts; the most beautiful, most lasting draperies and home furnishings, and how to arrange them best; new food or new delicious ways of preparing and serving known foods; the finest in dress, in cold creams, hair washes, manicure methods; news of insurance; thrifty buying; happier ways to entertain; something of business, literature, art, music—of almost every science known.

THE information in advertisements is latest and correct. Yet a brief glance is sufficient to give you their news. Just a reading of the advertisements—and there's an easy triumph of wifehood! In selecting, buying, arranging, using. In keeping fresh for dinner. Saving work, saving time, saving money—being wise!



Reading advertisements regularly means keeping to the fore. Read these, in this magazine, now!

Friendly Advice from

Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK: This is a curious question to ask of a stranger, I know—but *is virtue worth while?* I am virtuous, but many of my friends (of both sexes) have told me that I am making a mistake—that I am prudish and old-fashioned. They tell me that standards have changed—that virtue has gone out of style. And they also tell me that I am less popular than I would otherwise be, because of my “puritan” point of view. Frankly, I am puzzled. And perhaps you can say something to make my mind more clear.
MOIRA.

Indeed I can say something in answer to Moira's question and I sincerely hope that what I say *will* make her mind more clear! For Moira's point of view—puritan though some of her friends may term it—is the only right point of view to own.

Virtue—chastity—is never a mistake. No matter what any vapid little girl or boy, cast too obviously in the 1927 mold, may say.

I am going to take Moira's letter, sentence by sentence, and analyze it. Because it is a letter of more than surface importance. The answer that the Moiras of our nation make to this one problem means the life, or the death, of a phase of civilization.

In the first place, the question *is* curious. But this is an age of frankness and young people are demanding reasons, rather than evasions.

And so when I say that virtue is worth while I say it frankly—and from the depths of my experience and social position.

In the second place, leaving out all questions of sentiment, all thought of moral and spiritual obligation, virtue and chastity are alone worth while from a standpoint of health. Ask any physician of the real dangers of being promiscuous with one's emotions—and one's body. No girl who guards herself carefully is making a mistake—rather she is building up an insurance of vitality against the future. And, as she

builds this insurance, she is building spiritually, as well.

The friends of both sexes who would tell a virtuous girl that she is making a mistake by being chaste can scarcely be called friends. They are really enemies—and if popularity hangs upon their judgment—and the judgment of others, like them—it is far better that the Moiras of this world should be a little less popular—and a little more *exclusive*.

What Price Virtue Is This Month's Problem

VIRTUE has been called the Priceless Pearl. And, though that name was coined in a Victorian age, it still applies. Virtue is the only thing, almost, that money can not buy—and all other attributes of charm, loveliness and popularity are as nothing when it is lacking! Virtue—despite the sophistication of the day—is still the fashion.

Now that autumn is here, the wise girl is preparing for the hard work—and play—of the approaching winter season. Health and beauty will need sound consideration. I will be glad to answer letters—those with stamped envelopes enclosed, by return mail; the others in the columns of the magazine. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self addressed envelope; and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

It is true that standards have changed, to a certain extent. Just as styles have changed, to a certain extent. The flapper's short, scanty frock of today is indeed far removed from the ruffled, billowing gown of grandmother's era. But the flapper's dress answers the same purpose as did grandmother's hoop skirted finery. *It clothes the body.*

And standards, though they have perhaps been cut shorter and fashioned of more sleazy material, still answer the same purpose as did the standards of a half century ago. For standards still clothe the soul.

Look at the people who have accomplished deeds of daring and endurance. The young people. The girl who swam one channel. The boy who swam another. The third boy who, alone, conquered the air between two continents. And many, many others, like them. They were not afraid to give, as their main secret of success, the old formulas of clean living. And clean living and virtue mean the same thing exactly.

Clean living and virtue make for the only sort of prestige that is worth worrying about! “Dates,” drives in a motor car along a dim road, dances in some questionable resort—what does their false excitement mean when it is balanced against invitations to the right sort of houses, deference, trust, and the sort of love and courtship that lead to a happy marriage?

No girl ever won a man's *lasting* loyalty and affection by being—and I only use this unpleasant word because I *must* use it—by being *cheap*. No girl ever won a place in her community by being unwise in her sex relations. There is an old, trite proverb—“The woman pays”—that expresses the attitude of society (even in this advanced day) against the girl who loses her head even momentarily. When she gives up her virtue coolly, calculatingly—as Moira's friends urge her to do—society has even less pleasant terms and more biting proverbs to bestow. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



"MY PERFUME"

"It is difficult to select just one from all the charming packages of Ben Hur Perfume. I have chosen this one, but I like them all."

Anna Q. Nilsson



One of Anna Q. Nilsson's most charming roles was her masquerade as a boy in "Ponjola," a First National picture of the South African wilds.

Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson prefers this Ben Hur Perfume

DAINTY blonde Anna Q. Nilsson with her fresh Scandinavian beauty—wouldn't you know that Ben Hur Perfume, so seductive, so delicious, would be her choice?

She has autographed the delightful little bottle shown above in token of her preference—though as she says, "It is difficult to select just one from all the charming packages of Ben Hur Perfume."

Ben Hur Perfume is at once delicate and distinctive—a subtle lingering fragrance that gives a touch of mystery and charm

to a beautiful woman's toilet. After using it once, you will want it always on your dressing table.

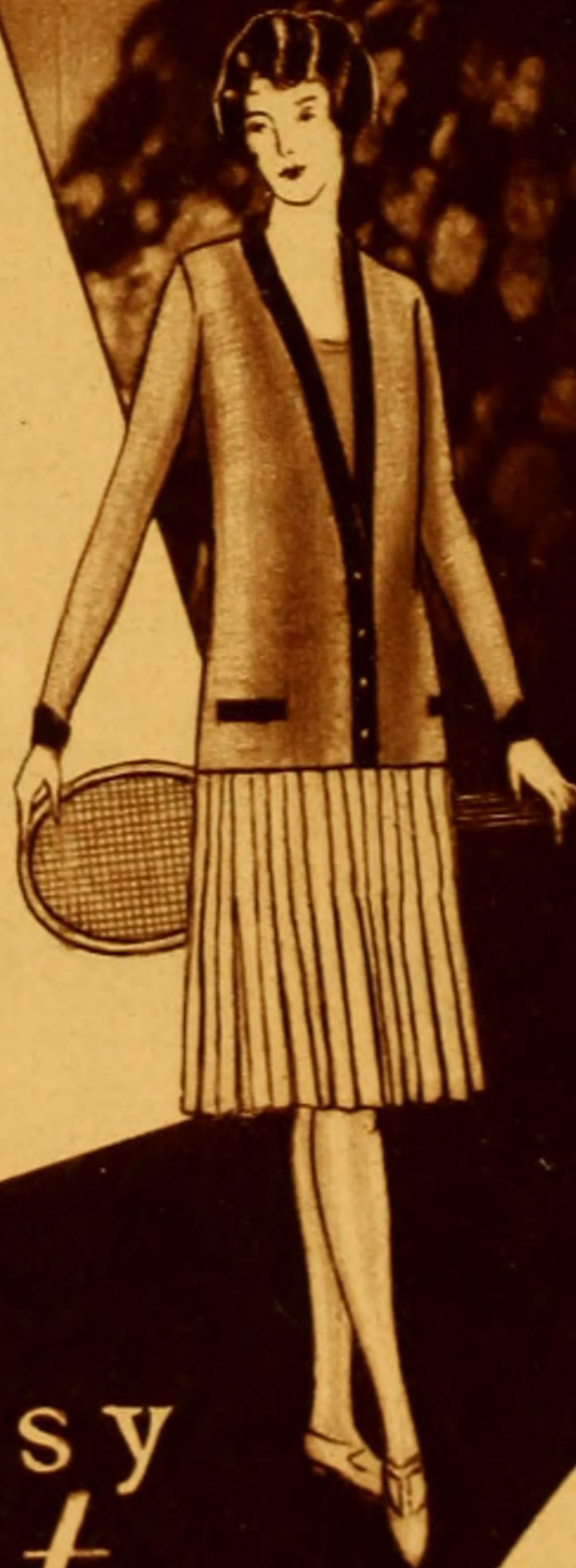
Gift packages of Ben Hur, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, \$1.00 to \$10.00. They make beautiful gifts for all occasions. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories for the toilette at lead-

ing druggists and toilet goods counters.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume and enjoy its seductive fragrance, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without. The Andrew Fergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Anna Q. Nilsson

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

Your Olovnit vest is one of the most serviceable as well as one of the most beautiful garments I have ever used.

It is my favorite bit of Olovnit lingerie and I would be happy to have it named after me.

My friends will find the "ANNA Q. NILSSON VEST" one of the best wearing garments. It seems as though it would never wear out, and, no matter how many times it is laundered it still retains its beautiful sheen.

Wishing you continued success, I am,
Very truly yours,

Anna Q. Nilsson
Anna Q. Nilsson
First National Pictures.

Be well dressed always—you can afford Olovnit garments and hosiery because you buy them direct—from our factory representatives, at factory prices.

Mail the coupon today and see the complete line of Olovnit garments.

Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

**The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, N. Y.**

Please have your representative show me your new summer styles.

Name.....

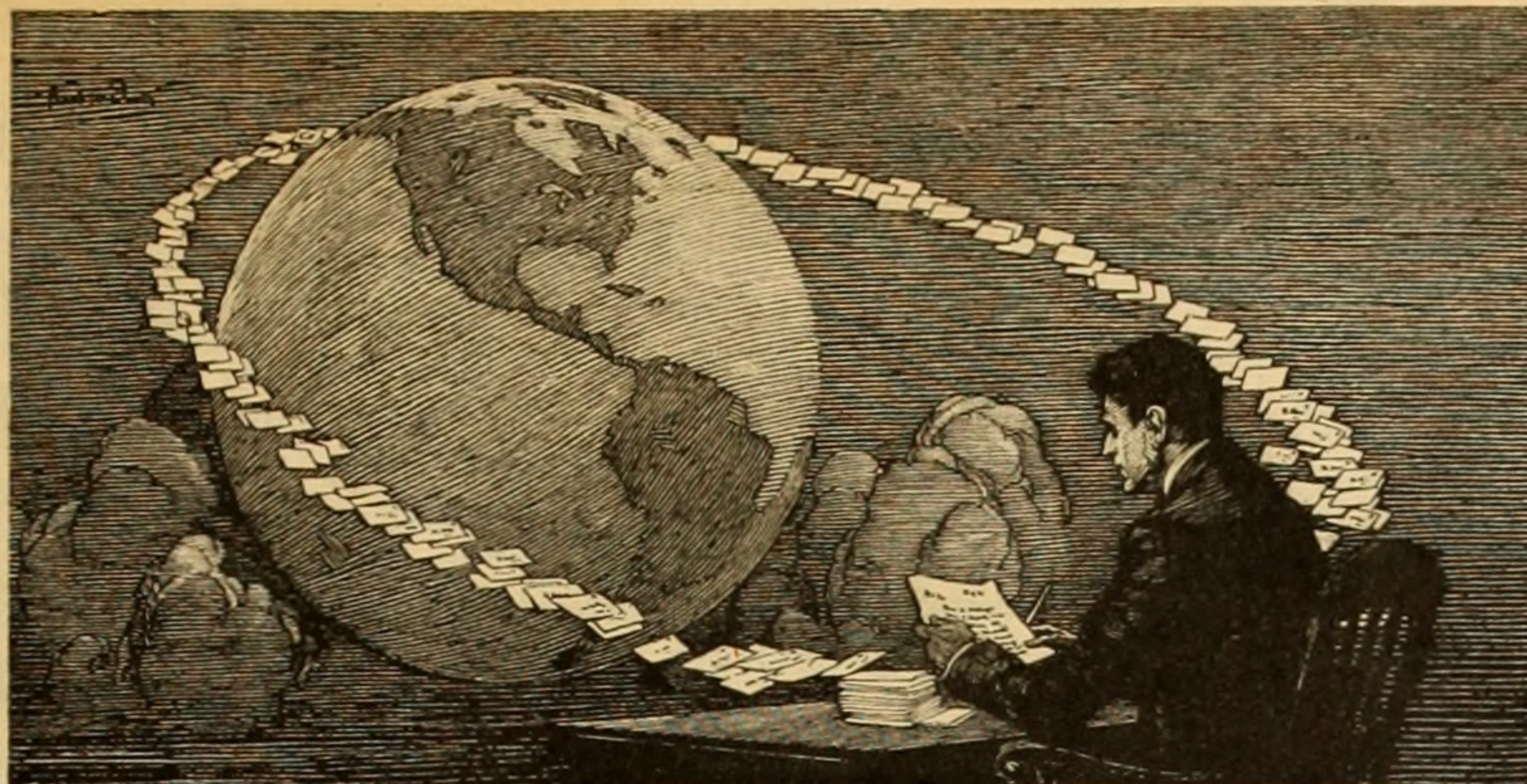
Street.....

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

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.

HAZEL, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—If you just can't live without that photograph of William Haines, write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Don't forget to send the quarter.

J. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.—John Barrymore was starred in "Beau Brummel." The picture was released in January, 1924.

DOTTY D., SCOTSDALE, PA.—Yes, Dotty, Einar Hansen's death was particularly tragic, because he was on the threshold of a promising career. Hansen was born in Matala, Sweden. He had brown hair and brown eyes and was five feet, ten inches tall. He weighed 150 pounds.

M. L., SANDY LAKE, PA.—Ben Lyon is his real name. Born in the home of peaches and mammy songs, the old state of Georgia.

L. E. B., BELGRADE, ME.—We cannot give home addresses. However, you may write to Thomas Meighan at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ALICE L., MONTREAL, CAN.—Monty Banks is thirty years old and five feet, five inches tall. Doris Kenyon is one inch taller than Monty and Marion Nixon is three inches shorter. Figure that out. And Virginia Lee Corbin measures up to an even five feet.

D. H., WINFIELD, KAN.—Are you afraid that somebody will be jealous of your interest in Jobyna? Hey, Hey! Miss Ralston is Mrs. Richard Arlen in private life. She comes from Tennessee and uses her own name in pictures. Jobyna started in 1920. She has blue eyes and brown hair.

F. M. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—The boy in "Naughty But Nice" is Donald Reed. He is twenty-four years old and you may address him at the First-National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Douglas Gilmore is twenty-five years old and his address is in care of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Stars usually change their real names in favor of more ornamental monickers or, when their real names are hard to pronounce, they pick something more simple. Norma and Constance are sisters. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures. Come again.

M. S., WHEATON, ILL.—Your patience is rewarded. "Brawn of the North" was produced in November, 1922. Lee Shumway played the hero. I'll see what I can do about getting a picture of Irene Rich and her new husband. Her daughters are attractive, athletic kids.

BOB R., MONTREAL, CAN.—Marceline Day isn't married. She is eighteen years old and has been in pictures since 1923. Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MRS. G. N., WHITMAN, MASS.—Enid Bennett is not in pictures at present. She is married to Fred Niblo, the director. It was the late Einar Hansen who played in "The Lady in Ermine."

M. M. F., ERIE, KANS.—Olive Borden has really long hair. She is twenty years old and was born in Richmond, Va. That's her real name. Write to Olive in care of the William Fox Studios, 401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

L. G., PORT ANGELES, WASH.—Sandy's name is Larry Kent and Mary was played by Edna Murphy.

ELSIE R., TORONTO, CAN.—Not fifty-five, my dear, only forty-five. Ten years is quite a lot of difference and John Barrymore would feel dreadfully hurt if anyone thought he were over fifty. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. The name of Elsa Benham is not familiar to me. What picture did she play in? You have the answer man asking questions of you.

"REDDY," DETROIT, MICH.—What do you mean, a "few" questions? Patsy Ruth Miller is not married; that's her real name. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is said to be engaged to Helene Costello. Maybe so, maybe not. They are just kids. Doug, Jr., was born Dec. 9, 1910. Dolores is Helene's older sister; she's twenty-five years old. Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight years old. And John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Are you sure that's all?

MARY W.—Lucy Fox hasn't appeared in pictures since 1924. Or if she has, she didn't tell me about it. Where are you, Lucy?

IN writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

M. L. W., CHICAGO, ILL.—Colleen Moore is twenty-four years old. Is it possible you don't know that she is married to John McCormick? Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. And send Richard Dix's letter to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

L. C. M., COLTON, CALIF.—That's pretty stationery. And cheerful, too. Write to me again. Warner Richmond played *Jim O'Neil* in "The Fire Brigade."

G. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Viola is twenty-nine years old and Shirley two years younger. Alice Joyce has two daughters.

M. I. K., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif., for the pictures you wish. But I don't think that it is customary for companies to send out "stills" from their productions. Dorothy Gish is working for an English company and Mady Christians and Xenia Desni are employed in Germany.

GREAT NECKER.—Are you boasting? Harry Langdon and Rin-tin-tin are shy about giving their ages. Come, Harry, and tell the lady how old you are. Write to Rin-tin-tin in care of the Warner Brothers, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

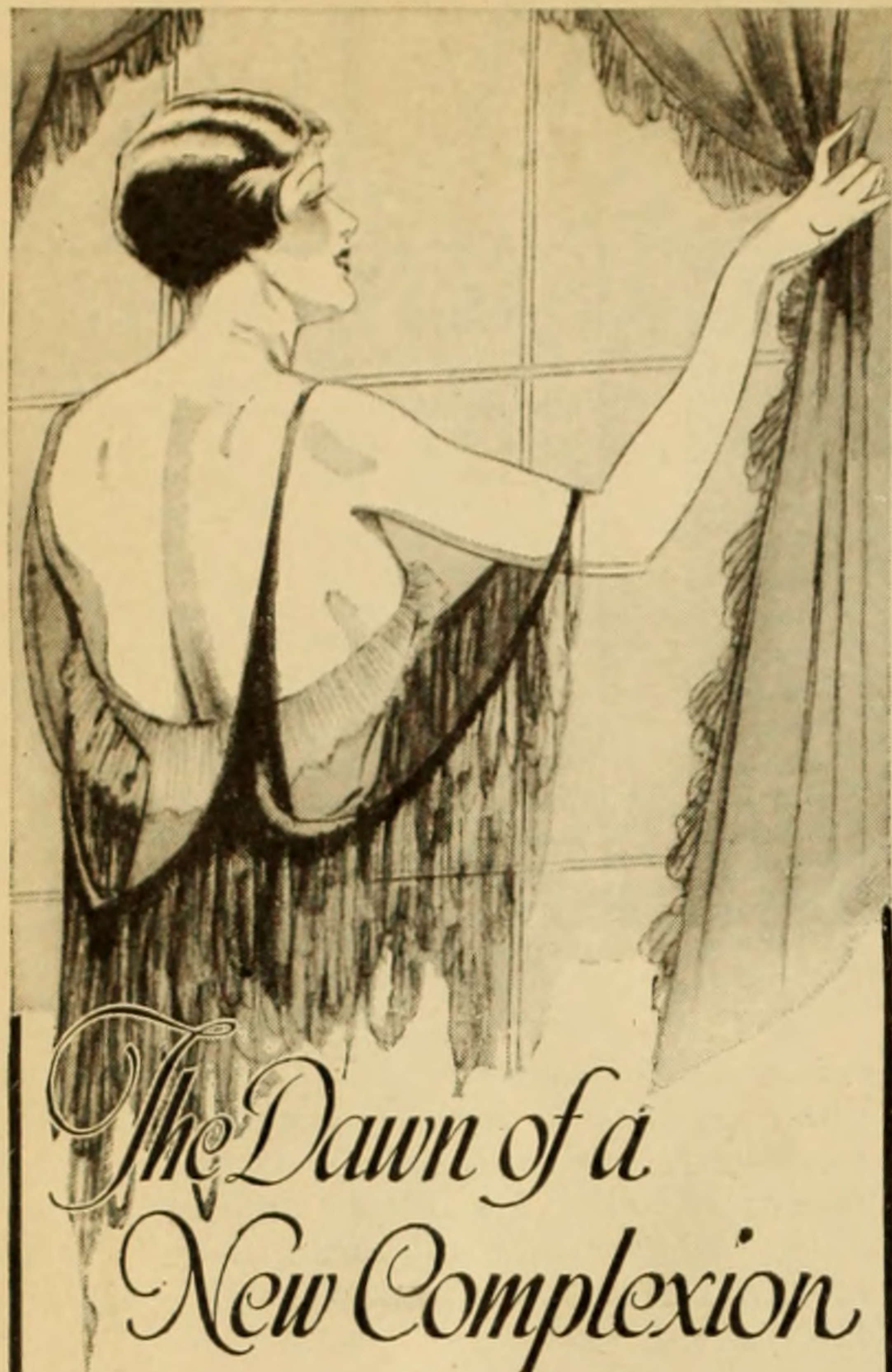
PAT, OAKLAND, CALIF.—William Boyd is his real name. Married to Elinor Fair. Ben Lyon is not married—as yet. But he's keeping company with Marilyn Miller. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. He's thirty-six years old and that is his real name. Betty Bronson is twenty years old, unmarried, an American and also uses her real name. Patsy Ruth Miller is still among the single and Agnes Ayres has divorced Manuel Reach.

M. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—We have no such list. Sorry.

MILDRED, DUNCAN, OKLA.—I read every word of it, Mildred. My goodness, you are apt to be a grandmother before you are thirty-five! Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and Victor Varconi at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Congratulations.

V. B.—Buster, this lady wants to know why you don't answer your fan mail? The full name is William J. Collier, Jr. I don't know what the "J" stands for. Buster went to school in New York City. He weighs 150 pounds.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



The Dawn of a New Complexion

An irresistible, soft, pearly appearance that blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing, seductive beauty. You will be delighted with your vastly improved appearance in comparison with Face Powder complexions that continually streak, spot and rub off. The dawn of a new, lasting beauty awaits your use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Constant "touching up" is a thing of the past. The "24 hour complexion" rendered retains a soft, bewitching appearance, unaffected by outdoor sports, dancing or weather conditions. Astringent and antiseptic, giving exceptional results in treating blemishes, flabbiness, wrinkles, tan, muddy skins, etc. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette Street
New York



Send 10c. for Trial Size P. M.

Check shade desired:
White Flesh Rachel

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

M-31-7

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

BARBED WIRE—Paramount

THE futility of hate and war is once more shown with the Polish Pola Negri as a fervent French peasant and the English Clive Brook as a German held prisoner on her farm. Inevitably they fall in love, the girl to have her people turn against her, the man to face his countrymen's wrath. The girl's wounded brother acts as the dove of peace. Slow paced and solemn but worth an otherwise empty evening.

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount

FIVE gorgeous moments in an hour of boredom. These moments come when Ed Wynn, standing in a frail chest at the very edge of Niagara Falls, struggles to push his barque off the rock that is miraculously saving his life. This is a high spot in slapstick comedy. Unfortunately, the rest of the picture is satire that fails to come off and is merely dull. The star, discouraged by his failure, will make no more pictures. Too bad that a daring feat, performed without the aid of a double, was wasted.

DANCE MAGIC—First National

THIS is a very poor production. Everything about it is old-fashioned—story, direction and acting. *Jahala* comes from a town where dancing is sinful and anyone who even thinks about it is forced to make public their sin. Anyway, *Jahala* comes to New York, becomes a success, and is involved in a murder. She returns home and confesses her sins publicly. The hero appears on the scene at the proper time and all is forgiven. You'll find most pictures more entertaining than this.

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal

A JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD story set against a beautiful Northern background and enacted by a splendid cast—Renee Adoree, Robert Frazer, Walter Long and Mitchell Lewis. It's all about a little French maid who would willingly sacrifice her love to protect her father. But the hero has other ideas and outwits the villain. Irvin Willat directed. Quite interesting.

RUNNING WILD—Paramount

WE enjoyed this picture and feel sure you will find this entertaining, too. W. C. Fields is a poor henpecked husband who can't call his soul his own. Through a hypnotist he becomes a raging bully and the tables are turned. It doesn't sound like much, but through the splendid direction and acting it becomes just grand and glorious fun for everybody.

THE FIRST AUTO—Warner Bros.

IN entertainment this can be compared with the first auto—missing on all sixes. The entire piece is slow moving and very tiresome. Of course it is interesting to see the first "boilers" that graced the highways—but that couldn't make a picture. Russell Simpson gives a splendid performance. Patsy Ruth Miller and the late Charles Emmett Mack are in the cast.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warner Bros.

WARNER OLAND'S first starring vehicle for Warner's is very poor. If this is any criterion of the future vehicles that will star Mr. Oland it won't be long

before he is in the same rut as the other Warner stars. Picture if you can that splendid actor in the rôle of an absent-minded father who gets mixed up with a crowd of chorus girls while wife has a couple of strokes over his disappearance. In his escapade he learns his daughter was betrothed to a bad, bad villain. On his return the daughter really marries the man she loves. Now we ask you.

FRAMED—First National

THE best Milton Sills feature we have seen for some time. But it isn't a knock-out by any means. Milton has finally realized that ingenue rôles are not in accordance with his age, etc., etc. Anyhow, Milton is working down in the diamond mines of Africa. He protects the owner's daughter from a mad rush. He is the victim of circumstances, so he must prove his worth. "And when spring again comes to the Riviera"—it's love, sister, love.

THE SECRET STUDIO—Fox

OLIVE BORDEN is the main attraction here. The plot resembles a "true story" affair. It's all about a young girl who decides to make her way in the world. She becomes an artist's model. The artist does not mean right by our little *Nell* and it's up to the hero to give him a good thrashing. After that noble act is done the picture is over and you won't be sorry.

FAST AND FURIOUS—Universal

A TYPICAL Reginald Denny feature. And make no mistake, for it contains many laughs. *Reggy's* pet aversion is automobiles. In order to win the girl he must win the race that her daddy is financing and also betting a couple of thousand on the side. What a large order! But *Reggy* comes through with flying colors. Fast and furious explains how the laughs come.

THE POOR NUT—F. N.

THE stage play was a laughing success. The picture isn't. Somehow the sympathy that accompanied the boobish college youth on the stage is missing on the screen. Perhaps because one feels that in choosing Jack Mulhall for the rôle, his ridiculous sappy makeup borders on the burlesque. Charlie Ray would have been ideal in the rôle. Jane Winton, Jean Arthur and Charlie Murray are in the cast.

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.

A SOCIETY drama direct from the Cecil De Mille studios. And you know how swanky society is in De Mille features. Leatrice Joy is a society snob who becomes quite plebeian doing war work. And after the war is over Leatrice again assumes her high hat ways. But a meeting with the villain and Leatrice has other ideas and she renounces society and all its silly dignity. Just fair.

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount

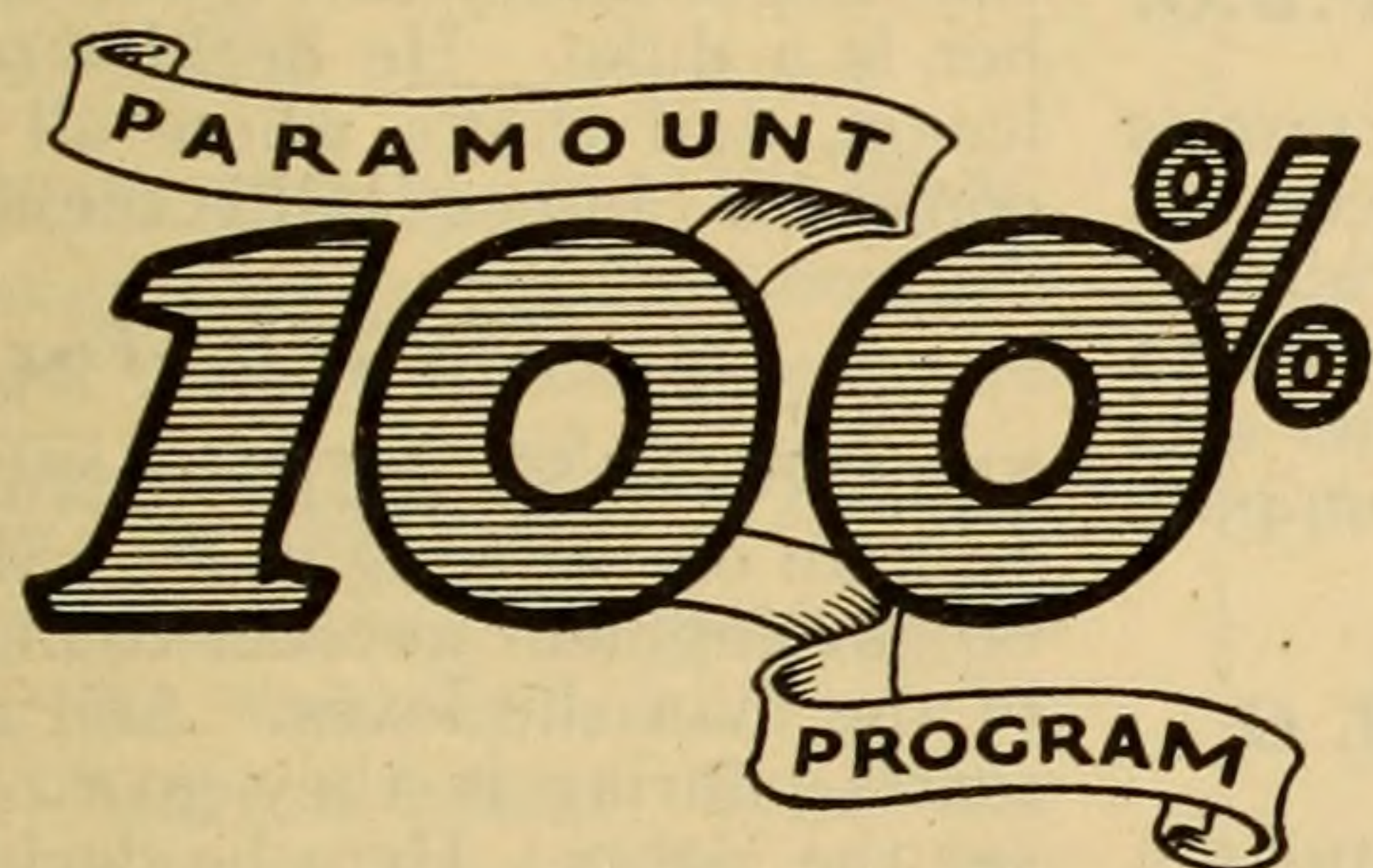
THIS is the silliest vehicle Raymond Griffith ever made. A real good idea is behind the plot, but through triple repetition it becomes tiresome and boring. Vera Veronina, an imported leading lady, is an attractive heroine. William Powell is very grand as the villain. Don't waste your time.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Paramount-Christie Comedies

Great news for movie fans who like their laughs long and loud! Christie Comedies are now released by Paramount! They will be available to more people than ever before! You will see them at theatres that play Paramount Pictures because Christie Comedies are

Now part of the great



FOR
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This is more than a commercial alliance. It is a meeting of ideals. For Paramount, foremost producer of feature length pictures, it means two reel comedies of the same high quality, the same unvarying standard as Paramount Pictures. For Christie, foremost producer of two reel comedies, it means greater and wider distribution. For you, it means that Christie Comedies will be better than ever, now that they are *Paramount-Christie Comedies*.

*See them at the
best theatres everywhere*

All Theatres that show the Paramount 100% Program show *Paramount-Christie Comedies* regularly and often. Ask your Theatre Manager when the next one is on the bill.

The
*Paramount-Christie
Family
of Fun Makers*



Bobby Vernon
in
"Short Socks"
with Frances Lee
and Eddie Baker.

Billy Dooley
in
"Row, Sailor,
Row"
with Vera Steadman.



Jimmie Adams
in
"Doctor Quack"
with Ethel Shannon and
Billy Engle.

Jack Duffy
featured in the
Christie Series.



Neal Burns
in
"French
Fried"
with Doris Dawson
and Sid Smith.

*Anne
Cornwall*
featured in the
Christie Series.





Good Morning!

ALERT—bright eyed—eager for the day's work—after a good night's rest! Her sleep is so much more refreshing since her bed was equipped with a

WAY Sagless Spring

"No Sag In Any WAY"

The lasting buoyancy, comfort, and restfulness of WAY Sagless Springs is the result WAY patented features. Be sure of the genuine—look for the red stripes.

Write for booklet of bedspring facts.

Way Sagless Spring Co.

866 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit

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New York City and Kansas City, Mo.

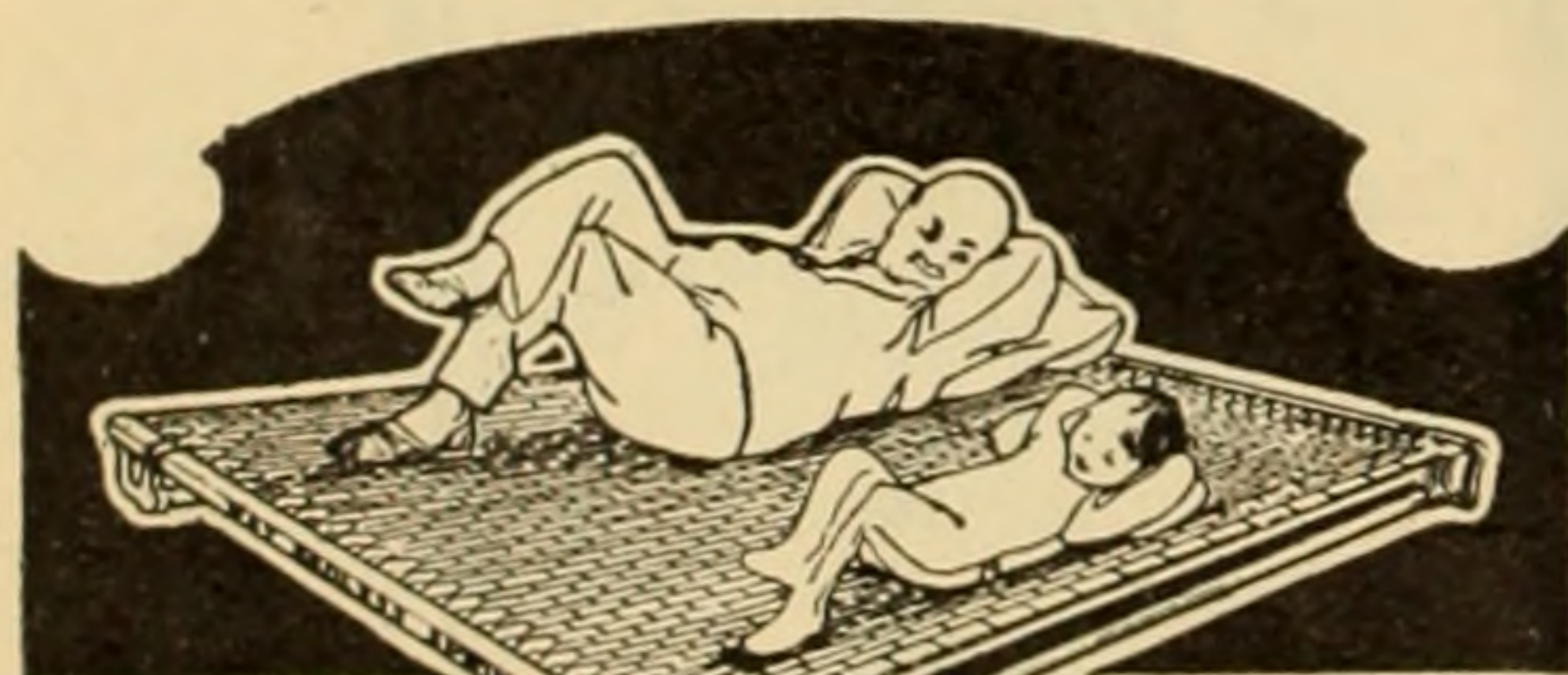
WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO., LTD., Toronto

PARKHILL BEDDING, LTD., Winnipeg

Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.

Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Roberti Bros., Los Angeles



Look for the
Red Stripes

Two types
cable and coil



The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

MOON OF ISRAEL—F. B. O.

A FOREIGN version of De Mille's famous "Ten Commandments." An ordinary picture dressed up in the spectacular class. The cast is composed entirely of foreign players, two of whom have reached our shores—Maria Corda and Arlette Marchall. Just another of those stupendous productions that haven't a redeeming feature.

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner Bros.

THE how, when, where and why of the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Vasquez falls into the hands of the villainous boss of the Chinese underworld. She prays to be saved from this beast, and presto! chango! comes the earthquake and she is saved. Dolores Costello stands around prettily letting Warner Oland, the late Charles Emmett Mack and Joseph Swickard run off with the acting honors. Give the little girl a hand, she's big-hearted without knowing it.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY—F. B. O.

THE usual flag waving that always proves to be a winner with most audiences. A series of bold and spectacular railroad robberies leads railroad mail officials to appeal to the U. S. Marines. A rather surprising twist to the plot saves this from pure hokum. The kiddies will like this.

THE BEAUTY PARLOR—F. B. O.

H. C. WITWER'S famous Cosmopolitan Magazine stories have reached the screen. And like the other famous series—"The Telephone Girl" and "The Adventures of Mazie"—these enjoyable two-

reelers are a scream from start to finish. Al Cooke, Kit Guard, Lorraine Eason, Thelma Hill and Danny O'Shea are also in the series. Don't miss them. Be sure to ask your theater manager to book them.

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

JEAN HERSHOLT adds another characterization to his list of successes. As the card-sharp masquerading under the guise of a psalm-singing deacon, Hersholt's characterization is amusing and convincing. And as the deacon he's always on the spot to help those in need—no one ever thinking for a moment that he is the famous card-sharp the police are looking for. This belongs on your "must" list.

RITZY—Paramount

ELINOR GLYN wrote this especially for Betty Bronson. And even though the story is very, very silly you'll find yourself chuckling many times. Betty's a debutante who decides she'll marry no one but an English duke. Little does she realize that the ordinary Mr. Smith who is courting her is a duke. He decides to teach her a lesson, and that's where all the nonsense comes in. James Hall is the hero.

SINGED—Fox

BLANCHE SWEET is a dance hall hostess in an oil booming town. She finances an oil development in order to make something of the man she loves. And after the gold starts pouring in they go to New York to see the sights. Here he decides to become a success socially and forgets all about "the gal who seen him through." But how he returns is for you to find out. It's good entertainment.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

It is a good thing to be "precious." Precious with yourself. Your body—and the soul within your body—are your highest and holiest possessions. They should not be disposed of in a light way—they should not be flung, slightly shop worn and soiled, upon life's bargain counter. They should be kept clean and fresh and pure—for some day you will meet a love to which you will want to respond beautifully. And when you meet that love you will be glad that you have dared, despite thoughtless and mistaken criticism, to be a puritan.

"What price virtue?" I have this month taken the phrase for the title of my article to you. And this is the answer:

Virtue has no price. When it can be purchased it ceases to be virtue. But, though it has no cash value, it is so costly a thing that a girl like Moira—owning it—has the right to be as proud as a young queen.

WONDERING: 1

The tone of your letter tells me that you are not in love with the young man to whom you are engaged. Indeed, I think that a girl of seventeen (who has been engaged since the age of fifteen) is much too young to enter into the responsibility of marriage—even when she is sure of herself. I think that you should finish high school before you make any decision—if the young man really

cares for you he will wait. If he will not wait it is better to know, now, his limitations.

GERTRUDE T.:

I am glad that you are following my prescription for popularity. I am sure that you will meet with success. With light brown hair, brown eyes and a tanned skin you can wear yellow, pink (a deep shade), jade green, crimson, peach, and orchid. Witch hazel is a good astringent.

SANDY:

You should weigh about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, at most. Do not worry if your weight is less.

NELL:

If you want light hair—and nature has bestowed dark hair upon you—there is only one thing to do. And that is—bleach! You will—if you study the advertising pages of this magazine—see the names of many reliable bleaches. However—be sure that you really want light hair before you change the color of your tresses. Nature, usually, knows best—and, after you have bleached your hair it will be a matter of months before you can change it back again to its former shade.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

MISS GWEN LEE of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization — to give her her full title—had two possessions, one, an asset, the other, a liability.

The first was an attractive new contract. The second was appendicitis for which the diagnosing surgeon said an immediate operation was necessary.

Gwen Lee knocked out a double. She signed the new contract just before she was put into the ambulance which was to carry her to the hospital for the operation.

Both the contract and the appendicitis are doing well. What price courage?

MR. DE MILLE, a little bird has told us, just purchased a divorce story entitled "On to Reno," from the inspired typewriter of Joseph A. Jackson, married two months ago to Ethel Shannon. All we ask you to do is to draw your own conclusions. And then keep them to yourself.

OVERHEARD in the M.-G.-M. Commissary during the time when a ten per cent salary cut threatened all studio employes and artists:

Enter a property man:

"I've gotta have three roast chickens for Mr. Conway's set."

"Aw! Have a heart! Times are hard," spoke up Lew Cody. "Can't you take one chicken and fricassee it and get by?"

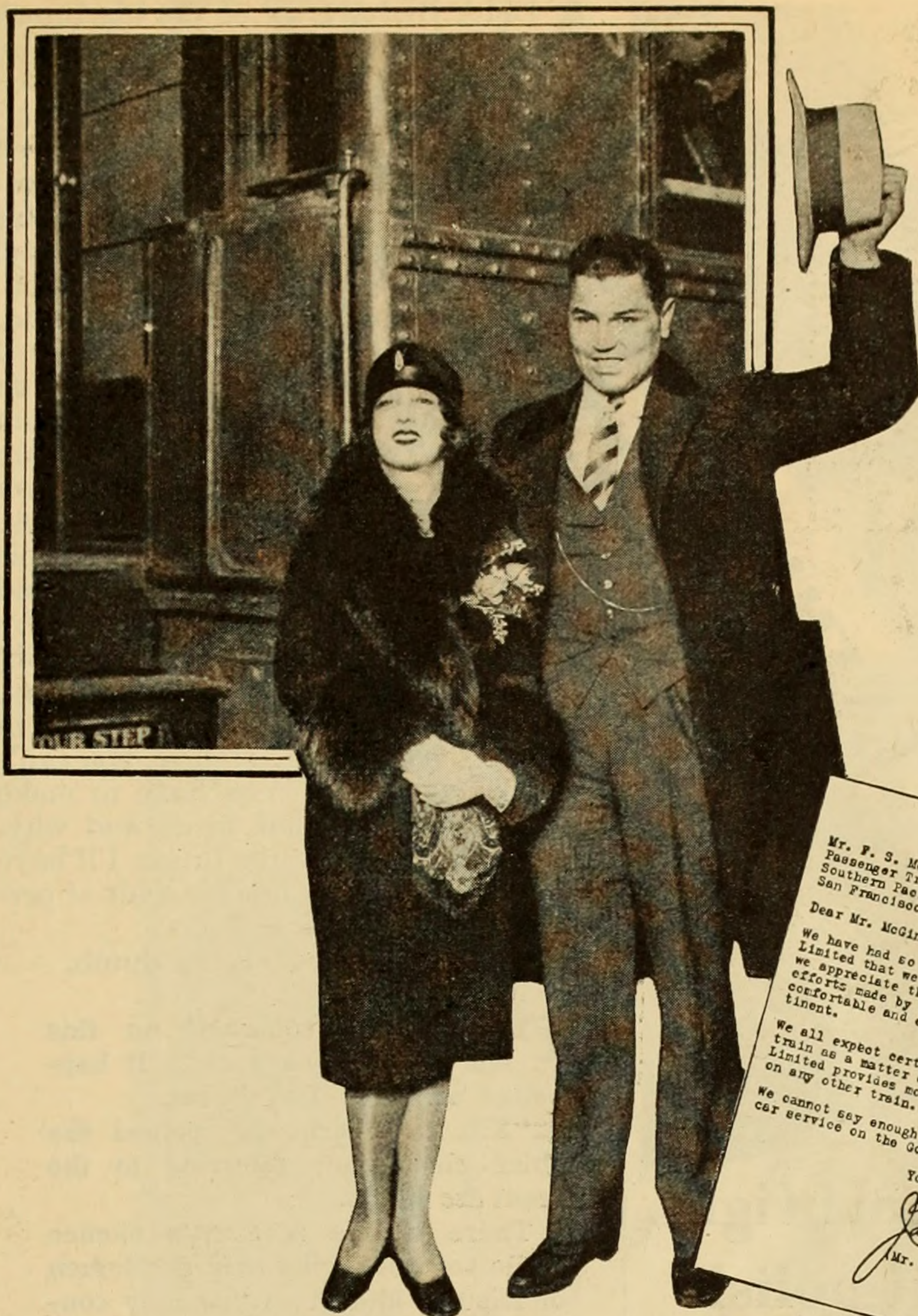
KEEP an eye on this association. I am. Something very splendid in the form of film entertainment should result from the announcement that Lois Weber is to direct Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway." Miss Weber gave us a new Billie Dove in "The Marriage Clause." And Leatrice certainly needs a good picture.

For your private information and don't you dare tell a soul, the story was written by a very clever woman, too—Leonore J. Coffee. Let's see what the ladies give us.

BOBBIIE VERNON entertained his grandfather, Captain Phillip Ahrens, the other day. That's not so important as from where the grandpop hails. The tiny Island of Amrum, children—run and get the atlas. It's the smallest of the Frisian Islands in the North Sea. He's a sweet old duck with flowing white beard and velvet beret.

HERE'S news. Ruth Boyd and very pretty, too, was rushed to the hospital because her appendix demanded an outing. And Ruth, we want you to know, was playing in "The Woman Who Did Not Care."

WE hope you won't think we are getting personal, but we want you to know that Wally Beery and Raymond Hatton wear asbestos underwear. They have to. But it's an occupational necessity. Playing around the flames of "Fireman, Save My Child" makes it necessary to thus protect their cuticle.



Mr. F. S. McGinnis,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Southern Pacific Lines,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. McGinnis:

We have had so many fine trips on the Golden State Limited that we think it is time we told you how we appreciate the many courtesies and the unusual efforts made by all of you in making for us these comfortable and enjoyable journeys across the continent.

We all expect certain things on a fine passenger train as a matter of course, but the Golden State Limited provides more than one ever expects to find on any other train.

We cannot say enough good things about the dining car service on the Golden State Limited.

Yours very truly,

Estelle Taylor
Jack Dempsey
(Mr. & Mrs. Jack Dempsey)

Famous People

—are enthusiastic in their endorsement of the smart Golden State Limited.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey command the best in transportation service. And they say of this 63-hour transcontinental flyer, "It's a great train."

Golden State Limited's faster schedule saves a business day between Chicago and Los Angeles. Busy, successful people in all walks of life prefer it, appreciate its deluxe equipment and famous dining service. The small extra fare aids this great train's appeal.

You ride with famous people when you "go Golden State." You will be delighted with every phase of your trip.

Golden State Limited

Southern Pacific

F. S. MCGINNIS, Passenger Traffic Manager
Southern Pacific Company
San Francisco, California

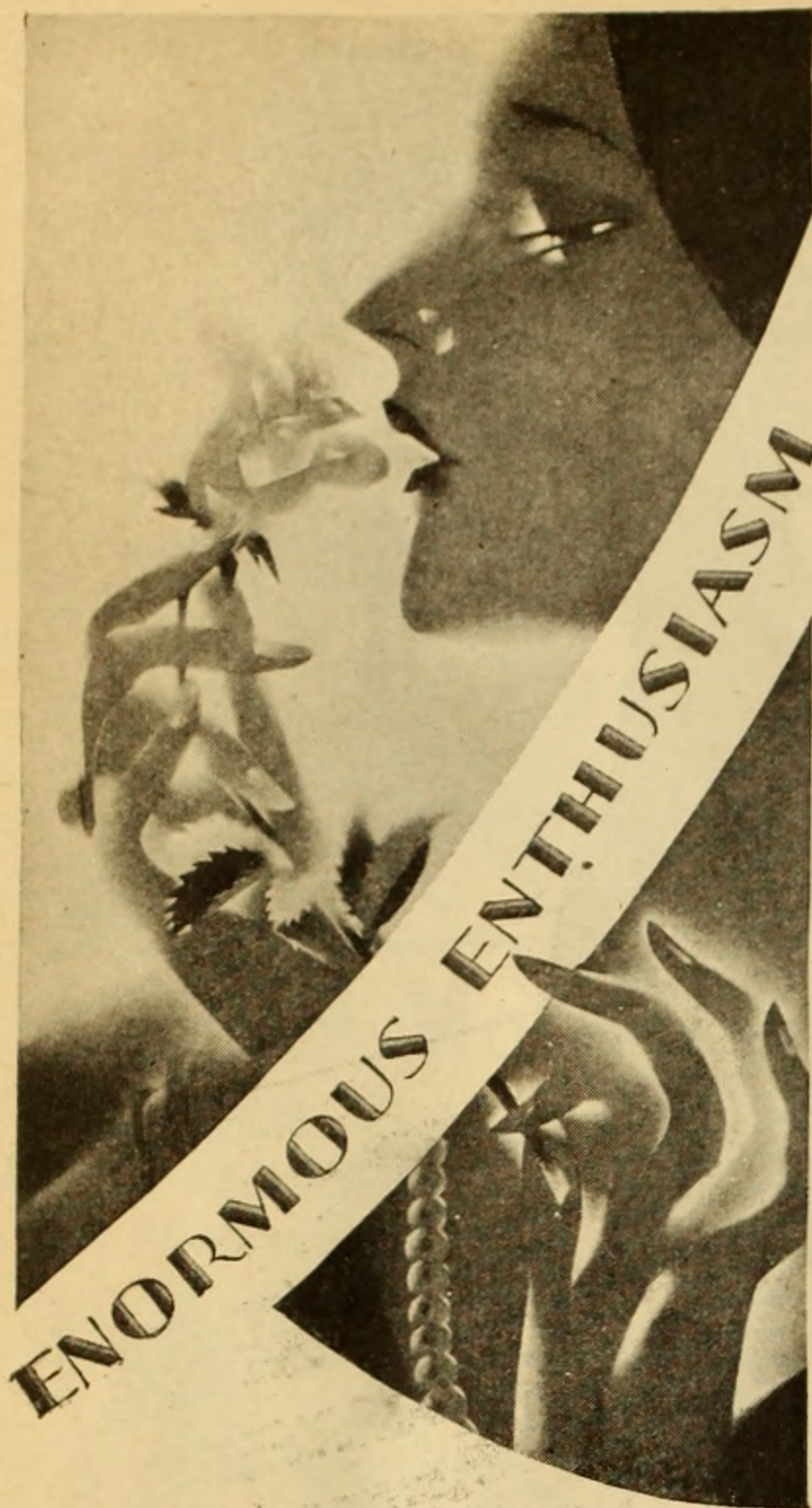


Rock Island

L. M. ALLEN, Vice-Pres. and
Pass. Traffic Mgr. Rock Island
Lines, Chicago, Illinois

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for this crystal bright, rose-lit nail polish

Finger tips rose starred with crystal brightness!

Tremendously smart is this Liquid Polish. Made by Cutex, who make the manicure preparations used by the most exquisite women. With it the finger tips keep their natural spangled brightness for a week or more. Neither salt seas nor humdrum dishpans will spoil its lustre.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a Natural Pink and a Deep Rose tint. A generous bottle only 35c—the Polish Remover is the same. The coupon and 10c bring you these samples.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

*Brighter and
more natural*



I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink Deep Rose Check your preference.
Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-9A
114 West 17th St., New York

ALMA BENNETT of the big brown eyes and beautiful legs recently signed a year's contract with Mack Sennett. And the thing that makes that news is that Alma has already played leads, and that she is not doing two-reelers now because she is getting a bit passe. Alma, with her youth and beauty, is just beginning. I asked her to explain.

"I'm studying technique," Alma said. "After 'Long Pants' I was offered leads, one in a dramatic picture. But on a full length picture you are away from the camera twice as much as you are before it. You may spend six months on a picture and do only two weeks' work. And I'm ambitious. Watch the people who have come out of the comedies and it's plain they all know what they're doing. The answer is that on a comedy lot when you work, you work, every day, scene after scene. With two weeks in which to shoot a whole picture, you can't fluff on your work. You have to make good. You learn what to do and why. A year here means in the future I'll have something to rely on besides a bit of personality and a good nose."

Verily, a beauty who is not dumb.

PERTINENT comment on this ten per cent wage cut. It happened on Billie Dove's set.

"Kill the overhead," yelled the chief electrician, referring to the great arc lights.

There was a moment's silence while several highly paid gentlemen of leisure, known as "comedy constructors" or gagmen, glanced idly at the ceiling.

Then a far voice called, "That means 'Fire the gagmen'!"

JUST wait till Mussolini hears about this. Arrived in Hollywood recently, Alberto Rabogliati, who had won a contest held to select Italy's most handsome man,

and Marcella Battellini, declared by many, including herself, to be Italy's most beautiful girl.

They came here to try to make their way in pictures, but when their ship docked at the harbor the only reception committee was composed of hard-boiled ship-news reporters to whom winners of beauty prizes give a severe pain in the neck.

LUTHER REED, that clever director, was attempting at length and in English to explain a bit of business to a Chinese on the "Shanghai Bound" set.

Richard Dix, whose picture it is, paused for a moment to listen in.

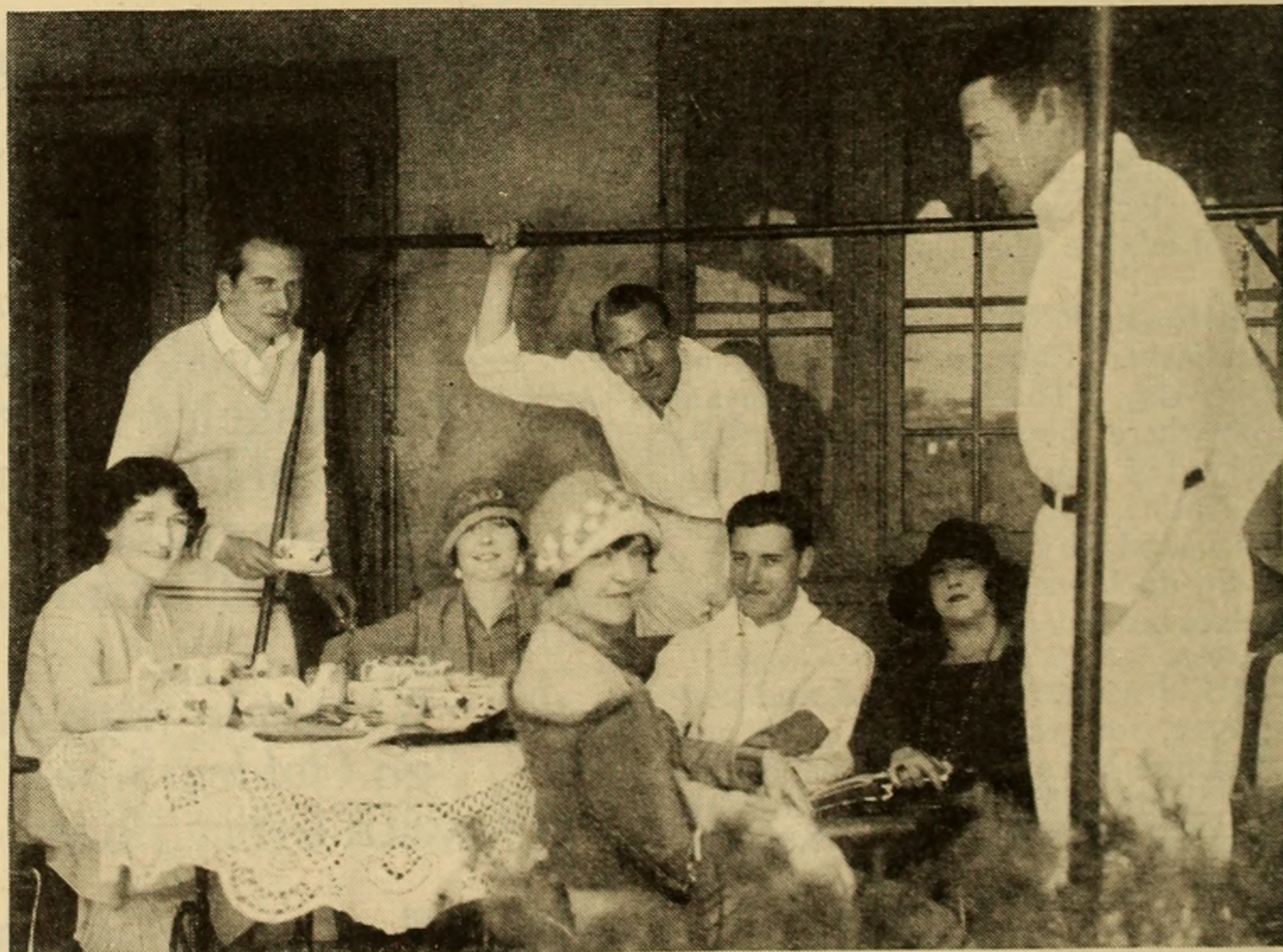
"You'd better give it up, Luther," he said finally. "He doesn't speak English. Only broken China."

And thereby won the Lasky loving cup for the best wisecrack of the month.

THE old map craze which the interior decorators started finds an ardent enthusiast in John Barrymore. Jack recently showed me through his new bungalow at United Artists'. It is exquisitely furnished with very rare antiques and old, old velvets and the soft yellow walls are literally covered with maps. Perfectly executed, done in oil paints of soft colors, I exclaimed over them, only to observe upon closer inspection that Jack had drawn them himself.

Long before the youngest Barrymore ever went on the stage he was an artist. He worked on several newspapers and magazines and the illustrations he did for the books of poetry by his wife, Michael Strange, excited the whole art world.

Now Jack uses his yacht for explorations. He maps them out carefully and upon his return the route of another voyage hangs from the walls. Not such a hard life these actors have, is it?



The sun never sets on England's afternoon teas. The members of Hollywood's English colony gather for the little ceremony. From left to right, they are: Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. Percy Marmont, Mrs. Brook's sister and Margaret Shute, an English writer. And see if you can find Phillip Strange, Percy Marmont, Ronald Colman and Clive Brook

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA, where so many of the stars live, and where everything is pure and good, except the drinking water, has had a lot to talk about lately.

No sooner had the Mayor, Will Rogers, come home from a hospital completely recovered from what looked at first like a serious illness, than his Chief of Police stationed armed guards about the hillside estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The Chief had heard rumors of a plot to kidnap Mary and hold her for ransom. Two years ago there was another plot to kidnap her as a result of which two men are now serving from ten years to life in San Quentin. This year's plot only got as far as the armed guards and they were soon withdrawn.

ANOTHER boost for Colonel Lindbergh, who bootlegged the Spirit of St. Louis to Paris, thereby defying tradition and the Eighteenth Amendment. Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation has dedicated to him, its epic of the air, "Wings."

THE college boy in the polka-dot tie was watching the toothpaste smile of Roy D'Arcy. Slowly he turned and addressed the co-ed by his side: "Four out of five suffer from this."

JUST think of all the things Colonel Lindbergh has named for him. Dresses, hairbobs, hats. Ain't it grand? And now comes Milton Sills, that amiable horticulturist, and names a new plant the "Lucky Lindbergh." And he Burbanked it with his own little hoe.

It's a tropical flowering creeper that grows higher and higher. And so does Lindbergh, but not by creeping.

MOST awed at "The King of Kings" opening to see Anna Q. Nilsson, furred in ermine and diamonds, escorted by six attentive swains. But overawed when I learned that each attentive swain had a cargo of hankies for Anna when she cried during the most poignant scenes.

At the "Seventh Heaven" opening she had only one swain, who brought only one hanky, and rumor has it, it took the next seven days for her Spanish shawl to dry out.

CONSIDER Harry Langdon's acquaintance. He's so thoughtful that he leaves his muffler on while dining so you can't hear him eat soup.

HERE'S an unusual type of gent to find around a motion picture studio. He's Jack Luden, recently made a western star by Paramount.

Jack says he's never been hungry or never been broke and he didn't have to buck the extra game.

The son of a wealthy candy manufacturer, he started out at Johns Hopkins to get a medical degree. After two years he changed his mind and tried a business career.

Then came a chance to enter the Paramount picture school and now look where he is.

But don't let this start you for Hollywood, for Jack is just one lucky lad out of ten thousand who aren't.

NEW! made like the
costliest French soap
• • but just 10¢



Cares for your skin the beauty-wise French way

YESTERDAY fifty cents or a dollar for fine French toilet soap—today the same luxury for just ten cents!

For Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

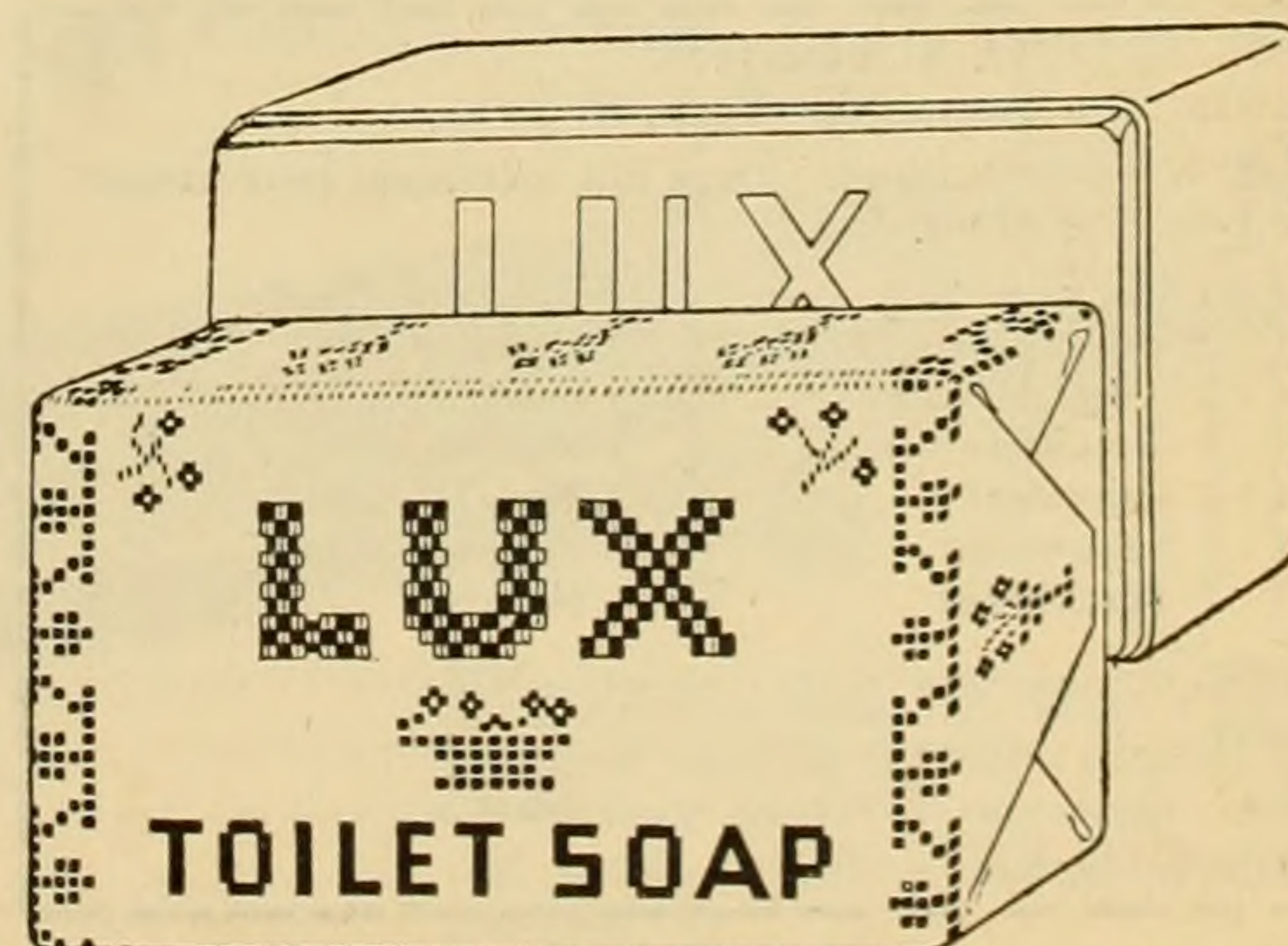
Beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be *smooth*, exquisite, for loveliness. Lux Toilet Soap tends

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Caressing abundant lather even in the hardest water! Firm, fine-textured, delicately fragrant, Lux Toilet Soap wears and wears to a last white wafer.

Made by the makers of your cherished Lux, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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RECLAIMING OUR BEAUTY!

TRAILING back from tennis courts, fairways, beaches and mountains, we come—brown as berries, dotted with freckles, tattooed by the sun with “V” necks and shoulder-lines!

To quickly reclaim our beauty, we of the chic world now turn post-haste to the foremost authority on facial care, **HELENA RUBINSTEIN**.

For after-summer use, this famous specialist has created gently effective creams and lotions. Not only do they clear the skin beautifully, but like all Rubinstein preparations, they counteract “*skin-fatigue*.”

ALL IMPORTANT FOR AFTER-SUMMER USE

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—cools, soothes—molds out “tired look”—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, or pimpled skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

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Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

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At the better stores—or order direct from Dept. P-9

Helena Rubinstein

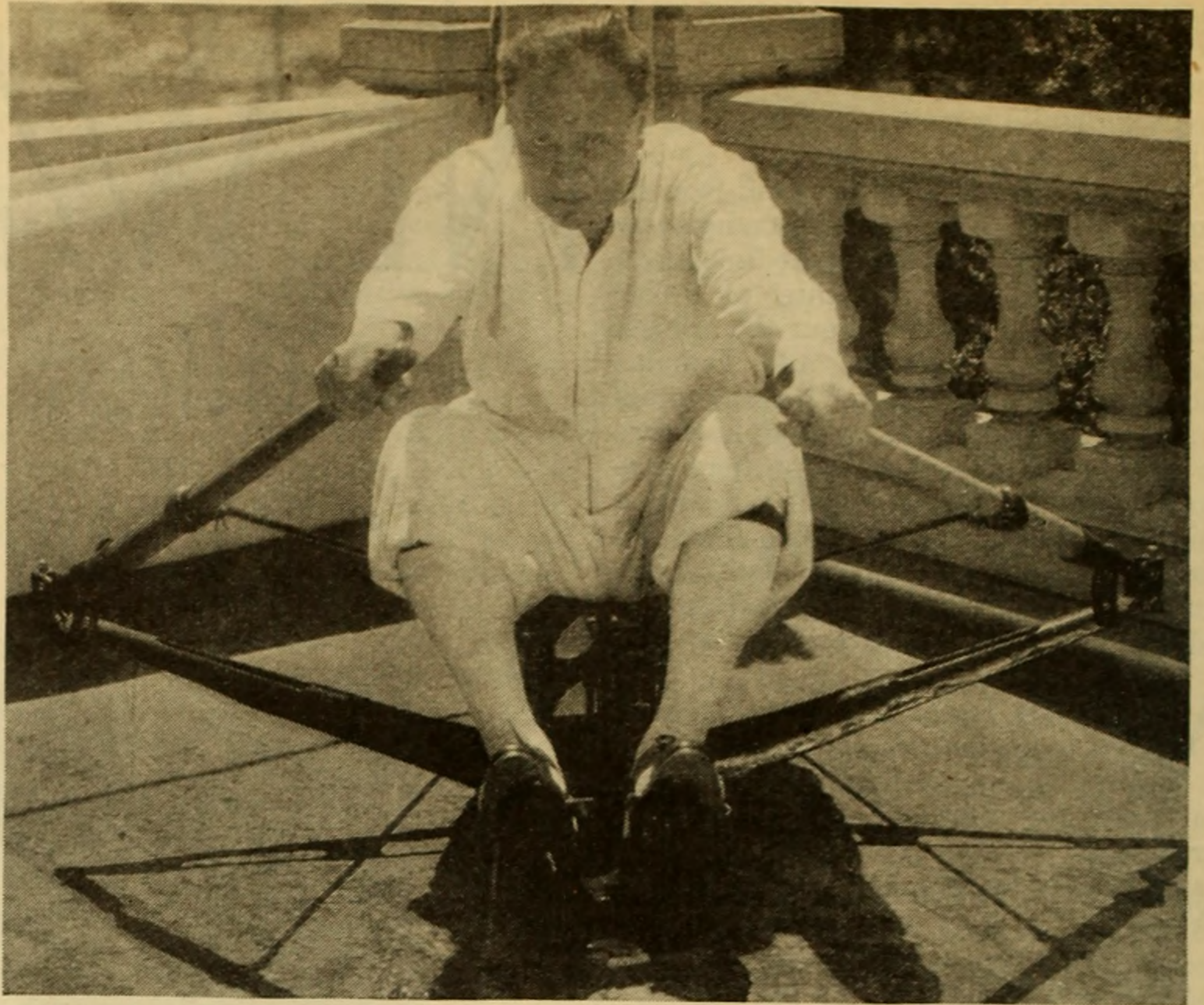
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Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Oily Skin	<input type="checkbox"/> Double Chin
<input type="checkbox"/> Average Skin	<input type="checkbox"/> Puffy Eyes
<input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles	<input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness
<input type="checkbox"/> Crowsfeet	<input type="checkbox"/> Tan, Freckles
<input type="checkbox"/> Sallowiness	<input type="checkbox"/> Pimples, Acne
<input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads	<input type="checkbox"/> Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....



Continuing the adventures of Emil Jannings in the Land of the Thin and the Home of the Dry. Mr. Jannings has this rowing machine installed on his porch and rows three miles a day, without ever getting anywhere. Art may be Art but a thin waistline means real money

IMAGINE George Fitzmaurice's surprise when, while casting his newest picture, “Rose of Monterey,” he found that out of twenty thousand women, young and old, registered at the Central Casting Bureau, there were only fifty with long hair. Fitz just had to have long haired girls for this early California story and what a tough time he had getting them.

ONLY the other day I heard of another discovery of Gloria Swanson's—no less than Madeline Hurlock.

It happened during the days when Madeline was an extra girl and Gloria a leading woman. Madeline of the beautiful face and figure was finding pay checks few and far between. She didn't make friends easily with the result that whenever she was called on a picture, she got the least attractive clothes from the wardrobe department and the poorest position in the extra crowds. Then one day she was selected for a De Mille picture in which she was to play a scene in which the leading lady figured. Gloria was a bit fussy and demanded that she see the girls chosen. Her eye lit on Madeline.

“Put that girl in the right clothes and do her hair correctly and you'll see a beauty,” pronounced Gloria, pointing her out to De Mille. The director ordered the girl brought forth. Gloria herself combed her hair, parting it down the center of her head and brushing it softly over the ears. Then she ordered for Madeline one of her old dresses. Thus began a friendship and a Sennett beauty's career, and, incidentally, Madeline still wears her hair the way Gloria recommended.

DRIPPED over to see Milton Sills making “Roughhouse Haggerty” at First National.

And there was Arthur Stone, the comedian, enjoying a day off by hanging around the set.

Just can't seem to keep away from the studio.

DEBATE between young Garrett Fort, the scenario writer, and Jack Warner, of the Hollywood Warners, doncha know, as to whether Fort should write at the studio or at home.

“I can't work in a studio,” Fort said. “I've always done my writing at home. Studio atmosphere cramps my creative style.”

“Listen,” Jack replied. “The equipment on this lot cost me a million dollars. The studio buildings cost two million. That's more than the White House cost—and the President works there.”

The third office to the left bears Garrett's name.

MMARRYING in haste and repenting Mat leisure is the latest privilege to be taken away from the citizens of California.

A state law, which has just gone into effect, provides that no marriage license shall be issued unless Romeo and Juliet are perfectly sober at the time they apply for it, and, that even if one be issued, it can not be used for three days.

The law puts another brake on impetuous marriages by providing that the application for a license shall be made public—this to give anybody who has a right to say “nay” to say the same before the license is used.

In Hollywood, opinion is divided as to whether the three-day period, which is supposed to be devoted to thinking it over, is too long or too short.

I WAS standing on the set at Paramount talking to Richard Dix when we were all startled by a pistol shot on the next set.

Up went the top man's hands and he yelled:

"Don't shoot! I've never even met your wife."

A SMART title from "The Callahans and the Murphys" which must be repeated.

Eddie Cribbon, the night watchman, son of Mrs. Callahan (Marie Dressler), departs for his nocturnal duties. As he leaves the doorway, a potted geranium meets his head, suddenly, having toppled from an upper floor. He grimaces.

Polly Moran as Mrs. Murphy, in a huff against the Callahan clan, sees it and yells:

"Look at that face! No wonder he works at night!"

HOW'S this for realism in pictures? Marguerita Fischer—she returns to the screen to do the celebrated ice cake-walk in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—was telling me about it. They were locationing on the Mississippi River, before it got rampant, and came upon an old darky, a perfect type. After much inducement she consented to appear in a scene.

It was a slave market scene, an exact reproduction of pre-war days. There was the block, the cowering negroes, the auctioneer. One wavering look and the aged negress sank to her knees, whimpering. She thought slavery had returned.

THEY tell it of a certain elderly actor, now reformed by grace of some loyal soul, who loved his toddy too well and not too wisely.

"Whenever you feel the desire to drink," cautioned his doctor, "eat something."

Shortly he went on a road tour. He was reading his Gideon in his room on the first night, when the sound of a shot flared forth. Hastening to the transom he peered over, to find a woman stretched out dead, the revolver smoking.

At that moment another shot rang out and he ran to the other transom. A man lay dead, with smoking gun.

The actor ran to the 'phone:

"Hello, hello. Clerk? Hurry to the fourth floor. Two people have committed suicide. And rush up an order of scrambled eggs, will you?"

GEORGE JESSEL says he was sitting behind a girl at a preview when she leaned over and said to her boy friend:

"Bill, somebody is fooling with my knee."

"It's me, kid," Bill told her, "and I'm not fooling."

IARRIVED on "The Life of Riley" set the other day just in time to see a pretty reunion. Charlie Murray and William Beaudine, the director, were slapping each other on the back. The convivial exercises, I soon gathered, were because Charlie and Bill had not been professionally associated since 1911, when Beaudine was property assistant and Murray, fresh from vaudeville triumphs, made his first picture.

SPEED . . . dust . . . wind. A hat blown suddenly away. Disheveled, warm, dusty—*beauty on trial*. Then—a dazzling smile. Flash of sparkling teeth. Natural loveliness victorious in . . . THE SMILE TEST. *Could you pass it now?*



What men ask of a Woman's Smile:

SOON or late every woman must meet this test. A time when no beauty-aid will suffice—*when natural beauty alone will be judged.*

A smile will win—or lose—the verdict. Men depend upon it for the truth about beauty. And the secret of a lovely smile is very simple.

It depends upon teeth so bright and clean they sparkle. This is the one attribute of natural beauty which anyone can possess. Nothing can conceal its lack. No artifices or aids can make up for not having it.

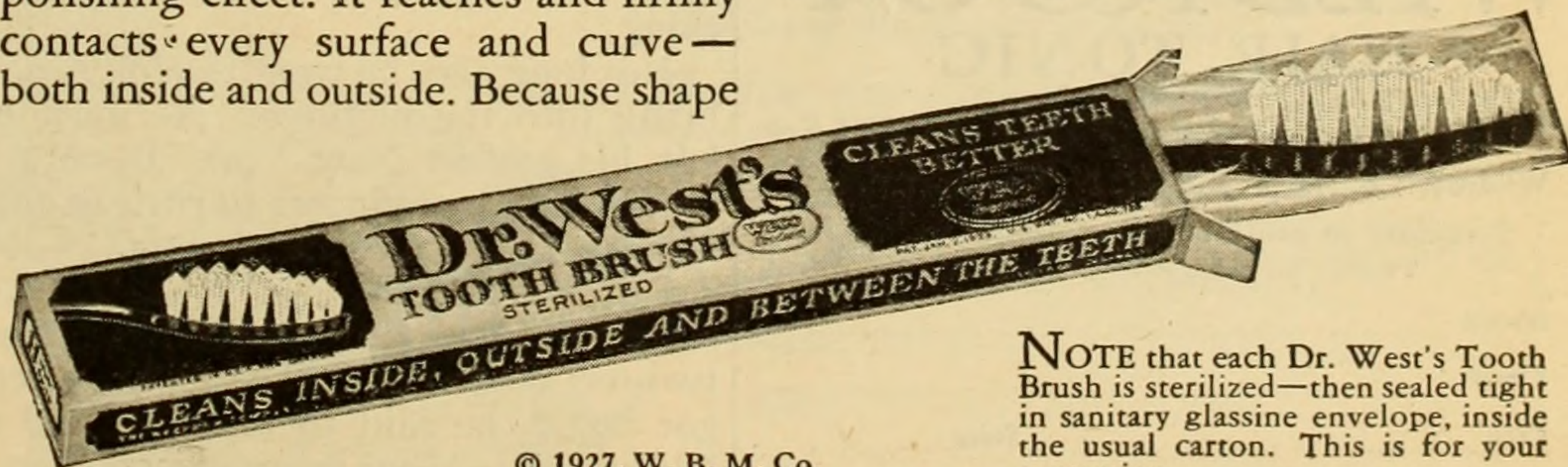
FOUR minutes a day will bring this natural loveliness. Brush away from the gums, always. Two minutes, morning and evening, with Dr. West's Tooth Brush, which polishes as it cleans.

This famous brush makes proper brushing easy. And adds the unique polishing effect. It reaches and firmly contacts every surface and curve—both inside and outside. Because shape

and size are scientifically determined to modern dental specifications. Tufts, wide-spaced and well-pointed, thoroughly penetrate every space between the teeth. And the sloping, tuftless end slips easily between cheek and jaw to clean the teeth farthest back—*usually neglected*. The special polishing bristles remain erect—hence *clean thoroughly and polish as they clean!*

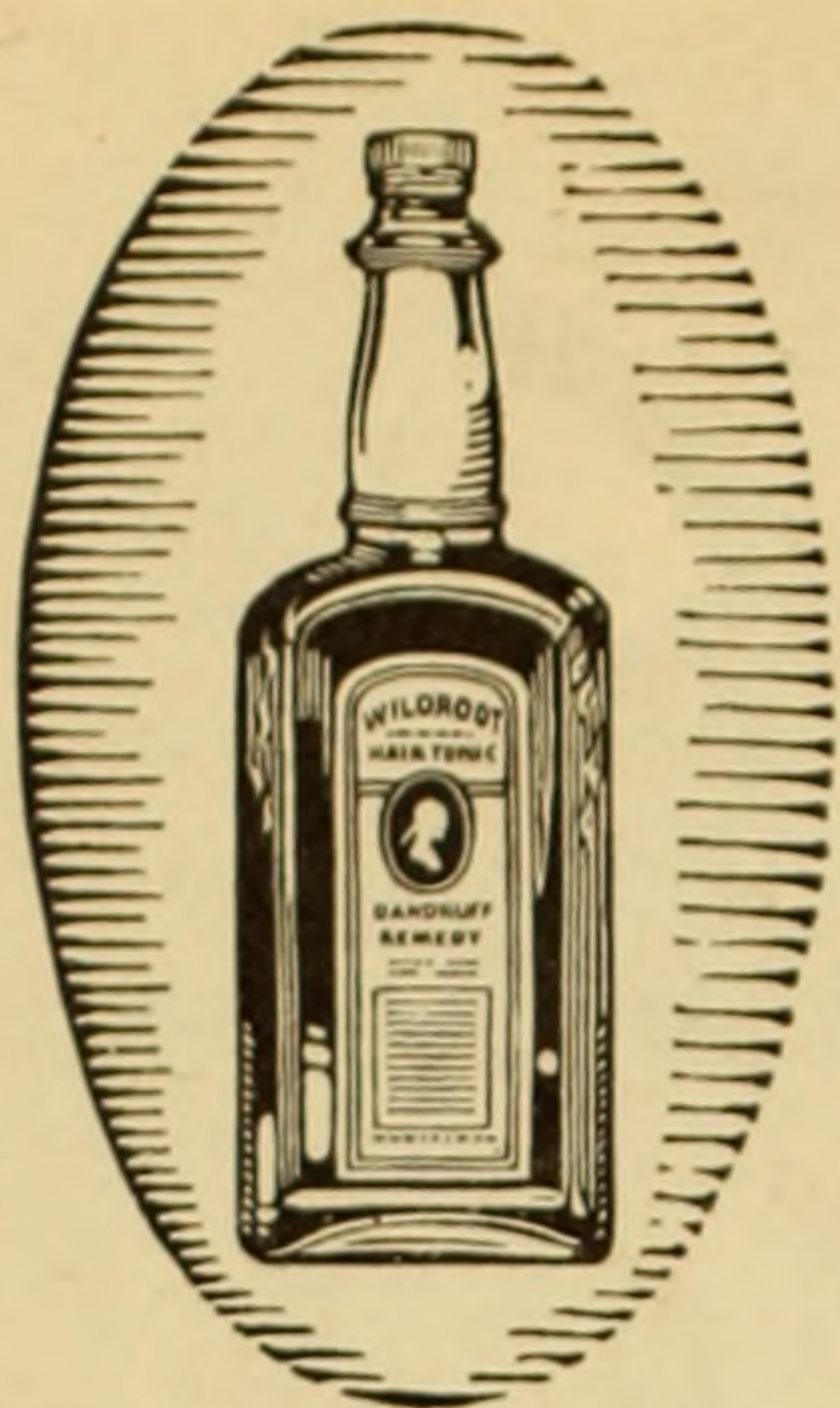
Never try to wear out your Dr. West's brush. It is amazingly durable, and may look serviceable after the peculiar polishing ability is impaired. Dentists usually change their own Dr. West's monthly. The cost of being sure is *little*; the benefits surprisingly *great!*

Better get new ones, for all the family, today. At any drug store or department store. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. *You will be able to see and judge results, quickly.*



NOTE that each Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized—then sealed tight in sanitary glassine envelope, inside the usual carton. This is for your protection.

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even IF
you have
escaped
DANDRUFF
... so far

NO scalp is safe from the dandruff germ. Your brush and comb—the dust-laden air itself—all carry this menace to the beauty of your hair.

Take this wise precaution . . . rub Wildroot into the roots of your hair several times a week. For Wildroot not only removes dandruff, but prevents it—by killing the germ and by keeping your scalp clean and healthy. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and lustrous.

Get a bottle from your druggist today—and begin this preventive treatment. Whenever you go to the barber or hairdresser, always ask for a Wildroot treatment.



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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

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ANOTHER reunion in the commissary at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the other day. Kate Price and Flora Finch met over the pineapple and cottage cheese salads. Nothing unusual in that, but the fact that they both were dear old John Bunny's leading ladies in the distant Vitagraph days, and their luncheon was peppered with reminiscences.

DOROTHY MACKAILL is playing a cosmetic cutie in "The Road to Romance." That's First National's saga of the traveling salesman. And Jack Mulhall is the knight of the satchel. But what we started to say was that Dorothy told us sweetly, but firmly, that she was *not* spending a week in the cosmetic department of a downtown drug store, nor was she seeking the advice of her favorite manicurist on the home life of the lipstick.

tures at more salary than I ever got on the stage."

"Great!" said his wife.

She would have said much more had he told her why he had been engaged. For she hates the kind of stories he used to tell and had made him promise he would tell no more.

And the producer who had engaged him had said: "All you'll have to do to earn your salary is to tell my writers and directors all of those old stories of yours you can remember. They all have a point. We'll clean 'em up and make comedies of 'em."

A COMPLETE little film citadel is what Cecil B. De Mille plans, in-violate from attacks of raw stock hold-up men, projection machine pirates and vaudeville high-jackers. Announcement of his alliance with the Pathe-Dupont and

Answers to Movie Who's Who

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Lew Cody | 16. Edwin Carewe and Rupert Julian |
| 2. Gilda Gray | 17. Nita Naldi |
| 3. Gilbert Roland and Barry Norton | 18. Mack Sennett |
| 4. Joan Crawford | 19. Dorothy Phillips |
| 5. Bobby Vernon | 20. Ruth Roland will be Mrs. Bardson Bard |
| 6. Farina | 21. As Evelyn Brent |
| 7. Bob Custer | 22. Don Alvarado |
| 8. Astor combined with the given name of Mary | 23. James Kirkwood's wife, Lila Lee |
| 9. Cleve Moore's little sister, Colleen | 24. Paramount's pet, Richard Dix |
| 10. Donald Reed | 25. She's Shirley Mason |
| 11. Claire Windsor | 26. Sally Phipps |
| 12. Creighton Hale | 27. Hedda Hopper, one of the wives of DeWolf Hopper |
| 13. Billie Dove | 28. Stuart Holmes |
| 14. It's Talmadge. He is Richard Talmadge | 29. Betty Jewel |
| 15. Mary Pickford, of course | 30. Ricardo Cortez |

Truly, we would murmur, this is the day of wonders.

THEY tell it on the Boulevard. A man bought an evening paper and read this heading: **Chaplin Charges Wife with Two Love Affairs.**

"Always was stingy," murmured the man as he walked up Cahuenga Street.

AND, talking about two-reel comedies—

There used to be a Broadway actor who never had set any rivers on fire with his acting, but whose ability to tell improper stories had caused oceans of mirth among those of his friends who liked that sort of thing.

Not long ago, he went to Hollywood to break into the pictures. He must have left his axe in New York, because the failure of the producers to rush to engage him was practically unanimous.

But, at last, he got a call from the studio of a prominent manufacturer of two-reel comedies. That night, when he got home, he said to his wife, and said truthfully: "I've been engaged for pic-

Pathex interests, manufacturers of raw film, cameras and home projectors, came out at the recent De Mille-Pathe-P. D. C. Convention. Already aligned with the Keith-Albee, Orpheum, B. S. Moss and Proctor theater circuits, De Mille has what is apparently a powerful defensive and offensive position in the film field.

We shall see what he does with it.

DE MILLE will film "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and Norman Kerry arises to announce that he will positively not play the title rôle.

ANOTHER peep at the bar room scene of "The Trail of '98" before we hic-ippity hop along. There was a conspicuous lack of alacrity among the drinkers.

"Come on, boys! Make it snappy!" yelled Charles Dorian, the assistant director.

Still the action lacked spontaneity.

"Drinks are on the house, boys!"

There was an instantaneous gulp, as twoscore Adam's apples moved as one.

CONSIDER well the slightly be-ginned individual who ambled up to the wax usher guarding a corner of Grau-

man's new Chinese theater. Sid has a lot of those immobile figures, in 'broidered mandarin coats and panties, stuck in nooks and crannies. One, a gay dog with silken mustache, smokes a perpetual cigarette from which incense curls.

The slightly be-ginned individual, so the story goes, presented his ticket to the lay figure. Nothing happened. Nothing should.

Waiting several pregnant minutes, he wandered off, muttering:

"Thish ish, indeed, shilent drama!"

AFTER the producers' abortive attempts to reduce production costs by the ten per cent wage slash route they are turning their attention to other means toward the same end.

A casting director at one of the poverty-row studios says he was ordered to procure six actors to go on a short location trip.

"And, see if you can't get all six of them with dyspepsia so they won't eat so much," the quickie producer ordered.

"**O**H, Mr. Love! I'm so happy!" cooed the blonde extra girl.

"And what about?" resolutely queried our hero, Montagu Love.

"They've sent for me over at Lasky's to play the lead in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.'"

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes! And I have to go over and see the woman who wrote it. . . . Laura Lee, you know."

And Monty swears that it is true.

No wonder Anita Loos, authoress of the satire, prefers New York to Hollywood. And allows her gold-digging character, Lorelei Lee, to mine only in urban communities.

YOU'VE heard of "golf widows," haven't you? And so, gentle reader, have we. Here's the Hollywood equivalent of that sad summer bereavement.

"Preview widows" they are called. Lone, lorn *hausfraus*, left at home with the knitting and the Pekinese while hubby (either a director, star, scenarist or title writer) goes, he vows, to a pre-release showing of his latest effort in gelatin.

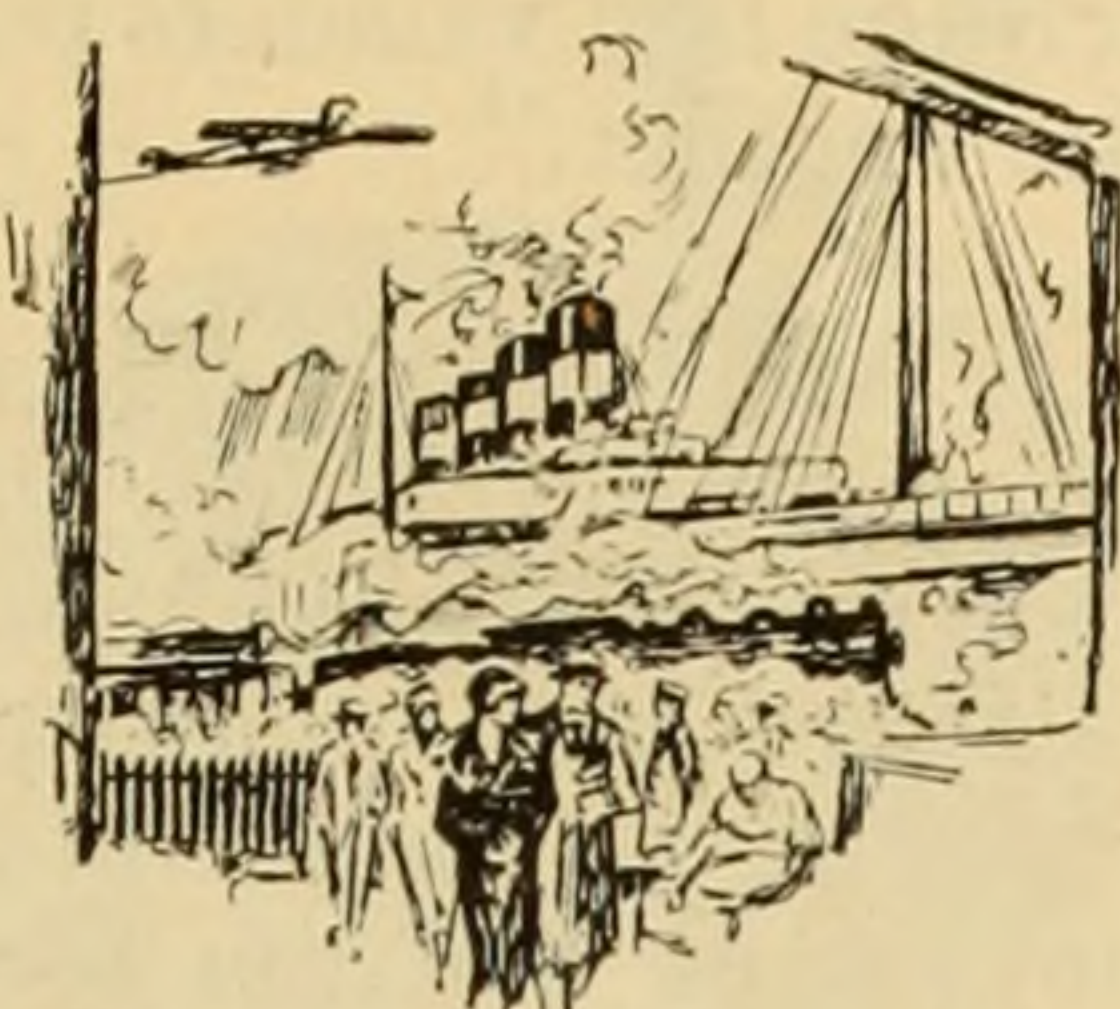
"**C**HUCK" Reisner's favorite story is of a lynching in Arkansas.

"Have you got anything to say, before we start pulling on this rope?" the leader of the lynchers demanded.

"Well, all Ah gotta say, boss," the negro replied, "is that you all is about to kill the bes' bull fiddle playah in this heah county."

GEORGE YOUNG, who rode from Toronto to Hollywood on a motorcycle and who then rested by swimming the Catalina Channel, is again in Hollywood to do some picture work. With him is his chum, Wallace Sanders, son of a prominent club woman of Denver and himself an expert swimmer and diver whom the Hollywood Athletic Club regards as Olympic material.

The other day, when they weren't needed at the studio and time hung heavy on their hands, George Young came to the front with a brilliant idea.



Resinol Soap for the woman who travels

gives a sense of exquisite cleanliness, while its Resinol properties protect the skin against dryness and roughness.

YOU are thrilled at the thought of the coming trip. For weeks—perhaps months—you have been studying maps and schedules. Gowns, hats and all the accessories have been selected carefully to make you look your best on all occasions, but how have you planned to protect your skin in the strenuous days to come? There is no space to give to an array of cosmetics, and no time to use them if she had them so the experienced traveller safeguards her skin with a product that will meet all the requirements for thorough, yet quick and gentle cleansing. She is wise when she selects Resinol Soap because—

It quickly yields a rich sparkling lather in practically all kinds of water, thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, and rinses easily.

It gives a delightful feeling of cool and refreshing cleanliness, because of its distinctive Resinol fragrance.

But, most important of all, it contains the specific Resinol ingredients so favorably known through the other Resinol products—those ingredients which soothe the skin under all conditions, protect its natural oil, and keep it soft and velvety.

All druggists and toilet goods counters sell Resinol Soap. Buy a cake today—try it a week, and you will want to enjoy it always whether at home or abroad.

For the annoying little blemishes which sometimes mar the complexion use a touch of Resinol. This ointment has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years in the successful treatment of various skin disorders. Excellent for sunburn and chafing.

Prove these statements. Send 10c with the coupon below for the new and larger size samples of the Resinol products.

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For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

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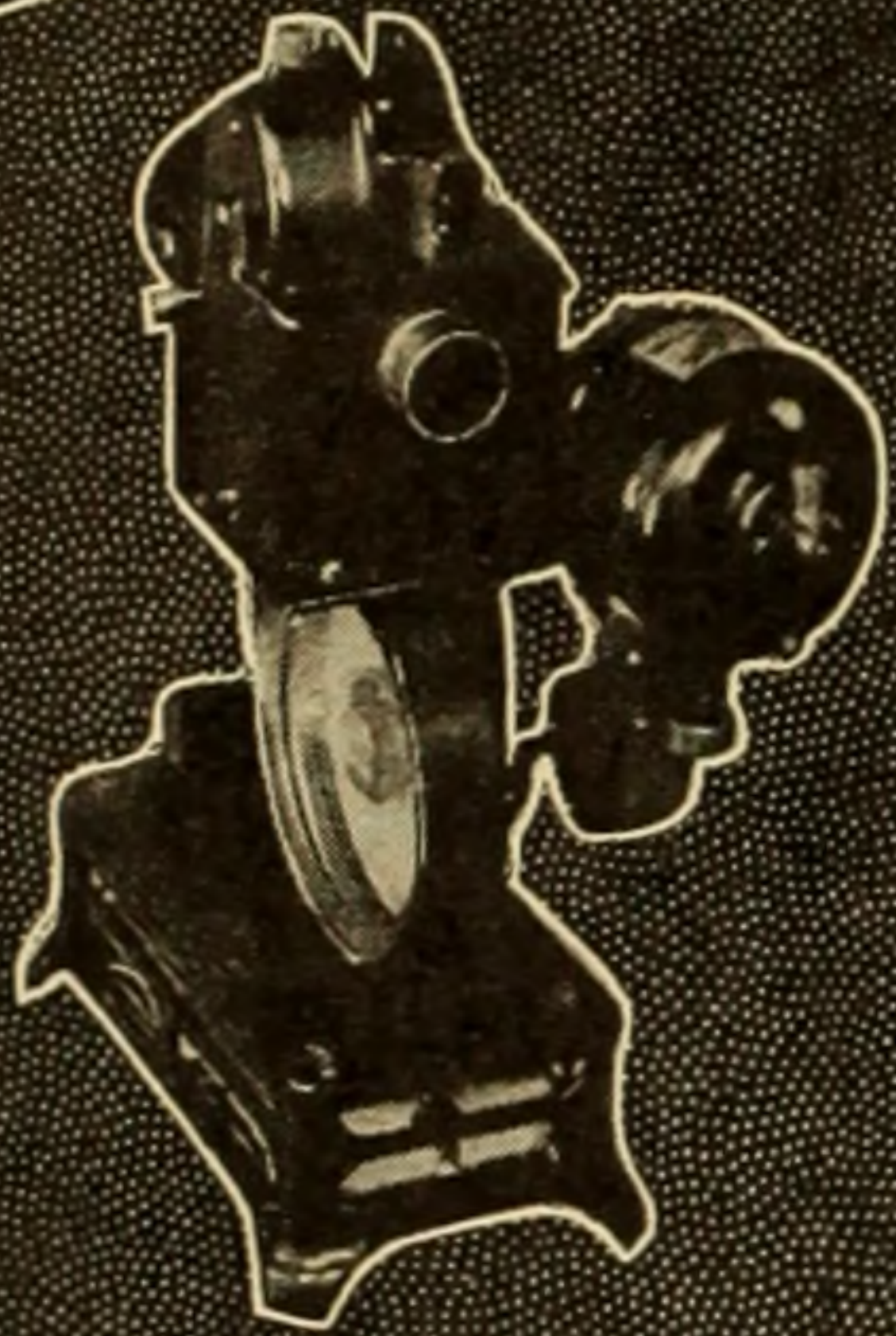
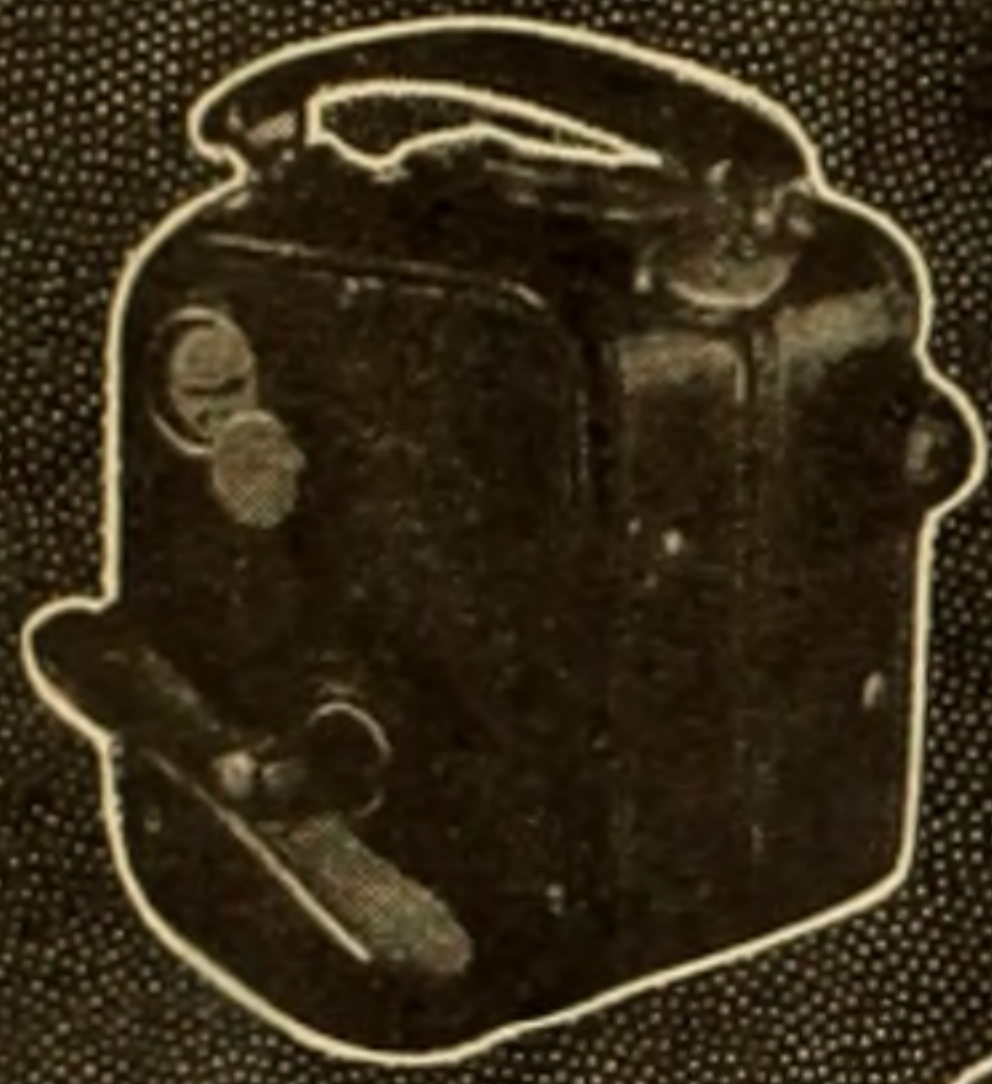
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"Tell you what let's do for a change," said he, "let's go down to the beach and look at the people swimming."

IT'S a question in itself whether the tremendously popular "Ask Me Another" book is screen fodder, but Maxwell Shane and Ralph Staub, local boy wonders, thought enough of it to wire the publishing company for the price of its screen rights.

The publishing company's answer slammed back: "Ten thousand dollars." To which the boy wonders replied: "Ask me another."

OVERHEARD on the "Man Power" location at Malone Dam, near Sonoma, where Richard Dix made his last picture. There was mud, mud, mud everywhere. Never so much mud.

"So they want a name for this here opus?" spat a carpenter, scooping a handful of slimy ooze from his ear. "Well, I got it. Her name is Mud."

RAN across Claire Windsor the other day. She grows more astoundingly beautiful every time I see her. Her hair was softly curled, her gown was velvet and cream lace, a period frock for the historical picture she is doing with Col. Tim McCoy.

"It's lovely," I murmured.

"Because you don't have to wear it," she said, patting her eighteen inch waistline. "It's so tight I can't even drink water."

Being a young lady of fashion in grandmother's day must have cramped one's style and esophagus.

THE "breaks" come in many ways in the movie game.

Take the case of two girls in a most important studio, who must be nameless. They both started at about the same time. They both had an equal amount of

good fortune. The one has great beauty and sex appeal. The other has astonishing emotional ability. Each got her share of good pictures.

But here's the joker. The one is earning \$350 a week, the other \$1,500. The actress is getting the \$350, the beautiful young clothes horse the \$1,500 and here is where the break comes in.

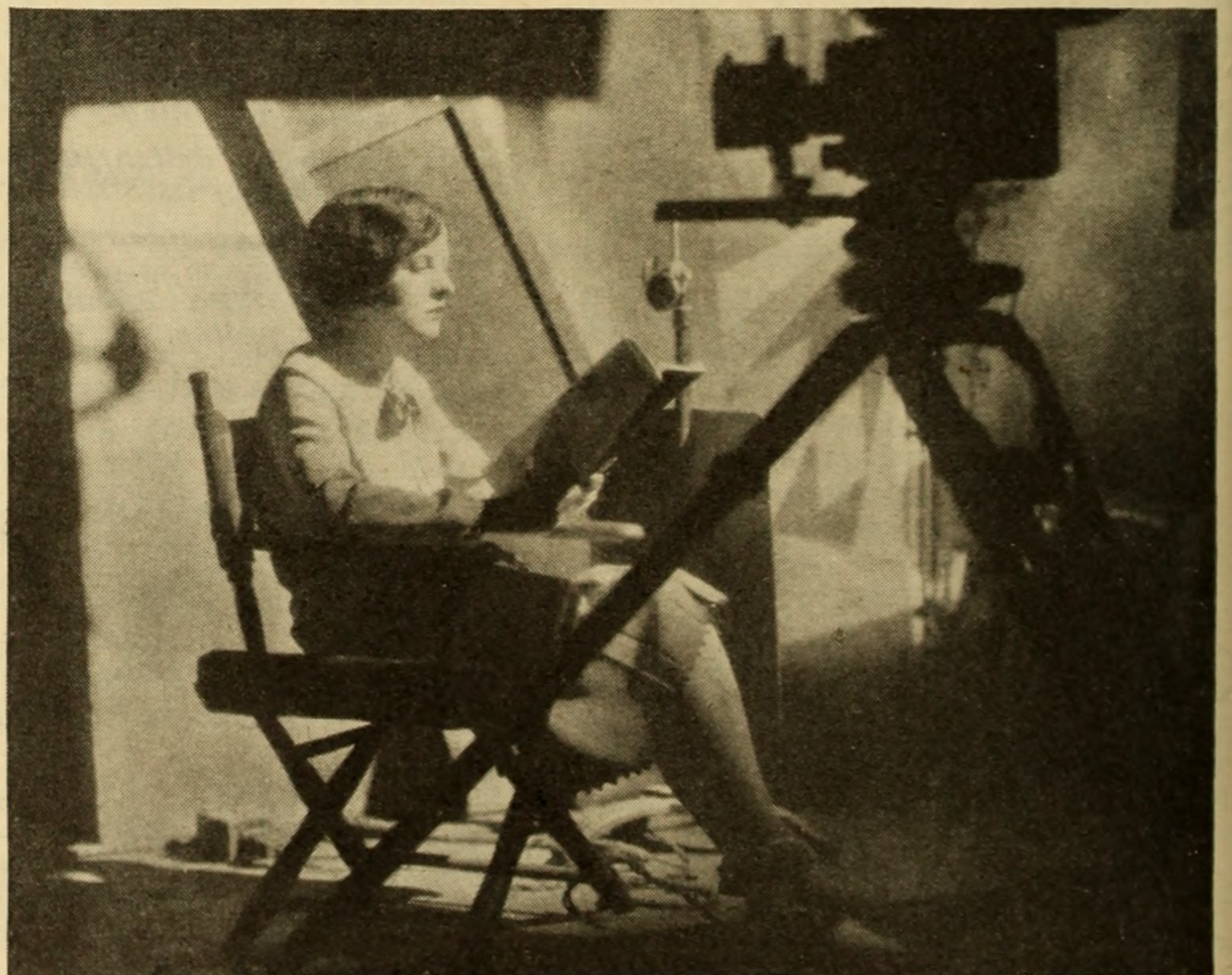
The little clothes horse was between pictures. Another company wanted her for a most important Western. She was getting \$250 a week at the time and they offered \$500 if they could borrow her. At the same moment a second company found she was ideally suited to a rôle they had and offered \$700. A third began bidding and raised it to \$900. Her own company, hit with panic, offered her \$1,000. The other companies bid some more and the starlet finally compromised with her own organization for a mere \$1,500.

All the other girl can do is take refuge in her fine press notices.

AFTER a comprehensive investigation we are glad to report that Betty is the Christian name most popular among the Hollywood extra girls. It is reported, by our unofficial ambassador, that Lloyd Hughes stood at one end of the "American Beauty" set and yelled "Betty" wherein twenty-three Bettys galloped forward.

Feeling thus rewarded for his vocal efforts, Lloyd cried "Peggy," in stentorian voice, and up loped nineteen Peggys. Draping the Bettys and Peggys about in true sultan formation, our correspondent amiably reports that Lloyd yodelled "Jerry," whereupon fourteen Jerrys hopped to the foreground. Encouraged beyond all human discretion, Lloyd broadcast an S. O. S. for "Bobby" and nine marched forth.

After which our unofficial ambassador wandered over to watch Billie Dove apply her make-up, and the score was lost.



Just an informal studio photograph, but it looks like a futuristic painting. It's a nice study, too, in lights and shades. May McAvoy is the girl

"MOTHER" ROSSON who gave six children to motion pictures, and whose faith and great heart spurred many an extra to starry heights, is gone. Not content with mothering her boys, Art and Dick and Hal, the first two directors and one a cameraman, and her actress daughters, "Mother" Rosson's house was sanctuary for many a weary and discouraged player. Flowers, great masses of them, spoke mutely of unforgetting gratitude.

ADD to the discomforts of stardom. Warner Oland, he of the sleek black locks, suffered a permanent wave so he could play "sympathetic" rôles.

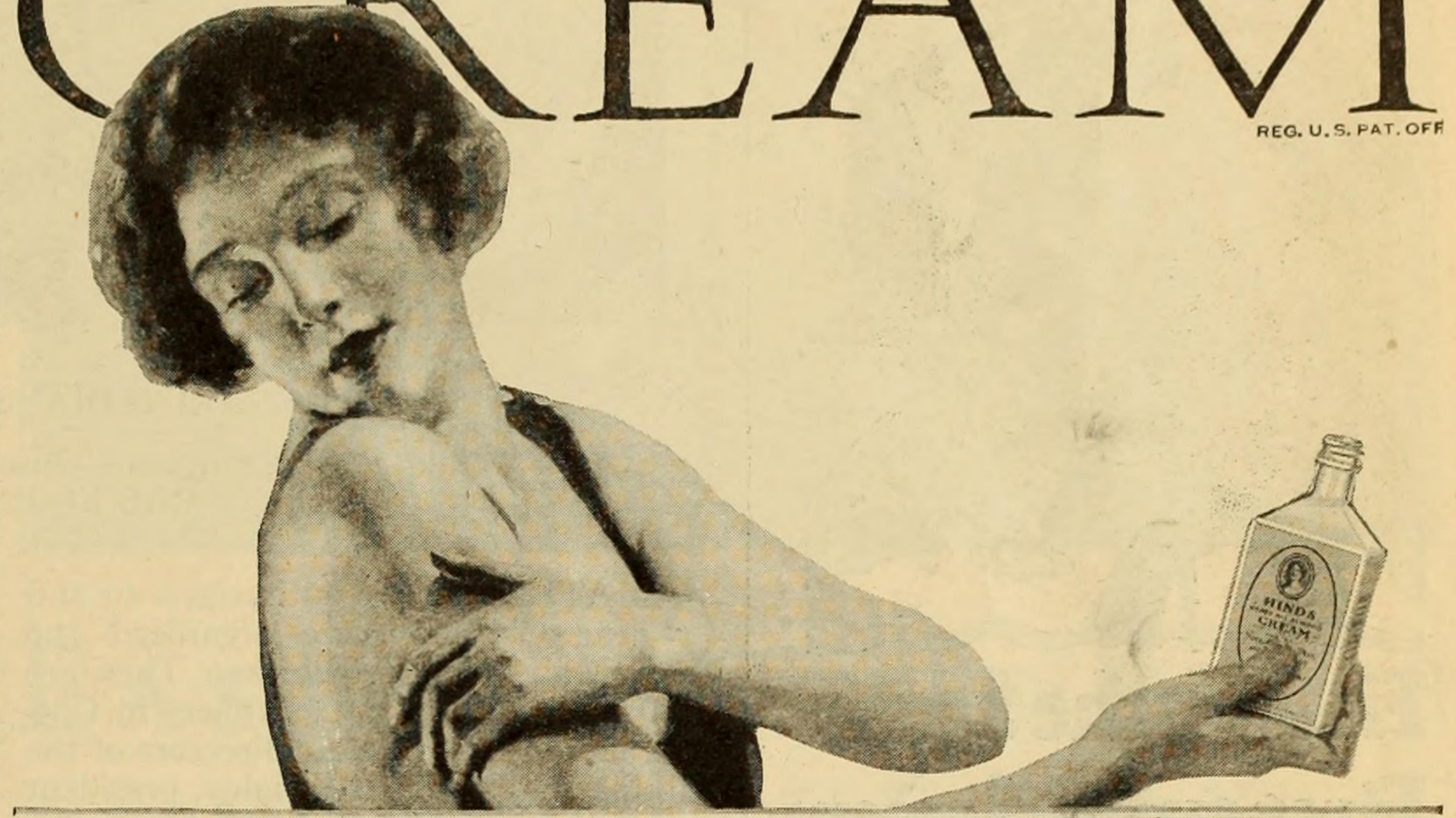
Suggested slogan for beauty shops: "Do you wish to be attractive to the opposite sex? Try our Sympathy Marcell."

HINDS

Honey & Almond

CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



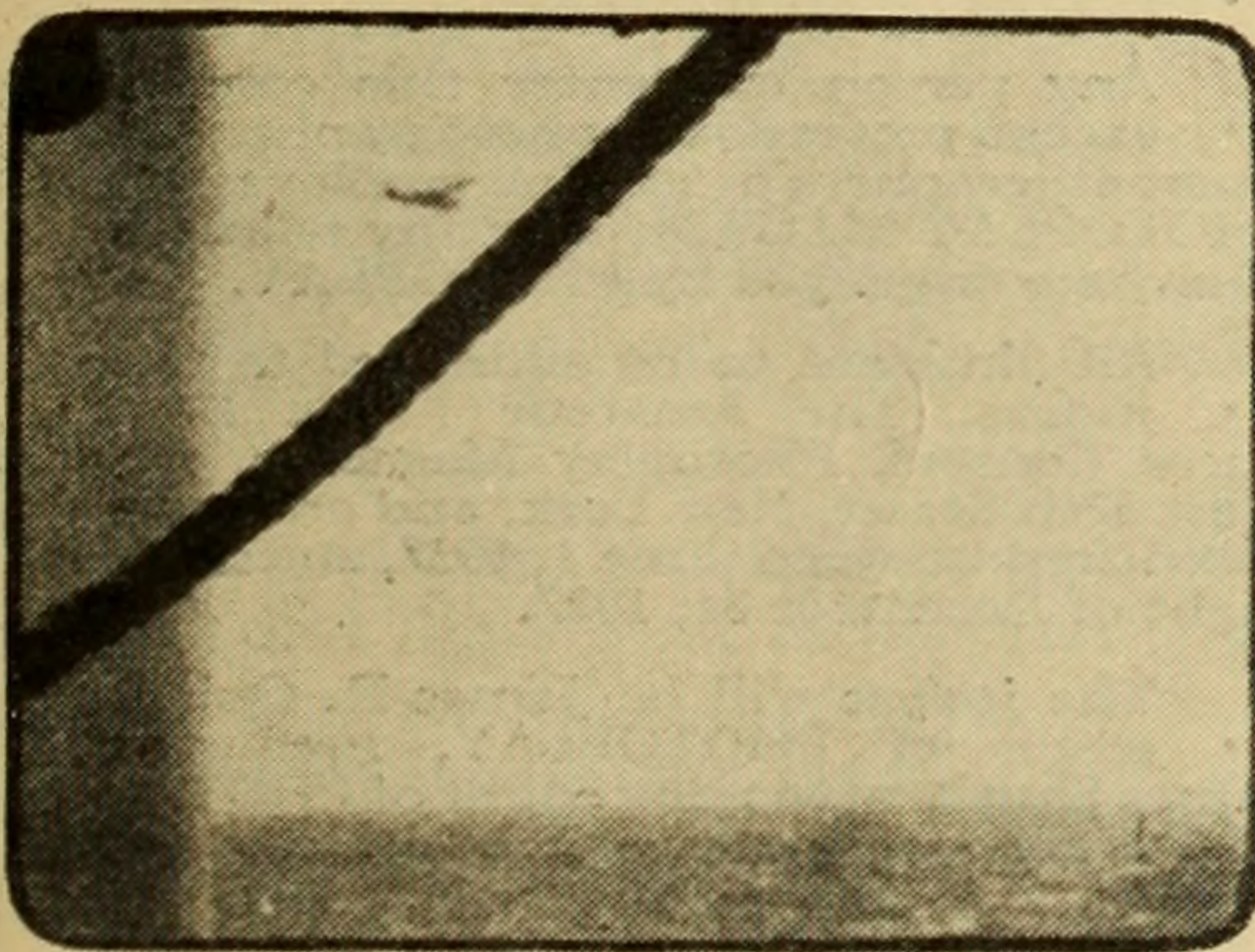
Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Enlargements, however, were made from the film by one of the newspaper services and the pictures were used throughout America.

WHY don't you organize a local amateur movie club? Hunt up the other amateur enthusiasts in your locality and get together regularly. You can exchange films with other clubs and study what rival amateurs are doing. Here is a brand new community enjoyment—as well as a community service, for your films should boost your town as nothing else would.

A NUMBER of newspapers are now using Bell and Howell Eyemos to get special news films. *The Chicago Daily News* is one of these newspapers. An Eyemo was utilized recently to catch the disaster at Bath, Michigan, in which a maniac blew up a school house and killed a number of children. A *Cincinnati Enquirer* cameraman caught the finish of the last Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs from a plane and raced back to Cincinnati with the film. Forty-two minutes after Whiskery won the race, the cameraman landed in Cincinnati via a parachute.



© Pacific and Atlantic Photos

An enlargement of Alfred Levi's Filmo film, shot from the deck of the Mauretania and showing the Chamberlin-Levine plane, the Columbia, passing in its flight across the Atlantic

SUNBURN—prevent it!

YOU CAN! Loaf hours on the beach if you wish—and no sunburn. Tennis in sleeveless frocks—and no sunburn. Golf, motor to your heart's content—and no sunburn. It is possible to prevent sunburn—absolutely. Hinds Cream and powder will do it. Follow this simple direction. Then your skin won't sunburn. It can't. It has perfect protection.

Before going outdoors, smooth Hinds Cream into your skin. And powder thickly over it.

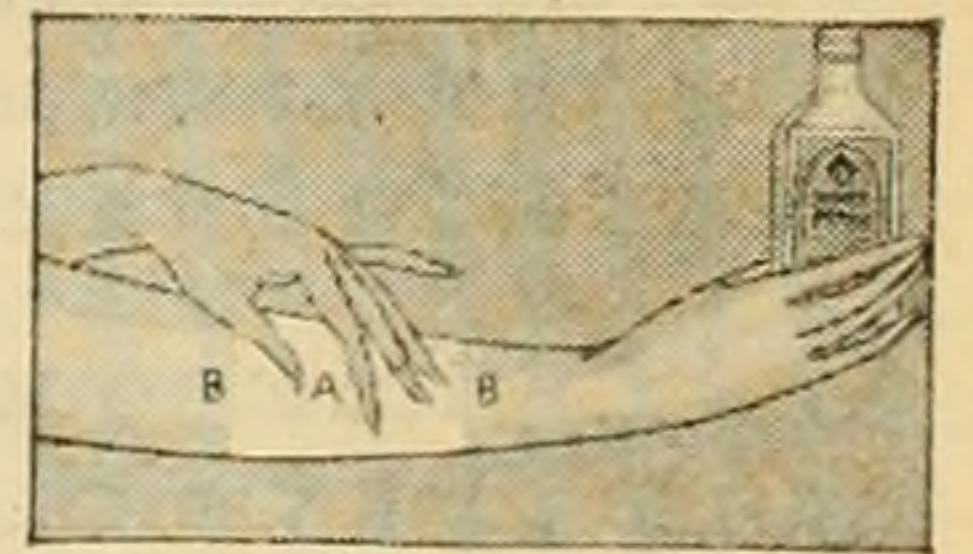
That's all! It's simple. But it works! Hinds Cream and powder are a magical combination. Together, they absolutely prevent sunburn. Hinds Cream softens

the skin, makes the powder cling—and so keeps your skin safe, white, and smooth.

Try Hinds cream. The coupon below will bring you a generous sample bottle.

Try THIS EXPERIMENT

Hinds Cream, and powder over it, effectively prevents sunburn. Prove it to yourself. Cover a section of your arm with Hinds Cream. Powder over it. Leave the rest of your arm bare. Now expose your arm to the sun. The section protected by Hinds Cream and powder will not sunburn. The rest of your arm will.



A—Apply Hinds Cream and powder.
B—Leave rest of arm bare.

Made by A. S. HINDS CO.

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Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c and \$1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

Try HINDS CREAM — Prevents windburn, prevents chapping, softens skin, protects skin, cleanses skin, soothes skin, softens cuticle, makes powder cling to face, smooths "catchy fingers," after shaving, protects against alkali, protects from hard water, for children's skin, makes enlarged pores normal.

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LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 607, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for skin.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after September, 1928)

Pathé News



First on the Scene First on the Screen

China seethes and boils. Columns of cable despatches on the first pages of all the newspapers in the land. The biggest news of the day, coming from a country across the world!

Yet you go to your favorite motion picture theatre and there on the screen Pathe News shows you the news as it happens.

How can this be done?

Only by a world-wide organization, with cameramen so posted that wherever the news is breaking a Pathe News man is there.

Only by forethought which sees in advance that which is about to happen, and provides against the day it does.

Two Pathe News cameramen were already in China with the outbreak, and another on the way.

More than Luck enters into the making of the world's best-known motion picture. It is brain power, man power, the coordination that comes from sixteen years' experience as the pioneer news reel.

Unless you see the Rooster, you do not see the Pathe News.

*A k for the Pathe News
in your favorite theatre*

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

"Sees all——knows all"



WHEN COMEDIANS GET TOGETHER

Eddie Cantor takes a close-up of Raymond Griffith with his Cine-Kodak

AMATEUR movie enthusiasts in and near Chicago have organized the Movie Makers Club of Chicago. There are 3,000 amateur cinematographers in Chicago alone. The pioneer directors of the club include Philip K. Wrigley, president of the William Wrigley, Jr., Company, Albert S. Howell, vice president of the Bell and Howell Company, Stuyvesant Peabody, president of the Peabody Coal Company, James R. Offield, capitalist, and Lieut. Comdr. E. F. McDonald, president of the board of the Zenith Radio Corporation.

"SEE yourself in the movies" is a new side being employed by motion picture exhibitors. Local news reels are becoming

more and more the vogue. In other words, exhibitors are using movie cameras and filming incidents and people of their home towns.

W. H. MILLER, who conducts two theaters in Cloquet, Minn., a 6,000 population town, tried out the idea. The first issue opened to a nice increase in business, approximately \$150 profit being directly chargeable to the stunt. The second, third and fourth weeks continued to mount and the fifth week showed the box office doing \$300 more than any corresponding period in former years.

Here's a chance for amateurs to tie up with their local exhibitors, supplying a reel or so of film a week.

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and

addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.
5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.
6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.
7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.
8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.
9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

The Underworld of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

are shyster lawyers, fake doctors, absconding bankers. A discreditable act by one of their ilk does not reflect upon the honorable members of their guilds.

Yet the public will generally condemn all actors because one of them is proved a weakling and a fool.

That was the most damning quality Roscoe Arbuckle possessed. The underworld made him a sucker.

While he had money, Fatty let it slip through his chunky fingers like sand, and liquor flowed from the cellars of his expensive house like water from a broken faucet.

He never knew half the people who were his guests. That unlucky night he registered at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco he wasn't acquainted with half the men and women who floated in and out of his rooms looking for free drinks.

THERE is no need of rehearsing again the story of Virginia Rappe's death. The yellow journals have screamed it in expansive enough detail. Fatty was caught.

He has taken his punishment like a man.

But if all the stories that lie behind other hotel registers could be known, many a respected citizen of Peoria, Ill., or Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Tulsa, Okla., or where you will, would be in Fatty's class.

But it is extremely doubtful if they would be kept from earning a living because of the revelation of one night's debauchery.

Take that most awful of crimes. Murder. Taylor was killed by a gang. What reflected upon Hollywood was not Taylor's death, but the insight into Taylor's life. But the principals in the recent Raymond murder case were actors themselves.

They did not belong to the movies, but the stage. Ray Raymond, the dead man, was a stage actor. Dorothy Mackaye, his wife, has never appeared before the camera.

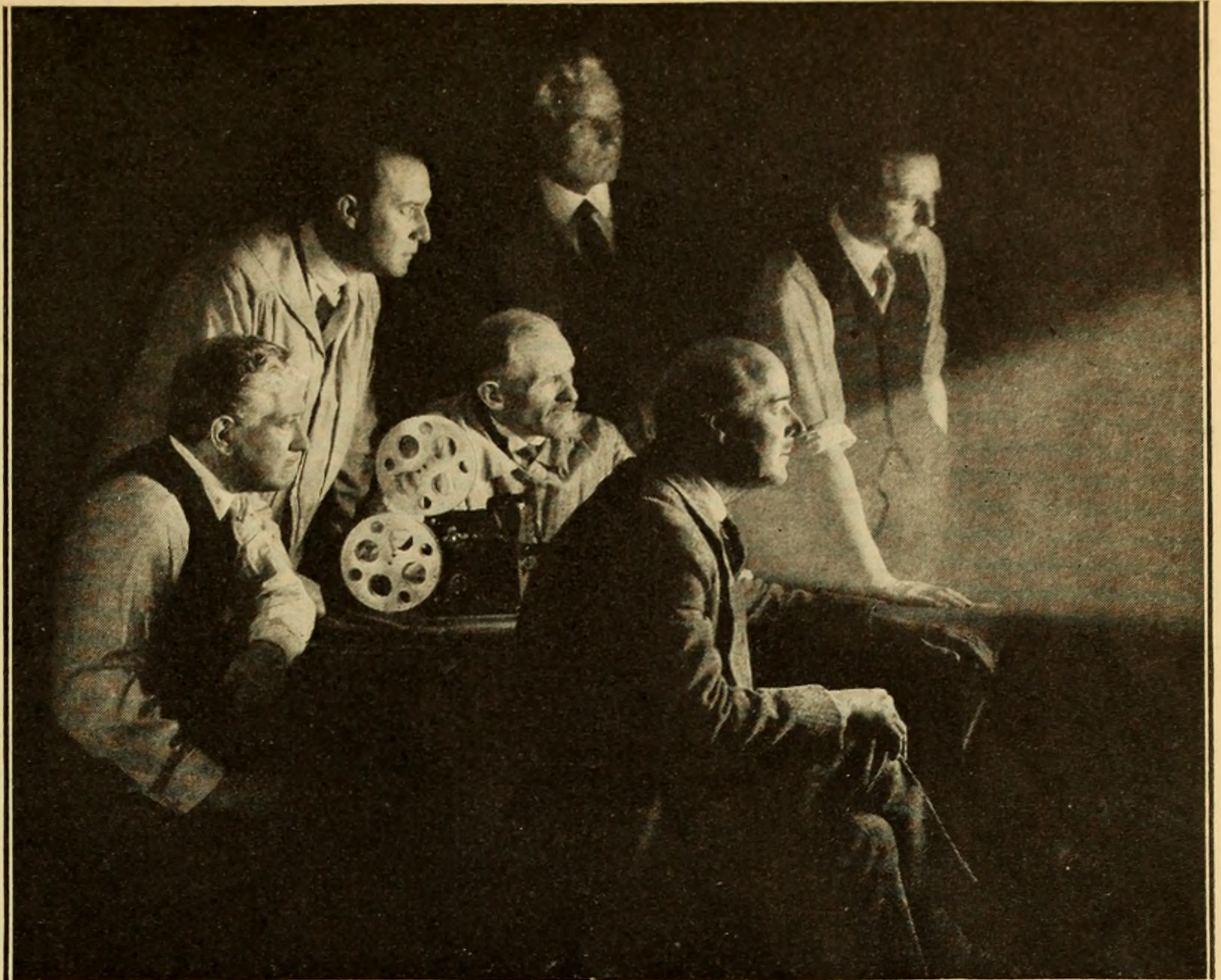
Paul Kelly, now gazing out from behind the bars of San Quentin, had done but a few bits around the studios.

They happened to be in Hollywood, Dorothy Mackaye at the end of a road tour, Ray Raymond filling in between vaudeville engagements, Kelly hunting work.

THE crime was the usual crime of illicit love and liquor, old as life and commonplace as passion. All three sides of the human triangle were groggy with gin that grew so night.

Ray Raymond was a broken down actor with a weak heart.

It didn't take more than a push to kill him. He and Paul Kelly fought over Dorothy Mackaye's shoddy love, and Raymond died shortly after. Yet because Paul Kelly, childlike and stupid, had cashed a few movie pay checks, the murder blackened all Hollywood and



EASTMAN SCIENTISTS FOUND THE WAY

to make Home Movies easy to produce

AGAIN science adds a new joy to the art of living by an amazing discovery. A discovery that is destined to bring a wonderful new entertainment thrill to millions of people.

You've seen professional movies, of course. Hundreds of times. Now science has taken another great step and brought amateur movies right into your home.

A difficult problem

Eight years ago Eastman Scientists marked this goal and set out to attain it. They sought to make Home Movies practical, economical, easy to produce. Their object was to eliminate the mysteries of grinding cranks, long-legged tripods and complicated shutters . . . so that everyone could make movies with professional results.

What happened during those eight long years of research matters little.

For these engineers *did* find a way to simplify the making of movies. Into an easy-to-carry camera weighing only 5 lbs. they concentrated every vital necessity of movie production.

What a triumph in simplicity! No need to focus. No tripod.

No grinding crank. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button—it's as easy as making a "snap-shot." A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens.

Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

"You press the button—we do the rest"

After the film is taken, *your* work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and re-

turn them to you ready to run on your own silver screen.

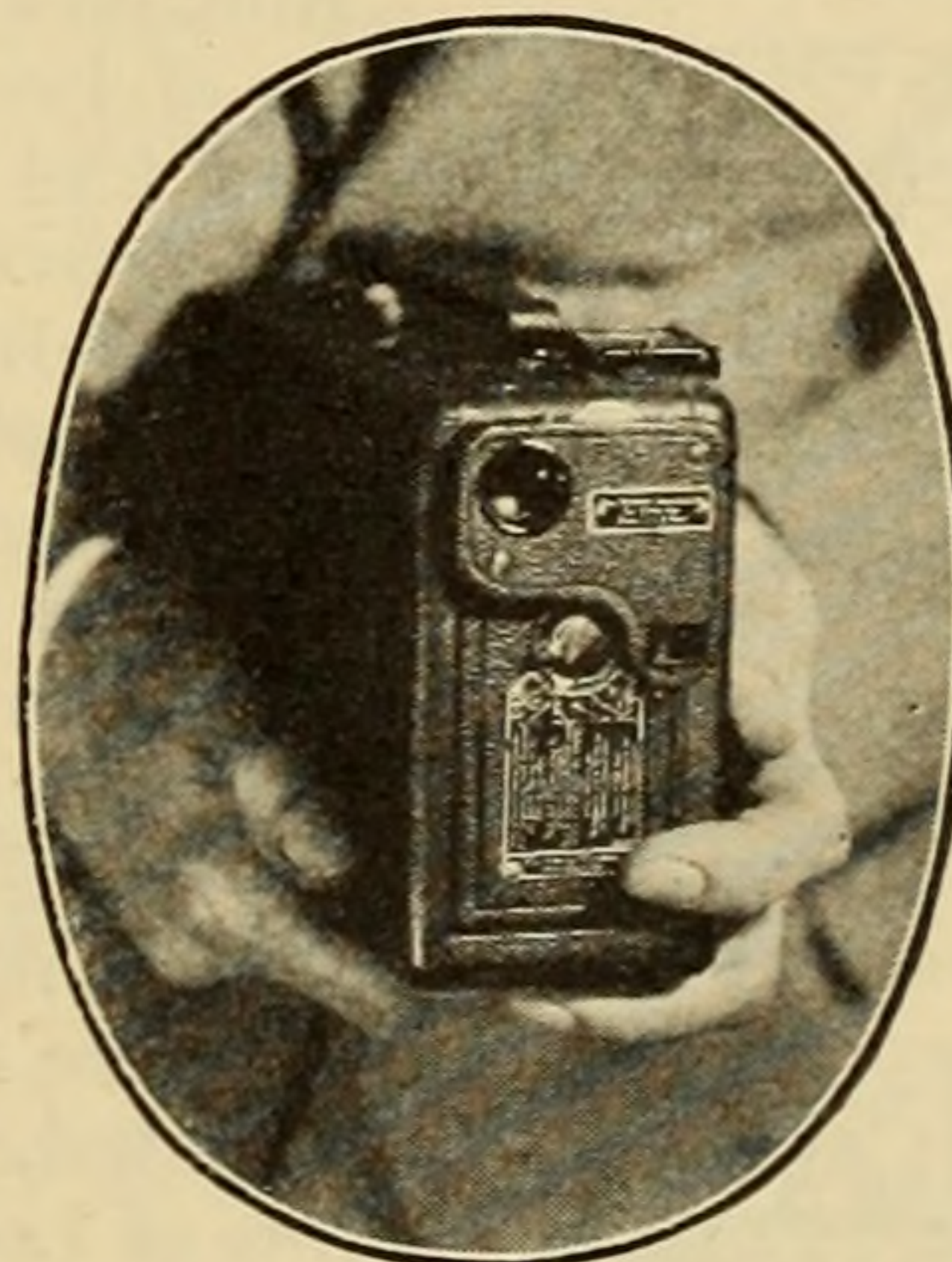
Then with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodoscope Projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . all are captured on the film and flash into a swift pattern of light and shadow in the quiet of your darkened room. Home Movies! It is as simple as that.

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To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, are available at your dealer's. Price \$7.50 per reel. You may also rent full length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodoscope library.

Today a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodoscope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as \$140. See your Kodak dealer

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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We'll start you in Professional Photography and give you a real Professional Motion Picture Camera or View Camera FREE. Famous experts teach you by mail. Or come to our great New York Studios. Earn while learning.
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No obligation. Big illustrated Booklet and JOB CHART tell you about wonderful opportunities in all branches of Photography, everywhere. Write TODAY.

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. 37, 10 West 33rd St., New York.

gave the censors a new strangle hold on the infant art.

No one spoke of padlocking Broadway, which has as much to do with it as film-dom's Poverty Row.

Tom Kerrick was a movie cowboy, one of the many. No one knew him particularly. He had drifted in from the plains some place.

He worked as an extra on an average of about four times a month, a tawdry scrap of fringe on the end of the social shawl of moviedom.

One night he went on a party with his wife, two of her women friends, two of his men friends.

IT was one of those cheap, sleazy parties held everywhere since the Volstead act, in Akron, Ohio, or Atlanta, Ga., or Butte, Mont., any town, anywhere.

The five tanked up on juniper juice and somebody got insulted, as somebody always does at such gatherings, and in the haze of it all Tom Kerrick was killed.

The learned judge who sentenced the frowzy five to one to ten years in San Quen-

of honest toil if they would live. Bootleggers flourish under the usual police protection of any big city. Gamblers thrive in the mixed crowds of the studios and fortune tellers, who style themselves psychoanalysts, reap the usual mazuma from the morons.

The virtue of Hollywood is the virtue of necessity and common sense.

THE greater portion of its population is made up of retired farmers, with wild oats safely harvested.

The upper strata is composed of movie stars, who can't afford vice in any form.

It is too dangerous, too expensive, and it shows on the face.

But the greatest moral force in Hollywood is not caution of Will Hays, but bridge.

Auction or contract bridge, according to your skill.

To be a social success in Hollywood you must play bridge and to play bridge well you can not drink.

Three cocktails and a highball before dinner mean you will later imagine your-

ABOUT THE IDEA CONTEST

PHOTOPLAY'S \$15,000 Idea Contest is now closed and the judges are busy reading the thousands of manuscripts that were submitted. In order to give a fair reading to all the ideas that were sent in, the judges must weigh the respective merits of the manuscripts thoughtfully and carefully. It is no easy job—and no quick one.

As soon as possible, PHOTOPLAY will announce the issue containing the names of the winners.

So Watch for Further Announcements in Forthcoming Issues of Photoplay

tin said he was making an example of them to the gin drinking crowd of Hollywood, sacrificing them for the benefit of its group soul.

And how much good were the convictions of Leopold and Loeb, proven murderers, and Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, proven murderers, supposed to do the spotted souls of Chicago and New York? No good whatsoever, and no one save a moron reformer thought they would. No judge held those sentences up as purity stimulators for the big towns.

But they are still "saving" Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD has its underworld. There's no denying that. It isn't segregated. Its backwaters eddy from the slums of Los Angeles street in the parent city, where men sleep in doorways by day and dance with dope by night to the black cabarets along the dusty roads to Culver City, where one particular brown skin girl queens it over many a white man's checkbook.

Hollywood is the newest gold coast and the usual scum of camp followers muddies its rising tide.

Hollywood's love life is casual, its poverty appalling. The scarlet sisterhood is present, but no where in the world are the girls so threatened with the necessity

self the walking delegate of the bidder's union and go merrily along from one spade to six clubs when you hold queen high in three suits and your partner has passed every time.

THIS is clearly a case of justifiable homicide to a real bridge fan, but gardens are so expensive in Beverly Hills that the stars hate to splatter the lawns with gore. So dinners are now becoming dry as breakfast bran so that one may dare later to play at straight penny a point.

The town goes on beneath the world's spotlight, amazing, beautiful, bitter Cinderella-land.

Under its sunny skies they pass. Rich Man. Poor Man. Nobleman. Crook. Virgin and demi-mondaine. Good wives and cheaters. Loyal men and those with twin addresses.

A kid of twelve who is a millionaire; a beautiful woman of twenty-nine who is starving. Beneath the world's spotlight they pass in amazing kaleidoscope.

But when it comes to stars today, if you see a burning in their soulful eyes and a twitching of the muscles of their faces, you can stake a great deal on the hunch that it isn't "snow" but memories of last night's misplaced trust in the spade convention.

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

LUCILLE:

Many parents are strict in a thoughtless way. Try to talk about your wounded feelings with your father—tell him that his attitude is not only making you unhappy; that it is actually injuring your peace of mind and your health. By all means do not leave home without explaining to him, very fully, all of your plans.

PAULA:

You are slim and above the average in height. And so you will look your prettiest in the charming "period dresses" that are so very smart just now. Your green-brown eyes, brown hair and olive complexion will blend nicely with all of the new greens, and warm reds and vivid blues. But wear beige instead of grey—and rose instead of white or flesh. And I should not advise black for you. About the hair: For a slender face a straight bob is seldom the most flattering. A bang, to shorten the forehead, and soft curling locks about the cheeks will be infinitely better.

S. B.:

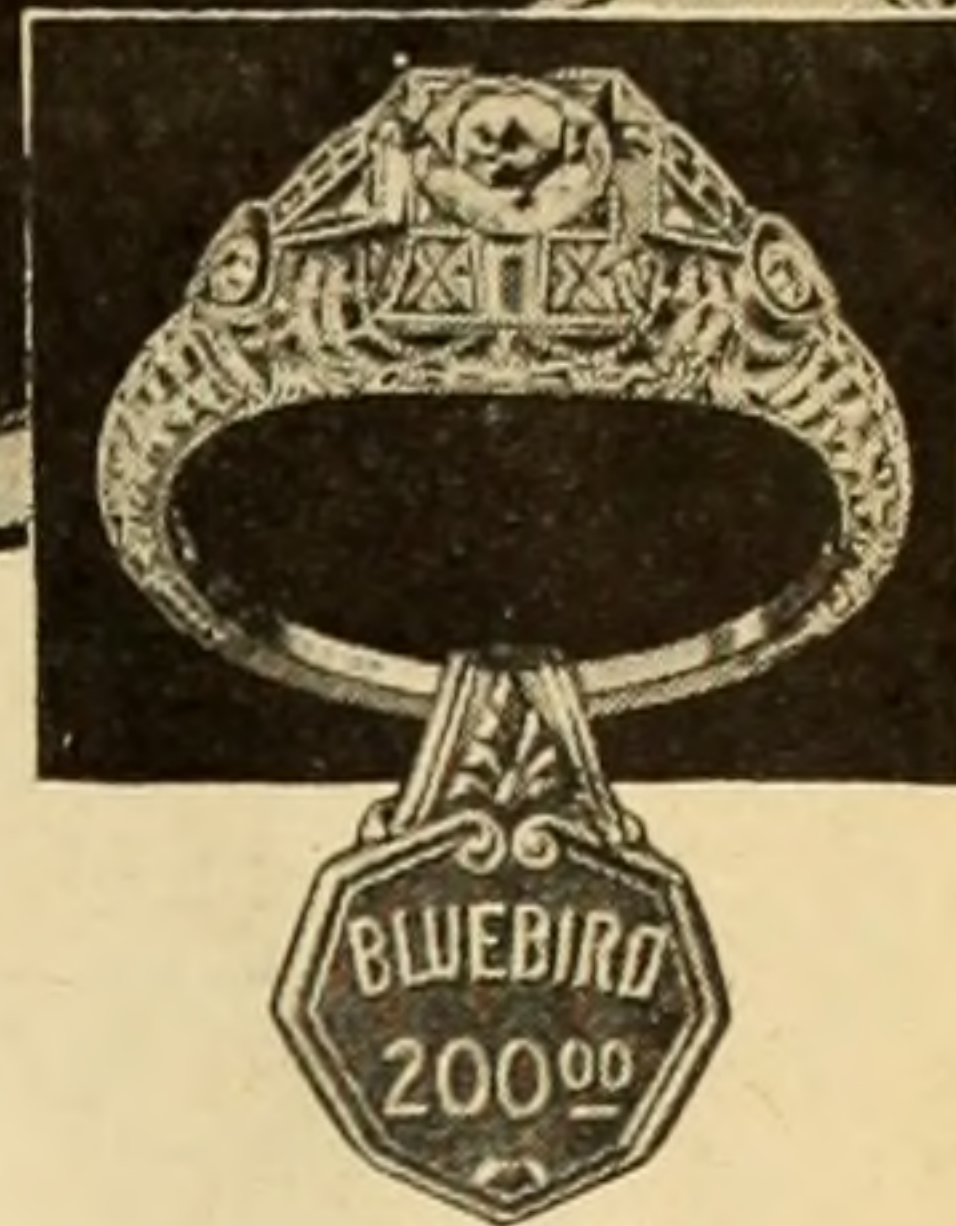
You are not a bit overweight. A famous physician told me—just a few days ago—that a young woman should usually weigh, to be perfect, two pounds for every inch of her height. This would make you slightly underweight, if anything. It is quite all right to use powder and rouge—but always be careful to remove all make-up, before retiring, with a good cleansing cream—and to put it on over an equally good vanishing cream. This care will repay you, in the long run.

MADGE:

I am afraid that your complexion treatment is far too harsh. This constant squeezing of pimples—this poking and pounding of your face—will only result in the ultimate ruination of your skin. There



Jean Acker—the first wife of the late Rudolph Valentino—sails for Paris, to continue her stage and screen work abroad. This—her latest photograph—was taken just before she sailed



Crown that Great Moment with this great thrill

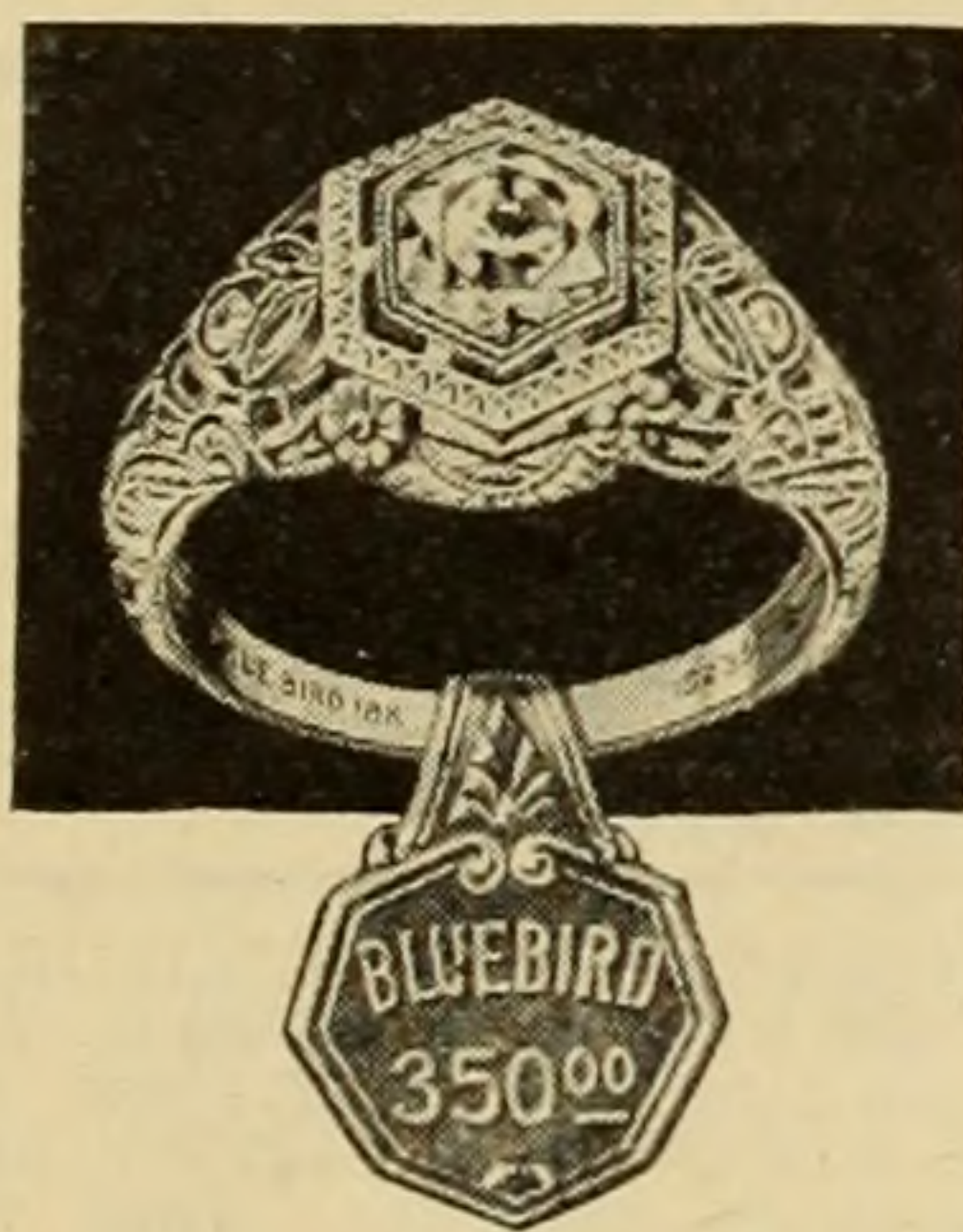
That moment of a lifetime—that lifetime in a moment—when heart and heart are beating fast—when lips are whispering love, and shining eyes return it—

Crown that great moment with this great thrill
A genuine diamond ring!

Genuine—nothing else will do—a Bluebird Diamond Ring of exquisite cut and setting—admired and envied everywhere—a known standard of value.

You can buy one. Fifty to five hundred dollars is the range of prices—gorgeous rings in the group from \$75 to \$125. And every Bluebird Ring is backed by a Warranty Certificate. Everyone can be bought from a well known jeweler at the proper retail prices. We guarantee—as plainly marked on the metal tag attached to each ring.

"THE man"—you who want to give "THE girl" THE best—just see these rings for yourself. Send the coupon and get the free, new book that shows them—"The Book That Lovers Love."



Bluebird

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31 No. State St., Chicago, Ill.

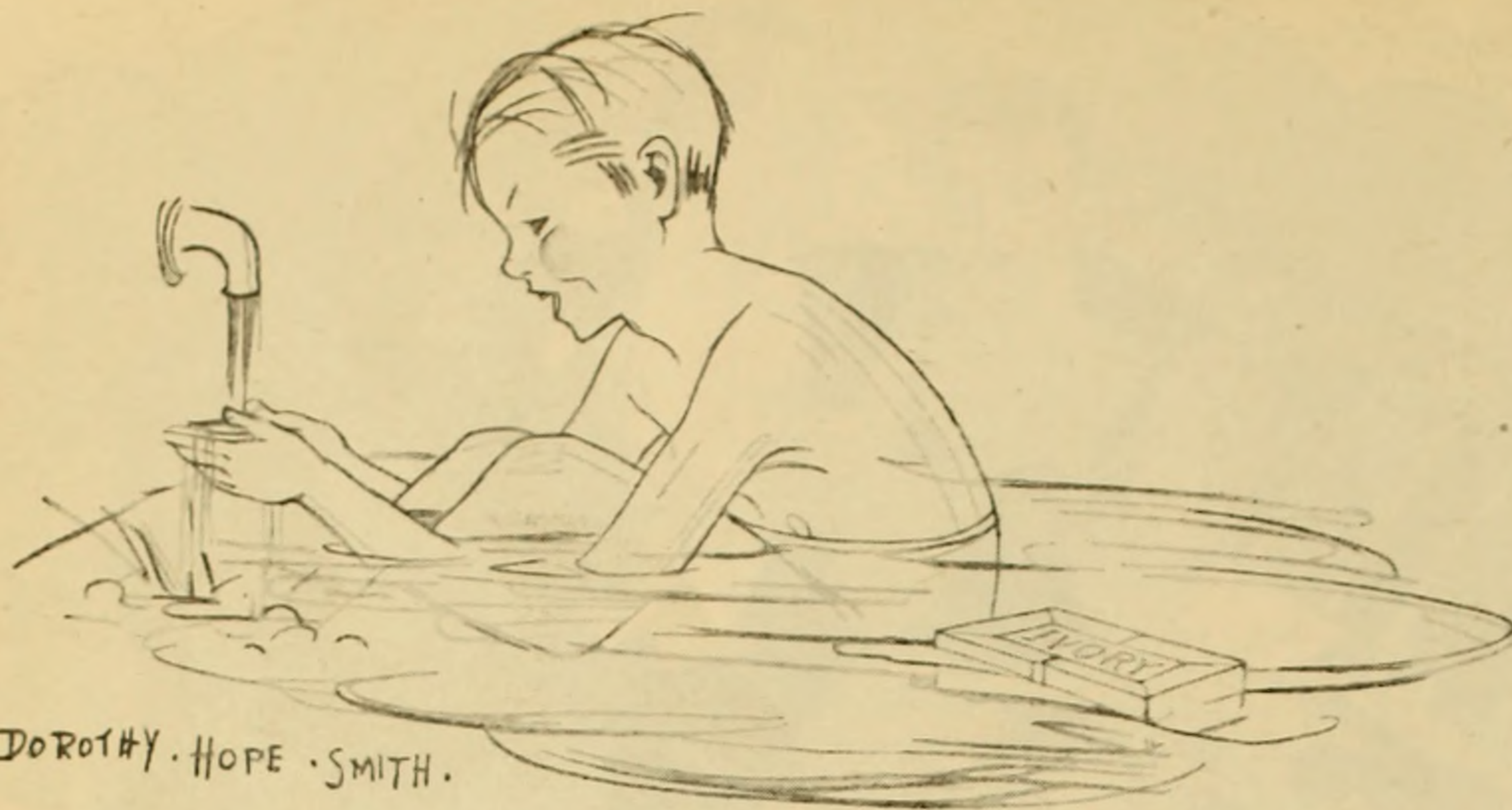
Gentlemen: Please send me "The Book That Lovers Love." No obligation, of course.

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loose sagging skin—sluggish circulation, sallow complexion—occur when lack of exercise causes underskin muscles to become weak, flabby, droopy.

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at Home. Gets \$100⁰⁰ a Week Earn While You Learn



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LET ME ADD \$30 A WEEK TO YOUR PAY WITHOUT interfering with your present occupation. Interesting, pleasant work. Particulars free. Albert Mills, 9447 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW PLAN, MAKES IT EASY TO EARN \$50.00 to \$100.00 weekly, selling shirts direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for free samples. Madison Shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.

MAKE \$1000 BEFORE CHRISTMAS SELLING EXCLUSIVE personal Christmas cards in distinctive steel engraved designs. Expensive sample book free. Wetmore, Janes and Sugden, Rochester, N. Y.

\$50.00 WEEKLY EASY, APPLYING GOLD INITIALS on automobiles. No experience needed. \$1.45 profit every \$1.50 job. Free Samples. "Ralco Monograms," 1045 Washington, Boston, Mass.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. SOAPS, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 2420, St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T SELL FOR OTHERS. EMPLOY AGENTS yourself. Make your own products. Toilet Articles, Household Specialties, etc. 500% profit. We furnish everything and show you how. Valuable booklet free. Write at once. National Scientific Laboratories, 1994-W Broad, Richmond, Va.

FREE SAMPLE COPY OF OPPORTUNITY, THE leading salesman's magazine, together with our new plan that will double your income. Absolutely free. No obligations. Address Opportunity, 750 N. Michigan, Dept. P. M. 9, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO earn \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week in your spare time doing some advertising work for me write today and get full information about the Wonder Box. I have the best little money maker in captivity. Tom Walker, Dept. 140W, Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. MEN—WOMEN, 18 up. \$1140-\$3300 year. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Sample coaching and full particulars free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N100, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTING OUTDOOR WORK, QUALIFY FOR forest ranger position. Start \$125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-15, Denver, Colo.

COUNTY REPRESENTATIVES FOR CREDIT REPORTING. Either sex. Western Credit Index, 271 Lankershim Building, Los Angeles.

\$6-\$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW TOPS at home. Experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 131, LaGrange, Ind.

LADIES WANTING HOMEWORK; ANY KIND; spare time; write; enclose stamp. Eller Company, P-296 Broadway, New York.

GOVERNMENT SPECIAL AGENTS (INVESTIGATORS). Forest Rangers, Prohibition Agents needed often. Commence \$125 to \$250 month. How to Qualify, mailed free. Write Ozment, 265, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED OR unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 187 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS CHARACTER traits. Practical guide to success. Send ink sample of own or friend's writing for expert's personal analysis of surprising facts. 25c (silver). H. Pencraft, Coscob, Connecticut.

are many good ointments on the market—try one and, if it fails, go to a doctor for advice. Your complexion troubles may come from within—they may have to do with your diet. You are right in one thing—covering blemishes with rouge and powder does not help, even through it hides, temporarily. It is best to get at the root of the matter.

ANN:

I am afraid that you have an "inferiority complex." You sound very attractive with your large eyes and yellow hair. Do not worry so much about your thinness—worry will only increase the difficulty. Eat fattening foods and take plenty of rest; do something to correct your defect—(if it is a defect!).

BABY BUNTY:

If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope, I will be glad to answer your questions in an absolutely private way. I would reply to you through the pages of the magazine, save that you have requested me not to do so.

GENIE:

Indeed you are too young to have lines about the eyes. Perhaps it would be well to consult an oculist—the lines may come from eyestrain. And in the meanwhile, use an astringent night and morning—and some good muscle oil before retiring. This, I'm sure, will give results.

JOYCE B.:

I wish that I might aid you, but I can't help feeling that you have let an infatuation play unhealthily upon your imagination until it has become far too important. If you care for my advice it is this: try to interest yourself in the young people with whom you daily come in contact, try to put this dream romance from your mind. If you can manage to do it, you will be doing the sanest, finest thing.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

A Frenchman Complains

Toledo, Ohio.

Every time I see the illusionary, petty, piquant French professors and dissolute Frenchman in pictures, I feel rightfully indignant. Why should the movies pick on an imaginary type of people in any particular race?

If they think it is the tough *hombrés* we lack over there, well—let them go to the Parisian slums and see the toughest sort ever written about.

No, what they really want is the tall, handsome, Americanized type. They may go to any city in France and find them—tall, blue eyes, blonde (not all dark as most Americans think) and red haired ones also. Remember we are all descended from *les Gaulois!*

And stop thinking the French girls haven't any morals!

BERNARD D. SIMON.

He Wants True College Stories

Marysville, Ohio.

One of the most talked-of subjects of the present day is the matter of college morals, and of college life in general. Yet, in comparison with other subjects, few college pictures are being shown. And there are so many interesting sides and angles to the college situation—athletics, social life, class-

room problems—all phases of student activity. And I for one would like to see a little realism; a faithful screen portrayal of college life as I know it is on some well known campuses; the lack of co-operation between professors and students, the deadly dullness of the lectures, the asininity of the students, the snobbishness, the futility of everything.

WELDON C. SHAW.

Where You Can Be Yourself

Duncan, Okla.

Motion pictures are the surcease from all boredom—the magic carpet which affords an escape from hum-drum reality. Protected by the friendly semi-darkness, we can weep unashamed or laugh aloud. Thank Heaven, no one has yet written a chapter in the book of etiquette on "Correct Behavior at the Movies."

MRS. H. C. FORD.

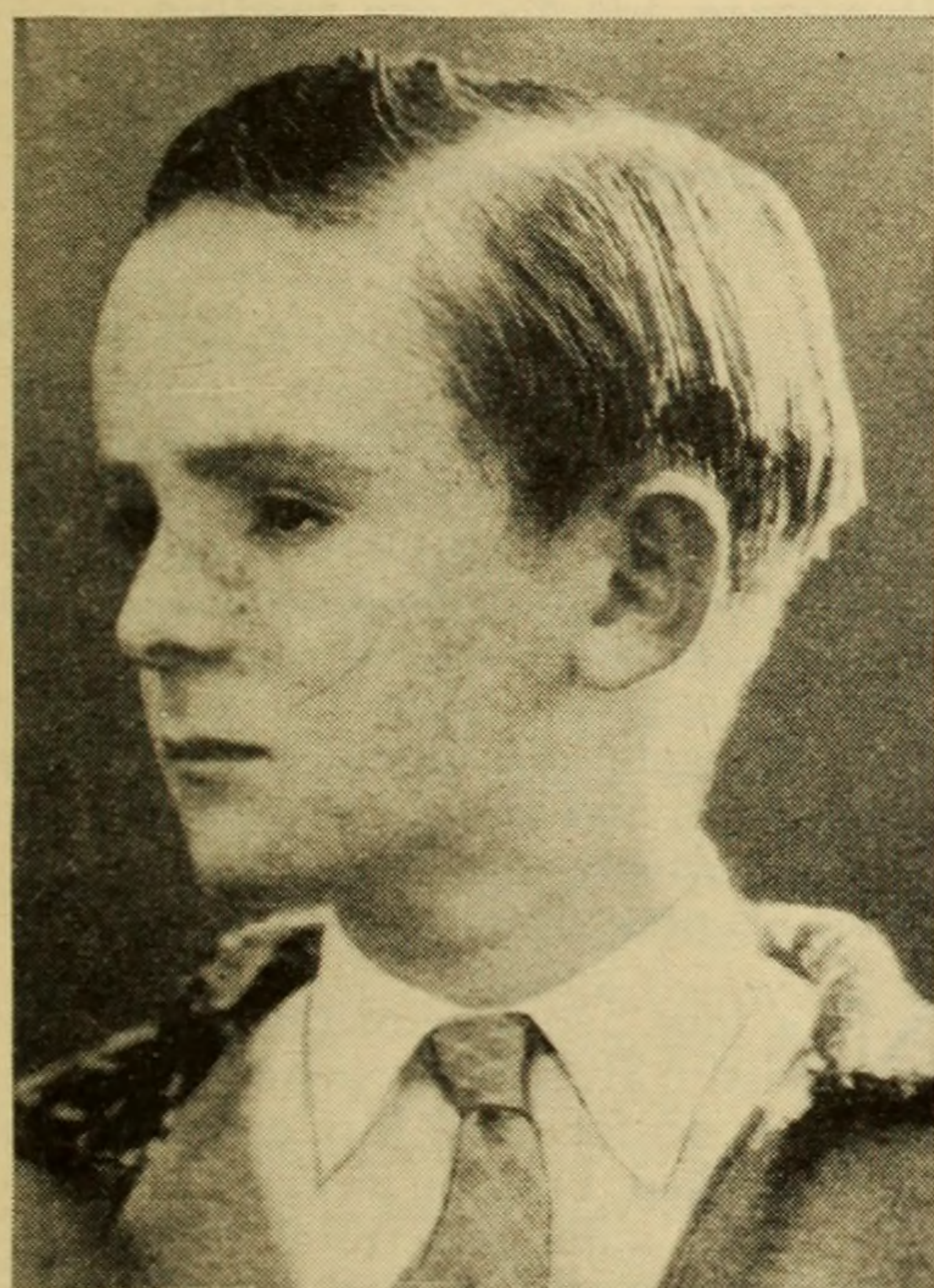
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Vacation Complex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

pack up a coupl'a dozen trunks an' sail away. An', generally speakin', not speakin' French, they don't know what to do when they get there except to mark time until their ticket tells 'em its time to start home. They get back to Hollywood feelin' that they've been fully vindicated of any charge of bein' or actin' like a sap.

Then there are Hollywood and Beverly Hills women who feel that the summer wouldn't be complete without an opera-



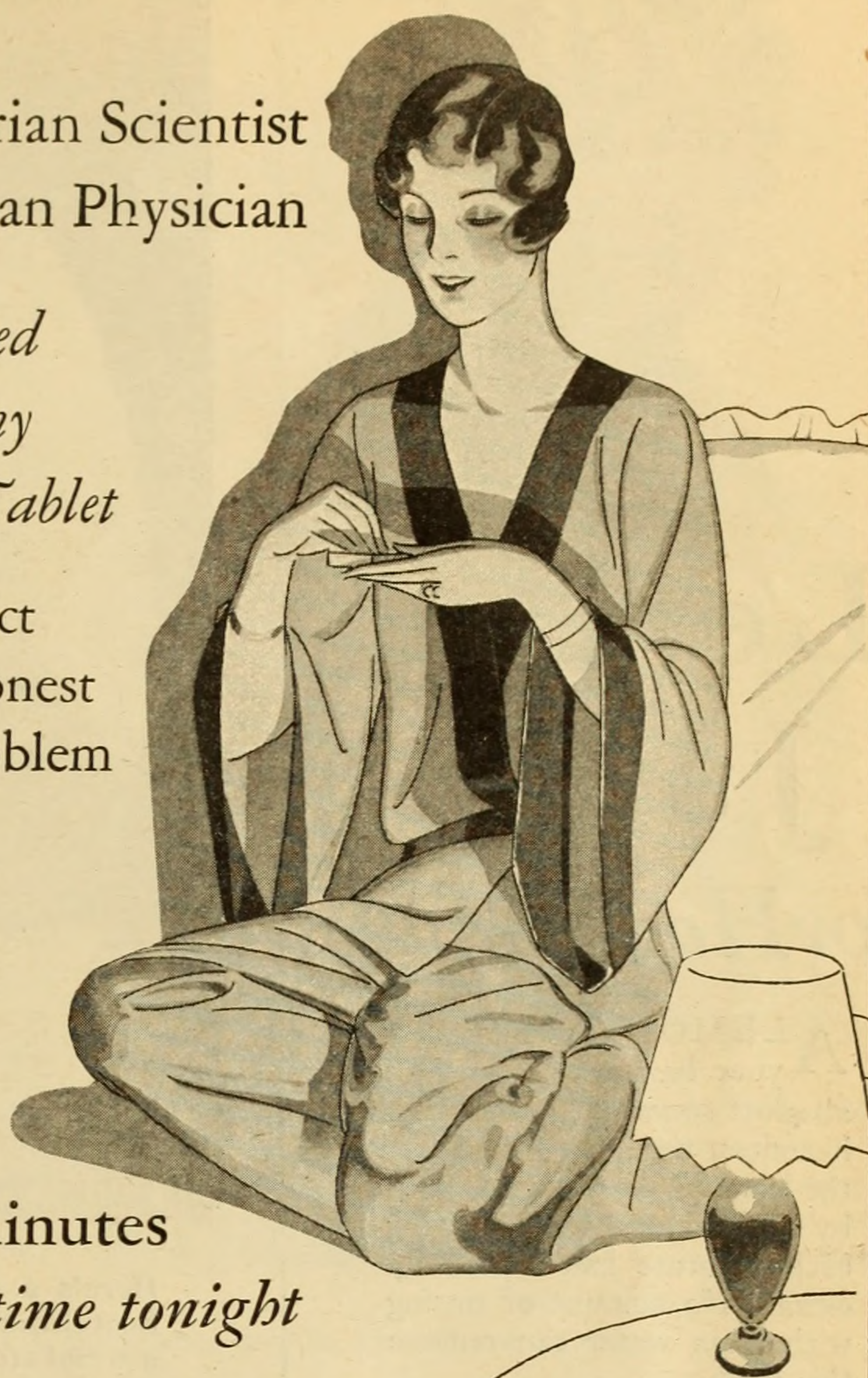
Billy Reid, Wally's son, has just begun his ascent of the film Mount Olympus. Tim Holt, son of Jack; Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald; Eileen O'Malley, daughter of Pat; Eric von Stroheim, Jr., son of Eric; Mary Desmond, daughter of William, and George Bosworth, son of Hobart, will all appear in a two reel picture made by Madeline Brandeis, a woman producer. Billy plays a juvenile lead and Eric, Jr., is the smirking villain. Adults carry the plot, with Percy Marmont heading the cast

*An Austrian Scientist
An American Physician*

*Developed
this Tiny
Delicious Tablet*

To correct
our commonest
physical problem

*Chew it
for 3 minutes
at Bedtime tonight*



A COOL, mint-flavored tablet . . . apparently just a bit of chewing gum . . . you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Your whole body refreshed, invigorated, purified within—for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone *without shock to the system*—without injury to the digestion, without any of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

That is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

THE "active principle" of Feen-a-mint is phenolphthalein—a compound whose remarkable laxative properties were discovered in Europe shortly before the World War.

Mild, pleasant, yet wonderfully effective—almost at once the scientific world adopted it.

Then, quite recently, an American physician made this new discovery still more effective by combining it with a delicious mint chewing-gum.

Not simply because this was a pleasant, easy way to take it—but because

this combination made possible the advantage which experts had long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the saliva before it reaches the stomach.* Feen-a-mint was the result.


TRY it tonight yourself—your favorite druggist has it. Simply chew one of the little mint-flavored tablets until the flavor is gone.

The chewing mixes the phenolphthalein with the mouth fluids which aid digestion. The result is easy, natural, complete laxative action in the morning. No unhealthy violent "flushing" of the system—yet complete elimination, such as the usual mild laxative so often fails to give.

And for children, especially, you will find Feen-a-mint invaluable—accepted as eagerly as candy!

Health Products Corporation. Newark, N. J.—Toronto, Canada—London, England—Frankfort, Germany—and representatives in all principal countries





Lemon Juice for Hair Beauty

A LEMON rinse gives your hair the beauty of absolute *cleanliness*. The mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of the lemon cuts the curd formed by soap and water, leaving each separate hair faultlessly clean. No amount of rinsing with plain water can remove this curd.

Try it after your next shampoo and feel this delightful fresh cleanliness for yourself. Your hair will be silky, fluffy and soft, and full of a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women are following this one best method of insuring the complete beauty of their hair. Whether they wear it bobbed or long they know that a lemon rinse gives the shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

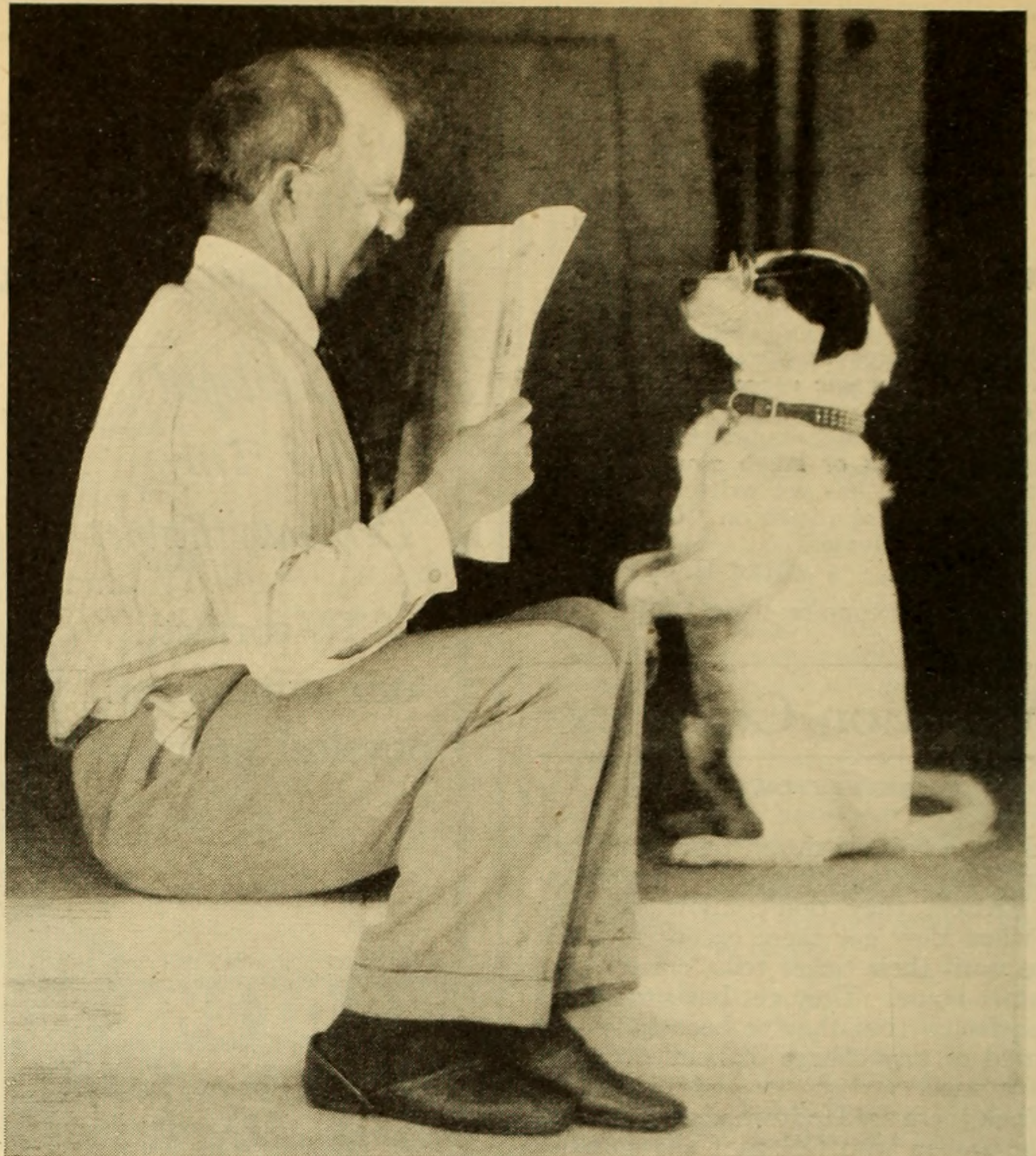
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1109, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

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



Here's a sequel to your favorite Scotch joke. That grand old Scotchman, Chester Conklin, and Hardware, his dog, are reading a serial story. They have only one magazine. So Chester reads one side and Hardware the other. Why Hardware? Because every time you call him, he makes a bolt for the door

tion an' a goin' somewhere to recuperate. For these patients, the doctor recommends sea air.

Now it happens that we got a fairly well-to-do sea aroun' these parts, just as deep, as wide an' as wet as any other man's sea an' it contains as many if not more health-givin' calories and vitamins than any foreign sea. But will our homemade ocean out here is California restore health? Positively not. The only health-providin' sea, so far as women are concerned, is to be found around the Riviera, an' the latter whistlin' station is reached only by the way of Paris. Direct Mediterranean routes won't do—not so healthful.

To hear the women folks tell it, you have to go to Paris to get a permit to get into the Riviera, an' that requires about the same length of time an' trouble it takes for an American to get a huntin' permit in Mexico, which is weeks.

I DON'T want to say nothin' against I doctors—I need one myself now an' then when Tony or I get hurt, although if it comes to a pinch Tony an' I both could get along with a good horse doctor or doctor ourselves if we had to. But a lot of Hollywood and Beverly Hills doctors are sure getting commissions from the steamship lines.

If they're not, they're mighty bum business men. Mebbe, I can't prove what

I think about these M. D.'s, but I sure believe it.

When there's something wrong with a Hollywood or Beverly Hills woman, they hunt one of the Paris prescribin' medical birds an' throw a coupl'a groans on him.

"Come back tomorrow, ma'am, while I think your case over," says the Doc. Then he gets out, hustles a copy of Bradstreets, and figures out how far the gent in this case can send his wife an' writes his prescription accordin'.

NOT long ago, one of the wise travel insistin' M. D.'s put in an estimate of an operation for Mrs. Mix an', from the price he asked, I reckon he expected to get paid by the mile, prescribin' a trip twice around the world with a coupl'a Paris stops throwed in.

He didn't get the job as we found a regular doctor with regular prices an' I reckon he just throwed the Paris prescription in to please my wife, Victoria, seein' as he didn't charge for it.

Quite a few Hollywood women are now restin' in Paris, includin' Victoria. How any one can hope to rest in that town skins me four ways from the ace an' takes in the lookout. I don't mind admittin' that used as I am to these wild Iowa and Kansas drivers out here in California, that me an' Tony was afraid to cross the Rues in Paris, to say nothin' about the Champs Elysees (spellin' not guaranteed)

SUMMER!

yet your
POWDER
clings,
rouge stays on
and you look
ALWAYS
LOVELY



And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge,

powder, lip stick and lip rouge.

The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Stick and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and thus learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Get This Week End Set!



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
 2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1259, Chicago
 Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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

SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may*.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat Beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

an' other important boulevards without assistance from the gendarmes, the same bein' Paris policemen. How the women make it alone has got me whipped.

All day an' all night the Paris taxi drivers race up an' down, past the post office, and leadin' hotels, the depot an' the stock yards, a screechin' their horns. Each horn is different. It seems the bird who makes the most noise gets the most passengers. Yet, it's restful, and the women folks call it a restful town. But after the same women get back to Hollywood or Beverly Hills, some local sheik drives up after ten an' honks a coupl'a honks to the girl next door, that same lady, full of Paris rest, will 'phone to the police an' want the young gent throwed into the bastille for disturbin' the peace.

When Victoria gets home I reckon I'll have to hire a lot of guys to get out into the front yard an' honk horns to get her to sleep.

The quiet of Beverly Hills probably will disturb her.

YOU don't see men rushin' to Paris for a rest. If they do go, it's on business an' you don't hear of any of 'em annoyin' the neighbors with loud talk urgin' his wife to go along.

In arguments of that kind, it would only be the woman's voice that the people next door would hear.

A Beverly Hills friend of mine has a wife with one of them Paris complexes an' a few weeks ago, he got dragged along. The other day I heard from him an' he was in a French hospital. I figure it's nothin' more serious or worse than a case of bad indigestion.

A woman will live in an apartment in Paris an' think it's just grand, but if offered the same kind of a beddin' some place in America, she'd holler her head off. She'll put up with no heat, plumbin' that's worse than no plumbin' at all, walls half plastered, one bath room divided between four tenants an' she's lucky if there's a bath room in the house at all. But it's in Paris. She don't care a rap whether said domicile is in the Montmartre district or aroun' the Fauburg-Saint Germain—it's Paris—dear old Paris an' dear old daddy at home is a footin' of the bills an' she's a restin'. What could be more perfect?

I'm not the only Beverly Hills man whose wife is a recuperatin' in Paris an' breathin' the invigoratin' air of the Seine. Yet, when they get back you couldn't induce any one of 'em to inhabit a villa on the Los Angeles river. If you can, I'll build the house for nothin' an' throw in the furniture.

ONLY a few days ago, one of our leadin' picture stars had to light out for Paris—she's there now. She confided to me, confidential, a few weeks ago, that her husband, nine servants, the butler an' a coupl'a Rolls-Royces were a gettin' on her nerves, an' she'd have to go somewhere an' rest up.

At first, I wondered why this bright an' shinin' film star was a callin' on me an' my wife not at home, until she dropped her voice an' asked what kind of symptoms Victoria had before they took her to the hospital an' what doctor recommended the Paris trip. She was the fifth Paris huntin' wife who either came or



**Does Your Mirror Say:
"YELLOW MASK!"**

WOULD you like your teeth to be white and dazzling as polished ivory? Free of that yellowish hue?

Here is dental science's new way. Thousands daily employ it. Leading dentists recommend it. It's absolutely safe... cannot harm the softest enamel. It's pleasant... actually delightful.

Get a tube of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. Your druggist has it. Roll an inch of the satiny-smooth white paste on a dry tooth-brush—remember, *dry*. Brush vigorously. Then rinse your mouth—and behold the effect.

Naturally, you're eager to know how ORPHOS accomplishes such a beauty miracle while previous brushings have repeatedly failed. We'll tell you. Foremost dentists use for cleaning teeth a peculiar substance known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Not a pumice, which is harsh and gritty—but a material as fine and satiny as face powder.

The makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have succeeded in composing a dentifrice of this marvelous substance. And with this as its basic cleaning agent, you can visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you.

Don't retain that unbecoming "Yellow Mask" longer. Get the lovely whiteness that Nature bestowed on all tooth enamel, yours included. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or send for the ORPHOS 20-Time Tube.

FREE—20-Time Tube
 ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.
 New York City, Dep. P-4

Name

Address

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



'phoned to get Mrs. Mix's exact symptoms that won her a trip to Paris. Now they're all over there. I've never told the husbands of these health-seekin' young women that I helped in framin' these Paris trips. Two of the husbands would be sore at me because of the cost an' the other three would insist on kissin' me.

Personal, I can't see why any one should want to leave America for a vacation. If you'll go down to any one of the summer resort bureaus an' get a lot of vacation literature an' read it an' believe half of what you read, you'll agree that America is a Paradise an' has got the Garden of Eden skinned both comin' an' goin'. Understand, I'm not a claimin' that the vacation points mentioned in the booklets is goin' to look anything like the photographs. I've been too long in the photographin' business to believe any man's photograph, but it sounds good an' it looks good an' it goes to show what a fine bunch of cameramen an' descriptive writers we got.

MY friend "Odd" McIntyre could describe Mike Cunyan's old hotel in Ponca City, Oklahoma, until it would listen better'n anything the smartest Frog in Paris ever wrote about the Hotel Crillon, in that city. An' to be honest, to my way of thinkin' he'd be tellin' the truth, for Mike's hotel was the more comfortable of the two—at least Mike allowed his guests more latitude, an' as

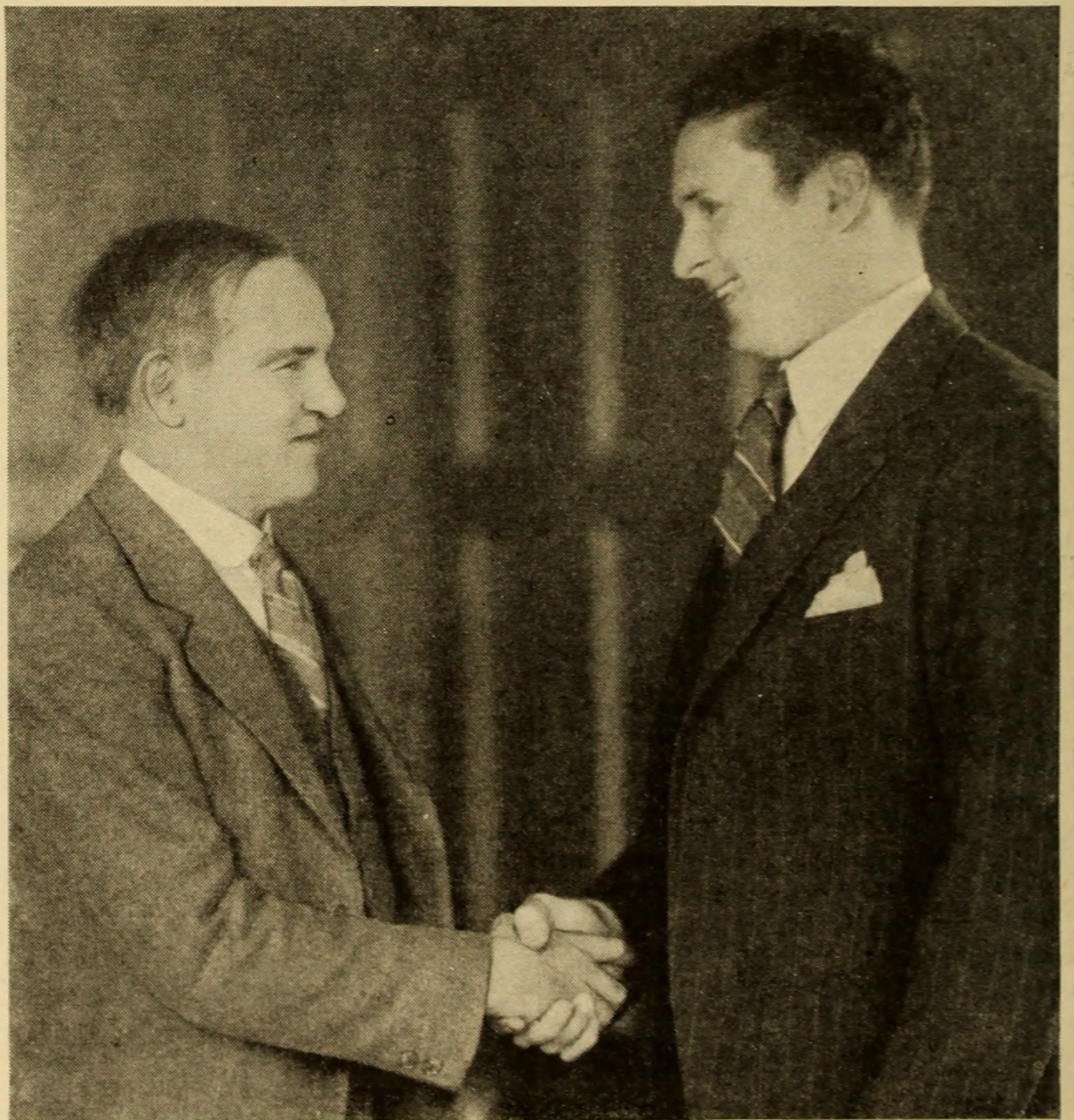
a landlord was a heap more forgivin'. We are livin' in a lyin' age. There ain't a living man or woman who won't lie about their golf score or the number of miles they get to the gallon.

Likewise, there ain't a man or woman just gettin' back from a summer vacation that'll admit that he got gyped on either the place he selected or the hotel he stopped at.

ALL will lie cheerfully as they narrate their vacation experiences, an' try to entertain by describin' a better time than they think you had. All claim to have had a bully good time, but if you'll check up you'll find not more'n two per cent ever revisit their last vacation point. They'll recommend it to close relatives, especially their in-laws, but they'll advise neighbors that they have to see every day an' occasionally borrow butter an' coffee from, to try some other place.

My idea of a fine vacation would be to take Tony, a bed-roll, a few strips of bacon, a bag of staples an' a wire stretchin' machine, an' go out an' fix thirty miles or more of barbed wire fence, where I'd be seein' nobody, a listenin' to nobody, hearin' nothin' an' in the meantime enjoyin' good scenery an' good society, for most anyone will agree that Tony is pretty intelligent an' has a heap more sense than a lot of men an' most any woman I know of, exceptin', of course, Mrs. Mix.

P. S. An' Mrs. Mix's mother.



Fred Thomson meets a son-of-a-gunman. And learns much. The stranger is Jesse E. James, son of the famous outlaw, who deserted his Los Angeles law practice for a month or so to collaborate with Thomson on "Jesse James," Fred's first starring picture for Paramount. In it Fred will be a gelatin copy of the famous bandit

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116]

PATRICIA ANNE:

Another wise and time-worn remark applies to you—"There is safety in numbers." As long as you keep interested in four boys instead of one, you are safe from an immature step into matrimony. I think you will soon tire of promiscuous love-making. Your own common sense will be more helpful in that direction than any advice I can give you.

B. H.:

Inferiority complex, my dear, is something we all possess in one form or another. It simply means that we have a lurking ideal about ourselves, and somehow we feel that we don't quite measure up to it. You are too self-conscious about your shortcomings. Weigh your good qualities, and the bad, if there, will smoothen out in the ironing. Really everybody is too absorbed in his own ego to be bothered much about the other fellow. Look out of yourself for your interest, and not at yourself as the sole center of interest. Cultivate a sense of humor. It is life's salvation. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," etc. You will learn that it works, and pays, so do not hesitate to practice it.

ALICE:

Why do you want to be a type? If you will be just your natural self you will get along much better. Your light brown coloring ought to stand out very well in golden brown. Blue, gray and pale pink are your colors, too. I think the perfume you are using is particularly suited to you. If I were you I would not try to imitate anyone. You seem to have a charming personality of your own and just being yourself will have its advantages.

WORRIED:

Don't be silly. Go and apologize to your boy friend at once. Explain your apparent snubbing of him. Matters of this sort are never helped by keeping quiet. The hurt only grows worse and worse, until there is no repairing the damage wounded feelings have started. Since you are a "Spanish type," here are your best colors: Ivory and cream whites, mahogany brown, dark blue, dark green, warm reds, pink in pale shades. Since your skin is so dark, don't wear black, gray or purple.

JENNIE:

Your mother is right. You can safely let your reducing go for another year. In the meantime, however, I see no objection to your going on a simple diet. Stop eating candy and pastries, white bread, starchy foods of all kinds and substitute green vegetables in their places. This will contribute to your general health and cut down the calories. For colors wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; sapphire blue; orchid, burgundy and dark red, canary yellow and all pinks.

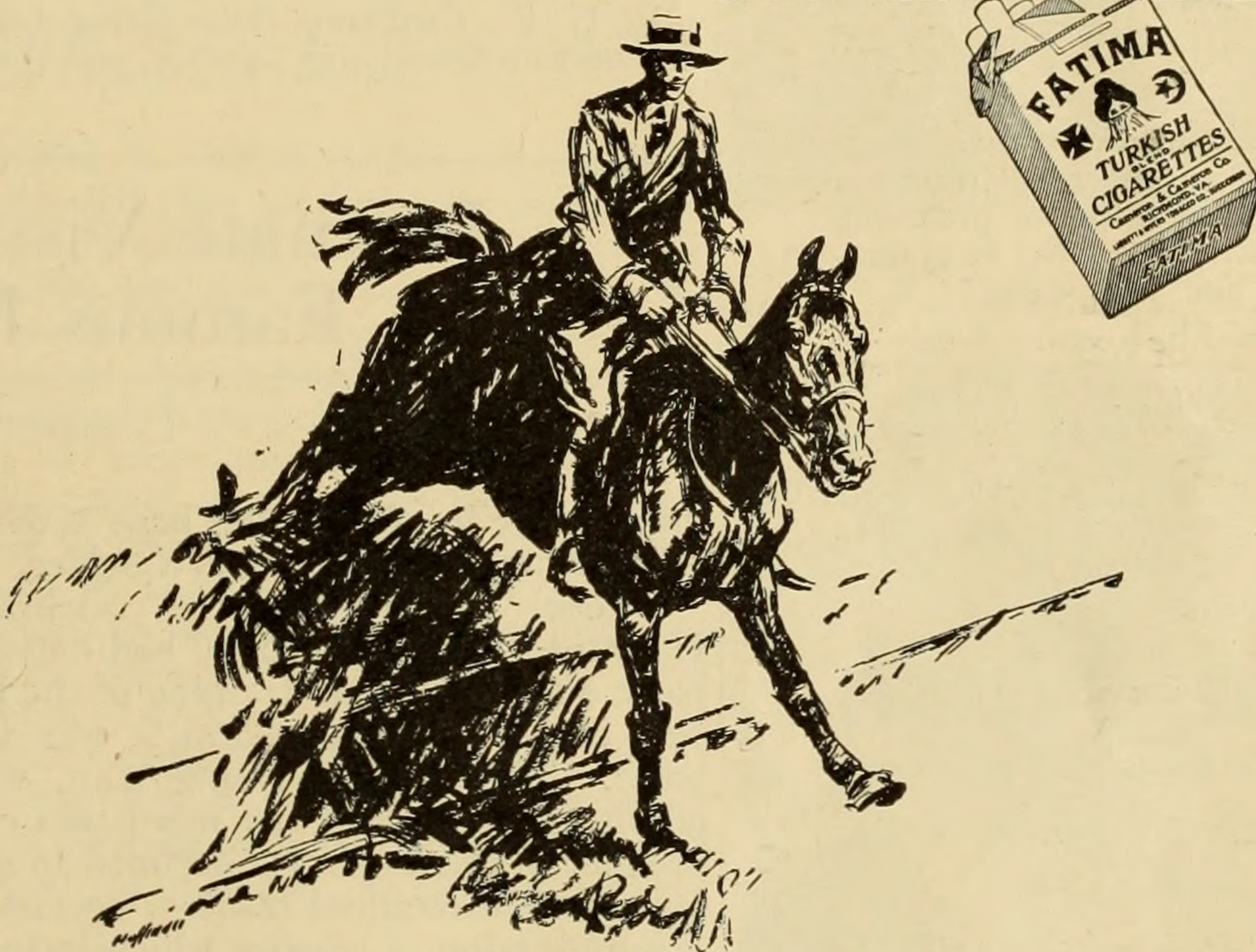
DOT:

Certainly, sitting makes one fat. That combined with candy and sweets will soon cause anyone to become overweight. You are young to be worrying about this problem, but you can overcome it by right eating and proper exercise. My booklet has a sane set of reducing exercises, which you will find to be very practical and worth while, if you care to send for it.

GO TO THE YOUNGER CROWD THAT SETS THE STANDARD!

Go to the younger crowd if you want the right word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

FATIMA



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!



AMAZING NEW CORSET

Insures Boyish Form

DEMONSTRATORS EARN \$60 WEEKLY

At last any woman can display Youth's grace, and beauty of form. Amazing new health corset, stylish and comfortable, is sensation everywhere. Demonstrators earn \$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour spare time. No matter what your experience you can make big earnings. Demonstration corset given. Write for amazing offer, and FREE demonstration outfit. Start earning at once. Quickly establish your own wonderful permanent business. Write today. Grecian Health Corset Co. Dept. H-9, 63 E. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.

MONEY FOR YOU!

\$5,000 CASH PRIZES

A simple puzzle contest—open to everyone.

Turn to page 58 of this issue for conditions of contest.

Skin Troubles

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 439 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Beautiful Eyebrows



enhance the natural beauty of your eyes with **MASCARILLO**

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beards and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascarillo has been Standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of \$1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of

10¢

CHARLES MEYER, 13 EAST 12th ST., N. Y. C.



Hot weather demands this precaution

NATURALLY in summer, many household tasks are done less often. But nobody neglects keeping the closet bowl spotlessly white and pure.

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Every stain, mark and incrustation is gone. The hidden, unhealthful trap is purified and every foul odor is banished. Harmless to plumbing connections. The bowl is gleaming white and very clean!

Use Sani-Flush more freely in summer.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



GRAY or FADED HAIR Unnecessary

NOW THAT B. PAUL'S HENNA SO QUICKLY RESTORES NATURAL COLOR

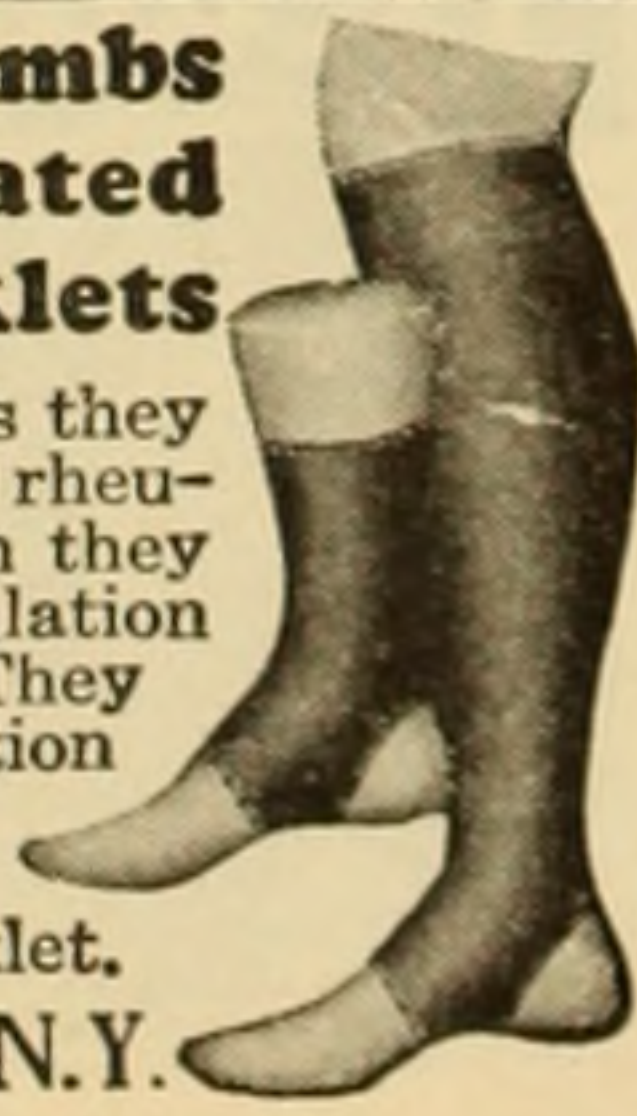
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Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

ABBA G., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you those addresses. Satisfactory?

M. L. S., HANNIBAL, MO.—May McAvoy is not married. Neither is Ben Lyon.

L. ALGIER, HARTLAND, VT.—Bebe did play in comedy but not with Charlie. She played with Harold Lloyd in the "Lonesome Luke" series. "The Spaniard" was adapted from the novel by Juanita Savage. Harrison is not related to Francis Ford. Francis Ford has been doing bits for Universal. Say, Bright Eyes, if I knew how to do those things I would cast aside these letters and be cashing in on some mean money.

L. C., MEDFORD, MASS.—I have no nicknames; a nickname wouldn't be appropriate to my years or my white hairs. Norma Shearer is twenty-two years old. Antonio Moreno is a native of Madrid, Spain. Come again.

V. L. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and that is

her real name. Greta is twenty-one years old and I know lots of people who think she is more beautiful off the screen than she is in pictures. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. John Barrymore is forty-five years old. Yes, he has curly hair and that is his real name—and a distinguished one, too, on the stage. Mary Astor is twenty-one years old and was born Lucille Langhanke.

M. A., TORONTO, CAN.—Alice Terry was born Alice Taafe and is married to Rex Ingram. She is about twenty-eight years old, weighs 130 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall. Lillian Gish is thirty years old. John Barrymore's wife is Blanche Oelrichs who writes under the pen name of Michael Strange. The Barrymores have one daughter, born March 3, 1921. Write to him at the United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PAT, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Yes, Pat, that is Ben Lyon's real name. He was born on February 6, 1901, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write again as soon as you like.

Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

nine, where he played first base with distinction and made fame as a batter.

"Pooch" Donovan, the celebrated Harvard coach of the time, had only one basic difficulty in the training of the batting of Mr. Kennedy, and it was very basic. The athletic young man, while admittedly broad in the mind was even broader in the hips. He declined to slide bases in the required fashion, because of a combination of reasons which included the impersonal law of gravity and intimately personal considerations of anatomy. He preferred not to meet the surface of Soldiers' Field so abruptly. Donovan kept Kennedy late after practice one afternoon to argue the matter with him.

DONOVAN carried with him a very large heavy towel of rough texture, borrowed from training quarters.

Kennedy was set at bunting balls and running down to first.

The able Donovan stood down the base line, towel in hand. As Mr. Kennedy ran past, Donovan flicked the towel in the manner of a bull whip, addressing its biting cracking end with great accuracy at that portion of the athlete's anatomy which he wished to bring into intimate and speedy sliding contact with the line approaching first base.

The effect of this treatment after the first three runs was like magic. In a flash Kennedy dropped neatly into a graceful sliding position, which protected the point of incidence from that keen cutting towel, while he completed his journey feet first.

At the conclusion of the afternoon's

research Mr. Kennedy received Mr. Donovan's congratulations and also treatment with about one fluid pint of tincture of arnica, put where it could do the most good in the least time.

The session was so successful that two seasons later, in 1912, Kennedy was the coach who put the Harvard baseball team through a victory over Yale.

After the customary ritual of commencement and cap and gown exercises in Harvard Quadrangle, Mr. Kennedy resumed his study of the habits and habitat of the American dollar, now in the obscure job of examiner on the staff of the Massachusetts bank commissioner. All the while he was learning things about money—and about men and money. Then jobs began to come his way and in 1914 he was elected president of the Columbia Trust Company of East Boston. Kennedy was then twenty-five years old. A flood of publicity about "the youngest bank president in the world" started, but he promptly sidestepped from that, with a certain sagacity which told him that while the story might make a headline it would not make a bank.

KENNEDY became a banker in January, 1914. That same month a number of other things happened, most important of which was a certain dancing party of the Ace of Clubs, a Boston social organization formed by the then Miss Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of former Mayor James T. Fitzgerald, more widely known as "Honey Fitz."

It appears that Mr. Kennedy danced a considerable number of dances with Miss Fitzgerald that evening, also many sub-

sequent evenings. Came June and the roses, and they were married, by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell.

This was an event of high moment to Mr. Kennedy, as indicated by his personal scrapbook, surreptitiously examined, which reveals the wedding stories which were spread over the Boston papers as the first entry. This seemed to be the first item from the public prints that the young banker thought worth keeping in his archives.

PRESENTLY there was another considerable series of entries pertaining to the advent of a young man of ten pounds, subsequently to be christened Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. There was a divergence of newspaper opinion about the youngster as indicated by the clippings. Some writers held that the important fact was that his coming had made Former Mayor John Francis Fitzgerald, ex-Senator, ex-Congressman and Doctor of Laws, a grandfather. While on the other hand some reporters were inclined to feature the fact that the youngster's father was the "youngest bank president in the world." Both the society editors tended to minimize the paternal lines and acclaimed the birth of a son to the founder and president of the Ace of Clubs, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy. The net result was probably fair to all concerned. The infant was vigorously photographed for a year, in his crib, in the arms of his distinguished grandfather, and on the sands of Palm Beach.

There was another story, not quite so extensively presented when in due season baby John arrived. And when Rosemary, the third infant, appeared the newspaper interest had subsided to a few paragraphs. After that, so far as the scrapbook reveals, the reporters just gave it up, and then in succession along came Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia and, more recently, Robert. So there are seven little Kennedys. Which proves Joseph P. of F.B.O. to be the most thoroughly

family man in all the great industry of the motion picture.

When in the current season Mr. Kennedy sent an aide in quest of a suitable home for the removal of the family from Brookline, Mass., to some convenient location in Westchester adjacent to New York considerable difficulties were encountered. The real estate agent consulted listened with patience to the requirements and enumeration of the family; he sighed and reached for a new pile of blueprints.

"Hell, Kennedy can't use a residence. He wants a hotel."

Anyway this autumn will find the Kennedy family established at Riverdale, so that the president of F.B.O. can be home every night instead of every week-end. Meanwhile the Kennedy's will continue to summer at Hyannisport, one of the smart shore places of the Massachusetts coast. The water there is full of little Kennedys. This season has added a sailboat to the juvenile sport equipment and each Sunday Father and Joe and John go out to sea.

Also there is every indication that Joe, Jr., is going to follow closely in his father's footsteps. At least thus far, for he is very fond of candy and baseball.

JOSEPH P. of F.B.O. has not entirely conquered that weakness for sweets so alarmingly exposed in the S.S. Excelsior enterprise, and one of the major events of the week-end at Hyannisport is the arrival, on standing order, of five pounds of "Kennedy's mixture," a private assortment of chocolates and bonbons with vanilla cream centers, selected and prescribed at Bailey's celebrated candy emporium in Boston, by the banker-film magnate, in person. It is needless to state, in view of the candy, that Mr. Kennedy does not care for liquor.

While incidentally thus engaged in so ably founding a family, Mr. Kennedy moved on to larger and larger activities in the world of business. In the hectic days



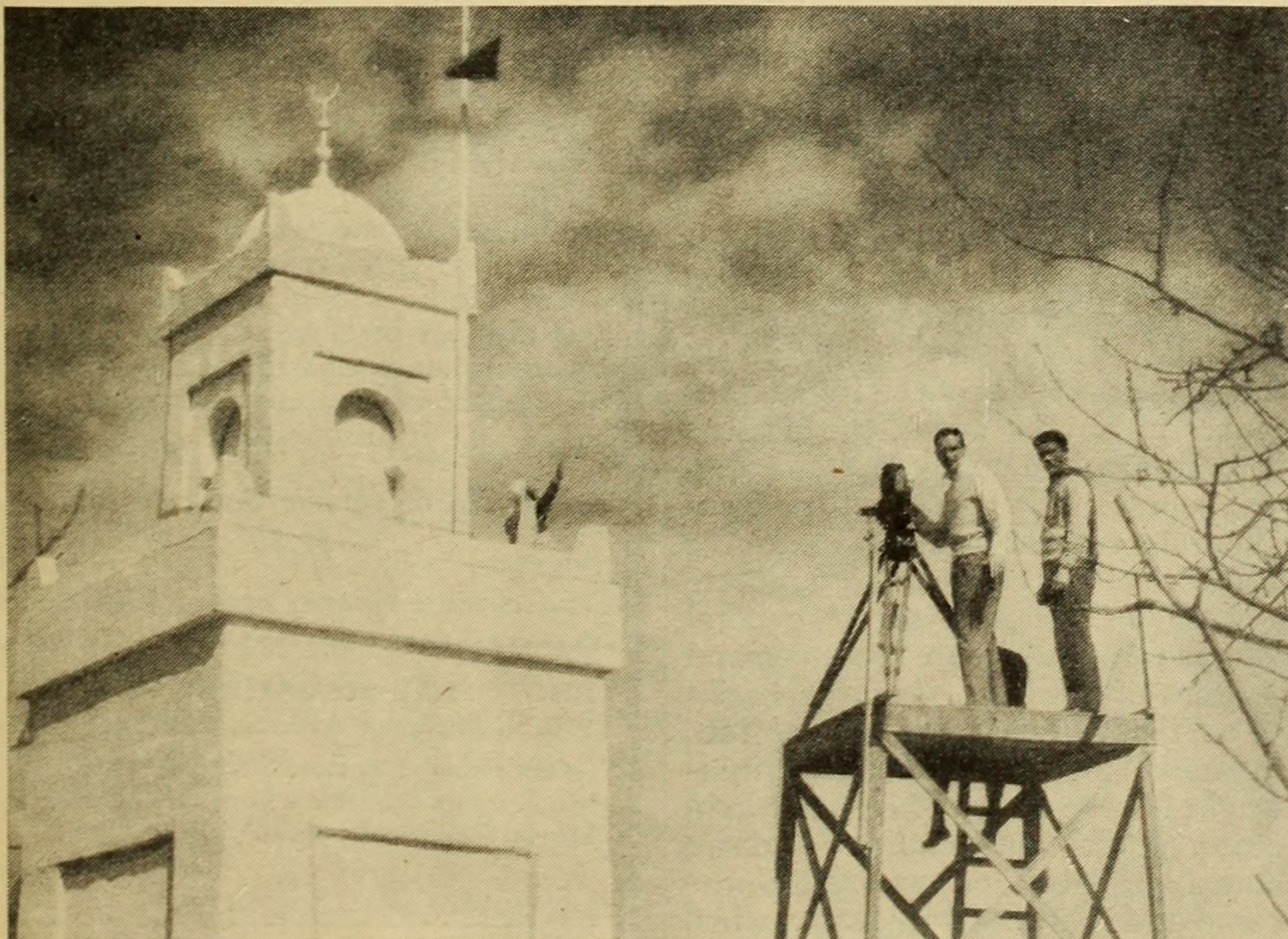
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"I just love MELLO-GLO Face Powder because it stays on so long and keeps that ugly shine away. I do not powder so often now."
Miss Hazel Jordan, 272 East 90th Street, New York.



Thousands of miles from Hollywood—in North Africa to be exact—Rex Ingram films this scene for "The Garden of Allah." It is the Mohammedan call to prayer and special permission had to be obtained before Rex was allowed to film it

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Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

of the World War he resigned from the presidency of the Columbia Trust Company to become the assistant general manager of the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, and presently larger executive responsibilities for the succeeding and greater concern, the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, the marine scion of the Bethlehem Steel corporation. Kennedy became responsible for the finances of and labors of an army of 55,000 men in the shipyards. Also he became acquainted with the handling of money in terms of the hundreds of millions. This was an education in big figures calculated to make movie millions unalarming items of routine.

MR. KENNEDY took his responsibilities in the big business of building America's "bridge of ships" during the war so seriously that he was overtaken by a nervous breakdown. He sought the ministrations of the celebrated Billy Muldoon. Muldoon cut off the young banker's candy and took him into the gymnasium for a little basketball exercise. It was just a gentle process of tossing the ball back and forth. This to the once athletic Kennedy seemed too simple. He had been a basketball star in school. He grinned back at Muldoon and passed the ball merrily. But the air seemed to get thick with balls and they came faster and faster, until one of them slipped through and impacted neatly between Kennedy's eyes.

When he recovered consciousness he had a new notion of the vigor of the aged, but not infirm, Muldoon.

One success has just seemed to lead by natural steps to another in the career of Kennedy. Having recovered from his illness, he was sent on a mission to interview Galen Stone of Hayden, Stone and Company on matters for the Bethlehem concern. Stone could not be seen, so Kennedy neatly arranged to take the same train by which Mr. Stone was returning from New York to Boston. On the train he put his proposals to Stone. Stone rejected the deal, but before the train reached Boston he was negotiating to employ Kennedy, who in due course became connected with Hayden, Stone and Company.

BANKING connections and advisory functions concerning loans to motion picture enterprises brought Kennedy into acquaintance with the film industry. He also became fiscal agent of the Robertson-Cole concern, out of which the present F.B.O. organization evolved.

In the course of his Boston career Kennedy became further initiated into the affairs and concerns of the motion picture industry when Charles Pettijohn, general counsel of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., generally known as the "Hays office," went into Massachusetts for the historically triumphant fight for the defeat of censorship in that state. Pettijohn sought the advice of Kennedy the banker, who knew the who's who and the what's what and when of Boston.

It was an important contact.

Now, subsequently Kennedy has become a figure of power and prominence in the major group of motion picture in-

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terests on a scale rather beyond the status of his own company. This is for reasons of personality and politics. Be it known that Will Hays has been much put to it these several years to endow the febrile motion picture industry with an atmosphere of Americanism and substantiality. Kennedy is a valuable personality from this point of view. He is exceedingly American, with a background of lofty and conservative financial connections, an atmosphere of much home and family life and all those fireside virtues of which the public never hears in the current news from Hollywood upon which so much of the repute of the institution of the screen is based.

MR. KENNEDY made his most concrete contribution to the improvement of the status of the motion picture among American institutions and industries when in the spring of this year he sponsored a series of addresses and lectures by the principal executives of the major motion picture concerns before the Business School of Harvard.

This was in essence the first important academic recognition of the existence of the films.

It could have been achieved for the motion picture only under such auspices. It is as significant of the motion picture's coming of age among the nation's industries as its contemporary recognition in Wall Street.

Kennedy has come in afresh, without any of the twenty year long tangle of feuds and foibles and superstitions and habits of the motion picture cliques and clans to hamper him. He carries the authority of pre-proved success. He knows figures and bookkeeping and millions do not make him dizzy. Therefore he can speak up in meeting. Which he does.

WHEN Kennedy came into the New York offices of the motion picture concern to take charge a dignified and well appointed suite was awaiting him. The new president had been in his new office all of a half hour when he sent for one of his vice-presidents, who appeared expecting to discuss weighty matters of policy. Kennedy was studiously examining his desk, going through the drawers with systematic efficiency. Then he looked up with an air of great profundity.

"What this corporation needs first and most of all, is a nice box of Havana cigars for the president's office."

After that they proceeded to business.

Not long after Mr. Kennedy made his first visit to the California studios of F.B.O. Ralph Ince was engaged in directing a scene in "Bigger than Barnum's," a circus story. A performer was swinging dizzily on a high trapeze. Three times Kennedy watched the acrobat swing and leap and miss his hold to fall ignominiously into the net below.

It was more than the efficient banker could endure.

"Why," he asked, approaching Ince, the director, "don't you get somebody who can do that stunt?"

"I can," Ince replied, "if you insist—but you see it would spoil the story, which calls for a flop. I've been two days getting this fellow to miss."



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YOUR skin is not hair-free when the hair is taken from the surface only. Beauty culture experts agree that you must eliminate the cause if you really want to **destroy** your superfluous hair. This **ZIP** does, simply and perfectly, by gently lifting (not pulling) out the cause from under the skin—hundreds in an instant. **ZIP** is put up in package form especially for home use and is for sale everywhere. Beware of spurious imitations. By using **ZIP** you are certain that **IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT**. And loveliness means more than beauty. **AB-SCENT**

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 567 Brunswick Building
 New York City

What Makes Us Movie Fans?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

To be a visualizer means that you think like you actually experience—in terms of sight.

You also dream that way. The visualizer does not as a rule dream of hearing sounds or of tasting or of smelling or even of touching.

He may at times, of course.

By far and large, he dreams about seeing things.

He dreams pictures.

All his thought processes, asleep or awake, are mental pictures.

IT stands to reason, therefore, that seeing is less fatiguing than hearing or reading.

Less effort is required and there is less strain on the nervous system in going to the movies than in attending the performance of a play or hearing an opera or reading a book.

Couple that physiological principle with an absorbing story with plenty of action and emotional appeal and you have a combination—a corking good motion picture—that for recreative and pure entertainment value comes very near being 100 per cent.

Remember the old adage about seeing is believing?

I'll wager that people are just as likely to be beguiled into believing what they see in a movie as they are into believing what actually occurs before their very eyes in real life.

In fact, motion pictures make up for the deficiencies of our eyes.

After all, the eye is nothing but a motion picture camera.

There is photographed on our brain the record of action that happens each day to pass before our eyes, that passes through the lens and is impinged upon the sensitive film of the retina.

The more we move about the more we see and record. But the camera beats us at that.

It moves to places where we cannot go. It sees things we have no opportunity of seeing.

WHILE our own eyes are forced to see all sorts of drab, uninteresting experiences the camera sees for us only those things which are vital and essentially alluring.

Lastly, all life is action, reveals itself in action.

All our bodily functions—the heart, lungs, blood streams, all of them—are in a constant state of motion.

Our fascination for action, therefore, also has a sound physiological basis. And especially does intensified action, like in a fast-moving picture, find an ever-ready response.

The movies are so comprehensive in their scope and variety that every type of individual, no matter what his personal character traits may be, can be satisfied.

Throughout our lives we repress and hold ourselves in check.

We cannot have what we want. The

law and social custom does not allow us to behave the way we want.

Circumstances do not even allow us to express our feelings as we would like.

The man, woman or child that defies the restrictions that society must needs place upon individual expression soon makes the acquaintance of the police blotter.

But in the picture show!

Here the man or woman whose outpouring of love has been checked can feel the thrill of love triumphant.

The clerk in the white goods department, who has never had a chance to be a hero, can live through the experience of rescuing his beloved from a fire or of vindicating the honor of his family.

The failure in business or marriage can see how it feels to be rated at a million dollars and sit around a happy family fireside.

When you see a movie it is you who is the hero or the heroine as the case may be.

YOU laugh and weep when he laughs or weeps.

You suffer the tortures of despair as he does.

When triumph at last crowns the hero's struggles you experience identical sensations of glorious well-being.

A like explanation accounts for some of us liking adventure pictures, others comedy, tragedy or romance.

We always like pictures the theme of which fulfills what we consciously or unconsciously have wished to be.

Similarly, certain actors appeal to us and others do not because their personalities do or do not represent our repressed desires.

That is why mother tied down with household worries and the care of a few babies adores the coquetry of Greta Garbo.

A worldly sister admires the sweet simplicity of Lillian Gish.

THE weary and depressed find refreshment in the antics of Harold Lloyd.

Idealistic young men like the blasé cynicism of Menjou, while the scarred veterans of life feel young again when they see Fairbanks or Novarro.

People with special tastes may not always find the picture that responds to their inner strivings.

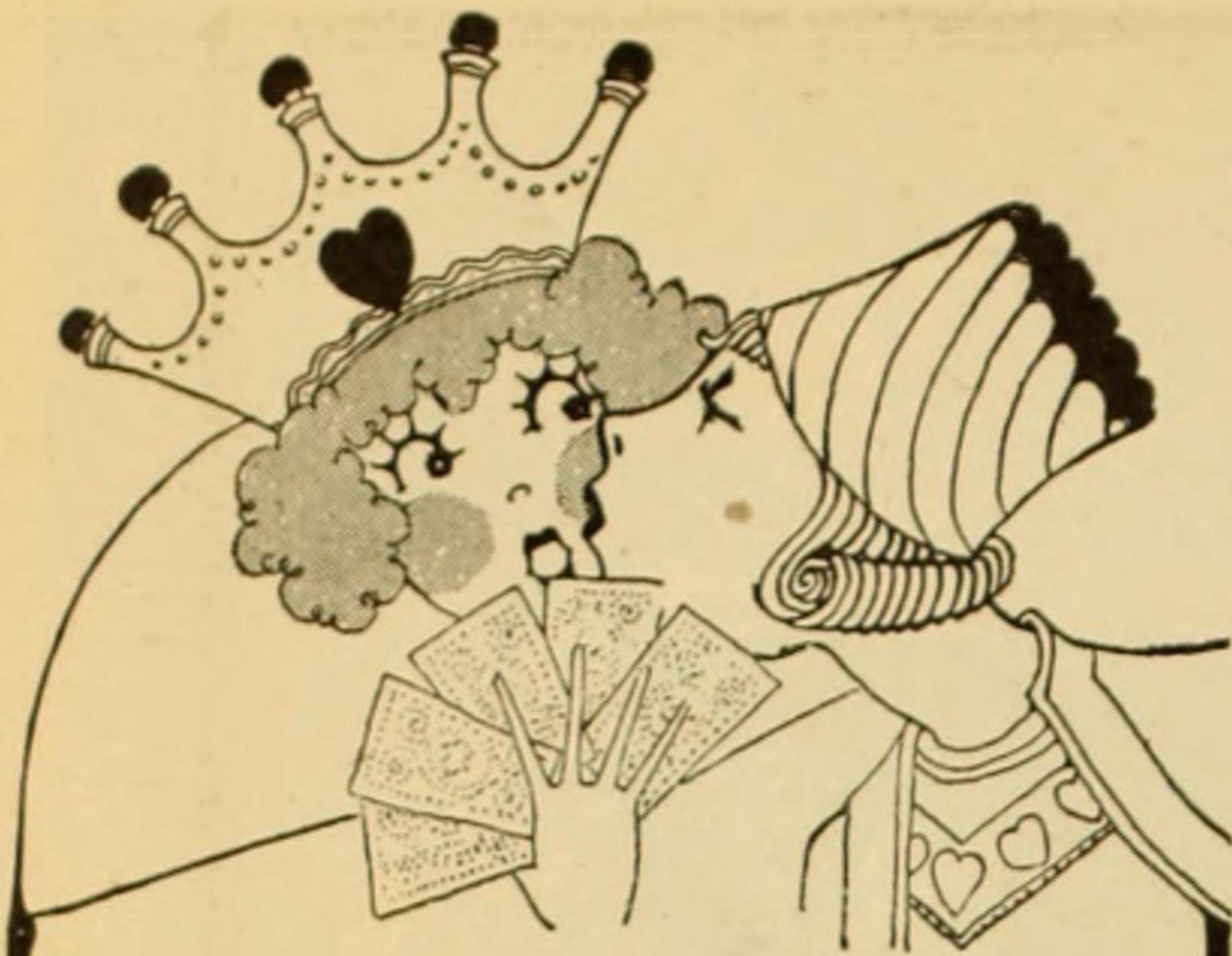
But if they do they simply cannot help themselves feeling pleased and refreshed.

There are pictures for everybody!

Everybody needs pictures!

The world of reality that we live in is so stern and harsh and cold that our instinctive natures positively die of starvation if an outlet is not afforded, if we cannot let loose emotionally and let off steam.

I say once more: "If you don't like the movies there is something wrong with you!"



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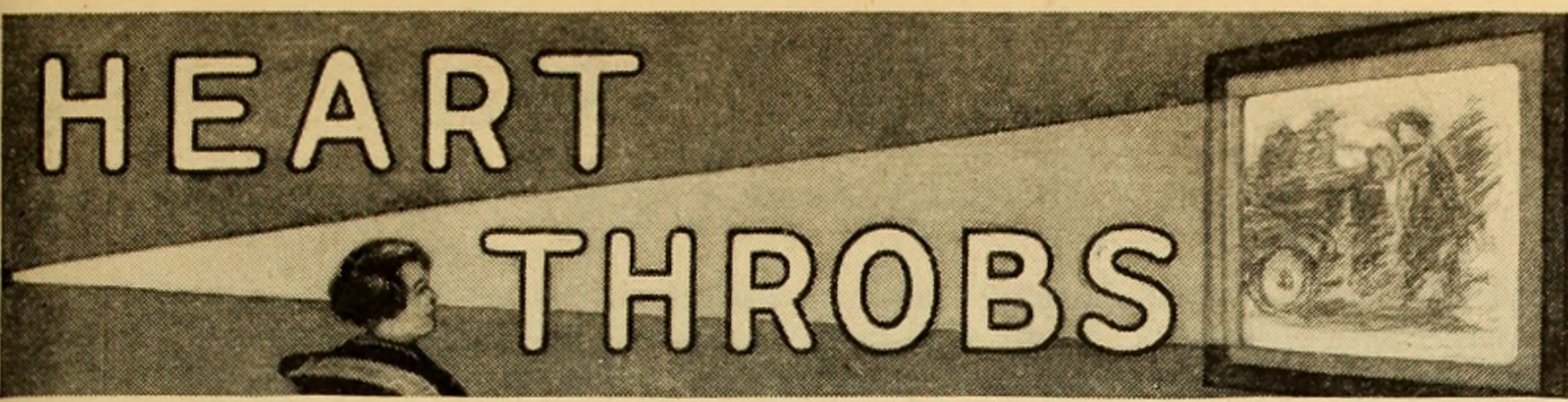
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Marshalltown, Iowa.

There was once a girl who was much worried and the reason was this: There was a rich man who desired to marry her, holding out his wealth as an inducement. Although she did not love him, her parents were insistent that she marry him. On the other hand, there was a Boy, whom she loved and who loved her, but who had nothing to offer her but his love and his future. So the girl was puzzled and didn't know which way to turn.

One day she purchased PHOTOPLAY and glancing through the magazine, she read an enthusiastic review of "Sunya." Whereupon, "Sunya" coming to her town and

liking the review, the girl went to see it.

In the picture she saw that Sunya's problems were similar to her own and watched the unfolding of the plot with increasing interest. Leaving the theater, the girl came to a decision. She felt that her destiny, like Sunya's, lay along the path of love and that no good can come from doing the wrong thing, even though it is to help those we love.

That girl was I and I never can thank PHOTOPLAY and Gloria Swanson enough for directing me to the right path. I am going to marry the boy and I am so happy! And, surely, things will work out for good in the end. Thankful.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

A Thought for Reformers

Colorado Springs, Colo.

At our recent election we won the Sunday movie question by only twenty-nine votes. The next Sunday, I attended our first Sunday show, seeing Syd Chaplin in "The Letter 'Ole.'" As I looked around I found the theater filled with young boys and girls enjoying the picture immensely. The thought came to me of how much better for our boys and girls to seek a good, clean picture for this Sunday amusement instead of the petting and drinking parties.

MRS. F. D. GRIMES.

Read This, Victor McLaglen

Covington, Ky.

Hats off as *Captain Flagg* goes by! Never has there been a more vivid portrayal of character from either camera or pen than that of the lovable rough-neck in "What Price Glory."

At last the gods have answered and given someone a brain human enough to realize that it is possible for a male star without the features of Apollo or the romantic qualities of Romeo to win his way to the hearts of the people.

BEATRICE TUPMAN.



Prize Caption of the Month

Says Polly Moran to Marie Dressler: "This stuff makes me see double and feel single." It's one of Ralph Spence's wisecracks

M. G. M.'s Great Contest

★ ★ ★

It Pays to Read the Stars

★ ★

A valuable prize is waiting for YOU!

★

COME on, fans—make your "star-gazing" pay! Find out how well your eyes and your memory work together—and profit by proving that you know your astronomy!

The star-gazing game is fun in itself—and a large cash prize awaits you for playing it. Here's hoping your eyes, wits and memory serve you well! If they do, the prize is yours.

★

These are the rules of the contest:

On page 7 in this magazine, you will find a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement. Study the pictures of the stars shown there and write a list of their names. Name your favorite star. And, in 8 words or less, write a suitable slogan for each star. (As, for example: "Lon Chaney—the man of a thousand faces.")

The person sending the most correct list of names, with the set of slogans found best in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded \$100 and an autographed picture of his or her favorite star.

The fans sending the 50 next best lists and slogans will all receive autographed pictures of the stars they mention as their individual favorites.

M-G-M reserves the right to use, in any way, any or all slogans submitted, paying \$5 for each slogan so used.

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

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

Winners of the Pringle-Cody Contest of June

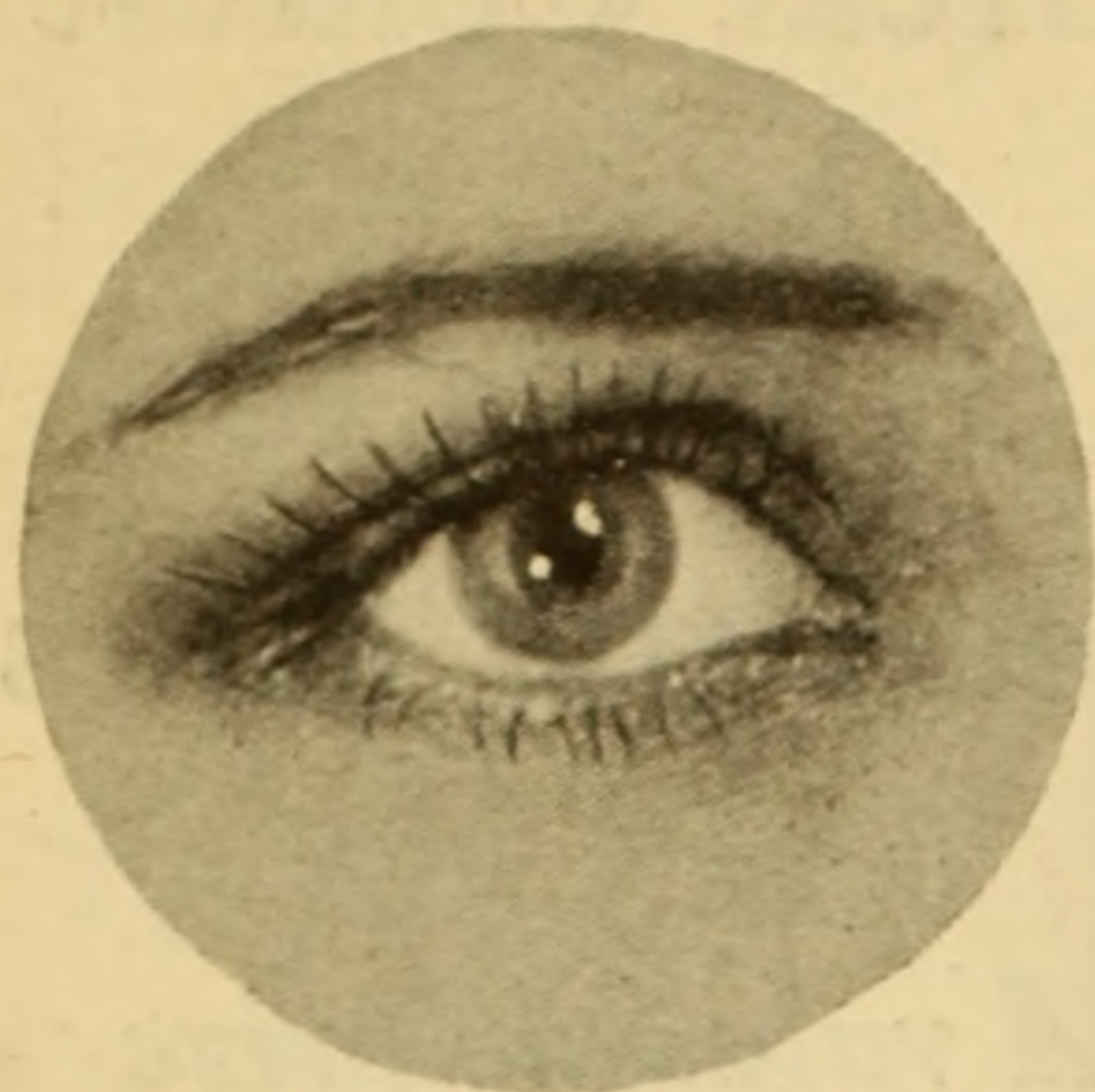
VIRGINIA KRISLE

1108 Wood St., Texarkana, Texas

C. H. USSERY

Box 24, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Brighten dull, heavy Eyes safely!



Without the aid of belladonna or other harmful drugs, *Murine* imparts new life and lustre to the dulllest eyes. Use this soothing, refreshing lotion every evening to rid your eyes of irritating particles and prevent a bloodshot condition.

Murine is quickly and easily applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. No insanitary, inconvenient eye cup is needed. Millions the world over now use this long-trusted lotion to keep eyes clear and bright.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 27, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

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



"Erase"
HAIR WITH
THIS DAINTY
MAGIC
DISC

BELLIN'S *Wonderstoen*

Magic it is truly—this rosy little compact that whisks away every trace of hair from arms, legs and face—leaving the skin soft and smooth as flower petals. *Wonderstoen* is dry, odorless, dainty—as harmless and easy to use as your powder puff. Gently, safely "erases" every trace of hair and does away with liquids, pastes and other unpleasant methods. Dainty women delight in *Wonderstoen* which so simply "erases" hair and leaves unmarred the skin's true texture and lovely bloom.

At your toilette goods counter. *Wonderstoen* de luxe for arms and legs \$3.00, by mail \$3.15. *Wonderstoen* facial size for chin, cheeks and upper lip \$1.25, by mail \$1.35. Sold on a money back guarantee. Write for booklet.

Bellin's *Wonderstoen* Co.
500 Fifth Ave.
Dept. P New York



BELLIN'S *Wonderstoen*
"Erase" HAIR THIS SAFE, DAINTY WAY.

Old Jobs for New

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Valentino, too, was a gardener, and a landscape artist by education. William Boyd's first job in California was as an orange picker. But you can't keep a good fellow down. Boyd walked out on rural life and got himself a job in a grocery store. He was one of those fellows who say, "I don't know why your order hasn't come yet. The boy started half an hour ago."

WHICH brings us to Lloyd Hughes. Mr. Hughes also entered Hollywood by the back door. He was the young man who started from the store a half an hour ago with the order. Mr. Hughes, alas, was delivery boy for a meat market.

William Haines started life in the Paradise of Refined Young Men with a College Education. He was a bond salesman. It's a genteel job, handing lists of securities to people who tell you that they'd dearly love to own a bond if they weren't going to Europe, or getting a mink coat or paying for a new car. Mr. Haines was employed by the S. W. Straus Company when a handsome man contest landed the bewildered young man in Culver City.

Douglas Fairbanks was once in Wall Street, years ago before he went on the stage. Although he is now rated as one of the few actors with financial ability, Fairbanks never burned up the Billion Dollar Lane.

Lon Chaney, Karl Dane and Monte Blue started at the bottom of the ladder in the theater. They were members of stage crews. In his youth, Chaney had as many jobs as he now has make-ups. He worked all through the middle-west as a stage hand, a job guaranteed to increase the vocabulary and decrease the illusions.

Fame has no glamour to a stage hand. Chaney, to this day, hasn't been blinded by the glitter of stardom. He worked too hard and waited too long.

After a varied career, Monte Blue landed in the Griffith studio as a carpenter. He was so strong, so willing, so daring that Griffith used him as an extra. Once he had a chance as an actor, Blue went at it with Indian determination.

Working in a stage crew was only incidental to Karl Dane. For a time, Dane was a curtainraiser back in Denmark. No, that doesn't mean that he was a one-act play; it means that he pulled the curtain up and down—heave ho, heave ho! His first job in this country was as a stunt aviator. The job had its disadvantages so he tried raising chickens out in San Fernando, Calif. Raising chickens and seven card stud, deuces wild, are two of the surest ways ever invented for losing money. When Karl offered his services to the film industry, he was glad to begin at a modest wage.

WALLACE BEERY applied to a circus for his first job. He told the manager that he wanted to do something big and clean. Paraphrasing the popular song, the boss told him to go wash the elephant. Wallie washed elephants for

quite a while before he branched out into Bigger and Finer Things.

Neil Hamilton and James Murray walked into the movies by way of the main entrance. Hamilton was an usher at the Strand Theater in New York and Murray was doorman at the Capitol. After taking tickets in a highly graceful and polished manner, Murray was made house manager of the Piccadilly Theater, also on Broadway. I have heard tell, too, that Ricardo Cortez once stood 'em up at the Rivoli Theater. That is to say, he made 'em stand in line until the overture was played.

VICTOR McLAGLEN claims the most picturesque job. McLaglen served in the British Army during the World War. His regiment was sent to Bagdad, after that home of the Arabian Nights was captured by the British. McLaglen was so big and strong and he had such an intimidating face, that the military authorities made him Chief of Police. Chief of Police of Bagdad! There's a swell job for you!

After graduating from Princeton and achieving all sorts of scholastic and athletic honors, Fred Thomson went abroad with the A. E. F. as chaplain. Those were the days when a parson had to have two fists and lots of muscles. Frances Marion, the scenario writer, went abroad as an entertainer. She met the good-looking chaplain and they were married. And *that*, my dears, is how Fred Thomson came to be a movie star.

Harry Langdon drew comic faces long before he made them in front of a camera. Langdon was a cartoonist on *The Omaha Bee*. Larry Semon was another newspaper artist—he worked on the *New York Morning Telegraph* and then on the *Telegram*. Although John Barrymore came from the actin'-est family in America, he wanted to be an artist and tried to sidestep the inevitable theater. For a time, John was staff artist on the *New York Evening Journal*—just a regular Nell Brinkley.

AS for the girls, whom we have neglected to mention, there are just three roads into pictures—win a beauty contest, get in the chorus of a Broadway revue or join up as a bathing beauty in comedies.

Only a few of the girls can look back on colorful careers. Renee Adoree was a bareback rider in a little French circus and came to this country as a cabaret entertainer.

Eleanor Boardman was an artists' model and an interior decorator. Julia Faye and Lois Wilson were school-teachers. Helen Ferguson and Patricia Avery were stenographers. And so, too, was Edna Purviance.

But while the men of the screen were valets to elephants, grocery boys, policemen in Bagdad or stage hands, most of the girls were plugging along as "extras," and trying to make one dollar do the work of ten.

The boys, as usual, had all the fun.

The Song and Patter Kids

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

A broad wink enveloped the remaining four of us at the table. Her secretary, Peggy Ridgway; a friend from the Avenue 54 School where the girls went through the grades; and an aunt from Orange County. The Duncan girls are never alone. They are continually surrounded by a battery of admiring friends and relatives. Mostly relatives. Aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews.

Admiring groups not contented to show their admiration in wondrous applause, but anxious to serve. Auntie must mend Rosetta's dress. Niece must run to the

drug store and get Vivian a chocolate malted milk. As wholesome as the girls themselves. Cousins and a father and a brother. Sharing their enthusiasms, their fun, their gaiety.

"Look, George. Here's Eddie Cantor!" It was at one of their beach parties. Vivian is introducing her brother. "Isn't it grand?"

And she meant it.

Life has not lost its sparkle, after ten years of theatrical work. Life is a joyous adventure to be met with the brave weapons of wit and laughter. Paris and



Will she do her bit for Dixie? Marceline Day is trying to make up her mind whether or not to change from silk to cotton stockings. Down South, the girls are helping the homeland crop by discarding silk for cotton. What's your verdict? The eyes have it!



BILLIE DOVE, beautiful First National Star, appearing in "The Tender Hour" and "An Affair of the Follies" shown here with her smart Meeker Made Bag.

Befitting its Lovely Possessor

Wearers of smart costumes and appropriate accessories choose Meeker Made hand fashioned leather bags for their loveliness, rich beauty and costume harmony. To have and carry a Meeker Made leather bag or purse is a reflection of one's very good taste.

There is a difference in quality between these and ordinary bags—they are outstanding—easily discernable. Their appearance and rare beauty enhance with wear. The name Meeker Made represents the highest grade. Look for this mark stamped into the merchandise.

MEEKER MADE

Hand-tooled, hand-tinted, genuine
imported steerhide

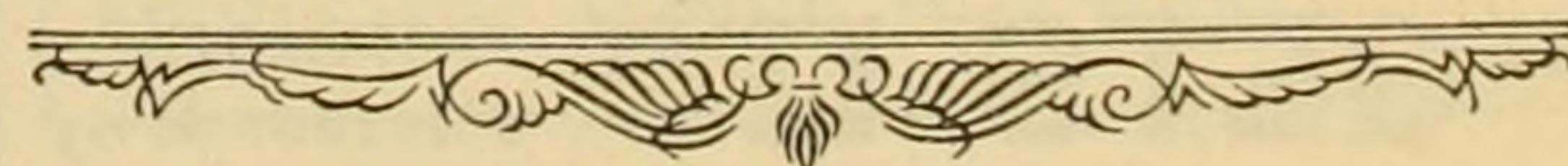
HAND BAGS

Purses — Vanities
BillFolds — Novelties

Displayed by Better Dealers Everywhere

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.





A Hair-Free Skin by just washing

That fresh, clean feeling that a good wash gives—how precious it is, how valuable in giving one that sense of groomed poise.

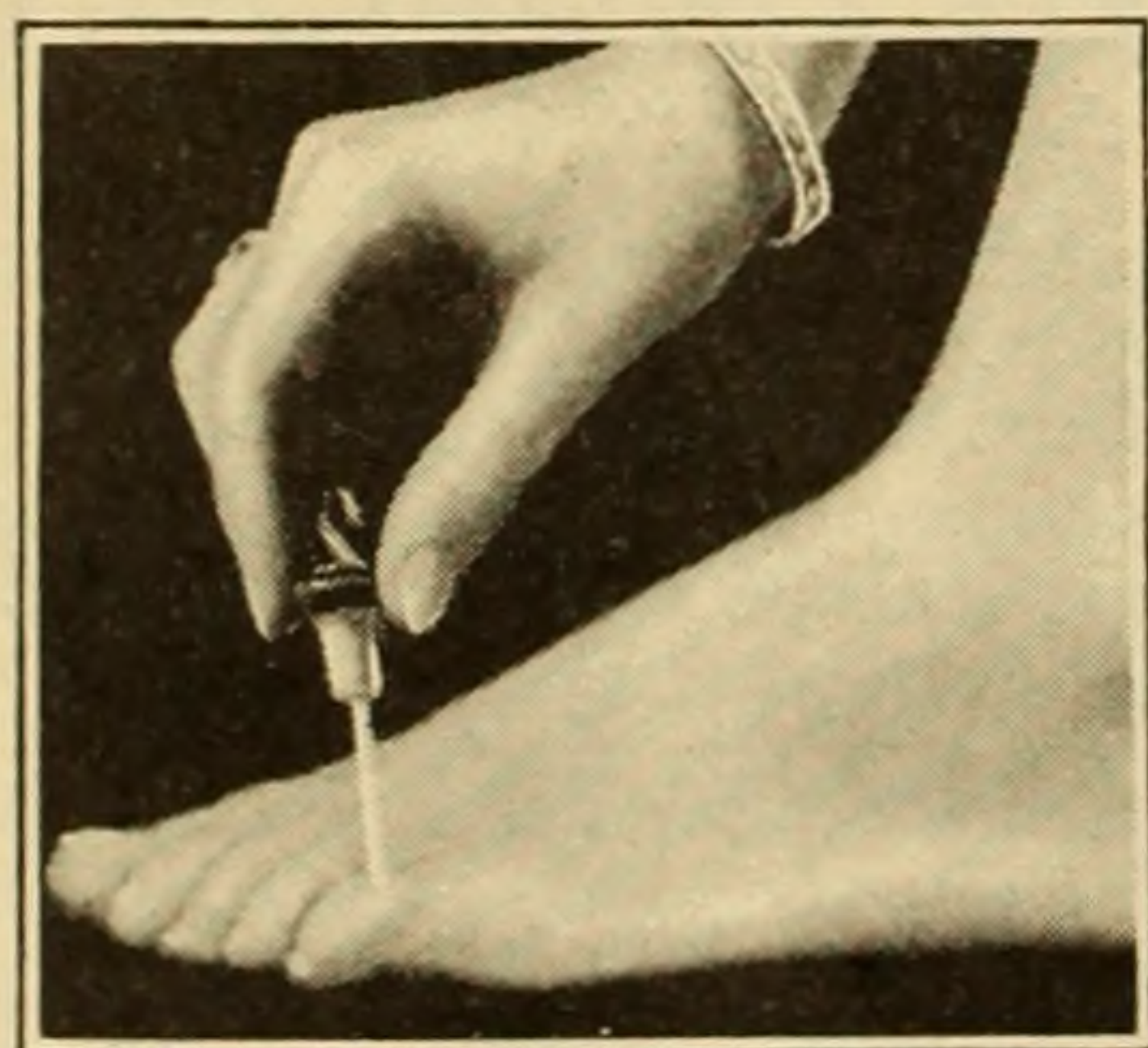
Yet, that grooming cannot be complete unless one is certain that there are no unpleasant shadows of hair on underarms, limbs, etc., to mar your skin loveliness.

You can remove those unsightly hairs just as easily as you remove dust, by washing them off with De Miracle liquid. They vanish before your eyes and leave your skin smooth, clean and lovely.

De Miracle is delicately perfumed. And every bottle is guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Sold everywhere—60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If, however, your dealer is out of it, we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of price (\$1.00). Or we will send it C. O. D. (you pay the postman). De Miracle, Dept. 69, 138 West 14th St., New York.

De Miracle Removes Hair



Corns Vanish after this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's
Fastest Way

London and New York have not dulled their appreciation of ordinary things. Each day brings another round of surprises.

The girls came to Hollywood with the same exuberance, the same love of life, that put them at the top of the theatrical ladder. They came West to put "Topsy and Eva," their musical comedy, created and produced by themselves, into the celluloid. They arrived in January.

BY the first of February four other producing companies were reported to have purchased the screen rights to "Topsy and Eva," the director and cast had been completely changed, several law suits were hanging fire and Rosetta had promised a black eye and a libel suit to a woman reporter who had called them "temperamental."

They weren't temperamental. They were merely getting acclimated.

Major, the great St. Bernard, became a familiar figure whizzing down the street in the blue Duesenberg, upholstered in real petit-point. At every party of any importance the Duncans were the center of attraction. Rosetta sitting on a low seat, surrounded by doting men, hanging on the barbed shafts of her bright badinage.

Vivian, the quieter, overshadowed perhaps by the effervescence of her sister holding court, in a high-backed chair, with her current swain.

Totally different and yet strangely alike, those two, forming a perfect unit of concentrated energy. Their lives, so steeped in success, seem to have been fashioned after the motto of the Three Musketeers—"One for all, all for one." Vivian is maternal. She buys Rosetta's clothes, supervises the cutting of Rosetta's straight boyish pompadour, does a thousand little motherly duties. Rosetta, in turn, fights the worldly battles of the incomparable duo. No jealousy. No rancor. No envy.

BUT let's get back to the dining room, with its stained glass windows and its funereal furniture. It's a rented house. Hollywood's haunted house. Wally Reid, Mary Miles Minter, many tragic lives have come beneath its roof. The Duncans, seemingly, don't care, although Vivian confesses to ghostly chills up her spinal column when she enters alone.

A silent moment has dragged by since Vivian's basso performance and now the clear sweet tones of the younger Duncan crowd themselves into the mouthpiece:

"Hello! This is Vivian Duncan. Oh, Nancy! How are you, dear?"

And Vivian smiles a broad blue wink.

Let's go on with luncheon, while Vivian talks. Ham and flaky biscuits and soufflé. A dignified dark man serves.

"Do you remember that time in Louisville, Peggy?" Vivian has replaced the receiver. "When we were making about fifty dollars a week and Jake and I decided we needed a maid? We were stopping in a little dingy boarding house where they served prunes every morning. Oh those prunes! The proprietress was a great mountain of a woman with no teeth. Her husband drank. And she had scarcely any money.

"Jake and I were going to take her with us as a maid. We bought her a corset and a set of false teeth and just as we were

all set to leave for the next town, her husband came in from a tout, took the corset and the teeth from her and made her stay at home. So we went without a maid.

"Those were great days. Pretty slim days, too. But fun. Evelyn, that's my oldest sister, was the first to go on the stage, you know. Rosetta came next. She used to yodel. How that girl could yodel! Even when she was a little kid she used to attend amateur nights at a theater near our house and always walked off with the prize.

"One time she yodelled at a party and made two dollars. After that she would not compete on amateur night. Said she was a professional. She turned professional, for good, a short time after. Got her first engagement at Tait's in San Francisco. A man who had an interest in the Orpheum circuit—Mr. Henderson, was his name, do you know him?—heard her. He asked if she would consider a contract. I'll say Jake would. Of course, she needed an accompanist and I could play the piano pretty well, so that's how I got started.

WE kept building up our act. Adding bits of patter. And then I commenced harmonizing with Jake. Gradually we began to write our own songs.

"Jake's marvelous at song-writing. She doesn't write them like anyone else that I know. Instead of taking regular paper with bars and stanzas and writing out the notes, she jots down 'do re mi fa sol.' Whatever the melody may be. You know? And then we go over it together.

"Just now we're working on the music for our picture. And on the prologue, too, with Sid Grauman. It's going to open at the Egyptian Theater. Jake and I are both going to appear in the prologue. . . .

"By the way, Peggy." This to her secretary. "What do you think of a straight blonde wig for Jake, ending in a lot of round, bouncing curls? I don't want her to go blackface this time."

That mothering, maternal instinct. You see it is all Jake with Hymie.

"Funny about Jake. She can knock out a song in no time. 'Remembering,' for instance. We were playing Chicago, then. It was a cold day, half-rain and half-sleet. Jake had a cold. She was sniffing and sneezing. We had a tea engagement somewhere on Lake Shore Drive.

"I don't want to go, Hymie. Call 'em up and say I'm dead or something. I will be if I go out in this weather.' It was four-thirty then. Jake sat down at the piano, her fingers striking chords. Pretty soon she had her pencil in her hand and was jotting down her 'do re mi's.' By nine o'clock we had finished 'Remembering.'

"Jake says. . . ."

But what are you going to do in the absoluteness of this sisterly devotion?

I SAID I had lunched with the Duncan sisters. I didn't, really. Only with one. But when Jake has a press agent like Hymie she doesn't need to make personal appearances.

Everything is, indeed, Jake with Hymie.

And everything's Hymie with Jake.

Arlen Loses His Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

give him the leading rôle in "Wings," Famous Players-Lasky directors would not have him as a gift, even as an extra. They'd become convinced that all that was needed to sink a picture was to have Richard Arlen on board.

Then came the dawn. Then, also, came some of the most fervent love-making that the eye of the camera has ever seen.

In the cast of "Wings" was the delectable Jobyna Ralston, and she and the up-to-that-time disastrous Richard Arlen had fallen desperately in love with each other—so desperately that they had become engaged to be married. Those were the happy days.

THE realism of the love scenes in "Wings," in which Richard Arlen is the party of the first and Jobyna Ralston is the party of the second is, to drag in a high-brow word, just to show that we have one, devastating. Half the time, neither of the participants heard the director when he yelled, "Cut."

Of course, when it rains it pours. Following "Wings," the young man, who in kissing Jobyna Ralston had kissed his jinx good-bye, has played in three other successes—"Rolled Stockings," with Clara Bow, "Sally in Our Alley," and "The Blood Ship." And, right now, four directors are trying to get him into four different pictures. And Jesse L. Lasky, having seen "Wings," has said to him: "I am sure you will rise to the heights."

It sure does look as if Richard Arlen's jinx has taken wings and flown away.

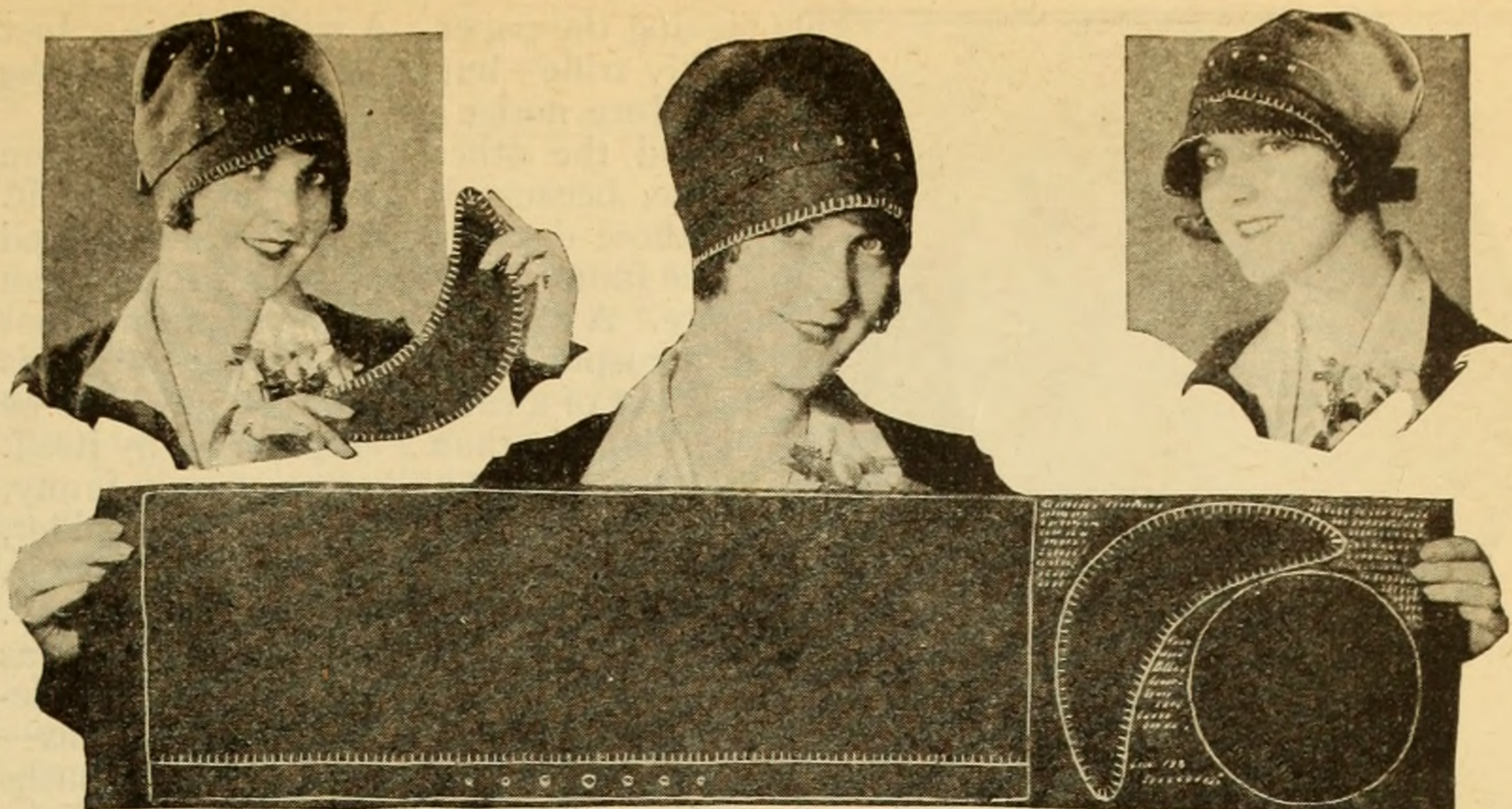
I Spent a Million to Dress Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Coast, I'd played in vaudeville, and melodrama, and anything they'd give me a chance to play in. What I most wanted to play in was pictures.

I heard that Mr. Ince was paying his picture actors \$50 a week. I'd never earned that much. I was afraid to ask for that much. So, rather than take a chance of losing a job with him, I asked for \$35 a week. I got it—and, at eighteen years of age, I was playing whiskered villains in Civil War pictures and Westerns which were the only kinds of pictures they were making at Inceville then—or almost any other place, for that matter.

TWO little scenes I played down there will show any actor or actress it pays to always do your best—no matter how small your present opportunity seems to be. In one scene, I was a Union General in a Civil War picture. All I had to do was to sign a paper and give it to an orderly. I thought I saw a chance to make something of even this routine piece of business. All I could think of to do was to get some imaginary dust on the pen and then get it off again before



The "Vizette" (Above)
For Sport or Street.
Has Snap-on vizor.



The "Danzette"
Very chic



The "Rozette"
A dressy model

(14)

Make Your Own Snappy NEW MODEL FELT HAT Only 79¢ POST PAID

Anyone can do it; just by following the simple directions printed with stamped pattern right on this fine quality all-wool felt. The "Vizette" model shown above is particularly popular for sport and street wear. Vizer snaps in place to give eye shield for golf or touring—removes instantly to give you stunningly stylish hat for street wear.

Furnished in White, Scarlet, Sand or Navy Blue. Offer includes 3 Skeins of Collingbourne's Artzilk for embroidering. Complete, only 79c postpaid.

Choice of 3 Styles in 4 Colors WHITE—SCARLET—SAND OR NAVY BLUE

We also show here two other popular Virginia Snow models—the "Danzette" and the "Rozette." These models do not have the detachable vizor, but are exceptionally smart in style. All models are equally easy to make in size to fit wearer. You will surely want one or more of these serviceable all-wool hats of finest quality at this remarkable price of only 79c postpaid. \$1.50 for two, or \$2.00 for three. Remember 3 Skeins of Collingbourne's Artzilk for embroidering are included free with each hat. Money back if you are not delighted with the fine quality of all-wool felt, the rich modish color and the big value we give. In ordering, be sure to state which model you want and the color you prefer. Send today.

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In order to introduce to the American public

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we will send this dainty bottle with gold-finished screw cap, ground glass rod and stopper, filled with this new, most wonderful and fragrant Perfume—equal to the finest importations.

Send this advertisement with your name and address plainly written or printed and 10 cents in coin or stamps (Foreign countries 10 cents extra) to cover postage, packing and handling and we will send promptly, securely packed and all charges paid.

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Fascinating Womanhood



This is the title of a book that will teach you how to gain the interest and make yourself attractive to the man of your choice. It explains the psychology of the male mind by showing you how it works. You do not need to be lonely any longer. You can win home and husband and be happy, once you are master of the psychology which

this book teaches. Cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and the little book, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," outlining these revelations, will be sent you postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

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Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week



Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write, being sure to enclose a two cent stamp, to

The Star Developing System
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PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as \$10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

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Removes | Whitens
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The Stillman Co., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

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\$3.00 DOWN and its yours *Guaranteed for 5 years*

Think of it! You can now get a Genuine Underwood for only \$3 down and small monthly payments.

Special FREE TRIAL Offer
Don't send any money now, just mail in the coupon for full information about our special free trial offer and special prices and terms.

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You can learn to write on this machine in a week's time! We will give you FREE a typist's manual and a FREE course in touch typewriting! Write at once, don't delay, send the coupon NOW!

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Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment
Work Wonders
Try Our New Shaving Stick.

signing the paper. A trifle? Sure. Just a silly trifle—but it was enough to make Mr. Ince notice me for the first time.

And the other little scene was even worse, because it had a cuspidor in it. In those days, cuspidors were supposed to be funny. I was playing a scene in an office. A director told me to put my foot in a cuspidor. A man trying to get his foot out of a cuspidor was supposed to be even funnier than a cuspidor all by itself. But I didn't think it was so very funny, so, although I put my foot in the cuspidor, I pretended I didn't know I had done it. And I played the scene that way. Doesn't it sound childish? Well, it was what Mr. Ince needed to make him decide I could play country bumpkins—those embarrassed, self-effacing youths with the frazzled straw hats, the hickory shirts, the high water pants, etc.

AND my salary went up to \$85 a week, and C. Gardner Sullivan—the only writer I've ever known who can write best in a rocking chair—wrote "The Pinch Hitter," and that was the first of the rube dramas we used to turn out at the rate of one a month.

I was a type. But I didn't want to be a type. I wanted to prove I was an actor.

But, before my contract with Mr. Ince expired, and I formed my own company to make pictures that wouldn't all be alike, I was getting one of the queerest salaries in the business—\$3,741 a week. All other salaries were in round numbers. The \$41 was tacked onto mine because Mr. Ince was paying me so much a year and it figured out that way.

With what I'd saved from my salary, and my percentage on my pictures, I went into business for myself. I made "Scrap Iron," "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," "Peaceful Valley," and then I made a series in which I dressed up for the first time.

And it came pretty close to being the last. The pictures didn't sell. But I hung on. Because, I believed with all my heart and soul, I had something to give the public that had been so generous to me since the days when I first got my head above the water by supporting Frank Keenan in "The Coward."

IF that very fine actor had not played this part so slowly, I might not have got my head above the water even then. But, as he did play it very slowly, there was nothing they could "cut back to," as the technical phrase has it, except the boy. And I was the boy, and my first big chance, as far as the public was concerned, was fairly shoveled at me.

Grateful? I should say I was. For "The Coward" began the era when my fan-mail, running to an average of more than ninety letters a day, showed I was doing something on the screen that the people liked. Right now, my fan-mail averages forty letters a day. But, in between, were those days I'm coming to—the days when the fan-mail dropped to nothing.

Those lonesome days came after I'd bought and produced "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole," and that other gem of James Whitcomb Riley, "The Girl I Loved."

Then began my dressing up in earnest. Mary Pickford had bought for Jack Pickford's use, "A Tailor Made Man," a

stage play that had been very successful. When they decided not to do it, I paid Miss Pickford \$75,000 for it, produced it, and lost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

But I wouldn't, I couldn't quit. Something inside of me was driving me on to make what I hoped would be a milestone in the history of the art I love.

IPUT my whole heart, and every dollar I had in the world, and every dollar I could borrow, into "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

And, instead of making a milestone, I made a tombstone.

Eleven thousand dollars a week is quite a little money, isn't it? Well, that's how much was going every week to bankers who had helped finance the picture and others for me—and for some of that money I was paying as high as thirty per cent. I had seventeen pictures out and the bankers were getting every nickel they brought in.

I went to New York with the picture. And, with our hopes high, not only of making a financial recovery, but, more than that, of making a fine and worthy contribution to the screen, Mrs. Ray and I went to live at the Plaza Hotel to wait for the verdict.

We did not wait long at the Plaza Hotel. The verdict of defeat was so crushing we had to move to much cheaper quarters in a small hotel where our window looked on a brick wall as blank as our hopes.

I can remember staring at that wall on the day the bankers who were getting \$11,000 a week refused to give me a drawing account of even \$100 a week. I can remember staring at that wall on the day I did not have \$20 to my name.

I had lost my studio, I had lost my home, I had lost everything.

And what did I do? Just what many another man has done who has seen his house of dreams come toppling upon his head. I dug myself out of the wreckage and began to fight my way back.

My weapons? Any parts I could get. I didn't ask for starring parts. I didn't ask for those country yokel parts I can play in my sleep. But what I did ask for were parts that would give me a chance to act.

And, after finding them in "The Auction Block," "Paris," "Nobody's Widow," "Vanity" and others, including "Getting Gertie's Garter," again—for the second time in my life—I'm a star. This time in the Universal special, "Betty's a Lady."

PROFESSIONALLY, I'm a free-lance; personally, it won't be long before I'm a free man. It's only because I'm still in debt that I can't call myself a free man now.

And there's one thing I'm prouder of than I am of any professional success I have had in the past or may have in the future. That is, that I'm doing what every honest man did long before I ever was heard of, and what every honest man will do long after I'm forgotten—I'm paying every dollar I owe, whether I'm legally responsible for it or not.

It's a job that wouldn't take quite so long if I hadn't spent \$1,000,000 to dress up.

His Pop Threw the Bull

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

His wife was a Castilian. Their son was christened Luis Antonio Damaso Alonso.

But just try to "put that in the lights."

After leaving school the boy and his father roamed Mexico, Cuba and Central American countries, until finally the elder Alonso, badly injured in a bull fight, was forced to retire.

Young Luis continued his adventuring until at the age of nineteen, just three years, he reached Hollywood.

His old acquaintance, Adversity, arrived at the same time. But Opportunity was not far away.

AFTER months of futile searching for work, Gilbert Roland, as he had begun to call himself, secured a part as an extra in "The Lady Who Lied," which Edwin Carewe was directing.

At midnight a call came for an extra to put on a Don Juan costume. Most of the extras were tired, and, inasmuch as this meant a complete change of clothes, did not volunteer. Young Roland did. While in this costume he attracted the attention of Ivan Kahn, a Hollywood agent, who happened to be present. Kahn offered to get him a screen test.

Before he had the screen test, however, he had a call as an extra on the M-G-M lot. Elinor Glyn happened to see him in the studio cafeteria, and sent one of her henchmen to him, offering a screen test. She was so pleased with the result that she wanted to cast him for the male lead in "The Great Moment," then preparing for filming. Irving Thalberg saw him, and announced that he wanted him instead for a part in "The Midshipman," with Ramon Novarro, schoolmate of those Chihuahua days.

Roland went with this company, only to find that he was only doubling in the rough scenes for Novarro. Thus he had missed the real chance for recognition which the Glyn picture would have given him. B. P. Schulberg, then an independent producer, saw the screen test which Kahn had taken, and signed Roland to a five-year optional contract.

His first featured rôle was that of a college heavy in "The Plastic Age," in which Clara Bow played the heroine and Donald Keith the hero.

Schulberg then went to Famous-Players-Lasky, and took Roland with him, under contract.

Eventually Schulberg decided not to renew his optional contract.

ONE afternoon, Roland was lunching with friends at the Ambassador Hotel. He saw a girl looking at him frequently, and finally an inquiry as to his name was made by the head-waiter. It later developed that the girl was Ann Rork, a featured actress and daughter of Sam Rork, the First National producer. Ann spoke to her father, who signed Roland for four pictures, the first of which was "The Blonde Saint."

Again came a period of idleness, this time for three months. Then John Considine, Jr., in charge of the United Artists studio, saw the screen test which Kahn had taken, and suggested Roland as leading man for Norma Talmadge, who was quickly convinced.

Roland's work in this picture was so notable that he was again signed as her leading man in "The Dove," after which George Fitzmaurice obtained him for the male lead in "Rose of Monterey."



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Ladies In Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

he told his Grand Vizier, 'you run things in Bagdad for a while. Shahzenan and I are going out to find a married man whose wife has made a bigger fool of him than our wives have made of us.'

"The Grand Vizier said he didn't see why they should have any particular trouble. All women were bad, and those that weren't were worse. As for him, he had given up expecting anything from them since his fifth wife ran off with an obelisk salesman from Cairo.

"'Deceit is their middle name, O Commander of the Faithful,' he said, 'and the end ones are foolishness and vanity. I prefer to live with a parrot. They may ask questions, but you don't have to answer.'"

"That is another libel on our sex!" Mrs. Potiphar cried, but Cleopatra dragged her back into her seat.

"Men always say that," she whispered. "But I've noticed that if a woman takes care to tell them how wonderful they are, they do not mind if she talks herself blue in the face. Sorry, Scheherazade. Proceed with your most interesting story."

"Well, as I was saying, the two brothers left Bagdad and wandered about for a long time, looking for a husband who was worse off than they were. But they could not seem to find one. All the married men they met said their wives were perfectly true to them, and why shouldn't they be, married to such good-looking husbands?"

THE two brothers snickered when they heard them, for they remembered having once felt that way themselves. But they did not say anything, and went on with their search.

"One day they arrived at the seashore, and sat down under a tree to rest. They had not been sitting there long when the breakers suddenly parted and a coal black Afrite as big as a church came up out of the ocean carrying a chest on his back.

"The two brothers took one look at the meat-chopper which hung at his belt.

"'This is no place for us,' they said, and climbed up in the tree. But luck was against them. It was the only tree on



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the beach, and the Afrite came and sat down under it.

"Shariar and Shahzenan kept very quiet. They were not taking any chances. Pretty soon they heard a sound, like someone knocking, inside the chest. The Afrite took a bunch of keys from his pocket and got busy with the padlocks which held down the lid. When the last one was unlocked, and the chest opened, a very good-looking cutie with bobbed hair stepped out.

"What do you want now?" the Afrite asked in a sour voice.

"I WANT to be where I can see you, angel face," the bobbed-haired lady said, patting him on the cheek, "and I can not stay locked up in that chest any longer because I am afraid that some unscrupulous hussy will try to vamp my great big beautiful boy while I am not looking. So if you do not mind I will sit here where I can see your face and as I am sure you must be tired after your long walk, why do you not lie down and go to sleep? Mama will just stay here quietly and keep the flies off of papa, and I notice there are a great many flies flying about although they do not seem to light on me."

"Now of course Shariar and Shahzenan, being married men, had heard that kind of talk before, and they got to laughing so they almost fell out of the tree. So the cutie who had been in the box looked up and saw them.

"Come down," she whispered, making signs to them. "My husband is asleep, and there is something I want to say to you."

"She certainly was a fast worker," Salome laughed. "Did the Sultans come down?"

"Oh, yes. They had to. She kept after them and gave them to understand that if they did not do as she asked she would wake the Afrite up, and that would be the end of a perfect day so far as they were concerned.

"When they got out of the tree the cutie gave them the once over.

"We cannot talk here," she said, "because it might wake up my husband, and the poor dear needs his rest." So she took them into the bushes.

"Shariar looked back in the direction of the tree.

"I think we had better be going," he said. "My brother and I have been husbands ourselves and we know how they feel when they wake up and find their wives talking to strange gentlemen."

"That is all right," the bobbed-haired cutie told them. "My husband is a very sound sleeper, and besides, I want to show you something. You both seem a little depressed, and what I am about to show you is a very remarkable thing, and may cheer you up." So she took a gold chain out of her stocking, and there were a lot of rings on it.

"What is the idea of all the jewelry?" the Sultans asked.

"Just some little souvenirs I have collected," the cutie told them. "That dumb-bell over there swore when I married him that I should never look at another man. So he keeps me locked up in that chest, with all those padlocks on it, to make sure I will be true to him. Now, being a perfect lady, I do not like to boast, but there

are ninety-eight rings on this chain, as you will find out if you care to count them, and as I see you are each wearing a rather nice one I would like you to hand them over, because I have set my heart on making it an even hundred."

Thais sprang to her feet.

"That dame," she said, "had the right idea. I move she be made a member of the Club."

"The motion is out of order." Eve pounded on the table. "Let Scheherazade go ahead. I am sure we are all very much interested. What happened then?"

"Well," Scheherazade laughed, "the way Shariar tells the story, courtesy prompted Shahzenan and himself to do as the lady wished. They were afraid, he claims, that if they didn't, she would wake up her husband and he might have failed to understand. At any rate, they came back to Bagdad without their rings. And they decided that the Afrite was worse off than they were.

"Naturally, Shariar was even more sore on women, when he got home, than he had been before. So after his brother went back to Persia he decided that the only way to have a wife you could be sure of was to marry a new one every night, and send her to the guillotine the first thing after breakfast the next morning.

"Well, you can see at once that while this was pretty soft for the Sultan it wasn't so good for the Bagdad flappers. Any girl, they said, would be glad to be queen of the harem as a permanent job, but they did not think much of it as piece-work. So when the stock of willing brides got low, I had an idea.

"WHY not start in to tell this bird some snappy stories?" I said, "and break them off just when the hero and heroine are about to go into the clinch? That will get him so excited he will put off the execution in order to find out how the thing turns out." So when my father, the Grand Vizier, told me that I was the next victim, I began my series of yarns. As you all probably know, the scheme worked so well that I kept it up for a thousand and one nights. By that time Shariar had got so used to hearing me talk he couldn't go to sleep without the sound of somebody's voice. When I ran out of plots I bought him a radio and tuned in on the bedtime stories. Later on he took up the movie serial habit. Goes to one every night, even now. It's most convenient."

"YOU certainly are right," Sappho laughed, "when you say that no man can be sure about a woman until she is in her grave, and even then is it problematical. Only the other day I ran into Henry the Eighth, and he told me he was having a dreadful time keeping his dead wives straight."

Lucrezia Borgia did not seem to be greatly impressed.

"It seems to me, Scheherazade," she said, "that your husband was pretty sure about you—at least for a thousand and one nights."

"Nights, yes. But the poor dear got so tired listening to my yarns he had to stay in bed all the next day in order to catch up on his sleep. That left me fairly free. And of course, after I bought the radio, things were even more simple. The

young man who sold it to me had the loveliest eyes."

Mrs. Potiphar had been struggling to catch Eve's eye.

"Speaking of wives," she said, "I am of the opinion that any husband who tries to prevent his wife from doing anything she has set her mind on doing is an idiot, padlocks or no padlocks. Of course, you have all heard those tales about Joseph and myself. Lies, my dear girls—nothing but lies. I never even looked at the fellow. But there was a big date and fig man from Damascus—"

"Sorry, my dear," Eve interrupted, "but, like Scheherazade, you'll have to tell us the rest of that story at another meeting. We can't let our supper get cold."

Adam, who was sneaking out the back way, found Eve's maid, Marie, listening at the keyhole.

"You are too nice a girl, Marie," he said, putting his arm around her, "to have your morals corrupted by anything

those ancient eggs are saying in there. What are you doing in Hell, anyway?"

"Alas, monsieur," Marie said, "it is the result of an affair I had with a young American aviator in Paris. We loved each other passionately."

"Were you married to him?"

"No, monsieur. That seems to be the difficulty."

"I SEE. Well, whether you are married or not married often *does* seem to make all the difference between Heaven and Hell. I've found that out myself. Look here—don't say anything to Eve about my having gone out, will you? The next time I see Satan I'll speak to him about your case."

He vanished just as Eve threw open the dining room door.

"At the next meeting," said the Queen of Sheba, "I would like to tell you about my visit to King Solomon. He certainly did have a good press agent."

Higher Hire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

times I succeeded in making him my enemy due to stealing the picture from him.

Then I became a leading man and supported the principal female stars. Don't get me wrong, now, as my salary was only five hundred weekly, but I was pretty popular at that. I found out that most of these dazzlers had sprung from whistling stations and were just beginning to find out what a fork was for. A real New Yorker was from the upper strata, as you might say, so it wasn't long before I was one of Hollywood's hims of praise.

Then, just when everything was going good, Sally came West. She's my wife, and had stayed behind to shoot the furniture back to the installment gang, but now here she was and none too well pleased to be known as Mrs. Carlos Cabrillo, which is the name the publicity boys handed me.

After looking around a while she wasn't at all strong for picture players. "They may know movies," she complains, "but all they do is talk shop and most of them are vain and cheap. A few are regular people, but they only stand out because the background is so shabby. Why can't we live some place where we won't have them running over us in the evenings? I don't want my home looking like a hotel lobby," she says.

THAT didn't sound right to me. Here old man Zoop had picked me out of the gutter, so to speak, which is no slam at the shop, as they sent me a complete outfit of what Fashion had decreed. Here I was, a dupe for Zoop, as some sorehead remarked, and drawing attention from other concerns which had offered me more money. Abie heard of it and right away signs me for two years at a thousand per, yet here was the wife trying to tell me that these people were cheap.

However, I remembered she was the daughter of a Brooklyn policeman, consequently I couldn't expect her to know much about sacrifices for Art's sake. I had learned considerable about this angle

by listening to the title writers and visiting highbrow authors. In fact, I was written up for Fervid Film Features, saying a lot of things I really didn't but would have if I'd thought of them.

So I goes to Sally, registering Grief, and tells her that she could pick out a home in Pasadena if she felt like it but that to give my best to my career it would be necessary for me to stick around the bungalow on Fairfax Avenue. I promised to come out and see her when I wasn't too busy.

III

I DROVE the few miles to Pasadena a couple of times of my own accord and once with the publicity director. This lad had the bright idea of playing me up as a family man, so Sally and I posed every which way, and some of the photos were printed in the Sunday papers. This resulted in an increased flock of letters from admirers, all giving me the glad hand, and say, don't let any actor kid you about not reading his mail. They all do, and I was no exception.

One day Zoop calls up and says how he has farmed me out to Perspiration Pictures, which is a good name as they go in for thrillers with plenty of dust and action.

"I ain't got it the proper stories for you, Carlos," he says, "so sooner than have you idle I fixed it to loan you to Perspiration. They want it you should play opposite The Polack, which is a swell chance for you. Report on Monday."

Well, I showed up all right and got acquainted with my new boss, Isadore Fitzpatrick, who claims he is a Spaniard. "Come on," he says, "and meet The Polack. She asked for you special after seeing your work in 'The Taxi Wrestler,' so swell up like you'd been climbing around in poison ivy," he says.

All my career and even before that I'd always wanted to get a slant at The Polack, but now if I never see her again it will be too soon. She's a pip, sure enough,

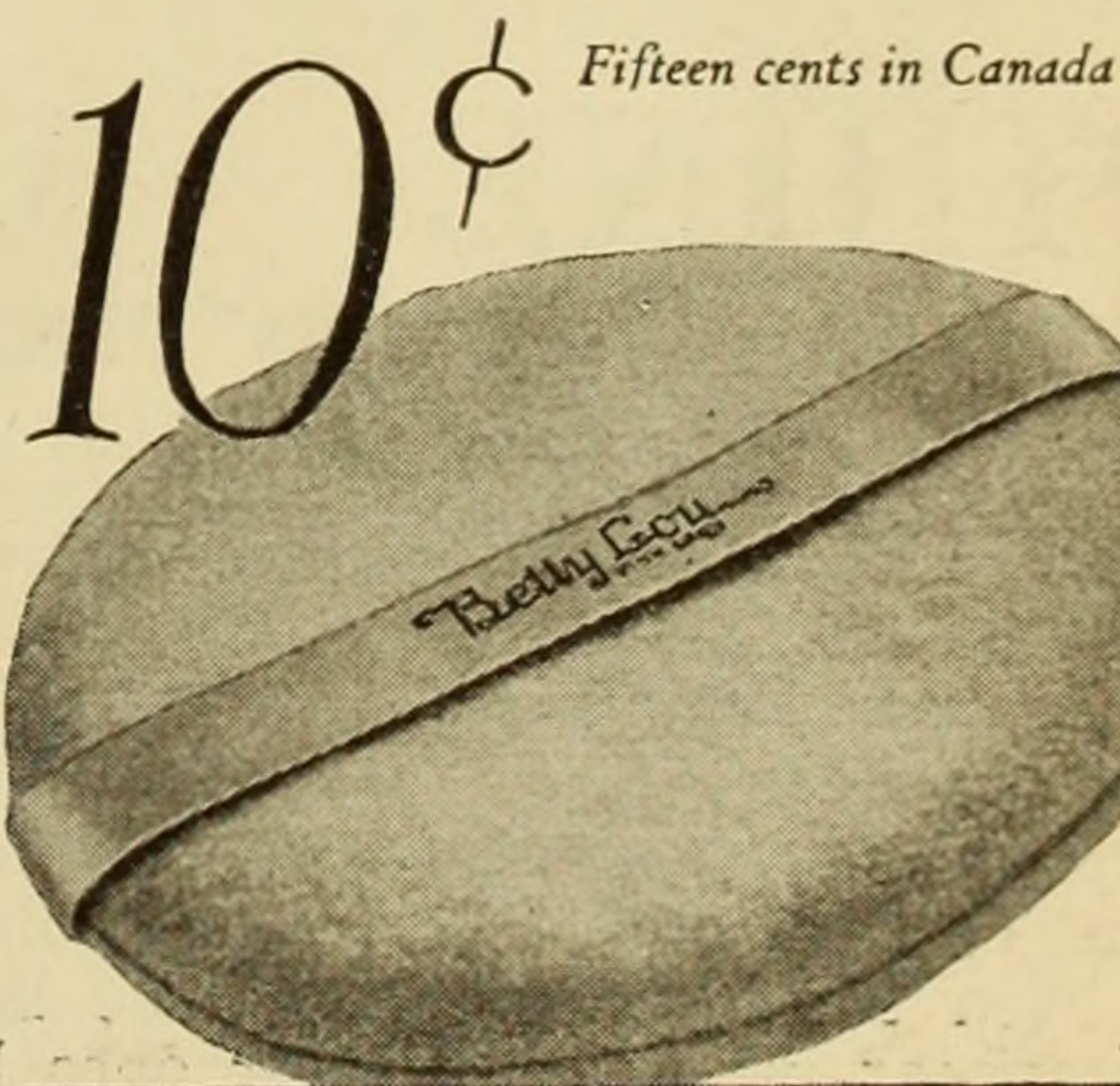


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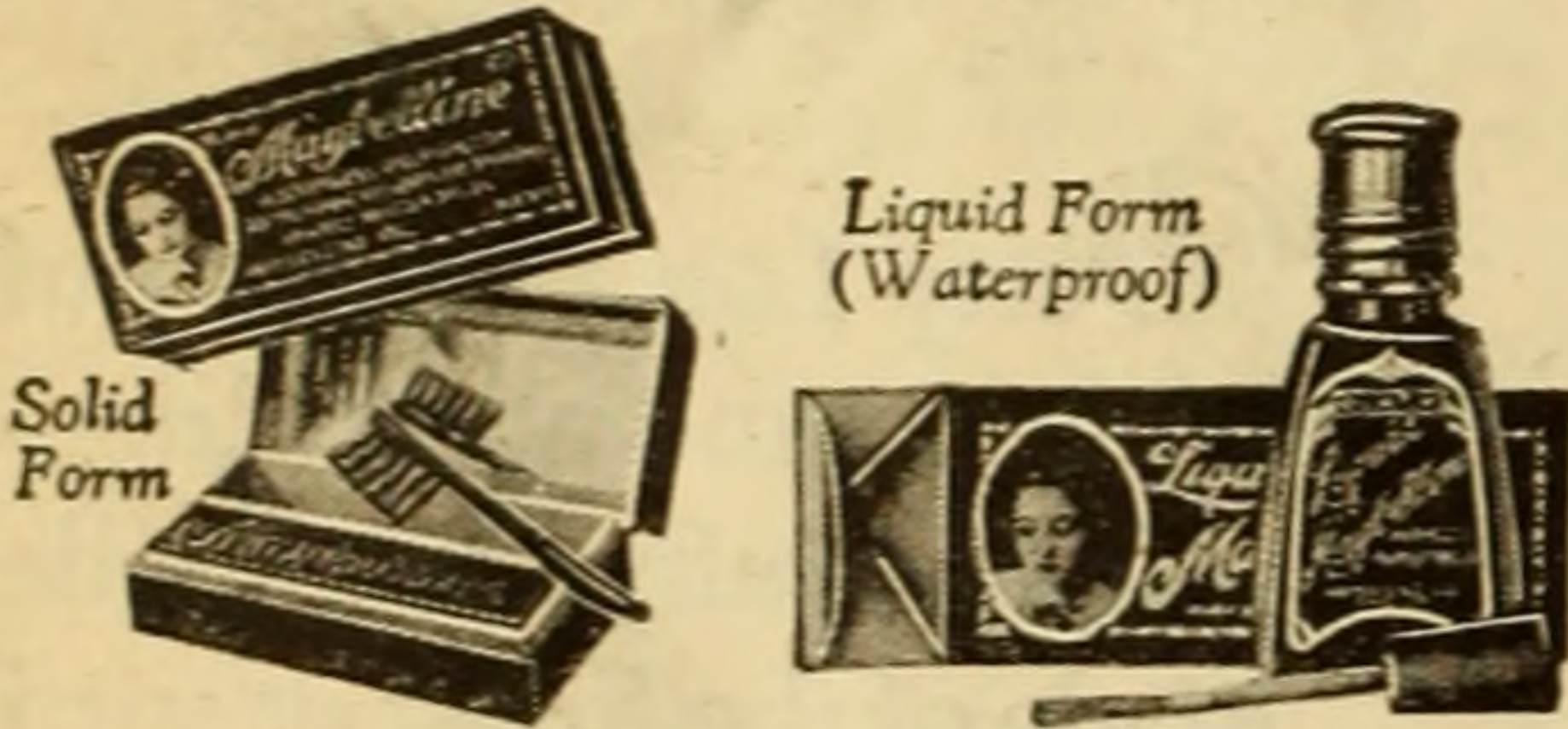
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with black hair, blue eyes and a natural hectic flush. I advances with a mixture of Nonchalance and Affability and bows like an acrobat getting an unexpected hand. Then, as the title blurbists say, came the shattering of the idol. The Polack opens her trap.

"Ach," she says, with a delicatessen accent, "ees dees mine new lofer?"

Believe me, I was foundered right there and for the next four weeks I did the best acting of my life. I was supposed to be a baron in love with a gypsy and it certainly took some simulating. Being deaf wouldn't have helped much because The Polack had some fierce habits. For instance, she kept a little weazened foreigner running around the lot with a young cafeteria.

Right before a big scene she would holler, "Stanislaus, giff me anudder vun uf dem limburger samwiches; I feel veak." Then it was me who wouldn't feel any

too robust, but I stuck to it and stole the picture from under her very feet.

When it was all over she says to me, "Ah, ze strain is fineesh. Mine art is keeling me, all ze time eet ees strain, strain, strain. My director he say zat is why I am so pure. But lofe, he ees different. Carlos, vy not see me some efening? I lofe the black haired men and you are so sleek. Can you seeng?" she asks.

"SURE," I tells her, "but it's going to be 'Good-Bye, Forever.' How can a fellow get a crush on a girl when every time he looks at her she reminds him of dill pickles and sauerkraut?"

This makes her as sore as an untipped hat checker and she screams like Queen Marie or somebody was coming up the bay. "Peeg, dog, r-rattlesnake," she yells. "You laugh at me, ze mistress uf emotion?"



"How far this little candle sheds its beam in a naughty world!" Yes, Mr. Shakespeare, it sheds its beam just ninety miles, to be exact. It is used in Tim McCoy's new history Western, "California." That's the Colonel, in the center, surrounded by the cast and technical staff. This light develops 325,000,000 candlepower, which is quite a lot of candles

"Hold everything," I advises her. "Get Weber and Fields and do a three-act," I says, "you'd even make 'em laugh in St. Paul." And that was that.

Well, it seems that Abie was still uncertain about work, so Perspiration keeps me to do a film with a particular party known in the business as The Snip.

"It's all off if she eats limburger," I warns Fitzpatrick.

"She don't eat nothin'," he says, "only pineapples and lamb chops garnished with aspirin tablets, and she has a hell of a temper. Here she comes now."

Up switches The Snip and I gives her Casual Interest. She's a little shrimp with a nose like a crescent moon, shifty eyes and is always showing her teeth like she was hungry.

"Listen," she says, in a raspy voice, "the left side of my face is even more beautiful than the right, so don't twist me around in the close-ups. Furthermore, don't try blockin' me out with your so-called profile. This is my picture and what I say the rest echoes. It's no use makin' love to me, either, as I'm a perfect lady, and anyhow my husband, the Prince, is always around. Do I make myself plain?"

"YOU bet," I says, displaying Mockery, "but why not get a dummy from a department store?" I says. "Don't worry, I'll only make up the back of my neck for the big shots. And as for making love, no inhabitant of the Bronx is likely to fall for a member of one of the first families of Chicago—as you come in by train. Laugh that off," I tells her, "and don't try to rush upstage because you saved a wop prince from going to work."

Well, as we were both what you might call one hundred per cent American, we understood one another perfectly and little Carlos again committed grand larceny, as one of the critics said.

After we got through Zoop puts in a hurry call for me, but before I left the lot Isadore Fitzpatrick sounded me out a little. "How much does Abie pay you?" he asks, and when I tells him he acts like he was choking.

"Oi!" he yells, smacking himself on the forehead, "the dirty robber charged us three thousand for your rental. Every week you worked for us was two grand velvet in that *schlamiel's* pocket. A *pfui* on such a loafer!"

"Say," I says, "you talk mighty funny for a Spaniard."

"Shut up!" he hollers. "Now, listen, Carlos, you're worth three thousand at the box-office, but I hate to get stuck. Come and work for me at that figure."

"I got a contract for two years," I says. "How can I break it?"

"What good is a contract with a crook like that?" shouts Isadore. "He's liable to want four thousand for you next time, and what do you get out of it? That's white slavery, so help me." He starts rocking from side to side. "It serves me right," he wails. "Abie kept company with my wife before I married her and any man that's smarter than me I shouldn't do no business with."

"WELL, Irving," I says, calling him by his pet name, "thanks for tipping me off. If I can get loose I'll let you know." And I walked out of the Per-

spiration offices with Determination peering from every pore.

The first thing I did was to register a healthy kick with Zoop, but it didn't make much of a dent. He reminded me of the contract, which he called ironclad, but hinted that a five hundred check might find its way into my mail once in a while.

"Just a little appreciation on the side," he says, "and don't forget that from now on you pick your own heroines. And have I got it some swell stories for you? Just ask me."

This heroine stuff sounded pretty good, so not wanting to get Abie overheated I decided to shelve the money angle until later. I looked over the field and finally selected a slinky skirt by the name of Pauline, one who could do me justice in public. You see, a star like me has to be seen at first nights and around the big hotels, so it was good advertising to have up-to-date company. Owing to all the demands on my time, I didn't see much of Sally, but rung her up every day.

WELL, one afternoon after having been stared at by a lot of pop-eyed visitors, I beats it for my dressing-room to get a little nap, and on the way I bumps into a bird who apparently knows nothing about the unwritten law of stepping aside for a star. I starts in to enlighten him when all at once I sees it's the perky guy who sassed me in Grand Central. He makes me, too.

"I'm a so-and-so if it isn't old English broadcloth himself," he yells. "How are all the imported gloves from Manchester, Vermont?" he says.

"Not so loud," I warns him, "some of those goofy fans might hear you. The publicity man's got 'em bulled that I'm the original Cordovan Kid. What are you doing here, for that matter?"

"I'm the new stunt man," he says. "I heard that you used up six doubles in one picture, so I came over to see if they wanted a real male. Carlos Cabrillo, eh?" he says, looking me up and down. "I've seen your films, of course, but never thought that you were the old fluff who turned up his panties when it rained in London."

"LOOK here," I says, "you did me a favor once without knowing it. Cut out the wise cracks and maybe I can help you wise up around here."

This seems to make a hit with the fellow, whose name is Red Martin, he tells me. We got to chumming around quite a bit and he turned out to be a regular guy with a queer mixture of rough and smooth. I couldn't place him.

One evening I brought him along to supper on my weekly visit to Pasadena, but the way Sally acted you'd have thought that I'd just returned from the North Pole. She rushed down the steps before I got out of the car and flustered me with a flock of kisses, but seemed to look on Red as excess baggage.

Well, we talked about New York and the dirty deal Zoop was slipping me, and Sally mentioned how she'd like to take another moonlight trip on the old Hudson. She made me a bit embarrassed, not having the poise a star's wife should. This Martin guy took in everything and seemed kind of thought-

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ful. Finally he spilled what was on his mind.

"Say, Carlos," he says, "I believe I know a way to get your salary tilted. Now, I've got an airplane—" and he leans forward and whispers the rest of his plan. And, believe me, it was a panic.

IV

WHEN we were driving to the lot the next morning Red looks at me kind of peculiar. "You don't go home much, do you?" he asks me.

"How can I, when the pictures take so much of my time?" I answers. "Besides, the wife has all she wants. A creative artist like me has got to keep faith with his public," I reminds him.

"Quit reciting that press agent guff," he comes back, "and even so, does your gaping public demand that you should fool around with these eyelash flutterers? Take that one you're chasing now, Pauline, isn't it? Well, she's so dumb she thinks Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the Vulgar Boatmen. Get your brains examined," he says, "before your picture appears in the 'Daily Pornographic.'"

"Who are you made up for?" I asks him, putting across Hauteur. "I never

the air. "Stop it!" he yells. "Ain't you got no sense? Suppose you get killed, where do I come in after I get stuck for a wreath? Ain't it enough that you should got it a Rolls-Royce without flyink yet? Is that a business, I'm askink you?"

"Why, Mr. Zoop," I says, with Well Bred Surprise, "there's nothing in my contract that says I can't enjoy myself."

"Is Saint Peter a relation of yours that you should want to shake hands with him?" screams Abie. "I can't afford to have you rehearsink how to play an angel. Stop it, I'm tellink you!"

"Sorry," I says, walking away, "but I can't see my way clear to giving up an innocent pleasure. Inside a week I may buy a machine of my own."

WE keeps that up for several days, doing our little act whenever he happened around, with me letting on to be crazy about becoming a second Charlie Lindbergh. We could see that he was weakening and we nurses him along like a chorus girl with a live one.

In the evenings I'd shake Red and pal around with Pauline or maybe some of the other ingenues. Nothing wrong, you understand, only a fellow needs something to lighten the tremendous nervous

The Mother Confessor of Hollywood

All the little tragedies and hardships of the extra girls come to the ears of the mother confessor. The girls talk to her, but they never see her. She never sees them. A truly amazing story by Ruth Waterbury—in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

heard of a stunt man with his own plane, nor one who talked like he belonged to the Salvation Army."

"I'm just a mind reader on his vacation," he says, "which is why I'm sticking around you. Here we are at the lot. Don't forget to tear off your stuff the way I told you."

THE first chance comes that afternoon when Zoop appears for his usual stroll around the sets. When he reaches ours he begins wailing to the director about footage and I and Red walks over near him, casual like. Then I opens up.

"Yes, sir," I says to Red, "I sure did enjoy that ride through the clouds this morning. Things look pretty small from up there, even a producer," I says.

"That's nothing," replies Red. "We were only up three thousand feet. Tomorrow I'll take you up so high that you'll think Mount Wilson is a pimple. In fact," he says, "if you had any uncles in Los Angeles they'd look like ants."

About this time there's a gulping noise behind us and up comes Abie with his eyes goggling. I turns around full of Enthusiasm. "Say, Mr. Zoop," I shouts, "I've discovered a new thrill. I took an airplane ride this morning and I'm going to make it a habit."

Abie quit choking and starts threshing

strain incurred during the creation of an undying screen wraith. I got that line from the press agents.

Of course, I never went up in any airplane. Height always did pull my cork, and the ground is good enough for me, even Terre Haute, but it was all part of Red's idea. If I'd only known all of it.

One fine day I outdid myself in dizzy description while Red helped out with a lot of stylish names like parabolas and so forth, and Abie sends for me to come to his office. Red tags along, too.

"LISTEN," says Abie, looking very pulpy, "if you want to be known as Reckless Carlos the Ace, my name is Careful Abie the Deuce. Statistics show that you're making me more gelt than any two other hams, even more than Koffaloff, may his arches fall. This seagull business has got to come to a continuation. Sign this, you no good gonoff, and may you die where I am standing if you ever break it."

What was it? Nothing but a contract calling for four thousand washers with a clause providing that I was to refrain from all dangerous sports and pastimes for the life of said contract—bleh—bleh—and the usual legal fancy work.

I signs, snickering to myself, for it sure was a laugh. Here I'd never even been up in the air, and as for sports, all the camera-

men agreed that I dressed a swell game of polo or tennis. Any guy who lives in the Bronx gets enough athletics in the subway to last him a lifetime.

So, after shaking hands with Abie and leaving him still looking like he'd given away his appendix, I hunted around for Red.

Pretty soon he shows up.

"I saw the swindle sheet over your shoulder," he says, "but had to run off to telephone. It worked like a turnstile at an Army-Navy game, didn't it?"

"You bet," I says, "and I owe you a heap. How about the first week's salary as a present?"

THE bozo just laughs at me. "Not a nickel," he says, "but say, don't you think you should see the innocent means of all this jack? Let's drive out to Glendale and look at the plane. I'd kind of like to have your signature on it."

That was jake to me, so we drives out to where the ship was parked. When we reached the place the motor was running and two men in unionalls were tinkering about.

"Always keep it tuned up," says Red. "Come and look at a real bus."

I takes a squint and sees that she was a two seater, the same as we use at the studio for fake shots. I unscrews my fountain pen and walks up beside the fuselage. "Where do you want me to write my name, on the side or the wing?" I asks Red, who had climbed into the pilot's seat.

"It's not that kind of a signature," he says, and then turns around quick to one of the mechanics. "Throw him in," he snaps, and the next thing I knew I was heaved into the other seat and strapped in.

The other grease collector whirls the propeller and away we go a million miles a minute.

"What's the idea?" I shouts at Red, but he pays no attention only goes swooping up and up. I takes a peek over the side and feels like I was an eagle's cousin.

After a while Red shuts off the motor and yells at me to look in the side pocket for an envelope. He says to read what's inside.

I does so and what was it but an agreement to deposit half of my new salary to Sally's credit every week.

And a nice little dotted line waiting for my signature.

"What's the meaning of this?" I roars. "Are you my keeper or something?"

"STRETCH your ears, you slippery Shaired vamp vanquisher," bawls Red. "I been watching you nights. I know all about those necking parties in Laurel Canyon. You're like all the rest of these misplaced models," he says, "and now that you've got a bunch of money you'll run a temperature if someone doesn't put you on ice. You'll try to ditch your wife and then go from one sap snatcher to another, but I'll see that Sally is protected.

"Sign that paper and do it quick."

I tries to make Resolution stick on my face but got it mixed up with Resignation. "Nothing doing," I bluffs, "and set me down or I will have you pinched," I says.

With that the deceitful sucker pulls

something and we commences to whirl. Did you ever see those little bits of colored rags being churned around in a washing machine display? Well, that was what happens to me. Pretty soon I didn't know whether it was Friday or Saturday, but after a few more trick movements Red lets up.

"How about it?" he hollers. "There's a pen clamped in there if you've lost yours.

"I allowed for everything. Better give in and hand it over."

I manages to scrawl my name and in a few minutes we were back where we started, me feeling like the understudy to a waltzing mouse.

Red grabs me and gives me a shot of varnish, then stands looking at me kind of like a big brother.

"Sorry," he says, "but there's too many of you celluloid cavaliers that take the same route.

"Imagine leaving a swell wife like yours to mope around while you're batting your eyes at anything in a skirt and not much of that.

"Was any of your ancestors in the navy?"

I was thinking pretty hard and fast. "You must think a lot of my wife," I says, "to come near murdering me. On the level, Red, I wouldn't double cross Sally for a million dollars. And to prove it," I says, "I'll move over to Pasadena tonight, if you'll help me pack."

"I LIKE you both fifty-fifty," answers Red, "or I wouldn't be wasting my time out here in this vale of vanity. The trouble with you is that you've fallen for that old gag about an actor living his parts.

"Did you ever see a backbone in a ham? Neither did I. I'm flying east in the morning.

"That packing idea is a darb. Let's go," he says.

On the way back he gives me a heart to heart talk about hanging on to love with both hands and a lot more serious stuff. He agrees not to tell Sally about the paper and I promises to divide with her each week.

"I'll keep the paper, though," he says, "just to sort of help you get started. I'll be back in the winter and you can have it then if you've come through. No hard feelings, Carlos, I mean Harold."

For answer I sticks up my hand and registers Friendship.

The next day we goes out with Red to see him off.

Just before he jumps in I pulls him to one side.

"Tell me who you really are?" I begs.

He slaps me on the back, runs over to shake both of Sally's hands and then he's at the wheel. "A big gun from Winchester, Virginia," he shouts and away he goes, bound for the good old east including the Bronx.

Now what can you do with a guy like that?

V

ALL this I'm telling you happened about six months ago and seems farther away than that. The first thing I did was to try to shake Pauline, but she beat me to it.

"Listen, Carlos," she says, a couple of



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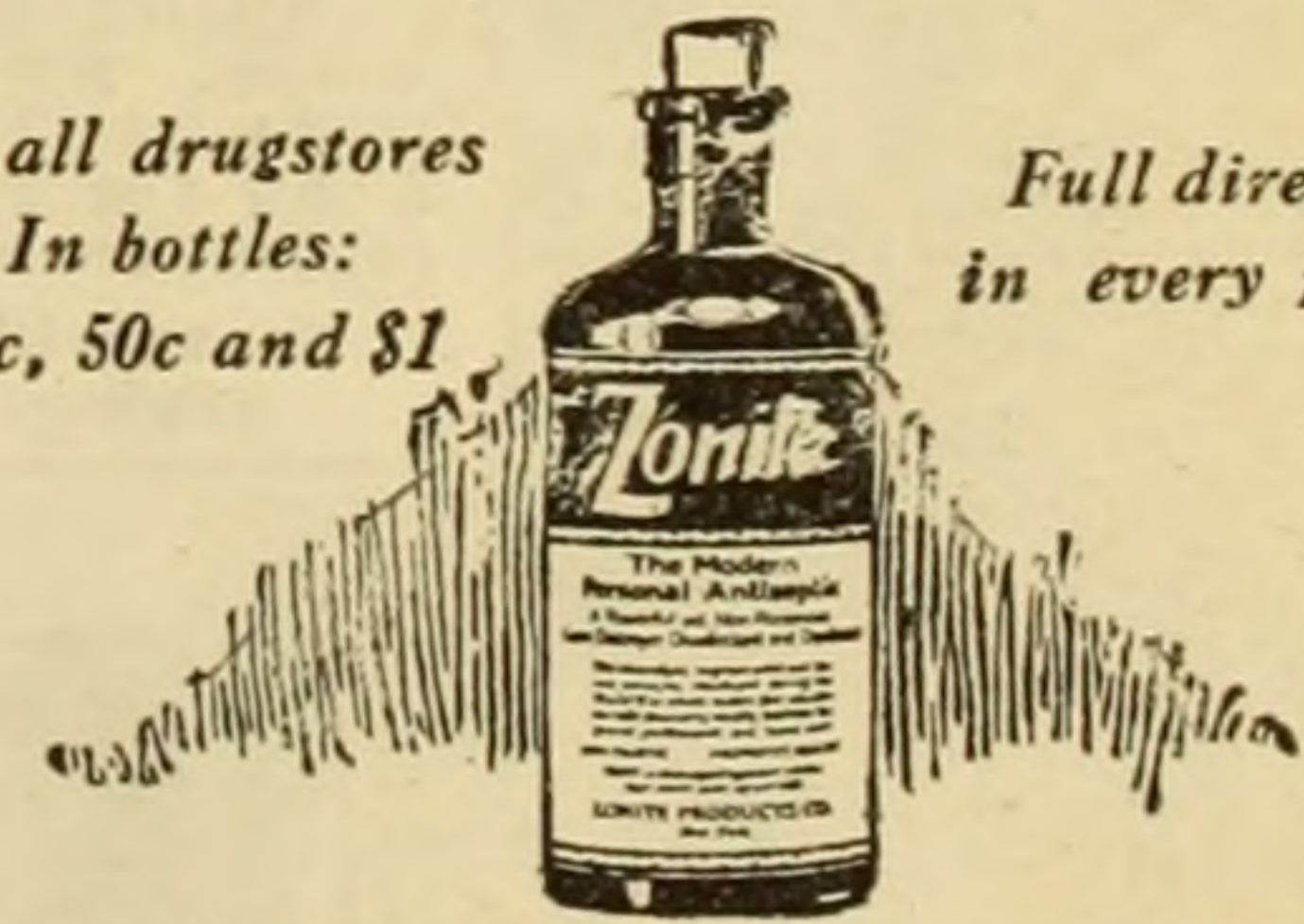
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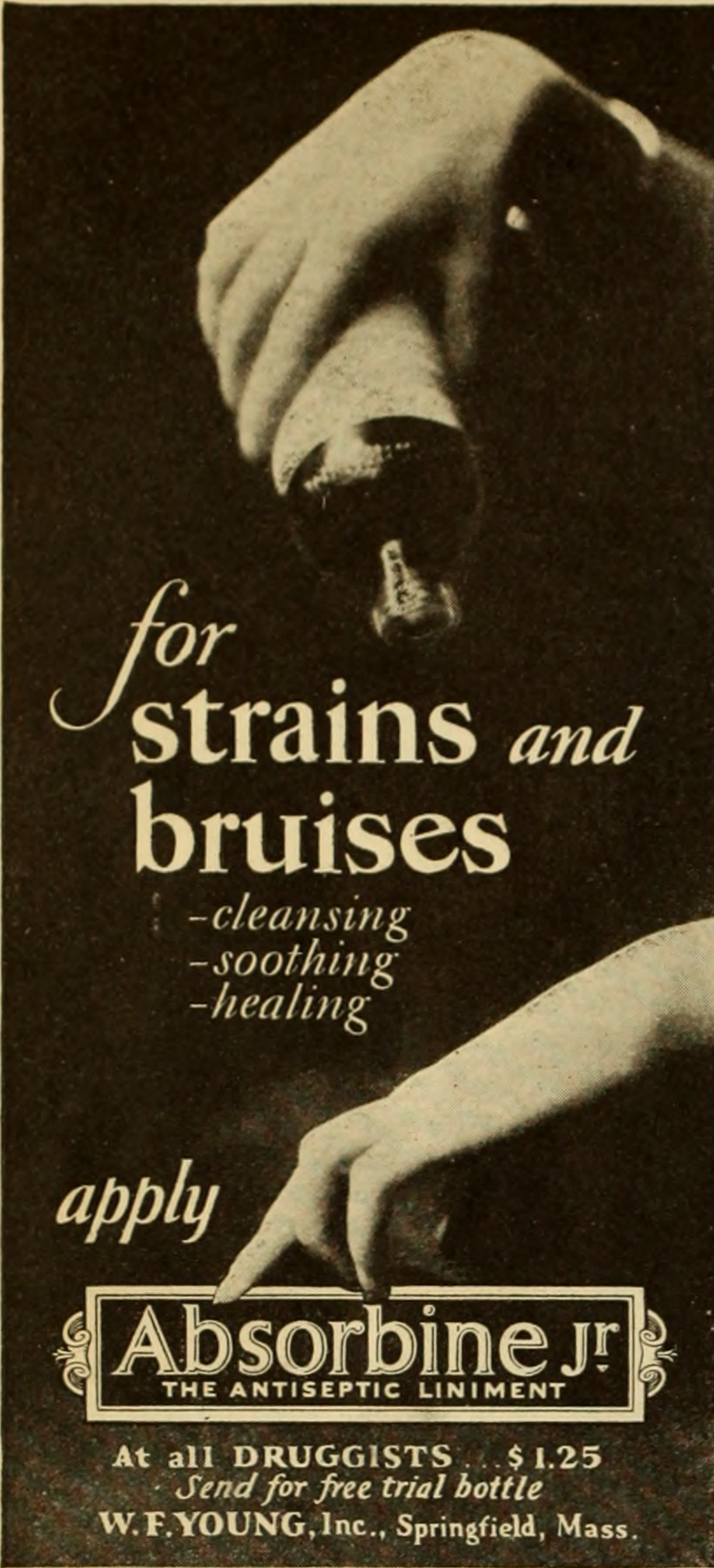
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days after Red had gone, "don't get sore but look for another playmate, will you? There's a big swamp man from Florida that's gone crazy over me from seeing my picture on cold cream ads and he's just blew in. They say he's got ten million and is loose as ashes, so you just know a girl can't let nothing like that escape," she says.

I draws myself up with Frigidity. "What am I supposed to do, bust out crying?" I asks her. "It seems to me that you have mistook my casual interest in you for something more sinister. I got a wife who is more than the sum of any man's desires," I says, quoting some of the sub-titles from my latest opus.

"ALSO," I reminds her, "don't pull that line about being a New Orleans society girl on this mud seller or he is liable to ask you how you come by that Indianapolis accent."

And that was that.

One Sunday I was looking through the rotogravure section before going to church when what did I see but a photograph of Red himself. Underneath it says: "MR. REGINALD MARTIN, FAMOUS AMATEUR AVIATOR AND SON OF SILAS P. MARTIN, THE UNCROWNED KING OF WALL STREET. HIS LATEST STUNT WAS PERFORMED THIS WEEK WHEN HE GAVE CARLOS CABRILLO, THE MOVIE STAR, A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FREE ADVERTISING BY SKY WRITING HIS

NAME FROM BROOKLYN TO THE BRONX."

Some of this wasn't so very clear, but Sally and I puzzled it out with the help of our encyclopaedia. Oh yes, she made me buy one.

"He'll be out here soon," I says, "does the etiquette book say how to entertain a millionaire?"

BUT he never came. Instead, I gets a letter enclosing my agreement. "I've checked up on you through the bank," he writes, "so light your pipe with this. It was the best stunt I ever pulled and I'm proud of it and you, too." And he ends with a few lines that makes us both kind of choky.

Good old Red, here's hoping he never sinks to be a sheep shearer like his old man.

So this brings me down to the present. When we gets home tonight I couldn't help noticing how extra pretty Sally was looking. She seems to be sort of shining all over and her eyes were so soft and I'm thinking how lucky I am. After supper she snuggles beside me in a big chair and draws down my head to whisper something.

I guess it was what every husband wants to hear.

I'd been through the same kind of scene in several pictures, but this was different. It was what you might call our biggest moment. And while I was holding her close and we were both crying just a little, I know that for once in my career, without any premeditation, I registered Happiness.

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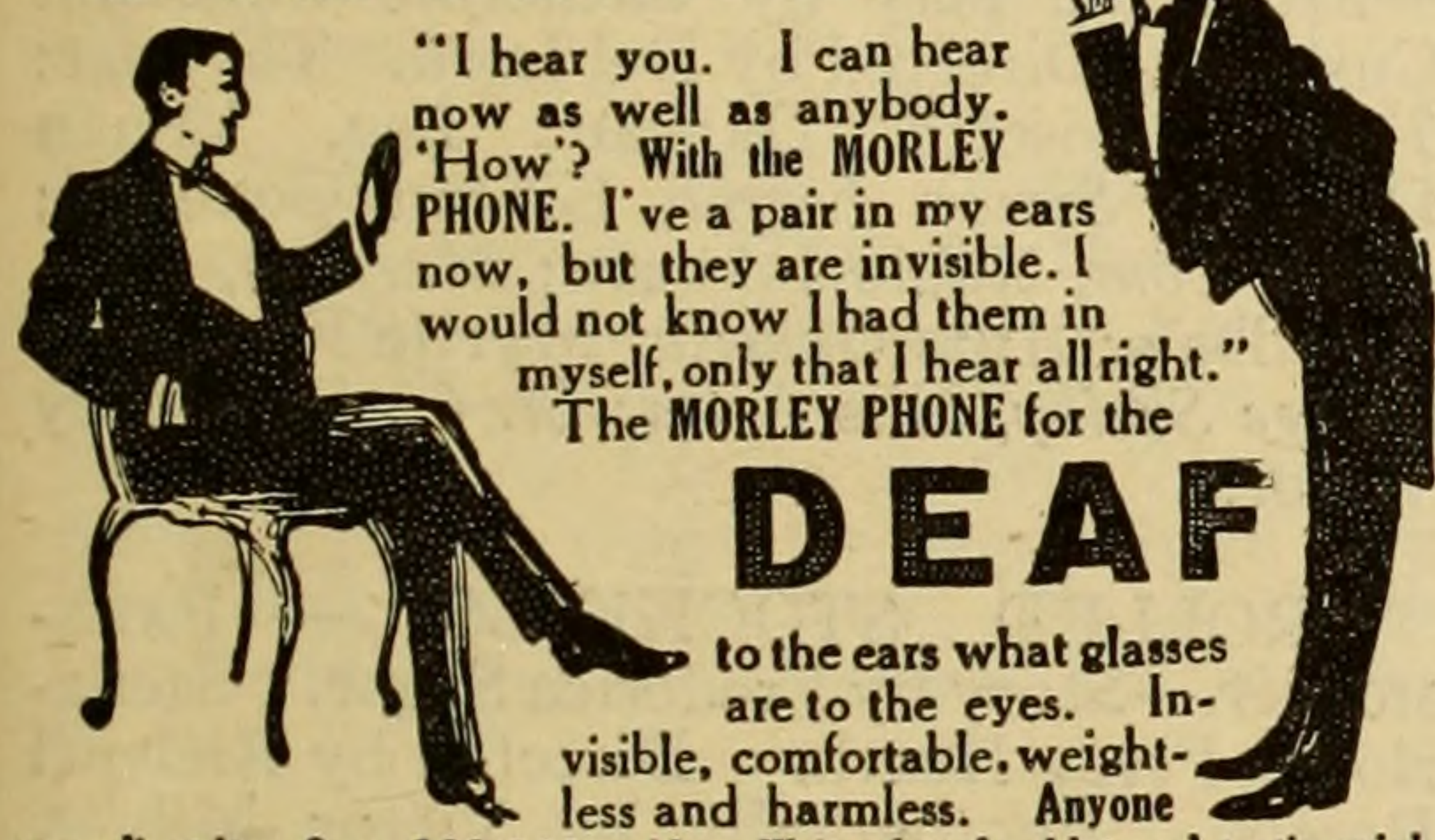
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Credos of the Movies

IT started seven years ago. George Jean Nathan and Henry Lewis Mencken decided to ferret out the basic principles upon which much American philosophy and native faith were founded. They listed 488 alleged aphorisms, and published it as "The American Credo."

The legends generally believed by Mr. and Mrs. America ranged from "that it is bad luck to kill a spider" to "a Mason who reveals the secrets of the order will mysteriously disappear and never be heard of again."

Nation-wide comment ensued and George Jean got busy on "The New American Credo," published this year, containing 1231 national credulities, and dedicated, simply, "for Mencken"; his collaborator having reached that plane of fame, as editor of the American Mercury, where the Henry Lewis could be ditched.

LISTED in his Credo are mythical beliefs concerning the motion picture. Here they are:

That all the difficult feats ascribed to movie stars in the films are really done by doubles.

That every female moving-picture star carries on an intrigue with her leading man, and will marry him as soon as he can get rid of his poor first wife, who took in washing in order to pay for his education in the art of acting.

That the so-called "mist photography" of the movies can make a woman of fifty with a face like a dried apple look like a sixteen-year-old Helen of Troy.

That all the men in the moving picture business were formerly cloak and suit merchants, and that they are now all millionaires.

That the movie editors steal all of the good plots from the scenarios which amateurs have submitted.

That all press-agents are liars.

That all movie stars have million dollar homes in California, each equipped with a large ballroom, a marble swimming pool and an opium den.

That motion-picture directors always throw away the working script after the first scene, and make up the action as the story progresses.

That all moving picture scenarios fetch fabulous prices.

That in a photoplay a motion picture actress brings tears to her eyes by concealing an onion in her handkerchief.

That all moving picture leading men were formerly chauffeurs, clerks and waiters.

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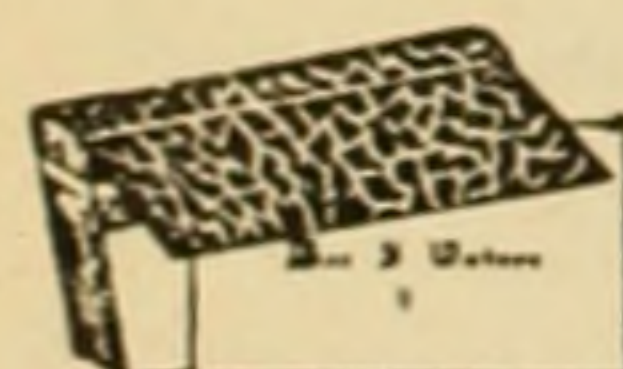


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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"LOVES OF CARMEN"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Prosper Merimee. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Escamillo, Victor McLaglen; Carmen, Dolores del Rio; Don Jose, Don Alvarado; Michaela, Mathilde Comont; Teresa, Carmen Costello; Morhles, Jack Bastian; Gypsy Chief, Fred Kohler.

"TWELVE MILES OUT"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Sada Cowan. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Jerry Fay, John Gilbert; Red McCue, Ernest Torrence; Jane, Joan Crawford; Mayme, Betty Compson; Luke, Bert Roach; Daisy, Eileen Percy; John Burton, Edward Earle; Irish, Tom O'Brien; French, Harvey Clark.

"COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Izola Forrester and Mann Page. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Amos Rinker, Rudolph Schildkraut; Sard Jones, Junior Coghlan; Ira Harding, Sam De Grasse; Opal Jones, Virginia Bradford; Myra Jones, Gladys Brockwell; Joe Harding, Frank Marion; Abbie Harding, Jane Keckley; Sidney Fall, Louis Natheaux; Redora Bump, Ethel Wales.

"WINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: Clara Preston, Clara Bow; John Powell, Charles Rogers; David Armstrong, Richard Arlen; August Schmidt, El Brendel; Air Commander, Richard Tucker; Cadet White, Gary Cooper; Sylvia Lewis, Jobyna Ralston; Sergeant, "Gunboat" Smith; Celeste, Arlette Marchal.

"NAUGHTY BUT NICE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lewis Allen Brown. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast:

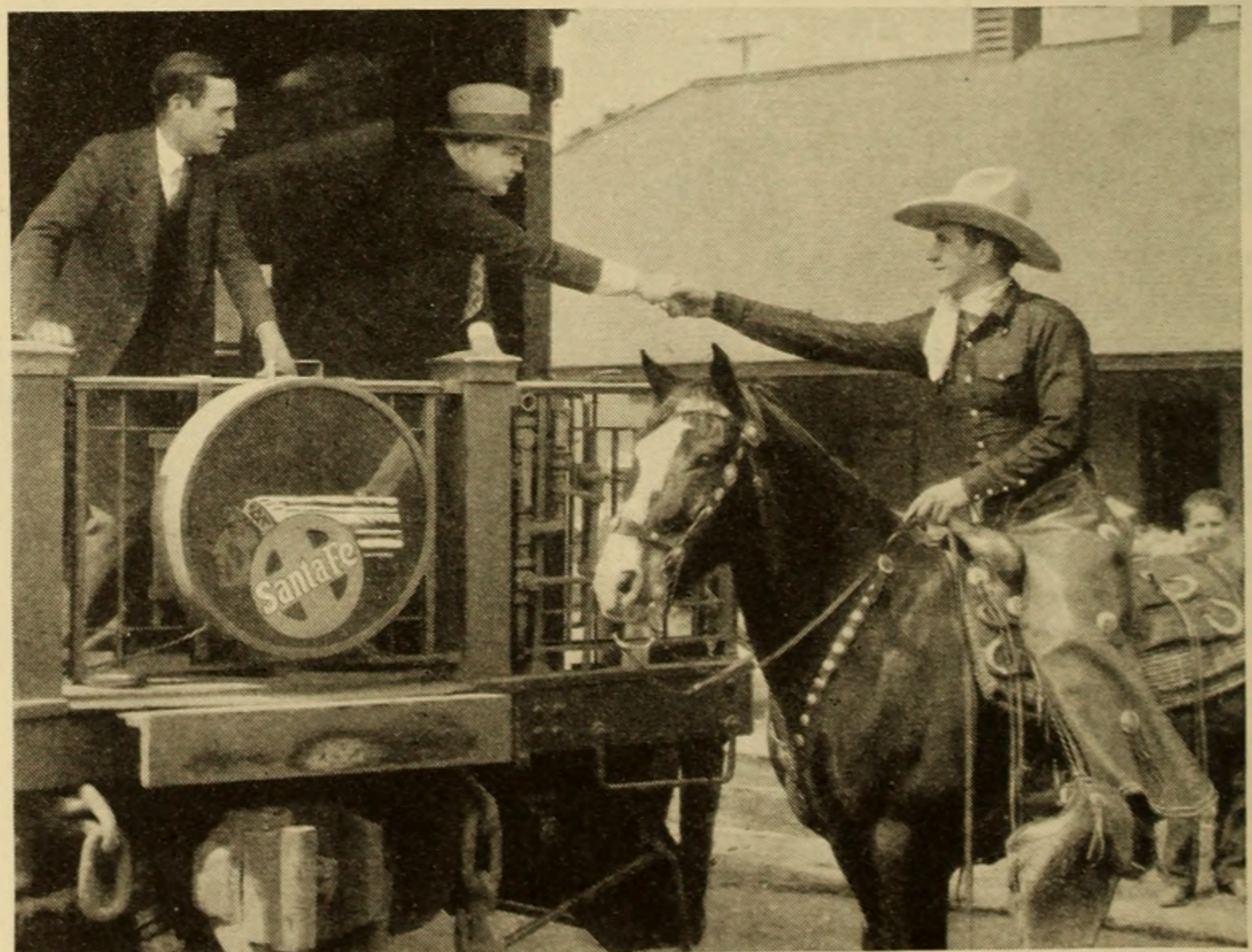
Bernice Summers, Colleen Moore; Paul Carroll, Donald Reed; Judge John R. Altwold, Claude Gillingwater; Alice Altwold, Kathryn McGuire; Claverly Trafton, Hallam Cooley; Mrs. Altwold, Edythe Chapman; Miss Perkins, Clarissa Selwynne; Uncle Seth Summers, Burr McIntosh.

"THE MODERN COMMANDMENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Lait. Scenario by Doris Anderson and Paul Gangelon. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: Kitten O'Day, Esther Ralston; Tod Gilbert, Neil Hamilton; Aunt Ruby, Maude Truax; Zeno, Romaine Fielding; Speeding Shapiro, El Brandel; Belle, Rose Burdick; Sharon Lee, Jocelyn Lee; Disbrow, Arthur Hoyt; Benny, Roscoe Karns.

"SINGED"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Adele Rogers St. Johns. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by John G. Wray. The cast: Dolly Wall, Blanche Sweet; Boyce Wingate, Warner Baxter; Wong, James Wang; Jim, Alfred Allen; Wes Adams, Clark Comstock; Indian Agent, Howard Truesdale; Ben Grimes, Claude King; Mrs. Eleanor Cardigan, Ida Darling; Amy Cardigan, Mary McAllister; Howard Halliday, Edward Davis; Ernie Whitehead, Edgar Norton.

"TOPSY AND EVA"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Directed by Del Lord. The cast: Topsy, Rosetta Duncan; Eva, Vivian Duncan; Simon Legree, Gibson Gowland; Uncle Tom, Noble Johnson; Marietta, Marjorie Daw; Aunt Ophelia, Myrtle Ferguson; George Shelby, Nils Aster; St. Claire, Henry Victor.

"ROLLED STOCKINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frederica Sagor. Scenario by Percy Heath. Directed by Richard Rosson. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: Jim Treadway, James Hall; Carol



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"RITZY" — PARAMOUNT. — Story by Elinor Glyn. Screen play by Percy Heath and Robert N. Lee. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: *Ritzzy Brown*, Betty Bronson; *Harrington Smith* (Duke of Westborough), James Hall; *Algy*, William Austin; *Mary*, Joan Standing; *Nathan Brown*, George Nichols; *Smith's Valet*, Roscoe Karns.

"CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE" — M.-G.-M.—Story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Mrs. Callahan*, Marie Dressler; *Mrs. Murphy*, Polly Moran; *Sally Callahan*, Sally O'Neil; *Dan Murphy*, Lawrence Gray; *Grandpa Callahan*, Frank Currier; *Monica Murphy*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Jim Callahan*, Eddie Gribbon; *Timmy Callahan*, Turner Savage; *Terrance Callahan*, Jackie Combs; *Mary Callahan*, Dawn O'Day; *Michael Callahan*, Monty O'Grady; *Mr. Murphy*, Tom Lewis.

"PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore and Garrett Fort. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Joseph Francis Dillon. The cast: *Pierre*, Lewis Stone; *Faith Cable*, Priscilla Bonner; *John Cable*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Mae Morin*, Lilyan Tashman; *Barry Frost*, John Patrick; *Elliott Cable*, Robert Agnew; *Beth*, Ann Rork; *College Boys*, Cleve Moore, Dick Folkens, Lincoln Stedman; *Susanne*, Cecille Evans; *Judy*, Marion McDonald; *Elsie*, Nita Cavalerie.

"ADAM AND EVIL" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Florence Ryerson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Adam Trevelyan*, Allan Trevelyan, Lew Cody; *Evelyn Trevelyan*, Aileen Pringle; *Gwen De Vere*, Gwen Lee; *Dora Bell*, Gertrude Short; *Eleanor Leighton*, Hedda Hopper; *Mortimer Enkins*, Roy D'Arcy.

"PAINTING THE TOWN" — UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry Hoyt. Directed by Wm. Craft. Continuity by Harry Hoyt and Vin Moore. Photography by Allen G. Jones. The cast: *Hector Whitmore*, Glenn Tryon; *Patsy De Veau*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Raymond Tyson*, Chas. Gerard; *Fire Commissioner*, Geo. Fawcett; *Secretary*, Sidney Bracey; *Wilson*, Max Ascher.

"FIGHTING EAGLE, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Conan Doyle. Adapted by Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Etienne Gerard*, Rod La Rocque; *Countess de Launay*, Phyllis Haver; *Talleyrand*, Sam De Grasse; *Napoleon Bonaparte*, Max Barwyn; *Fraulein Hertz*, Sally Rand; *Col. Neville*, Clarence Burton.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER" — WARNER BROS.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Scenario by Charles R. Condon. Directed by John G. Adolphi. The cast: *W. Bradberry* (Father), Warner Oland; *Betty Bradberry*, Flobelle Fairbanks; *Dibbin* (Detective), William Demarest; *Mrs. Bradberry* (Mother), Vera Lewis; *Victor Smith*, John Miljan; *Tommy Dawson*, Hugh Allan; *Violet*, Cathleen Calhoun; *Gloria*, Jean Lefferty.

"SECRET STUDIO, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Hazel Livingston. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Rosemary Merton*, Olive Borden; *Sloan Whitney*,

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"FAST AND FURIOUS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Reginald Denny. Adapted by Raymond Cannon. Directed by Melville W. Brown. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Tom Brown*, Reginald Denny; *Ethel*, Barbara Worth; *Miller*, Claude Gillingwater; *Dupont*, Armand Kaliz; *Joe*, Lee Moran; *Hodge*, Chas. K. French; *Coachman*, Wilson Bengé; *Doctor*, Robert E. Homan; *Shorty*, Kingsley Benedict; *Englishman*, Edgar Norton.

"OLD SAN FRANCISCO"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Dolores Vasquez*, Dolores Costello; *Chris Buckwell*, Warner Oland; *Terrance O'Shaughnessy*, Chas. E. Mack; *Don Hernandez Vasquez*, Josef Swickard; *Don Luis*, John Miljan; *A Promoter*, William Demarest; *Michael Brandon*, Anders Randolph; *Lu Fong*, Sojin; *Dwarf*, Angelo Rossitto; *Chinese Girl*, Anna May Wong; *A Madame*, Rose Dione. The Prologue: *Captain Enrique de Solano Y Vasquez*, Lawson Butt; *Vasquez' Grandson*, Otto Mattiesen; *Vasquez' Grandson*, Walter McGrail; *Mother*, Martha Mattox; *Captain Stoner*, Tom Santschi.

"RUNNING WILD"—PARAMOUNT.—Adapted by Roy Briant. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Paul Vogel. The cast: *Elmer Finch*, W. C. Fields; *Elizabeth*, Mary Brian; *Jerry Harvey*, Claud Buchanan; *Mrs. Finch*, Marie Shotwell; *Junior*, Barney Raskle; *Mr. Harvey*, Frederick Burton; *Mr. Johnson*, J. Moy Bennett; *Amos Barker*, Frank Evans; *Arvo*, the Hypnotist, Ed. Roseman; *Truckdriver*, Tom Madden; *Rex*, Himself.

"TIME TO LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alfred Savoir. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by William Marshall.

The cast: *Raymond Casanuova*, Raymond Griffith; *Marquis de Daddo*, William Powell; *Countess Elvire*, Vera Voronina; *Elvire's Father*, Josef Swickard; *First Duellist*, Mario Carillo; *Second Duellist*, Pierre de Ramey; *Elvire's Guardian*, Helene Giere; *Hindu Mystic*, Alfred Sabato.

"UNDERWORLD"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ben Hecht. Adapted by Charles Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *"Weasel"*, Clive Brook; *"Feathers" McCoy*, Evelyn Brent; *"Bull" Weed*, George Bancroft; *"Slippy" Lewis*, Larry Semon; *"Buck" Mulligan*, Fred Kohler; *"Blonde" Mag*, Helen Lynch; *"Nick" Paloma*, Jerry Mandy; *"High Collar" Sam*, Karl Morse.

"BARBED WIRE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Hall Caine. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Erich Pommer. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Mona*, Pola Negri; *Oskar*, Clive Brook; *The Brother*, Einar Hanson; *The Father*, Claude Gillingwater; *The Neighbor*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *The Commandant*, Charles Lane; *Hans*, Clyde Cook; *The Sergeant*, Ben Hendrick, Jr.

"RUBBER HEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ray Harris, Sam Mintz and Tom J. Crizer. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Amos Wart*, Ed Wynn; *Tennyson Hawks*, Chester Conklin; *Princess Aline*, Thelma Todd; *Tom Raymond*, Robert Andrews; *Grogan*, John Harrington; *Gentleman Joe*, Bradley Barker; *The Rat*, Armand Cortez; *Fanny Pratt*, Ruth Donnelly; *Prince Zibatchefsky*, Mario Majeroni; *Mrs. P. Belmont-Fox*, Truly Shattuck.

"WINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by Hope Loring & Louis D. Lighton. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: *Clara Preston*, Clara Bow; *John Powell*, Charles Rogers; *Bruce Armstrong*, Richard Arlen; *August Schmidt*, El Brendel; *Air Commander*, Richard Tucker; *Cadet White*, Gary Cooper; *Sylvia Lewis*, Jobyna Ralston; *Sergeant*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Celeste*, Arlette Marchal.

"ALIAS THE DEACON"—UNIVERSAL.
—From the story by John B. Hymer. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, Edward Sloman. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *The Deacon*, Jean Hersholt; *Nancy*, June Marlowe; *John Adams*, Ralph Graves; *Mrs. Clark*, Myrtle Stedman; *Cunningham*, Lincoln Plummer; *"Slim" Sullivan*, Ned Sparks; *"Bull" Moran*, Tom Kennedy; *Willie Clark*, Maurice Murphy; *George*, George West.

"POOR NUT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.
—Story by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Continuity by Paul Schofield. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *John Miller*, Jack Mulhall; *"Doc"*, Charlie Murray; *Margie*, Jean Arthur; *Julia*, Jane Winton; *"Magpie" Welch*, Glenn Tryon; *Wallie Pierce*, Cornelius Keefe; *"Hub" Smith*, Maurice Ryan; *Professor Demming*, Henry Vibart; *Coach Jackson*, Bruce Gordon; *Colonel Small*, William Courtwright.

"HEART OF MARYLAND, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Based on the play by David Belasco. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Maryland Calvert*, Dolores Costello; *Major Alan Kendrick*, Jason Robards; *Captain Fulton Thorpe*, Warner Richmond; *Nancy*, Helene Costello; *Lloyd Calvert*, Carrol Nye; *Abraham Lincoln*, Charles Edward Bull; *Major General Kendrick*, Erville Alderson; *Tom Boone*, Paul Kruger; *General Grant*, Walter Rodgers; *General Lee*, James Welch; *Mammy*, Orpha Alber; *Mulatto Girl*, Myrna Loy; *General Joe Hooker*, Harry Northrup; *Negro Butler*, Nick Cogley; *Alan Pinkerton*, Lou Short; *Young Stewart*, Leonard Mellon; *Mrs. Abraham Lincoln*, Madge Hunt; *Col. Lummon*, Charles Force; *Jeff Davis*, Francis Ford; *Mrs. Gordon*, Ruth Cherrington; *Eli Stanton*, Nick Cogley; *General Scott*, S. D. Wilcox.

"FIRST AUTO, THE"—WARNER BROS.
—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Barney Oldfield*, Barney Oldfield; *Rose Robbins*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Hank Armstrong*, Russell Simpson; *Mayor Jim Robbins*, Frank Campeau; *Dave Doolittle*, William Demarest; *Steve Bentley*, Paul Kruger; *The Blacksmith*, Gibson Gowland; *Elmer Hays*, E. H. Calvert; *Banker Stebbins*, Douglas Gerrard; *Bob Armstrong*, Charles Mack.

"VANITY"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.
Story by Douglas Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Barbara Fiske*, Leatrice Joy; *Lloyd Van Courtland*, Charles Ray; *Dan Morgan*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Fiske*, Mayme Kelso; *The Ship's Cook*, Noble Johnson; *Tess Ramsay*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Butler*, Louis Payne.

"FRAMED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by George W. Sutton. Adapted by Mary O'Hara. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Etienne Hilaire*, Milton Sills; *Diane Laurens*, Natalie Kingston; *Alphonse Laurens*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Arthur Remsen*, Charles Gerrard; *Moola*, Edward Peil; *Magistrate*, Burr McIntosh; *Lola's Husband*, John Miljan.

"GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE"—F. B. O.—From the story by Peter Milne. Adapted by Peter Milne. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Joe

Walker. The cast: *Lieutenant Donald Macready*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Sergeant Bill Smith*, Frank Nelson; *Laura Phelps*, Jeanne Morgan; *Philip Howard*, Lee Shumway; *Captain Davis*, Dewitt Jennings; *Mrs. Davis*, Cora Williams; *Sheriff*, Nelson McDowell; *Stephen Phelps*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Sally*, Yvonne Howell.

"BEAUTY PARLOR, THE"—F. B. O.
From the story by H. C. Witwer. Adapted by Tom McNamara. Directed by Arvid E. Gillstrom and Reggie Morris. The cast: *Nate Muggleduffie*, Al Cooke; *Herman Upright*, Kit Guard; *Helen Howe*, Lorraine Eason; *Peewee Short*, Thelma Hill; *Arthur Justin*, Danny O'Shea.

"MOON OF ISRAEL"—F. B. O.—Based on the novel by Sir Rider Haggard. Adapted by Ladislaus Vajda. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Merapi*, Marie Corda; *Prince Seti*, Adelqui Miller; *Userti*, Arlette Marchal; *Ana*, Ferdinand Onna; *Amenmeses*, Oscar Beregi; *Moses*, Henry Mar; *Pharaoh Menapta*, A. Weisse; *Pampasa*, Reinhold Haussermann; *Laban*, Georges Haryton; *Khi, the High Priest*, Emil Hayse.

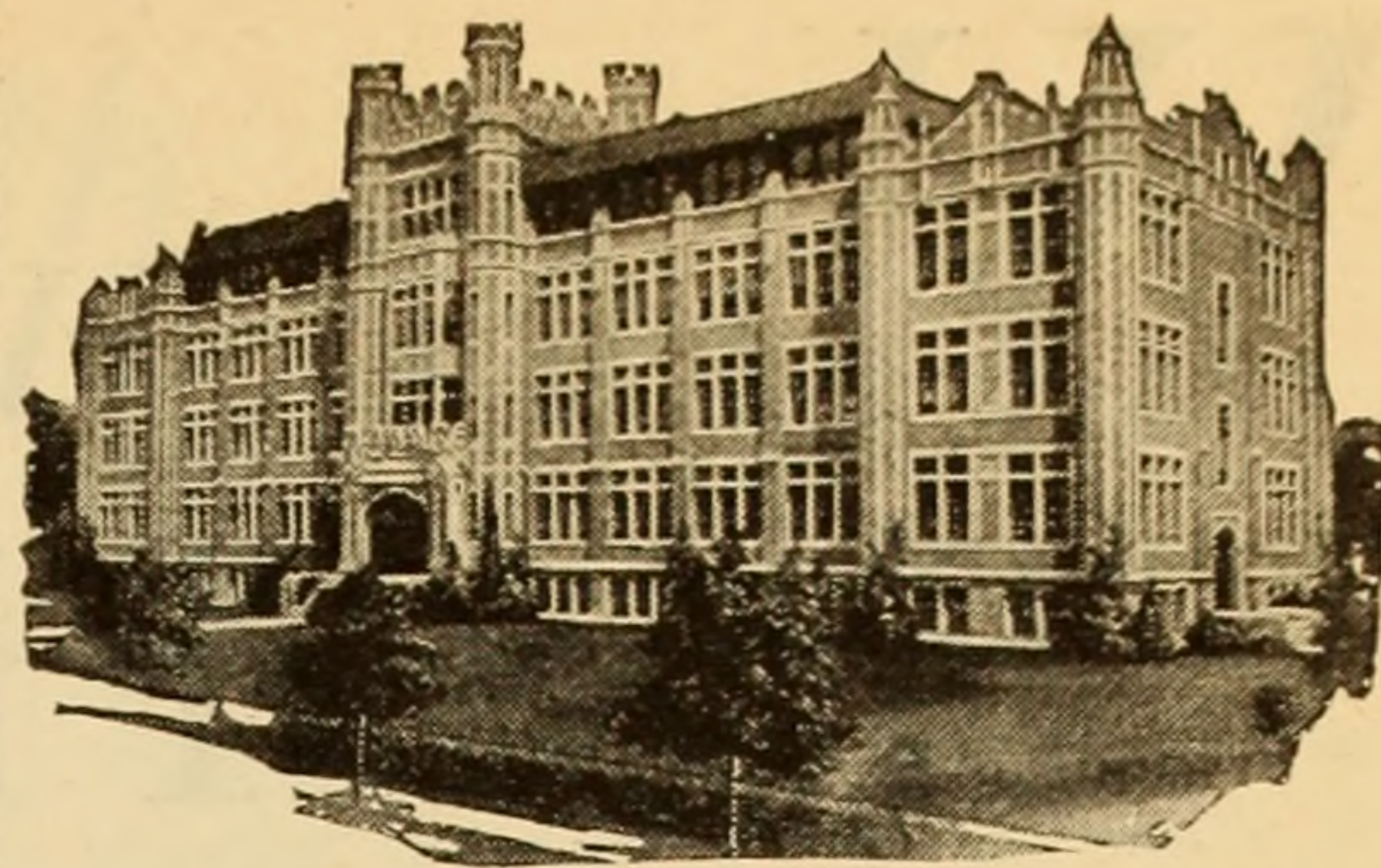
"SILK STOCKINGS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Cyril Harcourt. Scenario by Jos. F. Poland. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Photography by Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Molly Thornhill*, Laura La Plante; *Sam Thornhill*, John Harron; *Bagnell*, William Austin; *Judge Foster*, Otis Harlan; *The Judge*, Burr McIntosh.

"THE MAGIC FLAME"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Rudolph Lothar. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *The Clown*, Ronald Colman; *The Count*, Ronald Colman; *The Aerial Artist*, Vilma Banky; *The Ringmaster*, Augustino Borgaro; *The Chancellor*, Gustave von Seffertitz; *The Aid*, Harvey Clarke; *The Wife*, Shirley Palmer; *The Husband*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *The Utility Man*, George Davis; *The Manager*, Andre Cheron; *The Visitor*, Vadim Uraneff.

"BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Scenario by Charles Logue. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Renee Debois*, Renee Adoree; *Bob Stanton*, Robert Frazer; *Blake*, Walter Long; *Jean DeBois*, Mitchell Lewis; *Jacques Carbeau*, James Mason; *Clerk*, Walter Ackerman.

"THE PATENT LEATHER KID"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *The Patent Leather Kid*, Richard Barthelmess; *Curley Boyle*, Molly O'Day; *Lieutenant Hugo Breen*, Lawford Davidson; *Jake Stuke*, Mathew Betz; *Jimmy Kinch*, Arthur Stone; *Mobile Molasses*, Raymond Turner; *Officer Riley*, Walter James; *German Officer*, Lucien Prival; *French doctor*, Nigel de Brulier.

"DANCE MAGIC"—FIRST NATIONAL.
—From the story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Jahala Chandler*, Pauline Starke; *Leach Norcutt*, Ben Lyon; *Jed Brophy*, John Louis Bartels; *Selma Bundy*, Isabel Elson; *Jahala's father*, Harlan E. Knight; *Her Mother*, Judith Vasseli.



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Cut Picture Puzzle Fans

The last set of pictures appears in this issue. See the rules on page 58 as to where to send your solution.

What was the Best Picture of 1926?

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Medal of Honor

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920 "HUMORESQUE"	1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"	1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"	1925 "THE BIG PARADE"

Here's Your Chance to do Your Bit for the Betterment of Films. Rush Your Vote!

HAVE you cast your vote for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S seventh annual gold medal award, to be given the producer of the best photoplay of 1926?

Better get busy. Your vote must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY not later than October 1st. The votes are piling in. The competition between a half dozen of the big pictures of 1926 is keen and the ultimate winner will not be decided until the last vote comes in. In most previous years one or two pictures have led from the start of voting. This year, however, the vote is pretty evenly divided between a number of leaders.

Of course, you want to see the picture you consider the best of the twelve months given its just award. Do your bit, then. Remember that PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal of Honor is recognized as the highest reward of merit in the world of motion pictures. It is the only award in all filmdom coming directly from the screen fans themselves, since the award rests entirely with our

readers. The medal, which was first awarded in 1921 for the best film of 1920, was created as an opportunity to encourage the making of better pictures. Each year it has been given to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY'S readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

For your assistance in making a selection, a list of fifty prominent photoplays of 1926 is presented on this page. You are not limited to the films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released between January 1, 1926, and December 31, 1926.

Mail your coupon to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is one and one-half inches in diameter. It will be made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

VOTE NOW!

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

<i>American Venus</i>	<i>Irene</i>	<i>Silence</i>
<i>Aloma of the South Seas</i>	<i>Kid Boots</i>	<i>Son of the Sheik</i>
<i>Bardelys the Magnificent</i>	<i>Kiki</i>	<i>Sorrows of Satan</i>
<i>Beau Geste</i>	<i>La Boheme</i>	<i>Sparrows</i>
<i>Behind the Front</i>	<i>Love'Em and Leave'Em</i>	<i>Stella Maris</i>
<i>Ben-Hur</i>	<i>Mantrap</i>	<i>Strong Man</i>
<i>Better 'Ole</i>	<i>Marriage Clause</i>	<i>Temptress</i>
<i>Beverly of Graustark</i>	<i>Men of Steel</i>	<i>That Royle Girl</i>
<i>Black Pirate</i>	<i>Moana</i>	<i>Three Faces East</i>
<i>Brown of Harvard</i>	<i>Nervous Wreck</i>	<i>Tin Gods</i>
<i>Dancing Mothers</i>	<i>Old Ironsides</i>	<i>Tramp, Tramp, Tramp</i>
<i>Don Juan</i>	<i>One Minute to Go</i>	<i>Upstage</i>
<i>Faust</i>	<i>Padlocked</i>	<i>Variety</i>
<i>For Heaven's Sake</i>	<i>Quarterback</i>	<i>Waltz Dream</i>
<i>Grand Duchess and the Waiter</i>	<i>Return of Peter Grimm</i>	<i>We're in the Navy Now</i>
	<i>Road to Mandalay</i>	<i>What Price Glory</i>
	<i>Scarlet Letter</i>	<i>Winning of Barbara Worth</i>
	<i>Sea Beast</i>	

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

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your mouth. It reaches all those tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of gum infections, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit to injure the delicate gum tissues at *The Danger Line*. It is safe in the tender mouths of children.

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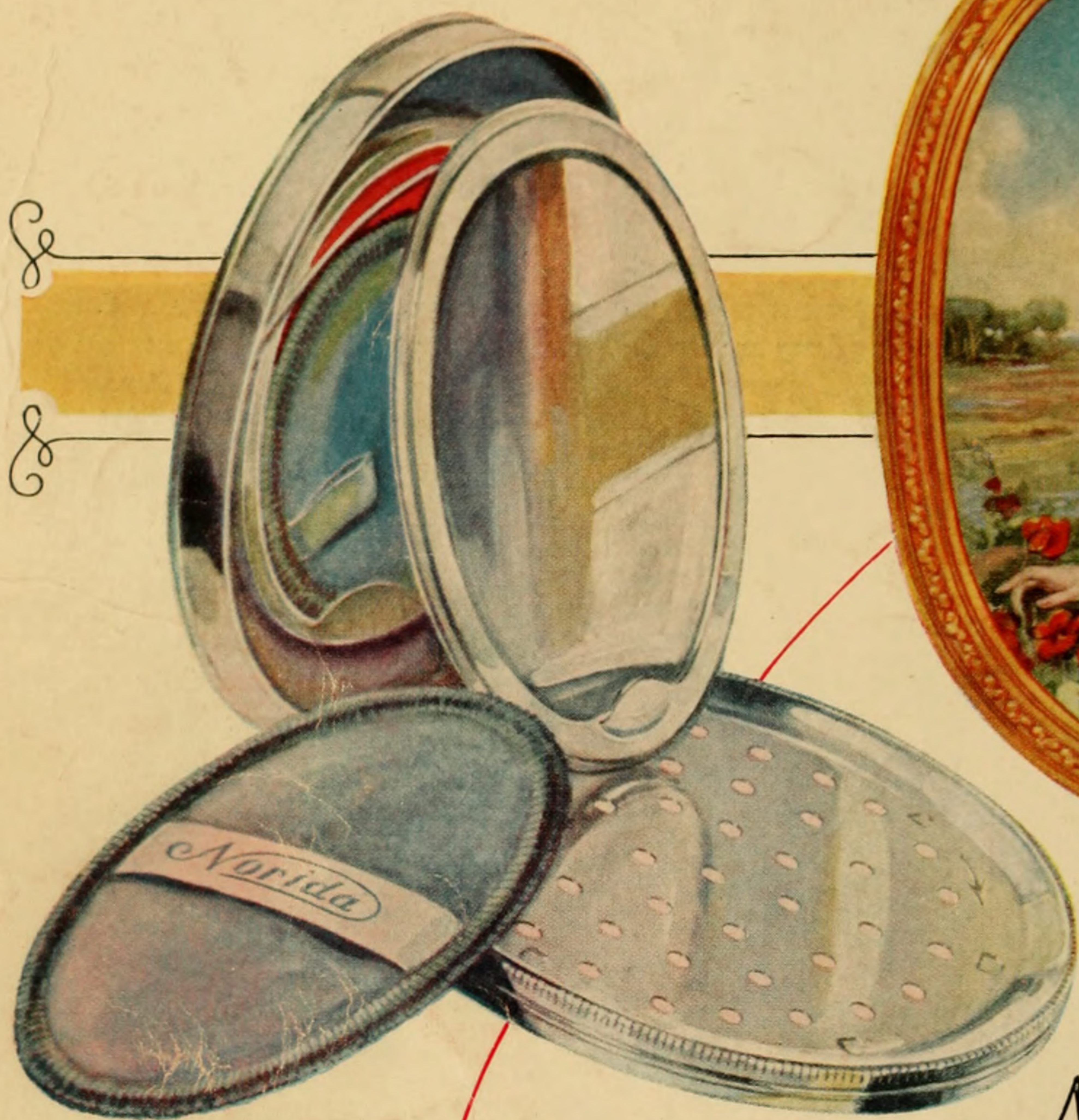
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