

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH

25 CENTS



Mary
Philbin

Charles Shelton

Are The Stars Doomed?

The Inside Story of the Hollywood Revolution

WHAT FAMOUS PEOPLE
WOULD HAVE SAID
ABOUT MARLBORO

“Always before a famous
battle I calm my nerves
with a MARLBORO”

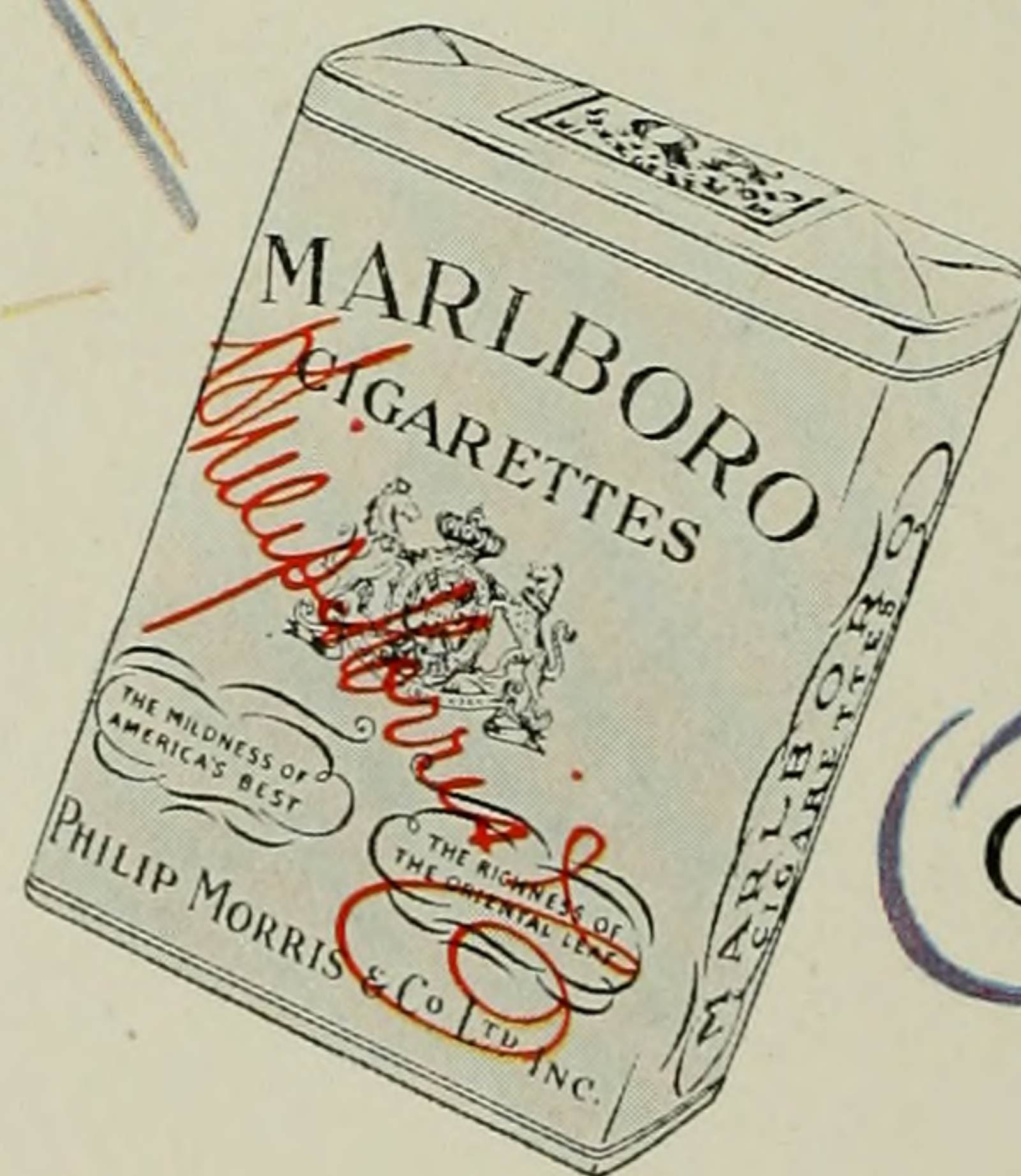
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Whether or not your battles are as famous as Napoleon's—you'll be strong for Marlboros from that first satisfying intake of mild, blue Marlboro smoke.

Philip Morris—none other—did it! With rich, warmly-flavored Turkish he blended Virginia's best leaf—and discovered Marlboro. His bold, scarlet signature across the front of the distinctive black-and-white package marks the man who carries one as a wise, contented smoker.

Marlboro is a cigarette that really achieves mildness—yet with enough sparkle to remain interesting every hour of the smoking day. Buy a package today.

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MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

How Screen Stars

Emphasize Shapeliness

by wearing a certain
type of hosiery



JOAN CRAWFORD

chooses this exquisitely feminine all-silk hose, with this smart Allen-A Heel*

Those marvelously shaped legs of Joan Crawford's. Acknowledged the most perfect in all moviedom. If you knew the infinite pains taken in the selection of *her* hosiery, you would never again treat the selection of *yours* lightly.

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To emphasize the symmetry of her legs, Miss Crawford chooses this new Allen-A Heel style.* A most exquisite creation of sheer chiffon silk, from top to toe. Full-fashioned to mold closely to ankle and knee, thus enhancing the natural curve.

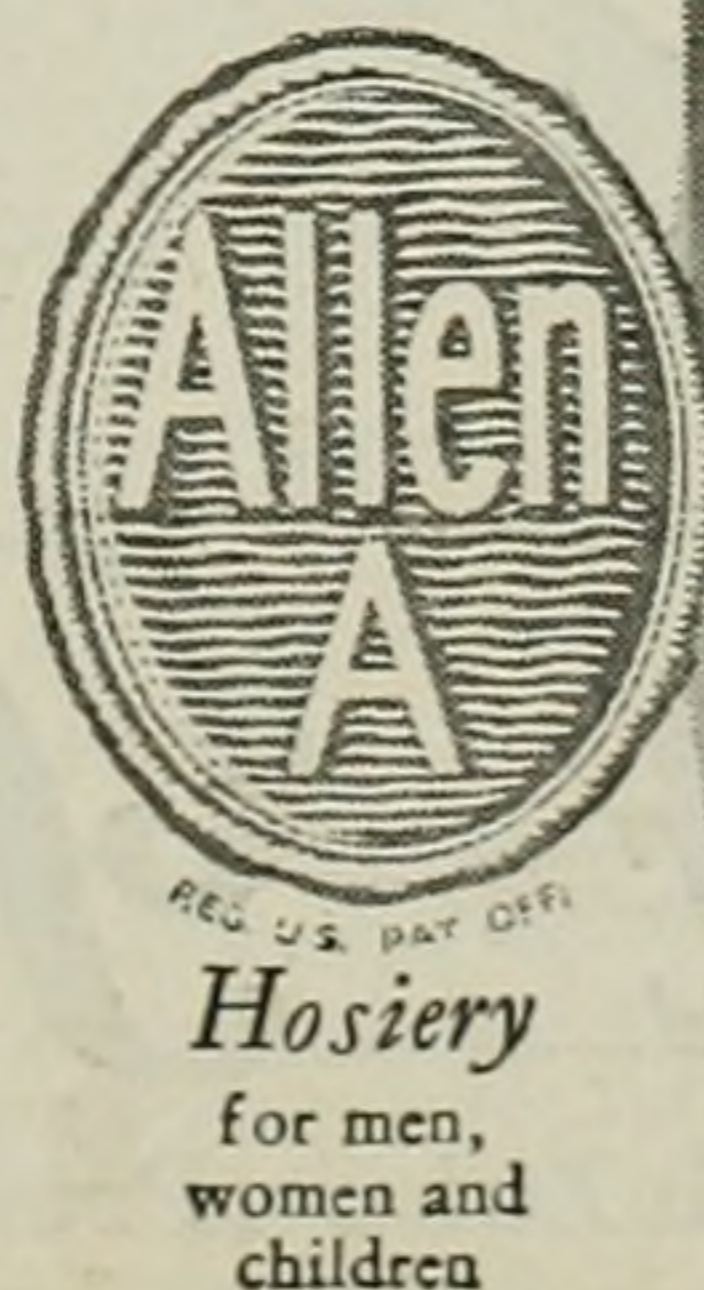
The new Allen-A Heel, which tapers to a point above the slipper, gives an alluring slenderness to the ankle never before attained. It also reinforces the heel.

And to assure long service, the *silken* foot is further reinforced by an extra narrow sole and special side and top toe guards of fine lisle. Invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3715. Only \$1.95 the pair. If your dealer does not carry this style, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A
Hosiery



Scene from "West Point," new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, featuring Joan Crawford

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from \$1.50 to \$3 the pair.

700 feature length photoplays
will be produced this year!

how will you choose the best?

With some 700 pictures coming in 1928, and all clamoring for your time, it's too great a risk to just go out and gamble on seeing a good one. Don't do it. Heed this . . . Of these 700, about 85 will be Paramount Pictures. We do not say they are the only good ones. We *do* say they are *all* good ones, and that you never need take any chances when you remember—*"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*



Paramount Pictures

Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York City

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LIONEL
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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For
March
1928

VOL. XXXIII

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Last Minute News from East and West

As we go to PRESS



JOHN BARRYMORE will do the film version of Frederick Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Chaney," played successfully behind the footlights by Ina Claire. Every United Artists feminine star was after this vehicle, from Norma and Constance Talmadge to Gloria Swanson to Corinne Griffith. Joseph Schenck solved the problem by giving the play to Jack. At this way of giving out rôles think what a narrow escape Lon Chaney had from doing "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"! Ernst Lubitsch, incidentally, will direct Barrymore.

JACK HOLT is back with Paramount again. He will star in Westerns once more.

THE differences between Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company have been adjusted. Janet gets a brand new five-year contract at an increase. The second assignment will be a trip to Vienna and Paris, while "Blossom Time" is filmed on the other side with Frank Borzage directing. Before "Blossom Time" Miss Gaynor will do "The Four Devils" with F. W. Murnau directing.

TOM MIX, PHOTOPLAY'S famous contributor, says that he will sail for the Argentine on June 10, and that he may make a film or two on the pampas.

COLLEEN MOORE isn't going to become a United Artist after all. She will remain at First National. Colleen gets a new contract with a substantial increase.

DOLORES DEL RIO has been seriously ill with flu and congested lungs.

BY mutual agreement Universal did not take up its option on Jean Hersholt's services. He will do a big picture for them, however, at a big salary jump.

FERENC MOLNAR, the Hungarian playwright, has been signed to write originals for Paramount. Molnar is the famous author of "The Devil," "Liliom," "The Guardsman" and "The Goat Song."

MAY McAVOY and Warner Brothers have agreed to a brand new three-year contract which will take the place of the old agreement.

MAL ST. CLAIRE is going to Metro-Goldwyn to direct one picture, a story of his own.

RICHARD ARLEN is playing opposite Clara Bow in "Ladies of the Mob," which William Wellman is directing.



Lady Sholto Douglas has the smallest feet in Europe and \$40,000,000. Also she has had four husbands. She's going to Hollywood to go in to the movies

LILLIAN GISH has been visiting Doug and Mary. Very soon she starts work on a picture for United Artists. Up to her departure for Beverly Hills, Miss Gish was still doing Broadway first nights with George Jean Nathan, the critic.

TOD BROWNING has sailed for a vacation in Paris.

REPORTS have it that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plan to do "The Shanghai Gesture." And Universal is said to be about to film Cosmo Hamilton's play and novel, "Scandal."

CLARENCE BROWN is going to do Wassermann's "The World's Illusion," announced so many times as the next production to be done by Rex Ingram. Incidentally, from Nice, Mr. Ingram writes to PHOTOPLAY to deny once again that a separation is contemplated between his wife, Alice Terry, and himself. "Won't that rumor ever die?" queries Mr. Ingram.

MONTY BANKS, lately a Pathe comedian, is going abroad to make comedies for British International Films.

MARY HAY BATH, former wife of Richard Barthelmess and now married to Vivian Bath, is the mother of a second daughter, born at a New York hospital. Mrs. Bath recently hurried back from Singapore that her child might be born in America.

EDWIN CAREWE is to produce "Womanhood," an original by Rupert Hughes. It deals with women's work in war.

LON CHANEY is to follow "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" with "Chinatown." William Nigh, who has just completed "China Bound," starring Ramon Novarro, will direct.

NANCY CARROLL, the *Rosemary* of "Abie's Irish Rose," is playing opposite Richard Dix in "Easy Come, Easy Go."

"A FREE SOUL," the novel by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns, has been dramatized. It had its Broadway premiere recently. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will produce it as a screen play.

Romantic
Ramon Novarro
Beautiful
Norma Shearer



RAMON NOVARRO • NORMA SHEARER
in
AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION
THE STUDENT PRINCE

In Old Heidelberg
with Jean Hersholt

Your theatre will show this notable Broadway Success at local prices
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pictures You Should Not Miss

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

*Love versus Luxury
in a story of Gold-Digging Wives*



WILLIAM FOX
presents

SOFT LIVING

with MADGE BELLAMY
JOHN MACK BROWN

MARY DUNCAN OLIVE TELL HENRY KOLKER

In this highly amusing story of a wise little gold digger who had her divorce plans all laid before she'd even said "yes" to the marriage proposal, winsome Madge Bellamy gives another of those delightful light comedy portrayals which have brought her an international following.

John Mack Brown, former University of Alabama football star, plays the leading male role of the indifferent husband who teaches his alimony-seeking wife a few things about "soft living" that she hadn't bargained for.

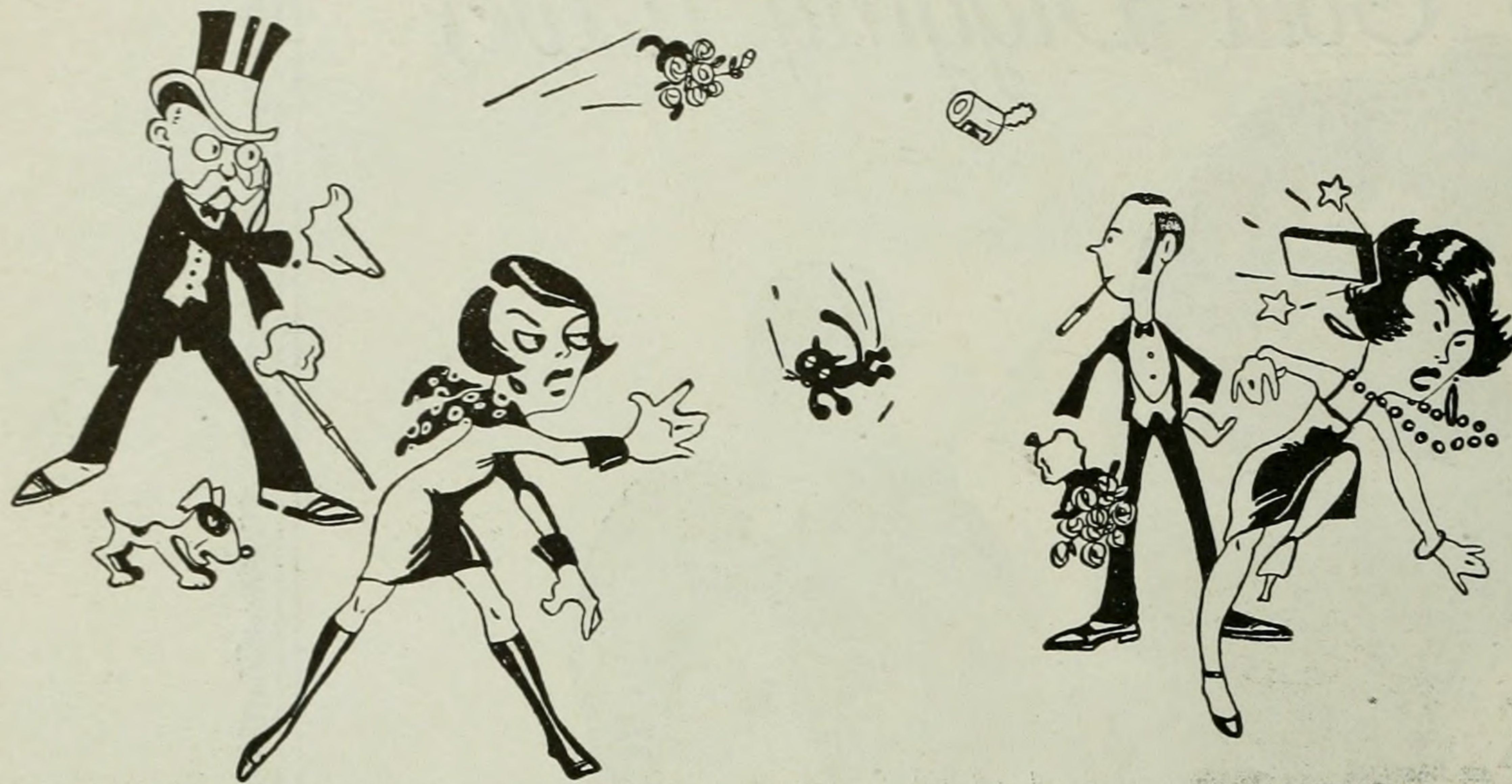
"Soft Living," based upon the original story "The Marriage Graft" by Grace Mack, is one of the sprightliest comedies of the new year, with an unexpected twist at the end that will keep you chuckling for hours after you leave the theatre. Don't miss it!



JAMES TINLING PRODUCTION

Scenario by FRANCES AGNEW

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

RUTH BIERY'S article about Francis X. Bushman started a storm. Most of the writers protest that Mr. Bushman's marriage had nothing to do with his decline in popularity. So there! A vehement minority, however, still insist that they prefer their favorites unmarried.

There was a heart-warming welcome for Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl," while "Dress Parade," "Chang," and "Seventh Heaven" are the most popular of the newer pictures. "Helen of Troy" and "Love" are widely discussed, with plenty of brickbats sprinkled among the bouquets.

Janet Gaynor, Sue Carol, Charles Rogers and Charles Farrell are the most popular of the younger players. Too much vaudeville, silly college pictures and exaggerated flapper stories are almost unanimously panned.

PHOTOPLAY'S "Shadow Stage," "Brief Reviews" and the articles by Dr. Bisch receive the most favorable comment.

Now step right up and speak your piece.

\$25.00 Letter

Pueblo, Colo.

I just read one of the prize letters in the December PHOTOPLAY from Wichita, Kansas. I, too, get ruffled at the churches for their gospel of "Thou shalt not." But may I correct Miss Kersting this far: it is not the "churches" that are to blame for the curbing of innocent amusements, but certain denominations.

When people blame the churches for things, all churches suffer in general. A few denominations seem to make it their business to be moral policemen to the community, whereas I feel very sure that Christ never intended the church to be that. The church is to be, among other things, a teacher of principles, and should give the layman credit for having enough real intelligence to apply those principles to their own lives.

I agree with the writer that all legislation which forbids, will not make people go to church. And, personally, I would rather have all my young people going to a picture show on Sunday afternoon, than to guess

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.

what outlying town or road house they have gone to on the sly.

If the churches would stick to their own business, instead of trying to force people into straight-jackets, they wouldn't have to worry about congregations. The church never was meant to be a kill-joy, but quite the reverse.

Just as the majority of film actors in Hollywood resent the implication that they are profligates, because a few of them go wild, so do I, as rector of a church, resent the implication that the church is opposed to Sunday movies, just because a denomination or two make "Thou shalt not" their creed, and then seek to impose it on everybody else.

REV. HEBER C. BENJAMIN.

\$10.00 Letter

Houston, Texas.

I, together with all other citizens of my community, have recently suffered a fresh outrage at the hands of those insufferable pests, the censors. They have forbidden "Don Juan" to be shown here. I had looked forward to seeing this production because John Barrymore is one of my favorites and

because it had been so highly praised in PHOTOPLAY.

Why do we put up with censors anyhow? Is it because we need guardians for our morals? In my opinion, if a person's morals are so weak that a hectic movie can dissolve them, they are doomed to destruction sooner or later, censors or no censors. I see neither reason nor justice in giving a dozen or so people the right to regulate and limit the personal amusement of two hundred thousand.

Your magazine gives reviews of the different pictures which can be referred to by anyone who wishes to do so. With such a guide, a normally intelligent person should be able to select pictures to his individual taste. If we could only do that, and send the censors into the discard with all other relics of the Dark Ages, what a great world this would be!

ESTELLE WADE.

\$5.00 Letter

Milan, Italy.

I belong to a group of American students in Milan, Italy. We all have, at times, felt terribly lonesome, and some of us have even thought of giving up everything and taking the next steamer back to U. S. A.

One evening a member of our party saw a copy of PHOTOPLAY on the newsstand and brought it home. We all clustered around and looked at the pictures. Then we read and discussed some of the articles. Surely that night, as by a magic wand, all sadness and discouragement were completely banished!

Since then we have taken to reading PHOTOPLAY regularly, and our spirits have risen considerably. Each number seems like a greeting from home.

When PHOTOPLAY tells us how many of the artists now occupying leading positions have struggled, we feel encouraged to do our best. Those among us who were almost quitters—especially at this season when Christmas is approaching and there is an epidemic of homesickness here—have decided to stick it out.

We may well say that if any of us ever achieve anything near success, we owe a great part of it to PHOTOPLAY.

JO OTTEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

To Men Getting
BALD
Here's My Contract

**Give Me 15 Minutes
a Day for 30 Days**

*and I'll give you
new hair or no cost*

By ALOIS MERKE

*Founder of the Merke
Institute, 5th Avenue,
New York*



I DON'T care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or 10 years—whether you've tried one remedy or a hundred remedies. Give me 15 minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in 30 days or I won't charge you a penny.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, which I founded, many people have paid as high as \$100 for results secured through personal treatments. Now through my Home Treatment I offer these same results at a cost of only a few cents a day or money instantly refunded.

In most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but dormant—asleep. Ordinary tonics fail because they treat only the surface skin. My treatment goes beneath the surface—brings nourishment direct to dormant roots and stimulates them to new activity.

Free Book Explains Treatment

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a 32-page illustrated book which explains the Merke treatment—tells what it has done for thousands—contains valuable information on care of hair and scalp. This book is yours Free—to keep. Mail coupon TODAY! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 393, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

**Allied Merke
Institutes, Inc.
Dept. 393, 512 Fifth Ave.,
New York City**

Please send me in a plain wrapper—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

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



How Bill Smith Made Good!

FOR over ten years Bill worked in the shipping department of a big manufacturing concern. He worked long, tiresome hours at very low pay. It seemed that every pay day his pay was gone as soon as he got it. He saved and denied, so did Mary and the children, to pay for the little home that would some day be theirs. As soon as Bill was able to save a few dollars it was just his luck to have something happen to take it away from him. Always something . . . taxes on the little cottage they were buying . . . coal to keep them warm . . . clothing for some member of the family . . . insurance . . . a doctor bill or some necessity that had to be taken care of. Such was Bill's luck all the time.

One day something happened. One of the children took sick suddenly. With the Doctor's daily visits, Bill hardly knew what to do. The bills were getting bigger every day. Then the unexpected happened. Bill lost his job. The factory had closed, and Bill had no good prospects in view. In a small town jobs were few, and Bill was forced to join the great army of unemployed. Then one day Bill's luck changed—

Bill passed a newsstand at a prominent corner in his town. He saw a copy of Opportunity Magazine. Printed on it were the words "Now only 10c a copy" and "New Ways to Make Money." Bill only wanted to know of ONE way to make money so when so many ways were offered, this was a new thing and very interesting. Bill bought Opportunity Magazine, and after reading it one evening, Bill decided to be a salesman and make big money every day.

Of the hundreds of new ways to make big money advertised in Opportunity, Bill selected one that appealed to him. He wrote a letter and got a good job at once. Now Bill's a salesman and makes big money every day. Two years have passed. The home is paid for, Bill has money in the bank, and his boss gave him a Chrysler car for being his Star Salesman.

There are thousands of men just like Bill Smith. If you are one of them, we know Opportunity will help you on your road to success the same as it did Bill. Just clip a dollar bill to a slip of paper with your name and address and mail it to the address below. Your year's subscription (12 issues) will start with the next issue. It will be the best dollar you ever invested.

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. PH-3 750 No. Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

***ENEMY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anti-war propaganda, told in the terms of a tragedy that befell a Viennese household. Lillian Gish's most human and appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February.)

FAIR CO-ED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies at her very funniest in a pretty fair college yarn. The gal is a real comic. (December.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (September.)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (September.)

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

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

FIRST AUTO, THE—Warners.—Missing on all sixes, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (September.)

FLYING LUCK—Pathe.—Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Dramatic doings in Morocco, well played by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schildkraut. Worth your money. (December.)

***FOUR SONS**—Fox.—Reviewed under title of "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters." The screen rises to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. (January.)

FOURFLUSHER, THE—Universal.—Pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

FRAMED—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (September.)

FRENCH DRESSING—First National.—In which the dowdy wife outvamps the vamp. Swell trouping by Lois Wilson, Lilyan Tashman and Clive Brook. (February.)

GALLAGHER—Pathe-De Mille.—Richard Harding Davis' charming story of the adventures of an office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Coghlan merits applause. (February.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram's best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Hichens romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists.—Just a so-so vehicle for Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith and Charles Ray are hampered by a second-rate chorus girl yarn. (February.)

***GAUCHO, THE**—United Artists.—Love, life and religion among the bandits of the Andes, excitingly and picturesquely enacted by Douglas Fairbanks. Keep your eye on Lupe Velez, his new leading woman. Fine for the younger set. (January.)

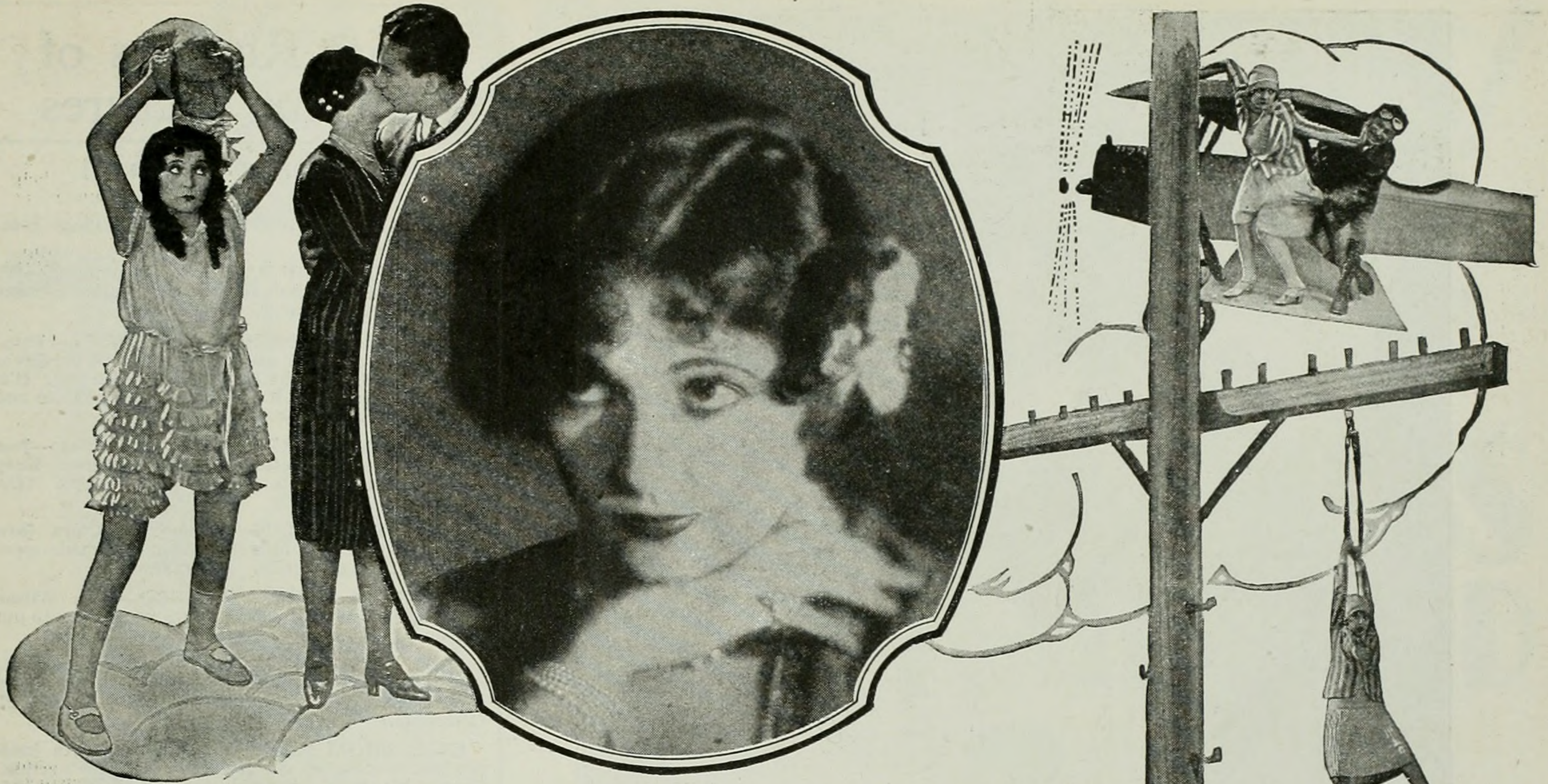
GAY DEFENDER, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix, in Spanish get-up, strays by accident into a Douglas Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (February.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

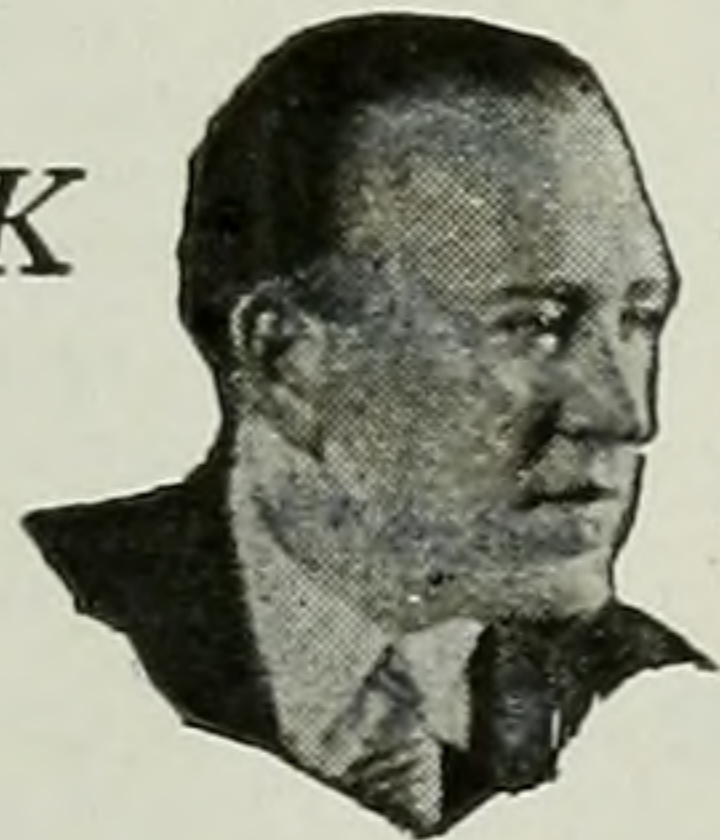
Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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An Impression of DOROTHY DEVORE

by JAMES R. QUIRK



EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

I HAVE great respect for Dorothy Devore. She is a beautiful girl who knows the value of a good "Educational."

More movie-precious than a new plot is a beautiful girl with brains and a sense of humor. And rarer than an artistic picture that makes money at the box-office is a capable comedienne.

Dorothy Devore is the sole feminine funster left in two-reel comedies. Most cuties hold themselves above clowning and are lured from their bathing-suit hilarity to the solemnity of bigger and better things. But flippant Dorothy is wise to the fact that producing a laugh a day keeps freelancing away. She much prefers going up on the payroll to going down in history.

Comedy demands quick tempo and Dorothy has always been a fast worker. At fifteen, she produced

and toured in her own "Dorothy Devore Revue." At sixteen, she was the lead in a musical comedy. In her seventeenth year she two-a-dayed in vaudeville and landed in Hollywood. Then she proceeded to make seventy-five mirthquakes in four years.

Her yearning temporarily for glory above gags is understandable. It is hard on any girl to be the face that stops a thousand pies. Dorothy tried the drama. But after she had gone through the boring hours straight leads demand, she deserted features for films faster and funnier. The two-reelers she had left as a leading woman, she returned to as a star. Today she is undisputed queen of her short subjects.

* * * * *

See Dorothy Devore in "Up in Arms," "Kilties," "The Little Rube" or "Cutie" and you'll know how a good Educational comedy contributes to the joy of life.

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

HOPE HAMPTON
in "The Call of the Sea"
(Photographed in Technicolor)

McCALL COLOUR
FASHION NEWS

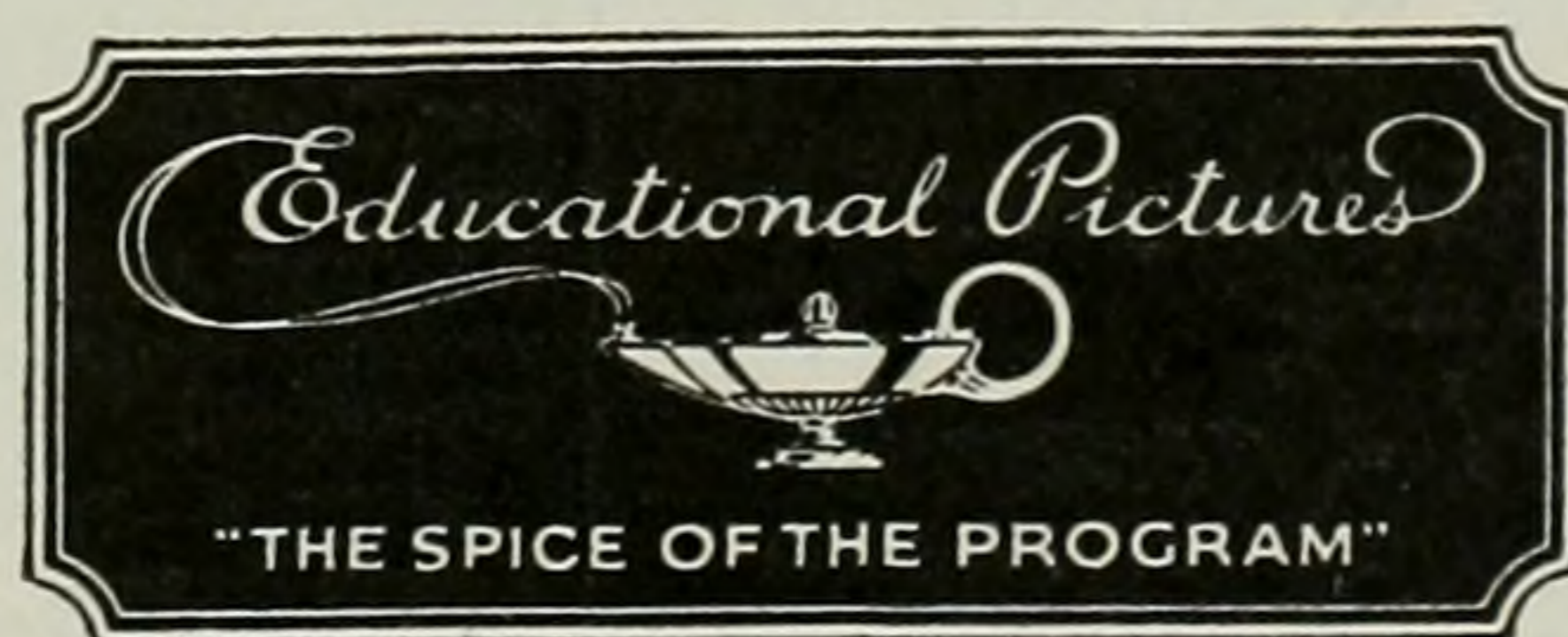
OUTDOOR SKETCHES
by Robert C. Bruce

FELIX THE CAT
Cartoons by Pat Sullivan

LYMAN H. HOWE'S
HODGE-PODGE

CURIOSITIES
The Movie Side-Show
Produced by Walter Futter

CAMEO COMEDIES



CARTER DeHAVEN
in Character Studies



JERRY DREW
in Mermaid Comedies
(Jack White Productions)



JOHNNY ARTHUR
in Tuxedo Comedies
KINOGRAMS
The News Reel That
Tops The Field



LLOYD HAMILTON
in Hamilton Comedies



LARRY SEMON
in Larry Semon Comedies



LUPINO LANE
in Lupino Lane Comedies



CHARLEY BOWERS
in Bowers Comedies



"BIG BOY"
in Big Boy-Juvenile Comedies

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



CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN in "The Man Who Laughs"

Here's the way I feel about it—that while **"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"** was a mighty fine picture and a great favorite with the public, there is still another story by Victor Hugo which will be liked even better than **THE HUNCHBACK**.

"The Man Who Laughs" is as thrilling a drama as I have ever seen. The work of **CONRAD VEIDT** is so superior to anything I have seen in recent years, that I am compelled to say to you that here is a picture that will give you a piece of character-work that will remain in your mind for months to come.

It is a picture of passionate loves and subtle intrigues in the royal courts of long ago, and Paul Leni, director, has invested it with so much beauty and stirring action that I am confident it will be sought by every moving-picture theatre in the civilized world.

"The Man Who Laughs," has **CONRAD VEIDT** in the leading role. Europe produced this talented man and enjoyed his acting long before America knew there was such an actor. I saw him in a theatre in Germany and I couldn't rest until I secured him for **UNIVERSAL**.

MARY PHILBIN in the role of **"Dea"** does the finest work of her entire career. Other notable players in the cast are: **GEORGE SIEGMANN**, **JOSEPHINE CROWELL**, **STUART HOLMES**, **BRANDON HURST**, and **OLGA BAKLANOVA**.

Be on the qui vive for this magnificent spectacle. Mention it to the manager of your favorite theatre. When you see it, write me your opinion of it.

Watch for the coming of **"Uncle Tom's Cabin"** in your vicinity. It is a thrilling spectacle which I advise you not to miss.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (October.)

***GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**—Paramount.—If you don't want to see this film version of Anita Loos' story, something is wrong with you. It is all laughs, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Ford Sterling. (February.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps. (December.)

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

GINGHAM GIRL, THE—FBO.—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (October.)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE—Warners.—Life and love in the underworld, agreeably acted by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE—Gotham.—An independent production, colorful and above the average. Carmel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (November.)

GIRL IN THE PULLMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—One of those farce honeymoon adventures that aren't for the very innocent, nor yet the very sophisticated. With Marie Prevost. (February.)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warners.—The sad story of an old trouper, played with so much true feeling by Warner Oland that you forget its sentimentality. (January.)

***GORILLA, THE**—First National.—Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey, as a couple of dumb Sherlocks, plaster laughs all over this mystery yarn. It's a darn fool thing, but you'll like it. (January.)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (September.)

HAM AND EGGS—Warners.—A war comedy, done in colors as it were. An occasionally amusing but oftener silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (November.)

***HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY**—First National.—No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-lines. Milton Sills at his best. (October.)

HARVESTER, THE—FBO.—Came the yawl! If you like Gene Stratton Porter's stories, help yourself. (January.)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warners.—Now it is Dolores Costello's turn to swing on the bell. An old favorite. (September.)

HEBIE GEBIES—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

HER WILD OAT—First National.—Colleen Moore, the humble proprietress of a lunch wagon, goes berserk at a fashionable resort. (February.)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (October.)

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

HIS DOG—Pathe-De Mille.—Fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone blah. (October.)

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

HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount.—Florence Vidor and Tullio Carminati enact a neat little comedy duel between an American heiress and her Italian husband. For those who like 'em subtle. (January.)

HOOF MARKS—Pathe.—Meet the new Western star, Jack Donovan. He knows his cactus. (January.)

HOOK AND LADDER No. 9—FBO.—Some good newsreel shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December.)

***HULA**—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (October.)

IF I WERE SINGLE—Warners.—The girls will get a giggle out of this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



WHERE IT COMES!

From Broadway at \$2²⁰ per Seat
to your Theatre at Popular Prices

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The **PATENT LEATHER KID**



THINK OF IT!—
16 weeks on Broadway!

7 weeks in Chicago—
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THINK OF IT!

THINK what a THRILLER it must be when Great Critics call it "A cinema knockout!"—
"Close to perfection"—
"Barthelmess' best since 'Tol'able David'!"

THINK what an Entertainment Event it's going to be when this great \$2.00 hit comes to your town at popular prices!!

Ask your theatre manager when.

Drama that sweeps from a Broadway Honky-Tonk through the frenzy of the Fight Game to a Living Hell— then back to a Heaven of Happiness two Lovable Lovers had never dared to hope for!

Presented by **RICHARD A. ROWLAND** by **RUPERT HUGHES**

An **ALFRED SANTELL** production

Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**

Production management **AL. ROCKETT**



A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

on
Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLINE VAN WYCK,
In June I shall graduate from High School and I can't go on to college because my parents need my immediate help in supporting our family. I have taken a commercial course at High and expect to graduate an honor pupil. Still I hate the idea of an office. I'm restless though very energetic. But I like to work on my own and detest taking orders. I'd like some sort of spectacular career but I've no outstanding talents. I'd like a future. Can you help me?

Corinne.

CORINNE is facing one of the most difficult, most important decisions in her life. The girl who finds her job—who discovers work that expresses all her talents, abilities and dreams, has discovered happiness. Reversely, the girl forced to toil at something uncongenial can only be miserable.

We can even learn to live without love. But no human being can live without work of some sort. All games and sports are merely work under a pleasanter name. Real work with a real salary and real praise for a job well done are the pleasant things in the world.

The most important thing, therefore, is to know what one is after and how to get it.

Now here's Corinne, who hates offices and routine and subserviency, graduating from a commercial course. Dear Corinne, you shouldn't have taken that course in the first place but I admire you for doing it with honors, just the same. But there's an urge for freedom in you and you face being put in a bookkeeper's cage!

Know thyself! Philosophers have said it for ages, but oh, how we need philosophers sitting around in corners of every classroom in the country, shouting it at the girls about to go out into the world!

Conscientious or imaginative, flighty or reliable, daring or timid, changeable or conservative? On the answer to those questions rests your job, for all careers are founded on character.

Corinne is wise to distrust secretarial work for herself. She likes to work alone. She likes independence. She won't get that in an office. Girl-secretaries are often super-

executives, but the field is so overcrowded with talented youngsters, the salaries are small and the rewards invisible. Most office work is blind alley work, leading nowhere, and an ambitious girl should not regard it as a permanent career. Only the girl, marking time till marriage, should consider it seriously.

Let Corinne make sure first of her health, her appearance, her ability to dress neatly on a small salary, her energy. Clear skin, shining hair, bright eyes—all within the reach of every girl—can give even the plainest face an appearance of beauty. And of course it's obvious that a pretty, well-dressed girl succeeds where a frumpy one gets fired.

Then, in the months before graduation, Corinne should study herself to sort from her dreams of fame and fortune the tangible abilities she possesses to make those dreams come true. Her letter indicates in her

something of the pioneer spirit—very important to a successful business girl—but the necessity for going slowly, due to her financial need.

Corinne should bring all her intelligence to thinking of untried positions to conquer. Every profession open to men is now open to women, yet girls in professions like medicine, the law, the ministry, in industries like manufacturing, banking and building, in businesses like advertising, selling, trading, even in bricklaying, are conspicuously missing. And the fact is that girls in these lines, by the very value of contrast, by their plain willingness to compete with men openly and not shyly, are much more apt to go ahead if they are at all talented than they are in the positions now accepted as "nice jobs" for ladies.

I HAVE a friend who wanted to become a scenario writer in Hollywood—a very common, usually disappointing ambition. But this girl used her intelligence and talent. She was lucky enough to have a college education and to be very pretty and persistent. Arriving in Hollywood, she soon discovered she was doomed when asking for scenario work by the fact that she was unknown and inexperienced. So she finally took a job as telephone operator in a studio and spent her evenings studying shorthand. It being true that if you aren't too big for your job you are too small for it, Mary soon loomed forth to the studio executives as too bright a girl to waste on a telephone board. When questioned, Mary asked for a job on the lot. She got one as script girl, using her newly-learned stenography. There she worked so well and made such clever suggestions on scenes, she won a place as assistant to a man writer. He recognized her talents and today Mary is turning out originals for one of the largest studios.

There, to me, is the whole technique for Corinne to follow. Let her choose as an initial job one in line with her ultimate ambition yet one she won't want to be holding two or three years hence. Don't let her be held back by pride from any job. Don't let her be too polite to work hard or too ladylike to fight her way forward. Let

Choosing the Right Career

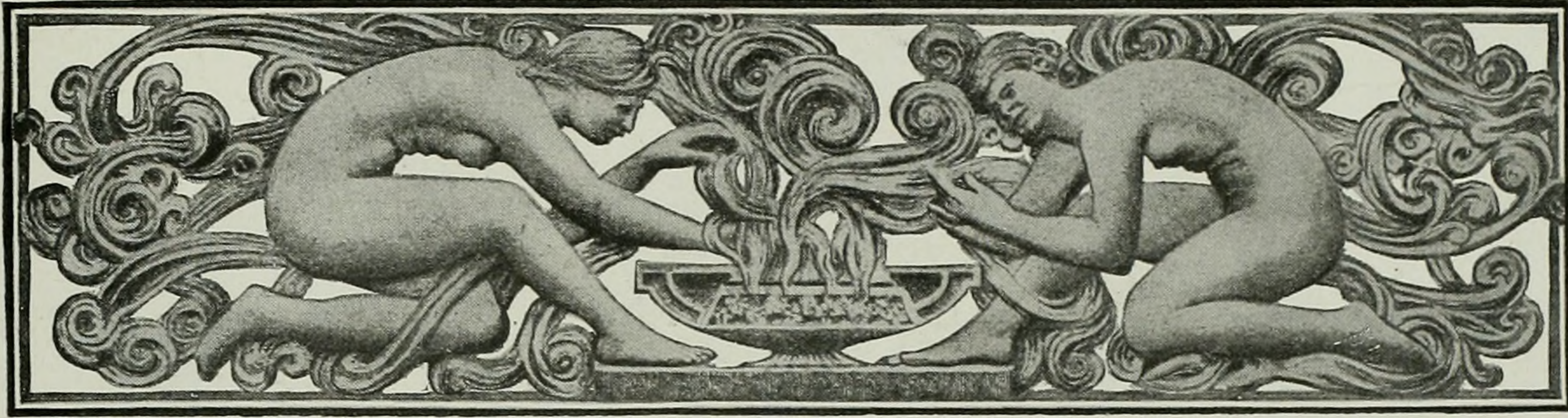
Is This Month's Problem

WITH graduation days close at hand, many girls write me they are faced with the problem of choosing the right career for themselves. A whole life's happiness or failure may depend upon that decision. Here I try to help you make the correct one.

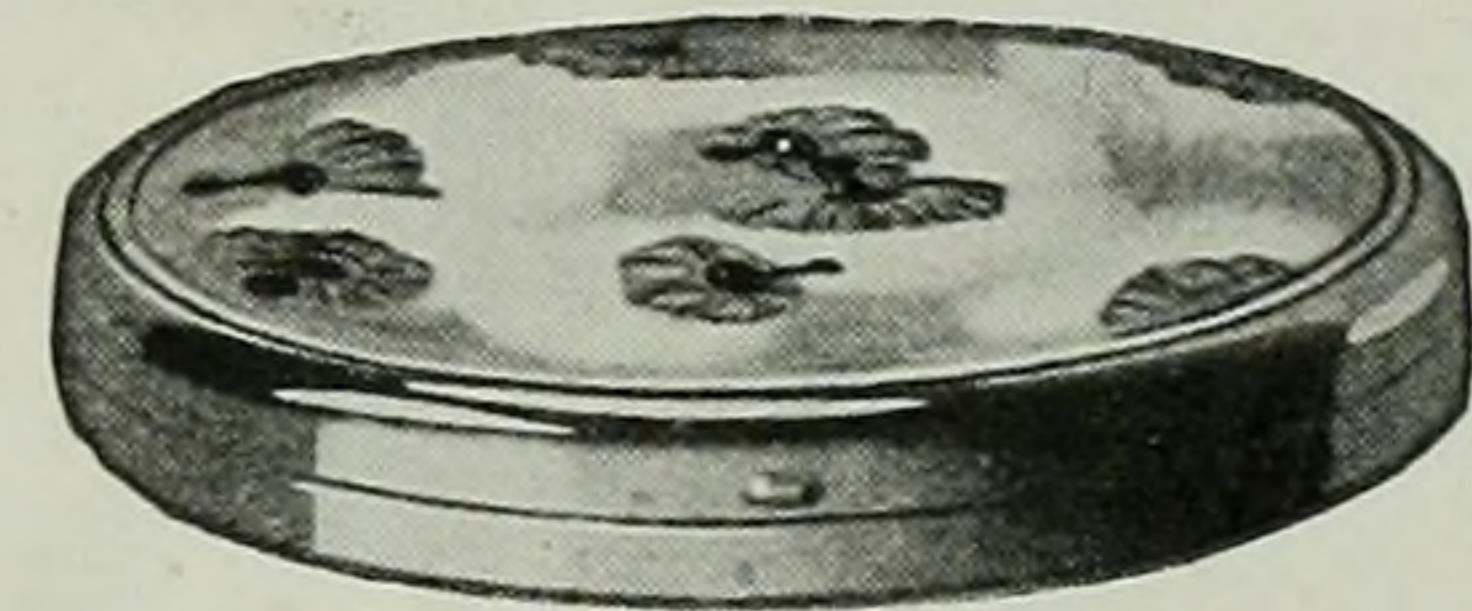
I will be glad to help you individually on this or any other problem relating to beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without return postage, in the columns of Photoplay. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

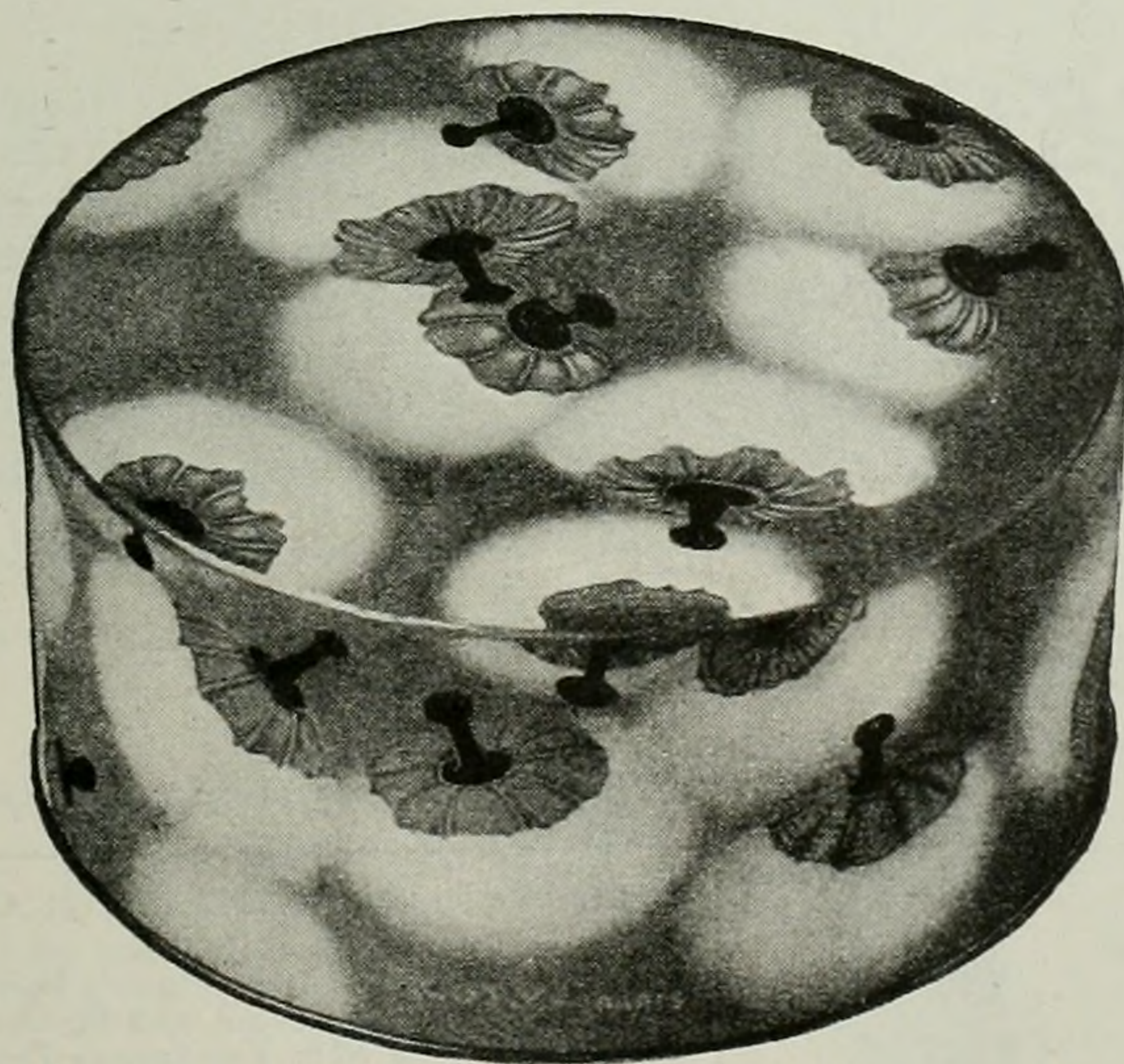


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The standard of beauty for true perfection of colouring—the glorifying shades of COTY Face Powders. With them each type achieves its greatest loveliness. And wherever COTY Face Powder is on the toilette table, COTY Compact should be in the hand-bag to continue the same exquisite service in outside hours.



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Curtis Biltmore Studios

New Pictures

JUST a little girl all dressed up for dancing school? No, it is not Baby Peggy. This charming child is Sally Rand, one of Hollywood's smallest and most fatal blond Menaces.



Duncan

WON'T some one please give this little girl a picture worthy of her talents? Won't some discerning producer give May McAvoy a chance to equal her unforgettable performance in "The Enchanted Cottage"?



Spurr

MARION NIXON arrived in Los Angeles as the member of a vaudeville dancing act. She remained to play the much-rescued heroine of countless horse operas. Recently she has been promoted to safer rôles in more sedate dramas.



Ruth Harriet Louise

METRO-GOLDWYN'S newest recruit to the Foreign Legion of Swedes, Mexicans, Germans and Hungarians—Josephine Borio. Just to be different, Miss Borio is an Italian and came from Milan two years ago to work as an "extra."



Richee

TWO years ago, Eric von Stroheim cast Fay Wray in the leading rôle of "The Wedding March." After a siege of months, Fay's great performance will emerge from the cutting room and finally see the light of the screen.



Spurr

THE public loves Charles Farrell because of his *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven." Hollywood loves him because he still drives the same old pre-reformation flivver that he owned when he was a seven-fifty a day "extra" boy.

The Gossard Line of Beauty



FROM breast to thigh, this shimmering Gossard combination clings about the body, etching with Diana-like clarity the natural, supple lines of the fashionable silhouette. Though nothing more than a sheath of satin (the lower sections of double thickness) . . . combined with inserts of soft, woven elastic, it brings to the figure a new grace, unflinching continuity of line.

Ask your corsetiere to show it to you. Model 6664, \$10.

EMBARRASSED *by* Dishpan Hands



*All at ease . . . at her
own dinner table*

DICK'S 'chief' was pleasant and friendly, but I knew that he had the fastidious standards of a man of culture and wealth. And I was so eager, as Dick's wife, to meet those standards.

"It was a little thing which upset me—just the merest change of expression on his face . . . I was pouring coffee, and for the fraction of a second his glance had rested on my hands.

"I knew my hands looked red and rough from housework and dishes—and knew he had noticed them . . . I became self-conscious, ill at ease. Foolishly, perhaps, I

felt the evening was a failure. Now I know how needless it was. Since I have been using Lux for dishwashing, for all cleansing my *hands* have to do—my hands are soft and smooth and white. I'm never embarrassed now by 'dishpan' hands."

So many soaps—whether flakes, chips, or cakes—contain harmful alkali which dries up the skin, aging and coarsening it.

There is no injurious alkali in Lux! Made by a remarkable process—Lux actually soothes the skin, leaves it a little whiter and softer than before.*

Dissolving *instantly*, before you ever put your hands in, a little Lux foams up into a mountain of suds—so rich, so cleansing, the dishes seem almost to wash themselves!

The big package of Lux washes six weeks' dishes! Lovely hands for so small a price!

* Many beauty parlors use Lux in manicuring the nails, to soften and whiten the fingers.

*Lux keeps lovely the
hands that wash dishes*



PHOTOPLAY

March, 1928

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

CANON WILLIAM S. CHASE, rector of Christ Church of Brooklyn, champion all-around reformer of America, and loud-speaking arch enemy of the movies, rushes in, without the slightest foundation of fact, to charge motion pictures with responsibility for William Hickman's atrocious crime.

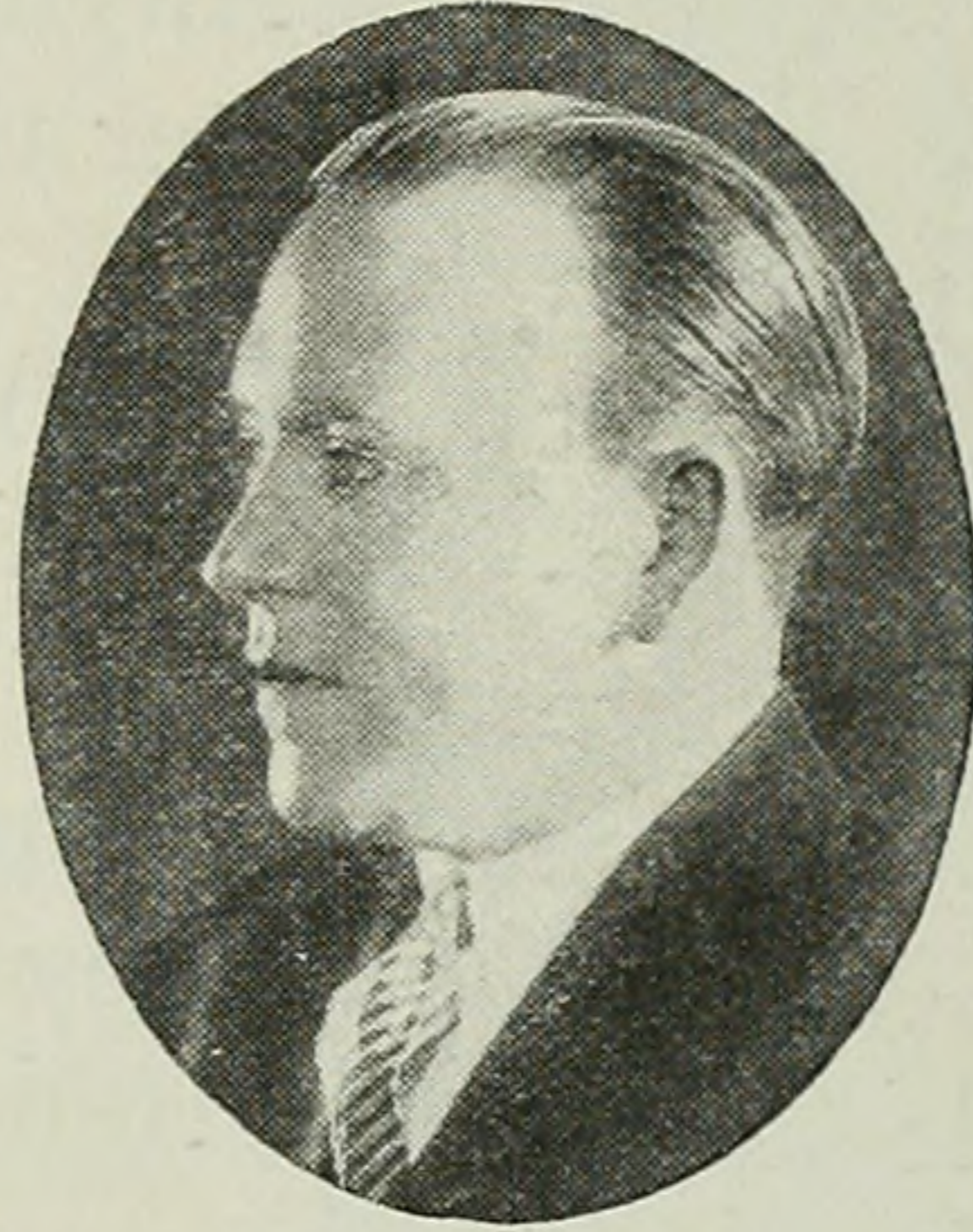
And this atop of Hickman's own statement that he thought himself steered toward crime by reading newspapers.

This is the most newspapered and movied country in the world, and if there was a spark of truth in the gabbings of either of these two eminent logicians, nine-tenths of the population would be in jail or en route to the scaffold, and the other tenth in insane asylums.

THE reformer and the criminal have a lot in common. The reformer covets your personal liberty, and the criminal is intolerant of your pocketbook.

AND just a day or two before the Canon got off his theological gag about the Los Angeles murder, Adolph Hotelling, deacon of a church and father of five children, committed an equally outrageous murder of a five-year-old girl at Flint, Michigan. Family influence and church attendance didn't do much for the deacon. He must have seen a Charlie Chaplin comedy in his impressionable youth.

A FEW days later an ordained minister was convicted in Tennessee of abducting a fourteen-year-old girl and given ten years. He



told the child he was a movie director and offered to take her to Hollywood.

Leave it to the reformers. They'll find some way to blame that on Douglas Fairbanks, Ben Turpin, or Cecil B. De Mille.

THE agile Canon and his crowd of heavenly politicians are working for federal regulation of motion pictures, calling them "schools of crime." The churchmen of the country should get together and demand federal regulation of these cuckoos who misrepresent the spirit of Christ and breed contempt for religion.

IF it goes much further they'll need a Will Hays to protect them. I suggest Al Smith.

IN every mail comes the same letter from readers:

"What chance has an unknown to sell an original story by sending it to a scenario department?"

My answer is one chance in ten thousand.

THAT is no criticism of motion picture scenario departments. It is about the average of even fairly good, screenable material that is received. Besides, the companies have learned by experience that they are always in danger of plagiarism suits, and the chance of finding a good story is too remote.

IF you must write, attempt the short story form, and submit your brain child to the magazines. The scenario departments read

every one of them. There is a general impression that one need not be an experienced writer to whittle out a picture story, but that is just another Hollywood illusion, as true as the average tabloid newspaper pipe dream of studio life, or the synthetic true love stories.

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-Paramount Famous Lasky idea contest was an entirely different matter. Ideas for stories were wanted, ideas written in two hundred words, and \$15,000 in cash will be paid for the winning ideas. The winners will be announced in next month's issue.

BUT regardless of the merit of the winning ideas, it will take trained writers to put them in form. It is one thing to have an idea for a story—quite another to make a story of it.

There is no royal road to proficiency in short story writing any more than there is to proficiency in playing the piano. It takes practice and work and study and then more practice and work and study.

And even then you might not be able to get a job in an orchestra.

CINEMA CITY has gone completely Mexican. You cannot get in unless you are related to Popocatepetl (and can pronounce it).

I can remember when the old Metro studio wanted to make Ramon Novarro a Spaniard, but Ramon was proud of his ancestry, and even at the risk of losing his opportunity, would not stand for the mask. Right here I rise to say that Mexico can well be proud of her Ramon. On or off the screen I have never known a finer gentleman. Came Dolores Del Rio who adds further lustre to her country.

GILBERT ROLAND is Mexican. So is Donald Keith over at First National. Then there's that new sensation, Lupe Velez, the red hot tamale of Doug Fairbanks' "Gaucho."

Roland and Keith have Mexican names tucked away

with the family frijoles and other heirlooms.

Mexico should kick about our films depicting its natives in a harsh light. All our heroes are Mexican and all our Mexican villains are Americans. If we wanted to make a film showing Coolidge we would have to hire Calles, and if we wanted to show a Mexican bandit we would call upon Will Rogers.

METRO still retains the all-around title changing championship of the world with "Annie Laurie" to "Ladies from Hell," but Fox has just changed "Pigs" to "The Midnight Kiss," and Universal replaces "The Symphony" with "Jazz Mad."

Anyhow, they give us credit for liking kisses better than pigs.

'TWAS in 1914.

Three men sat on a cold bench before the old D. W. Griffith studio where the director was filming "Intolerance."

They were awaiting the opportunity to do anything which might give them the price of one square meal.

Finally, the first was called. D. W. needed a Pharisee in his picture.

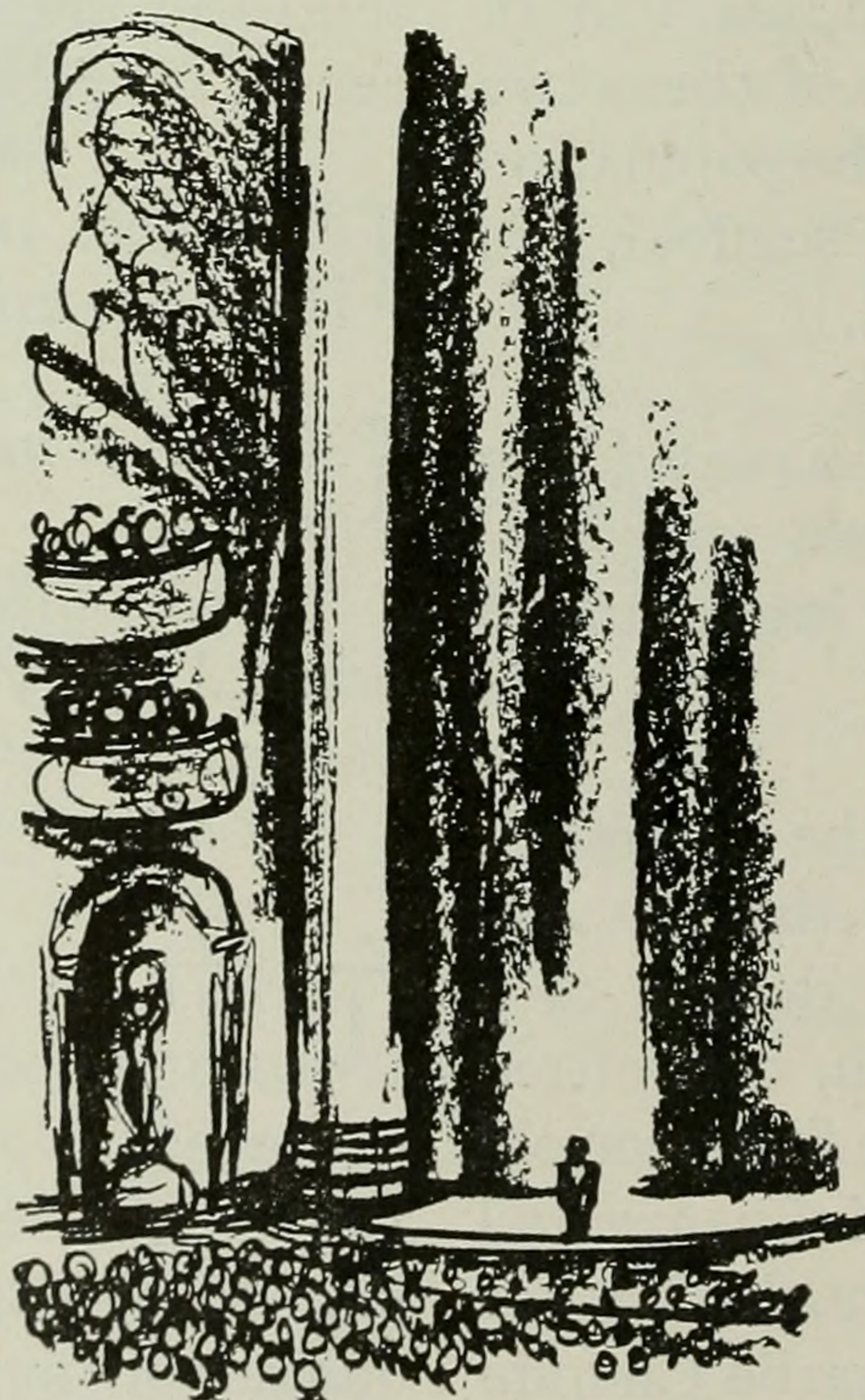
Then the second: a dirt shoveller was required, one who could also take the part of a thief to be hung in the production.

The third was put before the camera; but stage fright overwhelmed him and he retreated.

THE first was Robert Anderson; the second Monte Blue; the third Eric Von Stroheim.

That was the first and last time these three played together, until now, when Robert Anderson and Monte Blue have been sent to the South Sea Islands to play side by side in the Robert Flaherty production.

As for Von Stroheim,—he has successfully conquered his fear of the camera although he has not lost his patience in waiting.



"Ladies and gentlemen. Due to the actors' and musicians' strike we regret very much to announce that we will be compelled to show a motion picture"

The Chicagoan

Lasky's Brook

Properly cast, Clive will
go on forever

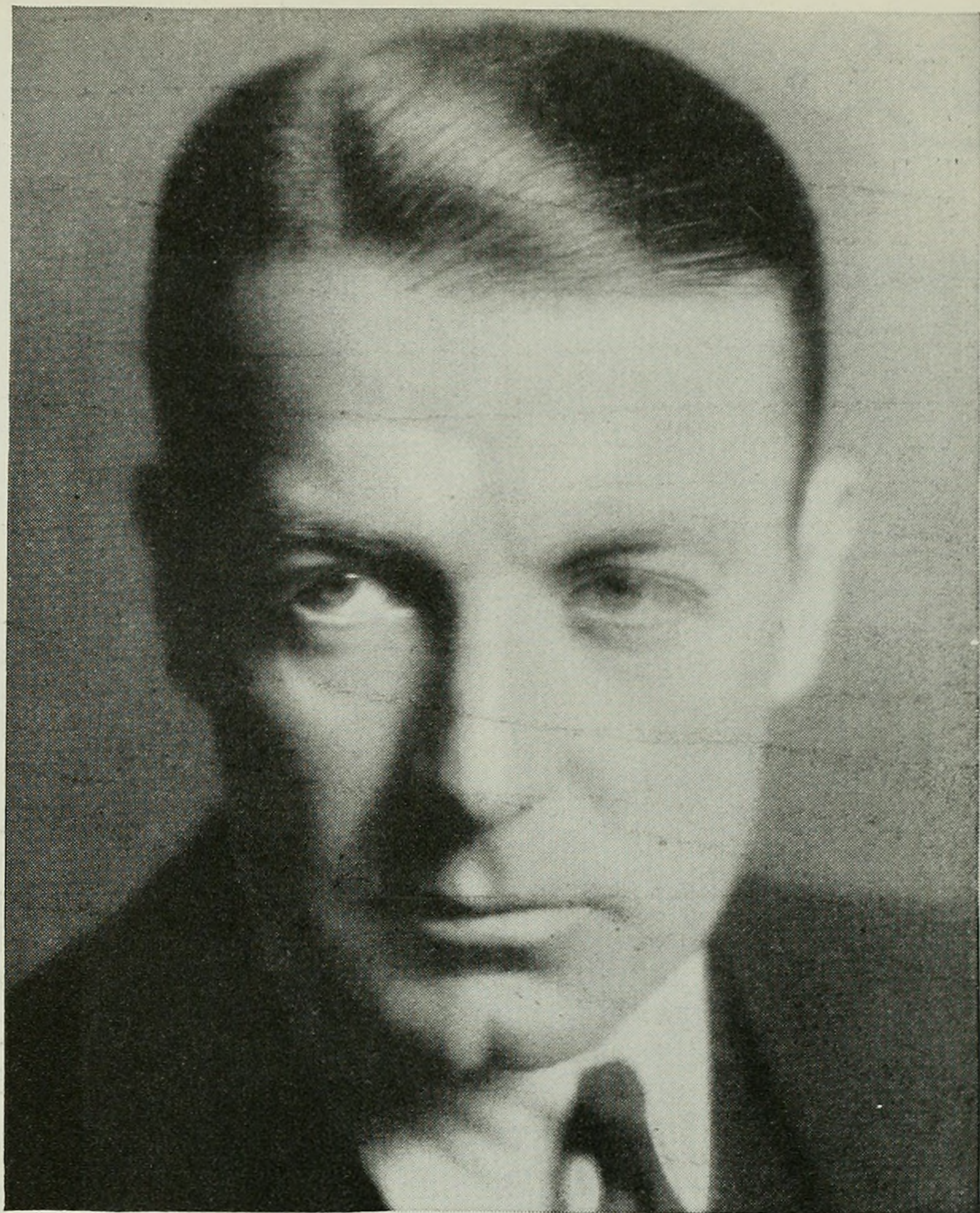
By Ruth Waterbury

ONE day Clive Brook came to Hollywood. The next day no one important knew it. Nor the day after that. Nor the following month. He was just a charming English leading man in a town already overcrowded with charming English leading men. True, he worked fairly regularly. He played leads at Warner's, leads at First National. He even appeared in that hunk of cinema cheese yclept "When Love

Grows Cold," starring Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. But nobody in the inner circle knew and nobody seemed to care.

Then overnight Hollywood be-

A low, dirty part, the bum in "Underworld," in which Clive Brook reached new heights



One of those charming people, Clive Brook is an English soldier, a scholar and a gentleman

gan talking of him. He played two leads with Florence Vidor. He played in "Hula" and "Underworld" and "Barbed Wire." Everywhere I went I heard conversations about him. Women's conversations. Women's whispers such as they used to whisper about Tommy Meighan when he played in the De Mille comedies like "Don't Change Your Wife"; as they talked of Eugene O'Brien when he first was Norma Talmadge's leading man; as they talked of Ronald Colman after "The Dark Angel."

ASTAR who had recently finished a picture with him told me, "I had to remember all the time that he was devoted to his wife and small daughter."

A girl in the Paramount press department sighed, "Don't let anything keep you from interviewing him. He's simply marvelous."

A script girl who had worked on the Lasky lot during two of his pictures confessed, "Just to have him say 'Good morning' made my day perfect."

So I called him up to get the answer to the riddle.

We met in a clattery little restaurant across from the De Mille studio where Mr. Brook was working on "The Devil Dancer." The room was full of celebrities. Rupert Julian, the director, was lunching with Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut. Phyllis Haver and Jacqueline Logan sat together against the wall next to William De Mille and Clara Beranger. Julia Faye, in a corner, had a book propped up against a glass of milk. Extras mobbed the place and waiters went about carrying their loaded trays high in the air.

Yet when Clive Brook appeared the roomful stopped eating for a moment and looked at him.

There was no reason [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks



An intensely interesting interview in which Mary tells what's on her mind

are shorter, her figure as fairy-like as ever, her eyes as blue, her complexion unmarred, with never the faintest little line to hint that time is passing.

IT is not in her appearance that Mary has matured. But Mary has grown mentally, amazingly. When I first knew Mary it was a year or so before the war. She had a rather childish, almost babyish, voice in those days and was so very little-girlish in her manner. It wasn't even a pretty voice. But today Mary talks in a rich, soft, matured voice, with a cultured accent, quite unaffected, and with intelligent, well-informed assurance.

You know, there is an old couplet which says: " 'Tis folly to be wise where ignorance is bliss." And so we have Mary saying,

"I have to remind myself that there is a tremendous gap, a mighty difference between the travelled, sophisticated Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and the Mary Pickford the public knows. You see, I represent Youth in pictures to the public, very unsophisticated, untutored youth."

"And it was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who employed Ernst Lubitsch?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it," she smiled. "I admire Mr. Lubitsch and his work. I

had come to know and understand his sort of sophistication, and I didn't realize that he was at one extreme end and Mary Pickford at the other extreme end of the modern social scale in the public mind. It was my own mistake. That was a mistake a producer would not have made. One of the penalties of being one's own producer, you see. Oh, 'Rosita' wasn't so very bad, but I might have known I am not the Spanish type, the Latin type. I am essentially Nordic. I know that now."

SINCE Mary has been her own producer she has made fourteen pictures. "Daddy Long-Legs" was the first. "I never did like 'Daddy Long-Legs,'" said Mary, musingly. She is a very critical critic of her own work. "But we don't know whether a picture is good when we are making it. But the moment it is shown before an audience we know."

"You mean," I said, "that you only consider it a good picture if it is a box office success?"

"No, I don't mean that," said Mary. "But the audience gives a picture life. They put the vital spark in it. Before that it is like a beautiful wax figure, a

MARY PICKFORD, the eternal child. On the screen, the very symbol of innocent childhood. It is Mary who cannot forget her early years of poverty, her struggle for success. Ruled by her heart and her instincts, not by her head.

FEW women have enjoyed more universal love than Mary Pickford. Screen beauties may come and screen beauties may go, but Mary reigns on forever.

Since she was twelve years old—and that is almost since the very beginning of motion pictures—this little sprite of a Mary has grown in influence, affluence and importance in the picture world and entrenched herself in the hearts of the public.

And today she has reached the position they all yearn and strive for. She is as free as it is possible for a star actress to be. She can afford to do what she likes, without a "May I?" or a "Must I?" to thwart her will. No short-sighted or pig-headed producer can throttle Mary's ambitions for herself, no director can dominate her art, no financial considerations can balk her desires.

Surely an enviable state for any starry lady to find herself in at the age when many male novelists have maintained that a woman is at her best. And yet, when I told Mary this . . .

"Yes, I could start a million dollar picture tomorrow," she agreed, thoughtfully, almost wistfully. "And, believe me, I have a vastly greater respect for producers now. I have come to realize that exploitation is fifty per cent, no, I would even say sixty per cent, of a picture star's success. I even respect their judgment, their knowledge of public psychology. It is no sinecure, this producing job."

Today, in private life, Mary looks a thoughtful, rather mature 23. Not a day more. Her blonde curls

analyzes Mary Pickford

By Alma Whitaker

carefully constructed dummy—but it doesn't breathe until the audience gives it life."

Mary approved of "Pollyanna." "It was a sweet little picture made with sincerity. When we are sincere and feel our rôles, they are invariably good."

"SUDS," "Hoodlum," "Heart of the Hills," "Love Light," "Through the Back Door," passed Mary's criticism of Mary, but—

"'Fauntleroy' was a mistake. No woman should ever play a male rôle—ever. I should have been content to be *Dearest* and have engaged a real little boy for *Lord Fauntleroy*. We created a false situation, I was distressed at being separated from myself," said Mary. It will be remembered she played the dual rôle of mother and son in this.

"Tess of the Storm County" lost interest for Mary because it was made over a second time.

So then we arrive at "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," our Mary's first attempt to grow up. "What," I asked, "was the matter with 'Dorothy Vernon'?"

"Oh, so many costume pictures just then, and most of them done better than mine," she said, with that little quirky smile at the corner of her mouth which comes when she is admitting things to herself.

When, a few minutes later, we were talking of little Mary, now eleven years old, Lottie Pickford's little girl adopted by Mary and her mother, I asked if they were going to put her into pictures. Mary said:

"Oh, no. Certainly not unless she loves them. So many heartaches in our profession. If we really love pictures as I do, we can bear the heartaches. But we have to love them, like babies, you know, love them enough to do the messy little chores for them and adore doing them."

Mary Pickford has loved pictures in just this way. Until very recently she was an indefatigable picture fan—saw every picture of any consequence. But now . . .

"I WON'T go to see bad pictures any more. I can't bear it. I wish I were not becoming so critical. But I went to see 'What Price Glory?' and I think it is the best picture ever made. Even its vulgarity enchants me. The character of *Captain Flagg* is so cleverly, humanly portrayed. And I loved 'Seventh Heaven.'"

I was conscious of suspecting Mary of wishing "Seventh Heaven" had been a Mary Pickford vehicle. . . .

"You see," Mary was adding, with a sly smile, "I am not exclusive in my judgments any more. I can approve them whole-heartedly, even if they are not United Artists' pictures. I am getting the same about nations too.



MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, sophisticated, travelled, cultured. Mrs. Fairbanks cannot forget her wealth, her position. Ruled by her intelligence, guided by her experience. And always at war with the rebellious, impulsive, child-like Mary.

We had such a wonderful experience during our last tour. They were showing a picture of mine in Berlin and I was to make a personal appearance. The house was packed, but I had that queer little sense left over from the war that this was an 'enemy country.' I was half expecting a critical, antagonistic audience in a vague sort of way. But presently I realized they

were playing 'The Star Spangled Banner' and every soul in the house stood up respectfully. Quite a curious emotional experience. My voice choked a little at first. But I soon found they were just the same loving, wholesome public that puts life into our art for us.

"I sought the world for types and stories for my pictures, and then, like the blue-bird, I come home to find them right here in my own country. I believe you are going to like 'My Best Girl.' I slipped into three previews at little out-of-town theaters and I heard it click." Her eyes glistened happily.

"You see, I am about seventeen in that, and a poor girl of the masses, the type that abounds in this and every country. The kind I understand because I was a poor girl once too. I am glad I was a poor girl, that we had those early struggles after father died. They seem much more real to me than my life since. I come from the sort of stock that prevails in every country, a nice, modest home, just ordinary folks. My English grandmother, who died at 92, went to the same church in Liverpool for 80 years. When father died we were quite little, and mother was left [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

The Diary of "Lorelei"

*Ruth Taylor's own record of her
from obscurity to the rôle of the*

Here is one of the most human documents PHOTOPLAY has ever printed. Here, in chronological order, are presented actual excerpts—exactly as they were originally penned—from the private diary of Ruth Taylor, the unknown who was selected to play Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Step by step you can trace the hopes, the disappointments, the heart breaks and the joys of a girl who fought alone for a hearing in Hollywood—where one girl in ten thousand gets a break.

—THE EDITOR.

JAN. 4, 1926—Started the fourth picture of the "Puppy Love" series with Eddie Cline today. He certainly is a grand director to work for. We have a lot of fun on his set.

JAN. 7—Great! The studio took up my option for another six months. I like it at Sennett's.

JAN. 18—You certainly have to go in for everything to be a comedy queen. Started taking horseback riding lessons today.

JAN. 19—Gosh! I'm lame.

JAN. 30—Success! I'm doing two pictures at once. I'm going to do the lead with Ralph Graves and also the next "Puppy Love" series. Went to the studio for wardrobe.

MARCH 16—My first day out. Have been in bed for three weeks from an infected vaccination. Good to be out again.

APRIL 8—Finished the picture in the morning and then said good-bye to Mr. Sennett. He is leaving for New York tomorrow. Went to a preview of the last pic-

ture and it is pretty good. Then Mother and I went over to Eddie Cline's and played bridge.

APRIL 18—Just got home after working until one a. m. for Eddie Cline. Had a grand time. I made up like a colored mammy and none knew me when I walked on the set. We certainly have a lot of laughs at that studio.

MAY 14—Started another picture today. It seems I just go from one picture to another. Everything is great, and I'm getting ahead beautifully. I'm awfully happy.

JUNE 19—Worked on retakes in Ben Turpin picture. I'm sorry the picture is ending. Ben has been a riot. He's the funniest thing. He has everyone on the set laughing all the time.

JULY 8—Studio took my option for another six months. I think with another year of Sennett training I hope I'll be ready to go into features. Lots of girls who have worked at Sennett's got a good break when they left Sennett's. Maybe I'll get some good offers, too. But that's too far ahead. I'm signed for comedies for six months more.

AUGUST 3—Had my first swimming lessons at the Hollywood Athletic Club today. Not that I have to for pictures, because it seems like a Sennett girl never goes in the water, but I would like to know how to swim.

AUGUST 30—Warner Brothers want me for the lead opposite Syd Chaplin. Gee, I'd get a lot of work if I weren't under contract at Sennett's.

OCT. 21—Worked all day. Went to Madeline Hurlock's for dinner and to the theater. Dead tired.

Nov. 1—The Wampas Baby Stars are going to be picked pretty soon. Wouldn't it be great if I were picked?

Nov. 19—Went to the opening of "What Price Glory." It was marvelous and Phyllis Haver was excellent in it. Another Sennett girl makes good. Wonder if I will.

Nov. 30—The studio has been closed for three weeks. Open today, and I'm back at work again, and glad of it. I hate to loaf.

DEC. 4—Started a picture. Eddie Quillan, Madeline Hurlock and myself are featured.

JAN. 20—I don't think my option will be taken up. I'm terribly sorry, because I hate to leave, but in another way, I'm sort of glad. The sooner I can get out and get into feature pictures the better.

FEB. 5—Going to start a picture with Ben Turpin. My option is not up until the 9th. I hope they don't renew. I want to get out and try my luck in features.

"I was just one of about 200 blondes"

1927 Went to Paramount today. I was just one of about 200 blondes. Every blonde girl in pictures was there, eager for the role. I waited for 4 hours and there were still blondes ahead of me, so I left. I guess it really didn't matter, because I'm sure they already have somebody picked and that this is all a big publicity campaign they're continuing. The biggest part of the year surely wouldn't be given to an unknown. Let's be honest—That's what I really am. Just an unknown. Clara Bow's my bet to get it.

Lee”

amazing jump “preferred”

FEB. 9—No option. I don't know whether to be glad or frightened. Now that it's happened, it seems like I'm starting all over again. I hope I have luck.

MARCH 7—Finished my last picture at Sennett's.

MARCH 9—Woke up feeling fine. This was my last day at Sennett's. Went to the studio in the afternoon to check in my wardrobe. Everyone wished me luck as a free-lance. I know my training and experience in comedies will help me in features. Said good-bye to Ben Turpin. Last set I saw at Sennett's had ten bathing girls on it. Six of them were new and seemed awfully eager.

MARCH 10—Got up early to rush out to Universal. Had a letter of introduction to the general manager. He sent me to the casting director. Put my picture on file. They told me they would call me. This free-lancing is great. Madeline ought to get away from two-reelers, too. I missed being with her today.

MARCH 12—Went to a matinee with mother today. Played bridge tonight at Madeline's. My time's my own now.

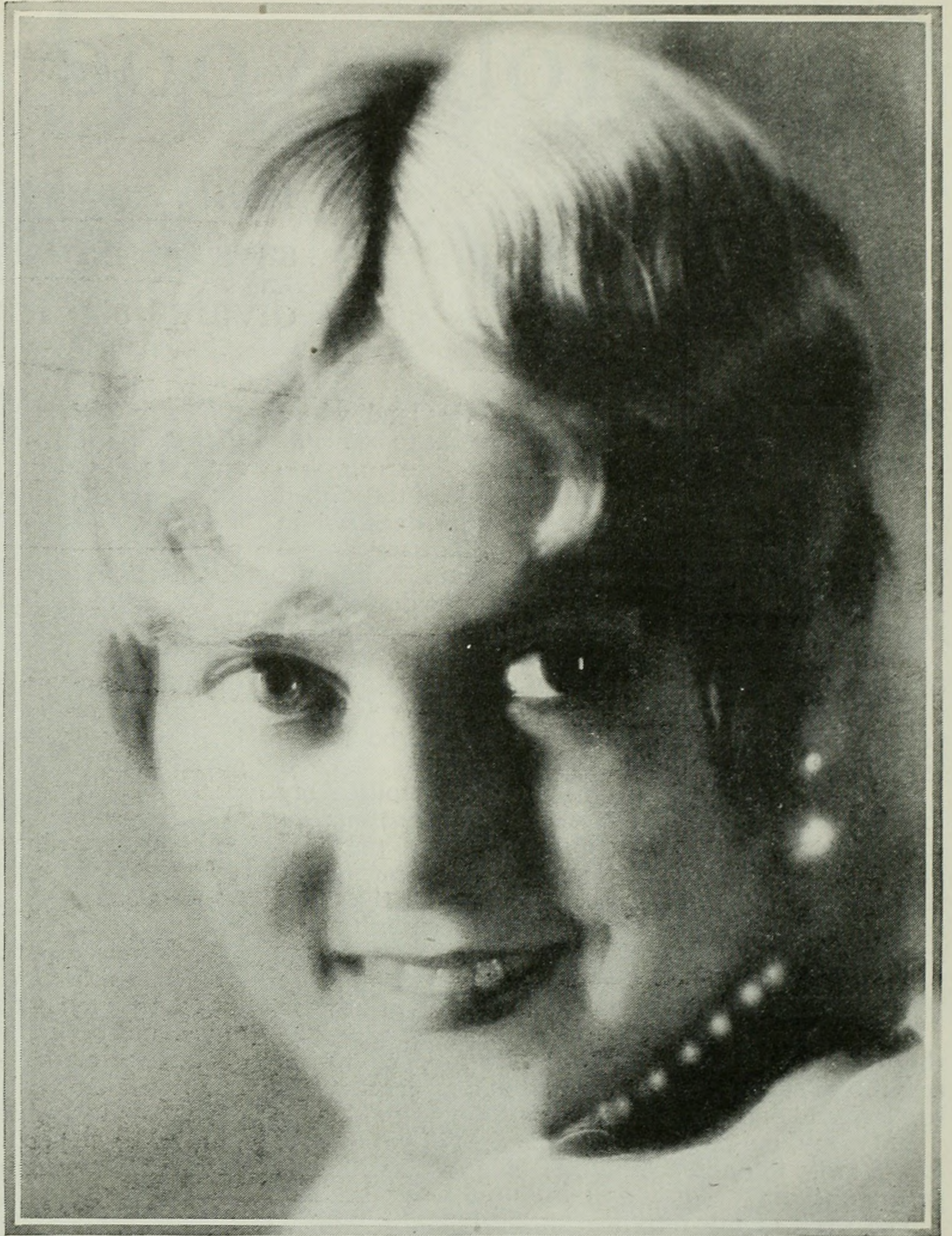
MARCH 16—Lost a big part today. I was called to Samuel Goldwyn's in the morning to see Henry King about a part in "The Magic Flame." The casting director wanted me to have it, but Mr. King said I wasn't the type. It was an Italian princess. I don't care—I've worked hard for two years. I can stand a little rest.

MARCH 21—Went to dinner at Victor Hugo's with some friends from New York. I want to go to New York and see things. Maybe I'll get a chance after a few more pictures. I've never been there. The glamour of New York thrills me. I'll get there—and soon!

MARCH 31—Called to a little independent studio to see about a lead in a western. I didn't get it, but I didn't want it. Why don't one of the big studios call me? Loafing is nice, but after all—

APRIL 5—Saw Ina Claire in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." How I would love to be as great an actress as she is. I wonder if she had a hard time getting started?

APRIL 6—I had some pictures taken for Peggy Hamilton. The De Mille studio called, and I took some



For months Miss Taylor told her diary, "I didn't get the part." And then—well, read and find out what happened on August 19th

cut-outs from a Ben Turpin picture out for them to see. The film was good, and I left it there. This is going to be the break. I can feel it. Hope it starts soon.

APRIL 7—Metropolitan called me to come over about a lead with Edward Everett Horton in a two-reeler. They told me I was all set, but to call back at two o'clock to find out what kind of a riding habit I was to get at the Western Costume Company. When I called, they told me Nita Cavalier had been given the part. Another disappointment—I don't care; De Mille's will call tomorrow.

APRIL 8—Stayed home all day waiting for a call from De Mille.

APRIL 9—Waited again for the call, but I didn't get it. I am going out there the first thing Monday.

APRIL 10—Heard Ruth Draper's recital this afternoon. She is marvelous—alone up there for two hours without a prop. I was absolutely awed. She is a really great artist, but I want to be a comedienne.

APRIL 11—The De Mille picture has already been cast and started. I didn't get [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

See Hollywood *and* Die

By
Herbert Howe

Hollywood's man-about-town
says the limelight is as fatal to individuals
as the flame to the moth

WELL, here I am back in the land where dreams come true—and turn out to be nightmares.

My absence from the haunts of the wicked has caused considerable gossip—as what does not in Hollywood?—and all because my sudden disappearance was followed by an announcement from Evangelist Aimee McPherson that she had chased the devil out of town—an unkind boast at best!

I trust that none of my loyal readers leaped to a hasty conclusion from this statement. I'm not the gentleman whom Aimee chases, though I am one of her warmest admirers and have pet-named her the Garbo of the Gospel.

Naturally this confusion of identities aroused my interest in His Majesty, who is said to work so successfully here in Hollywood. Despite all the publicity given him he never makes a personal appearance, and this modesty alone sets him apart from all the other successful gentlemen of the town. My curiosity was soon fed with evidence of his handiwork. . . .

"**B**USINESS has fallen off sumpin' terrible since you been gone," quoth Betty, the honest waitress of the Come-On-Inn. "Three of our best customers committed suicide, two were sent to San Quentin penitentiary and one got shot."

"My, my, most unusual for this time of year," said I. "I trust my absence had nothing to do with this general despair."

The week of my return a girl attempted suicide after being photographed in a way to catch the fancy of the producers. Both attempts failed.

Another girl, however, had the misfortune to kill herself accidentally in the attempt, and left behind a diary containing names of gentlemen and amounts; this caused considerable comment, especially among the wives of the gentlemen, owing to the amounts.

Hollywood is the place where a gingham doll who is charming because she is gingham takes on satin airs because she feels she should improve herself

None of these people were of the film colony though they had every intention of becoming of it. "See Hollywood and die" seems to be the world ambition today, at least for those who would rather expire than live unphotographed.

EVERYONE on earth wants to get to Hollywood, and everyone in Hollywood wants to get out. Even the half-wits at some time or other burst forth with the common remark, "I'm going to get the money and get out."

Of course none ever does get out—at least not voluntarily—because, for one thing, the United States government had not yet minted enough money. . . .

THE reason for this discontent in the city of Aladdin's Lamps is an interesting puzzle for the psychologist. Here one may achieve in a very short space of time, while one is still young, all the things on which the material world sets its heart.

Girls from department store basements who used to hang perspiring by straps in subway trains suddenly are transported in town cars scented at fifteen dollars an ounce and blooming with orchids and chow dogs.

Gentlemen who formerly looked for dimes that the diners left on marble top tables, now occupy palaces designed from the Medici's and are introduced to princes and prelates.

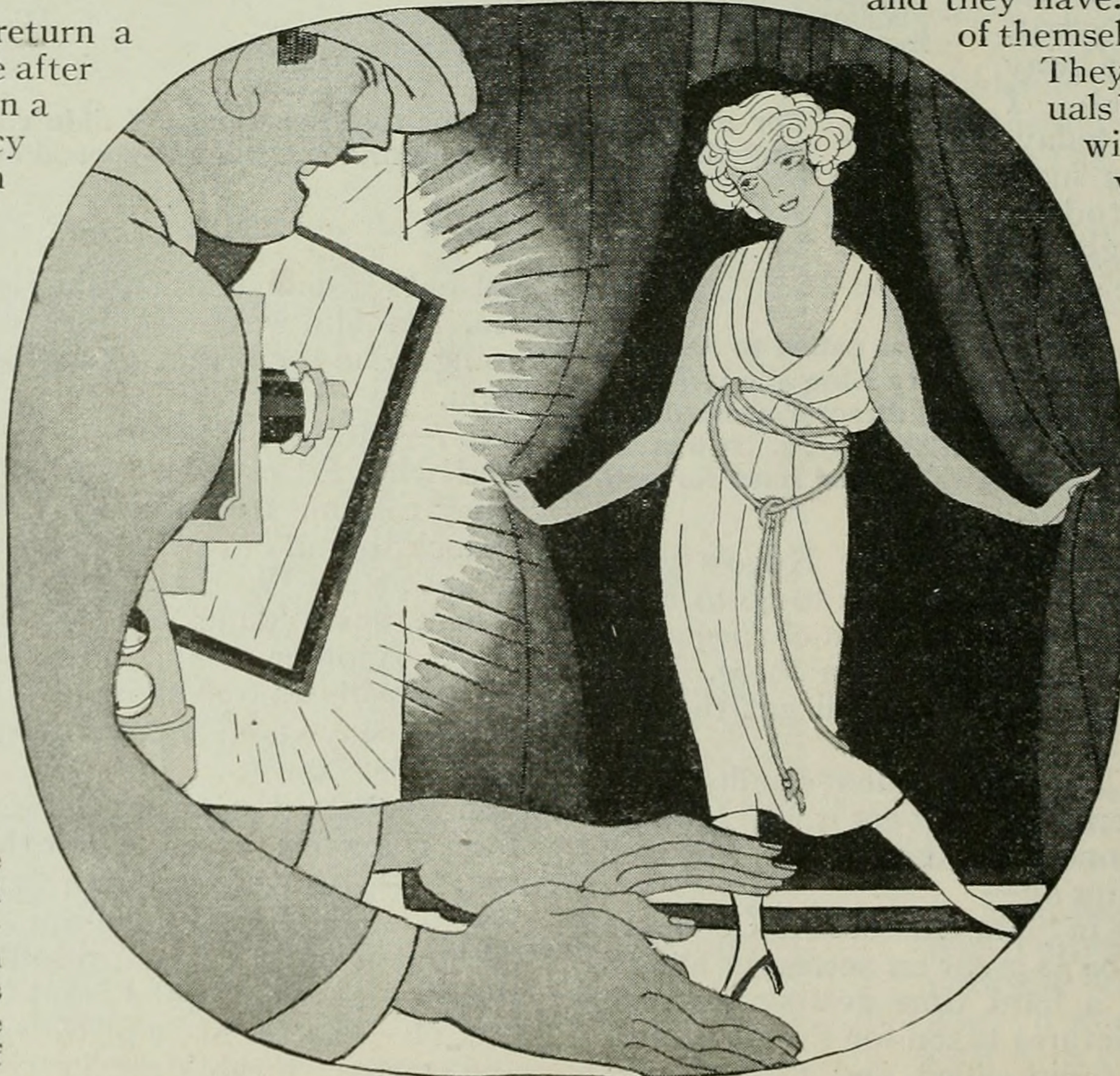
Yet they rave around as though they'd been robbed—and they have. They've been robbed of themselves.

They are no longer individuals but lime-lighted "types" with as much privacy and volition as the ladies and gentlemen of the late Mrs. Jarley's wax works.

FOR eight years I've sat beside the movie gates making notes on people passing in—and people passing out. My statistics prove that the lime-light is as fatal to the individual as the gas flame to the bug. It destroys him.

On a few occasions when I've observed a particularly fine young entrant I've been

[CONTINUED ON
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Ten Steps in the Making Of A MOVIE

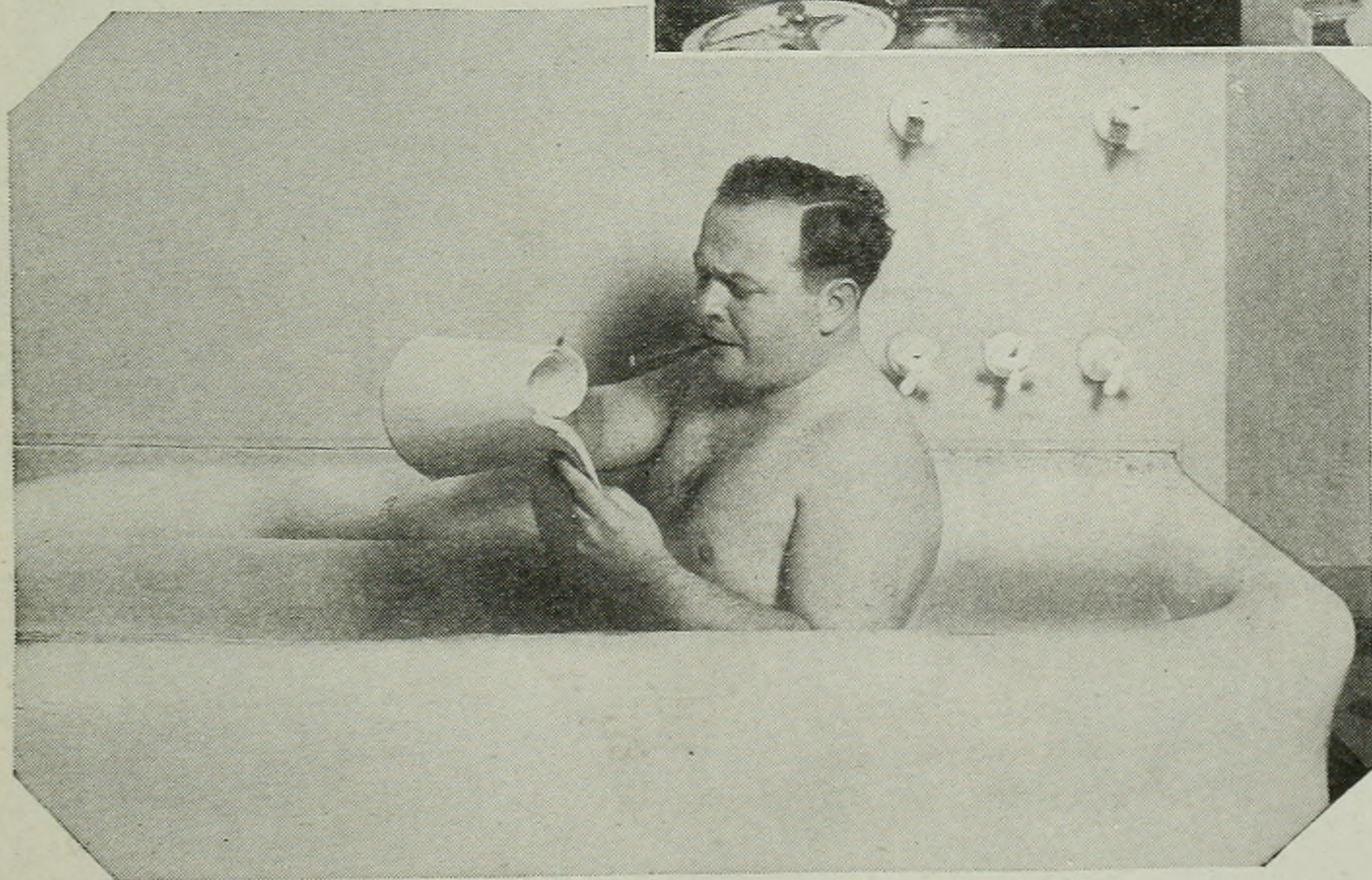


Showing the actual progress of the filming of "Red Hair"

① Like all good ideas, it has a casual beginning. Elinor Glyn goes on a yachting trip with Clara Bow and as the sea breezes romp through Clara's flaming hair, Mme. Glyn gets the idea for the story



② Elinor Glyn sells the story to B. P. Schulberg. The producer calls in Clarence Badger, director, and Lloyd Corrigan, scenario writer. They are delegated to act as foster-fathers to Elinor's brain child



③ "This idea," says Corrigan, as he works on the script, "rose, like Venus, from the waves." And so he does his writing in the bathtub, thereby insuring a clean picture

Turn the page and see how the idea grows

Do you know how motion pictures really are



④ The gods in Valhalla — supervisors and department heads—tear the script to pieces and put it together again. The smoke arises from conference cigars, not from the situations in the Glyn opus



⑥ Re-enter Clara Bow, to have her costumes designed by Travis Banton of the wardrobe department



⑤ The newcomer, to the left, is Percy Heath, called in to prepare the continuity



made? Study the photographs and find out



⑨ Tay Malarky, in the cutting room, separates the good shots from the bad and assembles the film to be first shown in the projection room before the staff, so that any necessary changes, revisions or re-takes may be made



⑦ Not a camera has ground yet. Nor can any real filming begin until Van Nest Polglanze completes the designs for the settings



⑧ The carpenters, under the supervision of Harry Strite, play the overture of the film with hammers and saws



⑩ And here is the whole gang, from prop boy to director, hard at it, while directly opposite is what they are shooting at and what you will see in the film

MY LIFE

Illustrated by
Corinne Dillon



who wanted to go into pictures. They would enter such a contest.

What chance would I have?

I lay awake night after night telling myself all these things, preparing myself for what I felt was an inevitable disappointment.

Yet hope went on singing in my breast. Sometimes I think that is why hope was included with faith and charity by St. Paul, as the greatest thing to possess. Hope is the thing that enables us to try to accomplish the impossible, that urges us on to heights that, without the encouragement of its music, we would never dare attempt.

Finally, a letter came. My hands were cold as I opened it. I don't think I breathed for several minutes. I was afraid

Slowly rage began to well up in me. Why should they look at me like that?

Last month Clara Bow told how her mother, who was of French descent, married her father, the youngest of a neighboring Scotch-English family of fourteen. The newly married couple moved to a small place in Brooklyn. Clara's father had difficulty making a place in life for himself. Troubled days came. Their first two children died almost at birth. Clara was the third. She grew up to be the tomboy of the neighborhood. She never had a doll in her life—but she had a place on the street corner baseball team.

At school Clara read of a motion picture contest. She went to a small photographer and had two pictures made for a dollar. They were terrible, but she sent them to the contest judges.

NEXT MONTH—A third thrilling installment.

HOPE is a funny and wonderful thing. Every bit of reason I had, every logical thought process I followed, told me I had no chance to win any contest to enter motion pictures. It was silly to even dream of it. There wasn't a single person who knew me, except my Dad, who wouldn't have laughed loud and long at the mere idea. Why, the contest was open to everyone in the United States. The world was full of beautiful girls, girls with clothes and education and advantages of every kind,



One of Clara Bow's first portraits, made by Muray just after winning the contest

STORY *By* CLARA BOW

Part II. *Miss Bow tells of the days when ridicule, disaster and defeat nearly ended her career*

as told to
Adela Rogers St. Johns

to look. At last I did. It told me to come to the magazine offices.

That didn't mean anything. The judges in this contest were Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher and Neysa McMein. Judges of beauty, all right. No fooling them. Still, it was one tiny step nearer.

My school work was going all to pieces under the strain. I couldn't keep my mind on it for a second. I was just one big pulse of hope and excitement. Every teacher I had—I was in my third year—was sore at me. But I couldn't help it.

On the day set, I went to the contest offices. I sat rigid all the way. It seemed that ages passed. I had a fantastic idea that my hair would have turned from red to white by the time I arrived.

The office was full of girls and my heart just flopped when I saw them. Every bit of hope and assurance

oozed right out through my boots. Oh, they were pretty girls. To me they seemed the most beautiful girls in all the world. Blondes and bru-

nettes, no vulgar little redheads. They were elegantly dressed, perfectly groomed, with lovely, manicured hands and slim, delicate legs in sheer stockings. They had poise.

I hadn't dressed up because I had nothing to dress up in. I had never had a manicure nor a pair of chiffon stockings in my life. I had never even been close to the scent of such perfumes as filled that room. I wore the one and only thing I owned. A little plaid wool dress, a sweater and a woolly red tam. I hadn't thought much of that angle. I had only looked at my face, and that was disappointing enough.

But now, in this gathering, I was painfully aware of how I was dressed. I felt presumptuous to be there at all. Shame and humiliation overcame me.

Those girls didn't leave me much room for doubt that the impression I made was as bad as I thought it would be. Eyebrows went up, noses elevated, there were snickers here and there. At first I wilted. Tears came up and choked me, but I beat them back somehow. I had learned not to cry in a hard school—on the pavement of Brooklyn with a gang of boys.

But slowly rage began to well up in me. Why should they look at me like that? Why need they be so unkind? I wasn't much, but I knew I wouldn't be as cruel as that to anyone that was worse off than I was. Suffering had taught me how bitter suffering can be, and I never, never wanted to inflict it on anybody else.

[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 116]



"Oh, I'm the girl all right," I pleaded. "But I've lost so many parts because I was too young that I put on mother's dress"



Sue Carol was a sure bet. You'll find an interview with her on Page 63. She's the lucky girl who has played nothing but leading rôles and played them so engagingly that producers regard her as a girl headed surely for stardom. Married but separated from her husband

The LUCKY

The Hollywood press agents of the most promising



Sally Eilers, not just a leading woman but a real comedienne. She represents the Mack Sennett studio and Mack thinks so much of her clowning that he gave her the lead in "The Goodbye Kiss," the first feature length comedy that Mack has made in years



Gwen Lee has been the good little bad blonde in a flock of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Gwen comes from Hastings, Neb., and is twenty-two years old. Hers is no sudden success; she has worked two years for the honor of being one of the Baby Stars



Molly O'Day, née Suzanne Noonan, and sister of Sally O'Neil. The daughter of Judge Noonan of Bayonne, N. J. First National thinks she deserves special honor for her work in "The Patent Leather Kid" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Eighteen years old; unmarried



Ruth Taylor, of course. If the Lorelei Lee of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" had been left out, the Wampas would have had to face an indignant public. Press agents, like gentlemen, prefer 'em. Read Ruth's diary elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Unmarried!

Alice Day, younger sister of Marceline. Just a kid of nineteen, but with plenty of training. For two years she worked in Sennett comedies and recently played the leading feminine rôle in "The Gorilla." Alice was born in Pueblo, Colo., and she isn't married



THE Wampas, an organization of Hollywood press agents, has selected the thirteen girls that will be singled out for special honors during the year of 1928. In the presence of Chet Vanderlip, banker, and the Rev. Neal Dodd, chaplain of the organization, the publicity men cast the votes that mean so much to the debutante set.

On these pages you will find pictures of the new Baby Stars and something about their careers. The Wampas pride themselves on being discoverers of new talent. Do you agree with them that these girls represent the best of the younger players?

THIRTEEN

make their annual selection girls on the screen



Dorothy Gulliver is Universal's choice. Of course you know the heroine of "The Collegians." Dorothy was born in Salt Lake City, nineteen years ago and she has been married to William De Vite for nearly two years. She started in motion pictures in 1925



Audrey Ferris is looked upon as the most promising youngster at the Warner Brothers' Studio. Her first work was with Educational in 1926. Audrey goes from one ingenue rôle to another, and has played in five important pictures since last June. Eighteen and single



Ann Christy is the little girl from Indiana who was chosen as Harold Lloyd's leading woman in "Speedy." Nineteen years old, Irish and unmarried. Made her first appearance in Christie (no relation) comedies in 1926. Lloyd has signed her to a long contract



Lupe Velez, the dancing girl of Mexico City. She was snatched from comedies to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho." And then chosen by Griffith for the lead in his next story. A really vivid and glittering young actress. Single-hearted and fancy free



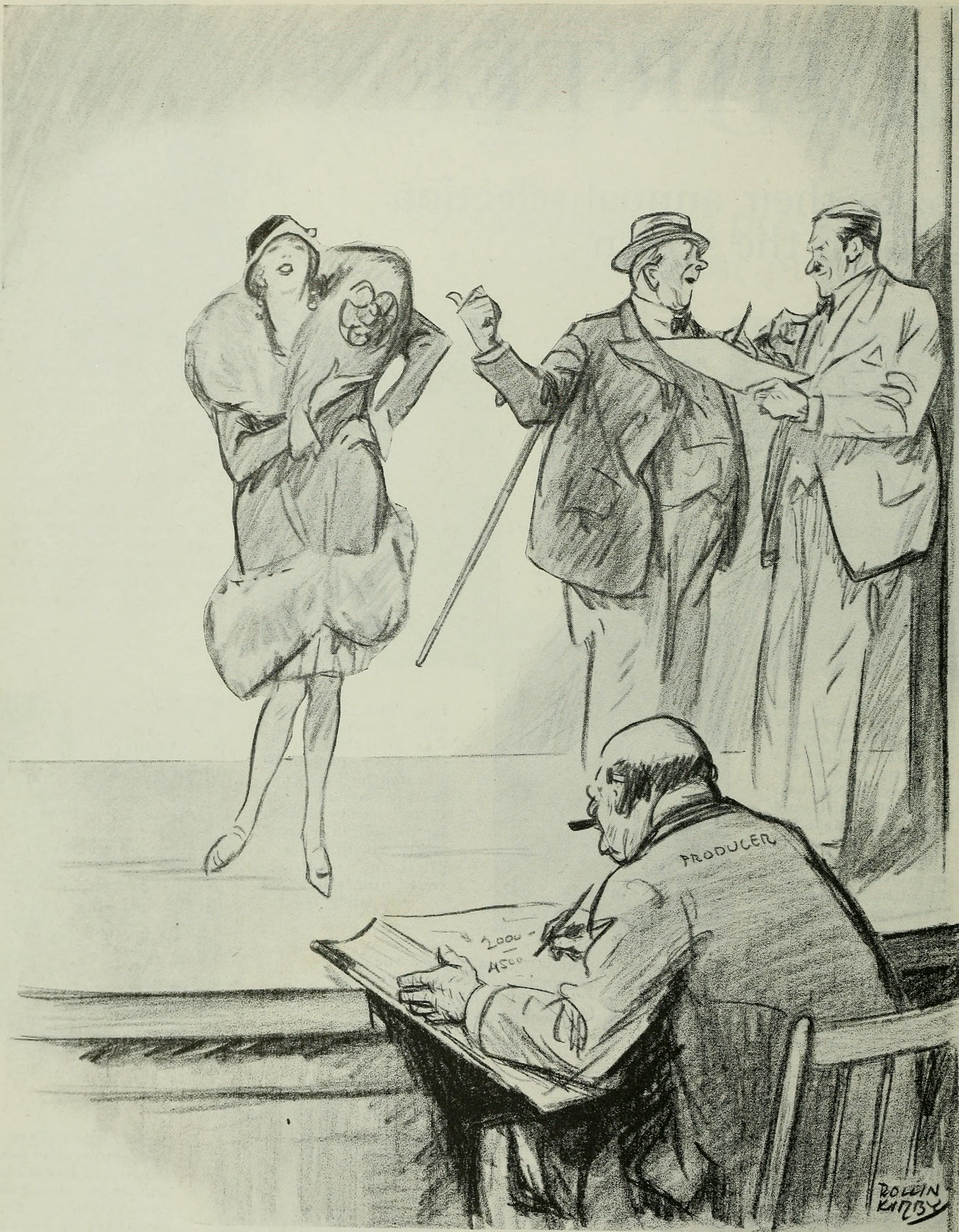
Lina Basquette is the brave young widow of Sam Warner, the producer. She was a child actress and dancer. Miss Basquette will be starred by Cecil De Mille in "The Godless Girl," one of the biggest rôles of the year. She is the mother of a baby boy



Flora Bramley is one of the surprise selections. She didn't expect it and she is probably the happiest girl in the thirteen. Flora is only eighteen years old and single. She started in pictures in 1926 and got her first chance with "Buster" Keaton in "College"



June Collyer has been in pictures for less than a year but she is already a featured player. June is the daughter of Judge Clayton J. Heermance of New York City. Allan Dwan met her at a social gathering and asked her to play a part in "East Side, West Side"



“SEX appeal has given way to checks appeal in selecting new stars. Box office figures will replace nature’s alluring lines in decisions. In the past exhibitors hesitated to tell producers what personalities drew in the coin because they were afraid their prices would be raised. But now the producers own theaters and their auditors can tell who makes the cash register click”

Are the Stars Doomed?

The Inside Story of the
Hollywood Revolution

By
James R.
Quirk

FOLKS who live in sections of the world subject to violent earthquakes will tell you that a fraction of a minute before the tremor is felt by the most sensitive recording instruments they are awakened from sleep by some unknown influence, and, mentally alert and conscious of impending disaster, await the inevitable.

All Hollywood is experiencing that uncomfortable feeling. The local John the Baptists of the film colony babble and rant and call upon the populace to seek salvation. The actors meet in catacombs where they are safe from the spies of the producers and listen to the words of the clean shaven patriarchs and prophets, all portentous, all charged with dire predictions from tragic salary reduction to the end of the film world.

The editors of the intimate little film journals, possessed of oracular powers, wail dismal forebodings of the victory of mammon over art, and rail at the stupidity and cupidity of the producers, the repression of talent, and the oppression of monopoly.

The inhabitants hold their cloaks over their heads as they run, fear-stricken, before the wrath of the Jehovahs of the movies.

Hollywood is about as cheerful and merry as London during the black plague, and it doesn't know where to look for deliverance.

On the far horizon, some of the faithful believe they can discern the figures of Uncle Sam and a regiment of owners of independently operated motion picture theaters galloping to the rescue, but they are not sure.

WHAT is happening? Who fears what? And why? And what's all the shootin' for?

Just this. The motion picture industry is undergoing a violent adjustment, and a violent adjustment means a revolution, not an evolution.

Before the fracas is over there will be a lot of headaches, heartaches, rude awakenings from golden dreams of fame and fortune, back-to-the-stage movements by well known actors, and back to cloaks-and-suits by inefficient and uninspired and overpaid directors and egomaniacal executives.

Other than that, business will continue as usual.

Stars who draw money at the box office, talented actors and actresses who are willing to draw less salary than the president of the United States, competent directors who make profitable pictures, authors who write screenable stories, and executives who can work for their organizations and not for the satisfaction of their own egomania, will con-

tinue to enjoy the climate of Southern California.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But nothing is simple in Hollywood. Everything is dramatized. It is a community of unusually talented and temperamental people, as fine and interesting a group of men and women as exist. It is an actual center of beauty and art. The lodestone of fame and fortune draws to that lovely city beauties of all nations, as well as masters of all arts. The eyes of the world are actually centered on Hollywood every day when millions of people crowd into theaters all over the world.

WHEN Henry Ford saw fit to close down his factories and his selling forces, employing many times the studio population of Hollywood, not a groan was heard from Detroit. But when producers of motion pictures, goaded on by bankers, start a readjustment of things, the event takes on all the pageantry and color of a drama.

Strange as it may seem, and in spite of the Arabian Nights tales of vast wealth accumulated by the royalty of the screen, comparatively few great fortunes have been made in motion picture production.

Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, Lloyd, Mix, Meighan and possibly one or two others among the players are millionaires. Ruth Roland is as rich as any of them, but she made it in real estate operations. De Mille is a millionaire, but he made it by canny investments as much as in pictures.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky are in the millionaire class. So is Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, presidents of the United Artists and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer companies. So is Richard Rowland, of First National. So is Joseph Kennedy of FBO. So is William Fox and Carl Laemmle. Of them all, the latter is perhaps the only one who made the bulk of his fortune in motion

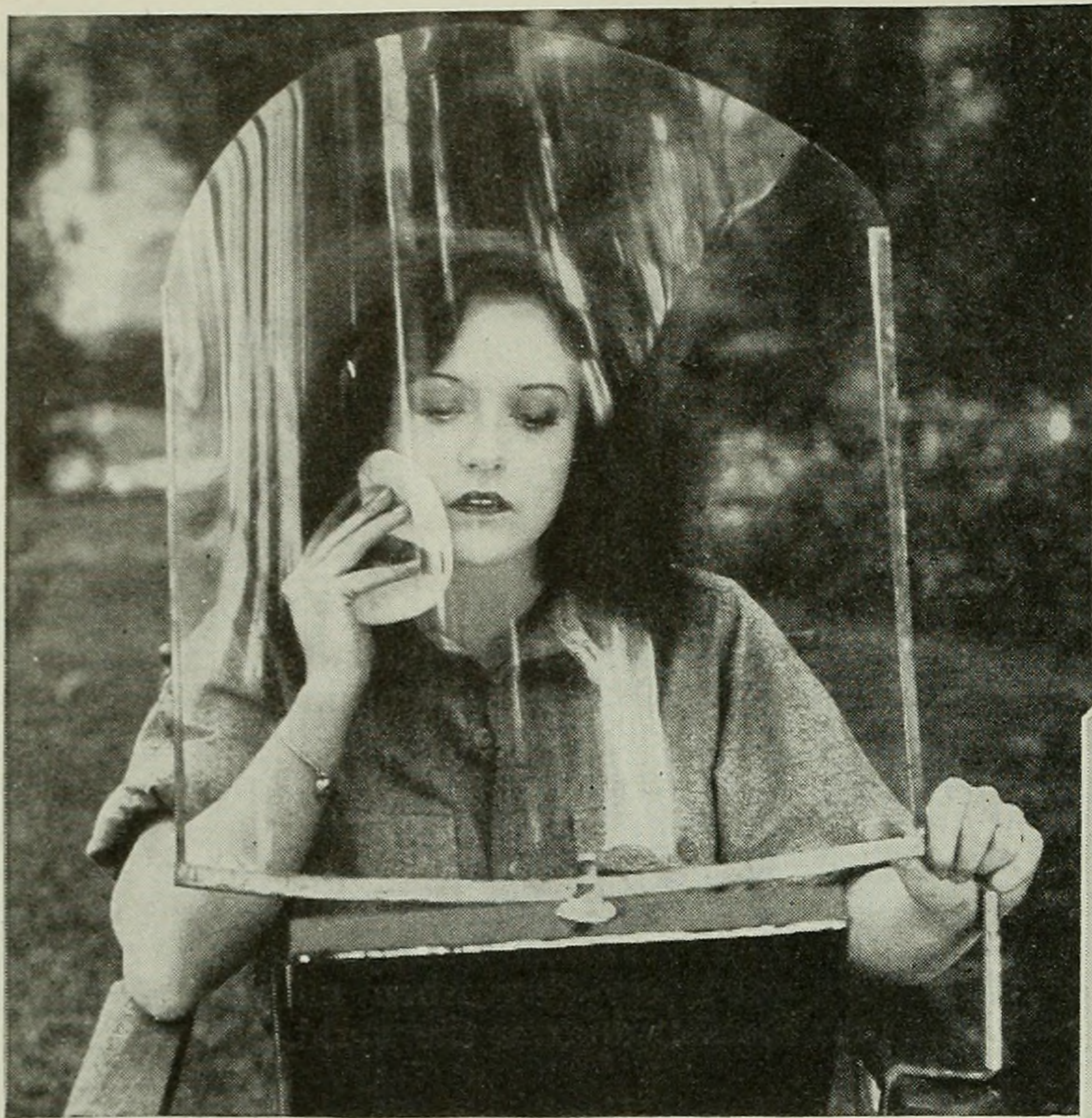
pictures. Wise investments built most of them. Kennedy brought his from the banking business.

OF the pioneers who have retired I venture that not one of them had a million when they got through. Spoor, head of Essanay, made money in pictures, but put it back in his stereoscopic camera. Selig, retired, is not rated as a rich man.

Ten years ago, bankers began to invest money in pictures. Two years ago, they began to be curious about the return on their investment, to be interested in the economics of production. They were informed that there was an undue amount of waste. They asked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

"In the past the producers picked the stars on their own judgment. Now they put it up to the public. The box office will automatically regulate salaries."



To protect her make-up from dust and wind on location scenes, Joan Crawford uses a portable celluloid windshield. It is attached to the arm of her chair

WHEN Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque left on their honeymoon journey, Vilma sighed, and said, "Well, now the fuss is all over."

"Oh, no, dear. It's just beginning. By the time we've reached San Francisco, someone will have started divorce proceedings for us."

But it wasn't until Vilma Banky decided to go to Hungary to persuade her mother and father to return for a long visit to this country, that the rumors started.

And the very day after they started, I chanced to be on the Banky-Colman set. Fred Niblo and Sam Goldwyn had been trying for four hours to persuade Vilma to remove an anklet, which did not fit in with the sixteenth century version of the novel "Leatherface."

"But Rod gave it to me. I will not take it off," Vilma was insisting.

AND at the same time, over on the De Mille lot, Rod was being instructed to remove his wedding ring and love bracelet because college boys do not wear such adornments.

"What the Hell," Rod was more emphatic even than Vilma. "I didn't ask to play in a college picture. Vilma gave these to me and I will not remove them."

"And even though I have to burn the studio I am going to New York with Vilma," Rod told me.

Which is all a pretty good answer to this divorce gossip that somebody or other started about one of Hollywood's most devoted couples.

MONTA BELL tells this one.

"And how," asks one film gentleman of another, "is Eric von Stroheim's picture progressing?"

"Oh, wonderful! He's cut it down to a snappy forty-four reels."

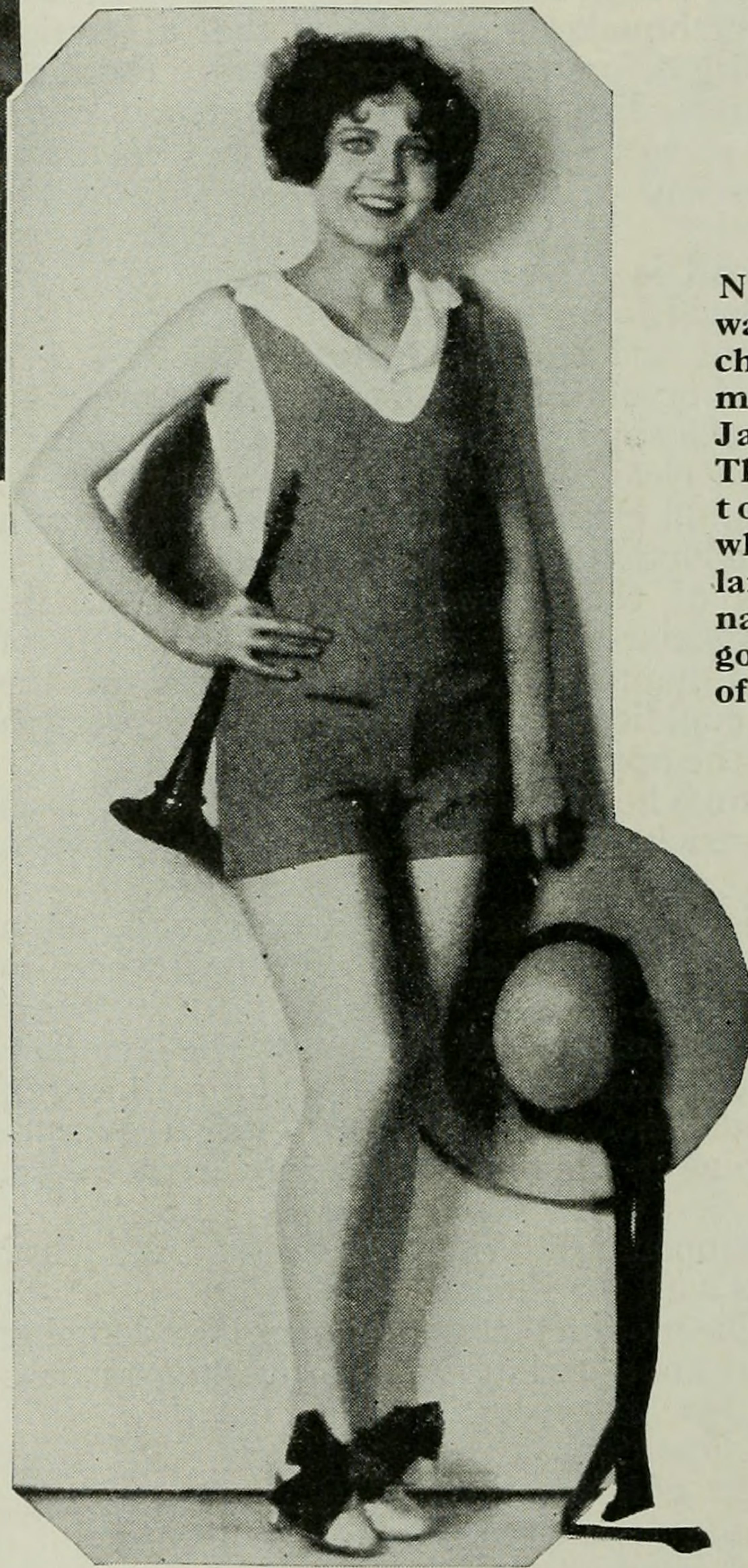
ONE of the newest romances in the Cinema City is Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Thus are Michael Cudahy and Dolores Costello forgotten.

AND Gwen Lee gave George Hill a high-backed chair for Christmas!

Not a bad way to give credence to that rumor that Gwen and George are soon to be married. Nor a bad way to start in accumulating furniture, either.

Gossip The

By Cal



Nancy Carroll was a New York chorus girl who married a writer, Jack Kirkland. The couple went to Hollywood where Kirkland landed as a scenarist and Nancy got the title part of "Abie's Irish Rose"

THE rest promised Janet Gaynor at the end of "Crysalinda" came sooner than she expected. Janet suffered a complete nervous breakdown and was sent to the country. Frank Borzage held up the new Gaynor-Farrell production until she recovered.

With characteristic grit, Janet said nothing about how miserable she was feeling. But one day while running up and down some steep steps she fainted. She tried it twice thereafter and fainted both times. Borzage stopped production.

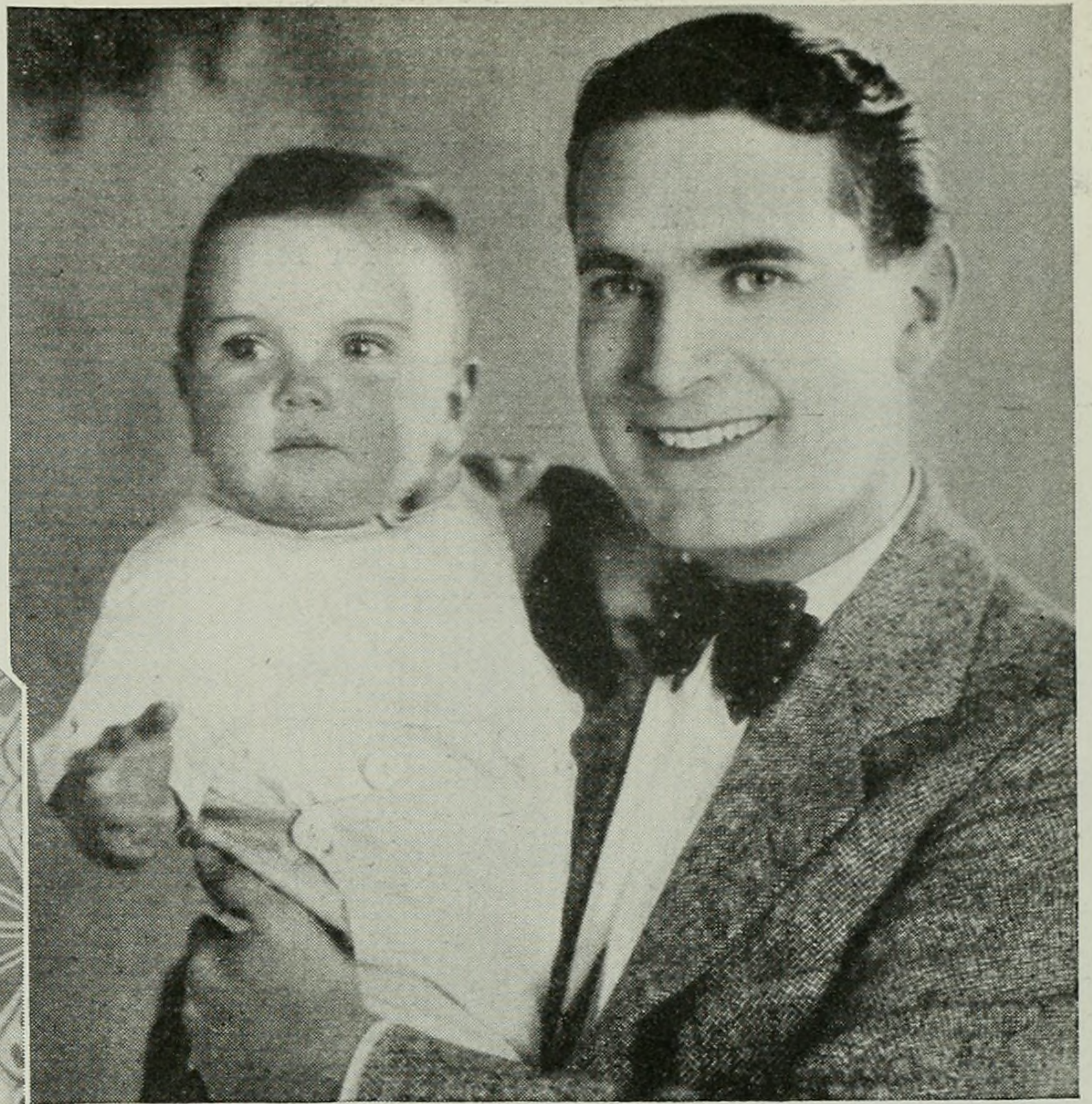
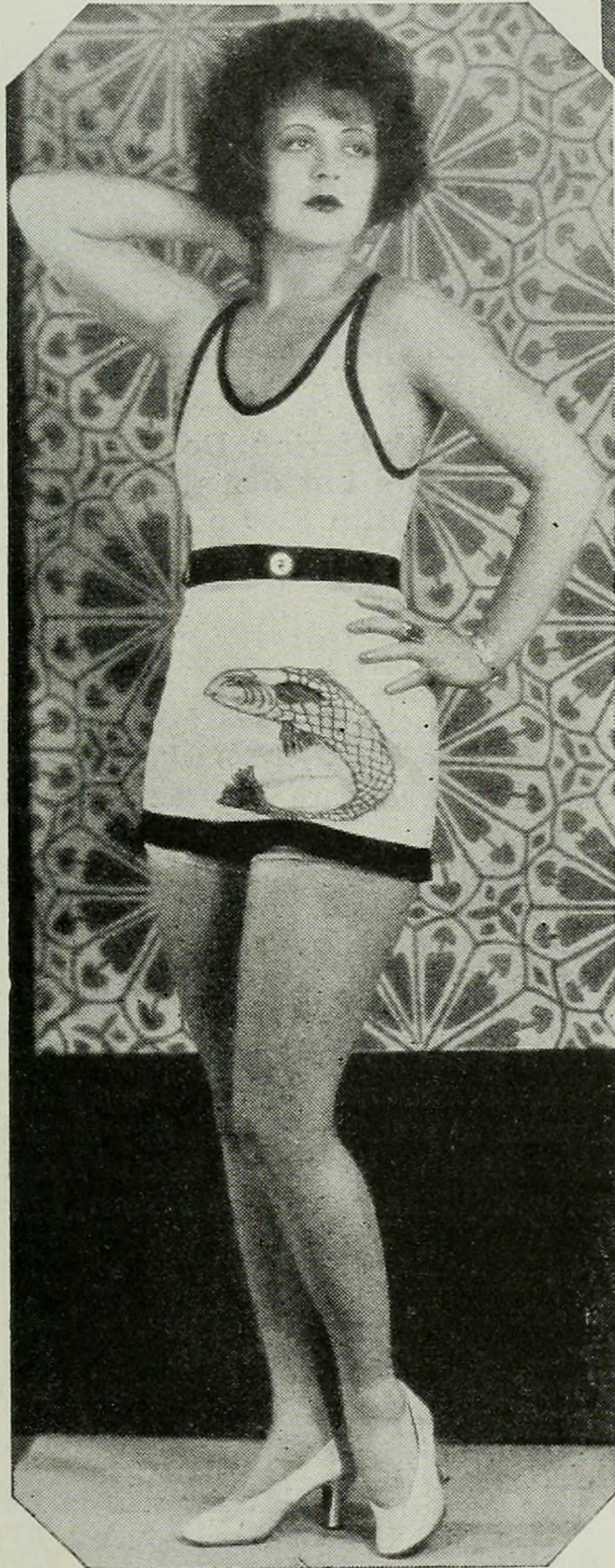
WHEN Buster Keaton was a small boy, his father, who was a great fight fan, got into an argument with a friend about the relative merits of Sharkey and Sullivan. Finally, heated by aspersions cast upon his favorite fighter, Keaton, *pere*, declared, "And I say that John L. Sullivan is the greatest man in the world!"

Little Buster became nervous at this tactless remark (it being the Christmas season) and tugging at his dad's coat tail, he whispered, "Don't say that, dad. You're forgetting Santa Claus and God."

of All Studios

York

Just so no one will mistake it for a street costume, Clara Bow has a fish stitched on her bathing suit. But, please, Clara, don't wear that jeweled wrist watch when you really go in swimming



The girls twenty years from now will probably be begging young Donald Reid Hughes for his photograph. He is the son of Lloyd Hughes and his mother is Gloria Hope

and he was discovered among the unknown cowboys who hang around the Western lots looking for work.

MARIE PREVOST is so anxious for a chance to play a dramatic rôle, instead of continuing in comedy, that she has relinquished her stellar position to accept a secondary rôle in "The Godless Girl." She will support Lina Basquette, a newcomer.

This new De Mille film tackles the subject of atheism. De Mille walks boldly into another religious subject.

THELMA TODD may have been a Boston school teacher, but she's learning.

"Where you going for your vacation, Thelma?" we asked.

"Don't know for sure. Maybe Lake Arrowhead."

"Is there a big party going?"

"Not that I know of. But there will be, if I go."

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, comedienne, has married George Joseph Hansen, an oil well supply man of Los Angeles. And Grace Darmond is going to marry R. P. Jennings, theater owner, as soon as she gets a divorce. Also Larry Weingarten is said to be engaged to Sylvia Thalberg, scenario writer and sister of Irving.

Weingarten is a press agent, but he's going to be promoted to the production department.

CLARA BOW'S father, Robert Bow, won his annulment suit against his twenty-three year old wife, whom he married back in 1924. Soon after the marriage, the bride, who is about Clara's age, walked out and Mr. Bow claimed that he had been vamped into marrying her.

After various quarrels and legal skirmishes, the Bows are now free to go their separate ways.

GEOURGE O'BRIEN has a new yacht with a 60 horsepower engine that rides any sort of an ocean. George sailed home to San Francisco in the "Pascualita" to show his father that movies aren't such a bad business for a young man.

And now George has been cast as a convict in "Honor Bound."

Just to keep things in the family, wouldn't it be nice if Fox could persuade O'Brien, senior, to take a lay-off as Police Chief of San Francisco and play the captor!

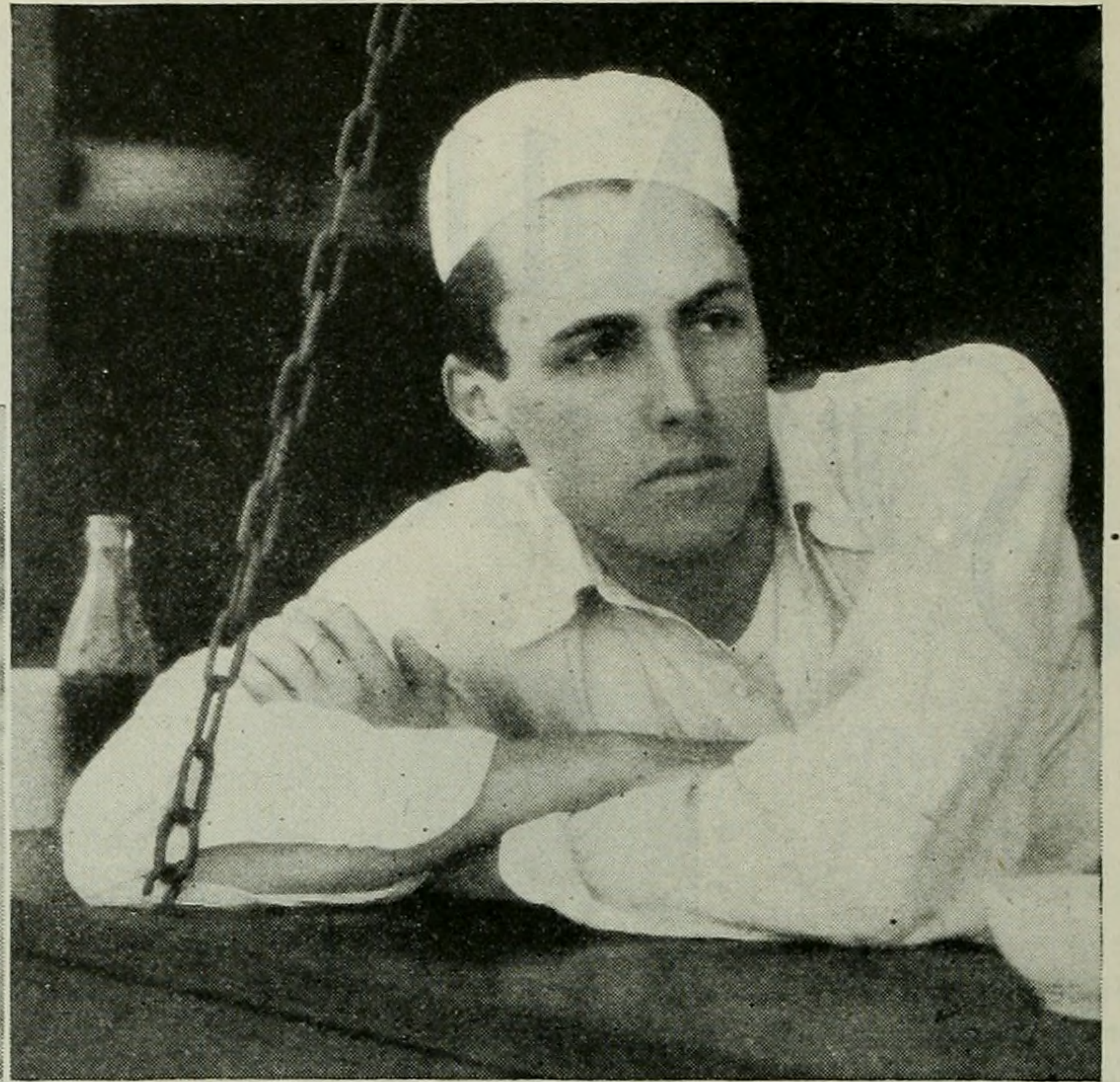
THOSE of you who have not seen Bill Hart on the screen for a time, may think he is half forgotten, but you never were worse fooled in your life.

His business office happens to be across the hall from us in Hollywood, and my curiosity was aroused by the tremendous packages going out of the office daily. When I inquired about it, I was astounded to find that he sends out thousands of pictures every week to the fans who continue to write him about the place he holds in their hearts. The expense of those pictures! "He just can't refuse them, when he knows the fans love him and miss him," his stenographer explained to me.

Incidentally, the demands for his pictures have been so insistent that he may return to the screen, when he completes the book he is now writing. We agree with Chas. A. Siringo, writer of Western stories, that Bill Hart "can shoot two guns quicker than any man I ever saw shoot pistols."

FOX has discovered a new Western star to take the place of Buck Jones whose contract with that company is all washed up. The new horse opera hero has been christened Rex King

Indulging in a Hollywood pastime—throwing mud at a star. The “prop” boy has been ordered to wreck Leatrice Joy’s pretty costume for a scene in “The Blue Danube,” just for realism



Frank Marion, De Mille’s new leading man, runs a hot dog wagon in Los Angeles. It nets him \$400 a month. He is starting a chain of “feed ’em quicks”

A GIRL sat behind a typewriter at the De Mille publicity office, laboriously trying to write a letter.

Phyllis Haver walked through the door, stopped, stared at the girl a moment, then remarked seriously:

“Little girl, you should be in pictures. You’re cute enough.”

Sue Carol looked up from her typing. “Yes?” she answered. “Thank you, Miss Haver.”

What a laugh the boys gave the bewildered Phyllis!

HOLLYWOOD was represented in far climes during the Yuletide season. Monta Bell spent Christmas in Paris; Lars Hansen in Sweden, and Robert Flaherty and his company of thirty actors in the South Sea Isles. Tim McCoy got as far as the town where he was born, Saginaw, Michigan.

ANOTHER startling example of how closely the girls follow the movie stars in their coiffures:

The Gainsborough hairnet people report a remarkable increase in the sale of hairnets, just because there is a noticeable tendency among the stars to neglect the scissors.

“OUR GANG” gave a Christmas party for Mrs. Carter, their teacher. At least the four of them who go to school on the Hal Roach lot got in on it. You should have seen the presents. Each youngster made his own purchases. Farina brought a bath towel and had mother embroider it with a huge basket of many colors. Jackie Condon brought a face veil. J. Smith donated a string of yellow beads which the clerk told him came from Niagara Falls, while Joe Cobb purchased a guest towel.

WHEN Edwin Carewe learned that his wife was going to leave him, the first thing he did was to go to the telephone and call the engravers.

“Take the name Mrs. off those Christmas cards,” he is said to have ordered. “Just leave the Mr.”

And when he turned from the telephone, “Whew, that was a close call. They were just going on the machine. It would have been too late in another moment.”

HOLLYWOOD slang is changing. “Are you between pictures?” has been changed to “Are you between retakes or working?”

And the average featured player doesn’t greet her friend with, “Hello, where are you going?” but “Hello, dear, where are you free lancing now?”

THE Hollywood opening of “My Best Girl” was being reported over radio. As the various stars arrived, they stood a minute to be photographed, their costumes were described, and then they were asked to say a word into the microphone.

“Miss Pickford arriving. . . . Just a minute and Miss Pickford will speak to you. She is waiting for a STILL.”

“Miss Griffith arriving. . . . Just a minute and Miss Griffith will speak to you. She is waiting for a STILL.”

After listening to this for four or five times, John Barrymore remarked: “This is the driest crowd I ever saw at an opening.”

IS the world coming to an end? Glenn Tryon is kicking to the officials of Universal because he feels that he has been advertised as being too good.

Tryon claims he’d rather prove it to the public first, before being labelled as great.

WHEN Wilson Mizner was in Europe, he discovered a man who could reproduce a Rembrandt or a Millet in a twinkling of an eye, by a process he had invented. Wilson immediately imported him to this country and started him in business on Fifth Avenue.

One day an Oshkosh gentleman came in and fell in love with a huge mural painting of “The Last Supper.”

“How much?” he inquired.

And Wilson answered, “Two dollars a plate, my friend.” He sold the painting.

IF there are any women still bewailing short skirts and bobbed hair, Patsy Ruth Miller would like to have them step forward and work one day as *Rebecca Levine*, the part Patsy is playing in “We Americans.” Nineteen-sixteen was a time for long skirts and great knots of hair, and when Patsy Ruth says there is no fun in them, you may know it’s true.

By the way, Patsy will make her “dash for freedom” just as soon as this picture is finished. A trip to Europe with all the trimmings. No, there is no boy along. Patsy knows *she* is a good sailor, but might not be certain of the boy, so there must be no risk of anything spoiling this first trip abroad. It is rumored she will do a picture for UFA while in Berlin, but she will have to work fast, as her contract with Tiffany-Stahl calls for four pictures a year.



Jean Hersholt instructs his wife how to act in her first appearance before the camera. Mrs. Hersholt plays a "bit" in "Abie's Irish Rose." Her husband is *Solomon Levy*



Mary Philbin entertains visitors from England. These little triplets are Claudette, Claudine and Angela Newby. And, you'd never guess it, they want to go into the movies. They're five years old

FOR years, physicians have told Richard Arlen his tonsils were infected and must be removed, but you know we neglect such things.

For the past three years, Dick has not had a longer vacation than three days. So when Paramount said, "You may have a whole month to yourself," he and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, planned a lovely trip.

On January 2nd, the tonsils "acted up" again and out they had to come, and more than ten days of the precious vacation were spent in the hospital.

ALTHOUGH Roscoe Arbuckle is working steadily these days in vaudeville, he still has his troubles. Recently his first wife, Minta Durfee, threatened to attach his salary and property unless he paid up \$25,000 which she says is due her in alimony.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was visiting the First National Studios recently and was introduced to Mrs. Sills (Doris Kenyon) when she was without make-up. An hour or so later, Sir Thomas was taken out on the sets by a different party, and was again introduced to Mrs. Sills.

The gorgeous beauty in the 1898 costume was such a different being from the demure creature he had met an hour before, that he was completely fooled. As soon as he could, he inquired of his host, "How many 'Mrs. Sills' are there working for you?"

A NEW type of supervisor has been discovered. One that never comes near the set while a picture is being made! No wonder the directors love him and affectionately call him "Milly."

Bertram Millhauser, Beulah Marie Dix, and Rupert Julian hold their conferences frequently, until the story is completed. When actual work begins on the picture, "Milly" disappears and leaves Julian to get results. Not a bad thing for some other supervisors to remember.

As long as this combination turns out pictures like "Silence," "The Country Doctor," and "The Leopard Lady," we think C. B. proves his wisdom in keeping them together.

CLARENCE BROWN admits that he had several offers of more money from other producers, and gives this as a reason for signing a new three-year contract with M.-G.-M.

"I get so much sympathetic co-operation here. I like to work with Irving Thalberg."

Which we think is a loyal tribute for one man to pay to another.

NOAH BEERY broke a rib during the filming of the adaptation of "Leatherface," Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman's last co-starring feature. Sam Goldwyn's agile press agent, Barrett Kiesling, hastened to explain it:

"It was not in pursuit of his profession. Noah slipped on a prosaic board between the set and his dressing room."

Going to dressing rooms might be considered in pursuit of some actors' professions.

ELINOR GLYN has a gracious manner for those whom she likes to remember. For others, a different greeting.

A well known actress had been introduced to Miss Glyn a number of times. Some mutual friend would say: "Of course, you have met Miss. . . ." Each time Miss Glyn would reply: "I don't believe I have had that pleasure."

Finally, on the fourth occasion, the actress remarked: "Miss Glyn is so kind to me. I am always as good as new."

ALL of Ronald Colman's friends were mighty excited recently when the newspapers carried the report that Mrs. Ronald Colman, wife of the motion picture star, had been in a taxi smash-up in Chicago.

Ronald had thought his wife was living happily in England. The truth came out, when the Chicago police started a thorough investigation of the claims of the woman.

When she found out that it took longer to get out of jail by claiming to be Mrs. Ronald Colman, than plain Mrs. Hossenfeffer, she confessed to the latter cognomen.

"Being the wife of a star ain't so much fun," she is reported as saying. Mrs. Ronald Colman *was* in England.

PHIL SLEEMAN is one Hollywood actor who will tell you that a "pretty mug" doesn't go as far in the movies as a marred one.

Two years ago Sleeman was the sleek Latin type with Valentino ambitions. Ambitions that didn't seem to materialize in a speedy fashion.

An automobile accident put Phil in the hospital and out of the game for a year. Now he is back with a nasty scar on his face and is in constant demand to play villains. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

Companionate



Rod takes care of their investments. The La Rocques frankly own up to an ambition to make and save plenty of money

Vilma Banky and Rod
they reconcile domes-

By Ruth

answered. "One when we're working and one when we're not."

The working schedule is as follows:

Rise at eight. "When the studio is good to me," Vilma interjected. "When it's not, up an hour earlier."

Breakfast together.

At the studio by nine.

Luncheon together, when they're both working. When Vilma is working and Rod isn't, which is the case while this story is being written, Rod sees Vilma off, takes an hour in his gymnasium with his trainer, then comes into the house, reads the morning papers and checks up the amount they have lost or have made on the rise or fall of the stocks they have

purchased. If it's a rise, he orders his car and dashes to the studio and lunches with Vilma to tell her how much money they have made since yesterday morning.

If they have lost, he telephones her and says, "Dear, I have to go down town and talk to our brokers about it." And even though they have won, when he leaves her after luncheon, he goes into Los Angeles to talk with his business advisers to see if they can sell anything at a profit and invest where they can make even more profit!

THEN home to dinner, together, alone, and out to a picture show in the evening.

Yes, a picture show is what they insist is their favorite recreation. Oh, they have to go to parties once in awhile, but not any oftener than is professionally and socially essential. For they are movie "fans" pure and simple. And I doubt if there is a picture you could mention, that they haven't seen and discussed together.

There is a neighborhood theater around the corner, where they see most of their pictures. Independent productions, comedies, whatever hodgepodge is offered. Once in awhile, downtown to a big theater, or to Cecil B. De Mille's private projection room, or some other producer's.

Home early and to bed, where they read, usually, O. Henry.

"You know," Rod said, "I had heard Europeans, as a rule, do not appreciate our O. Henry. Imagine my surprise and my joy

WE have heard about the girls who are "Dodging the Wedding Ring" in the Cinema City. We have read Francis X. Bushman's advice "Don't Marry" given to young men with screen aspirations. Now let us spend an evening with two stars who failed to heed such words of warning, who just went out and were married.

Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky.

You know, I am glad I had not chanced to meet these two stars until, some eight months after their world-renowned marriage, I went out to talk to them about it. Glad that I was not prepared, had no inkling as to whether they were really happy or already half-tired of their bargain.

As we sat down to dinner, it was Rod who remarked casually, "We've never missed a dinner together. Not one, since we were married."

And Vilma who added, "We usually eat alone. We don't like company for dinner." Then said hurriedly, "That is, we don't mind one or two, but we don't like to be in a crowd for dinner."

"But how do you manage your schedules?" I queried. Although there seemed little doubt that they were, indeed, happy, yet, to one used to the early hours, the night hours, the location hours of the motion picture schedule, it just didn't seem that matrimony between stars could run as smoothly as this surface-taste promised.

"We have two," they both

HERE are some of the rules that Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque apply to keep peace in the family:

They eat dinner together.

They go to parties together.

They aren't jealous of each other's professional associates.

They never criticize each other's work until the film is finished.

They pool their money, but each reserves a small separate account for minor expenditures.

And—this is most important—they never both lose their tempers at the same time.

Stardom

La Rocque tell how
ticity with their careers

Biery

when I found Vilma loves him. We read him over and over, and the other day I caught Vilma telling her maid an O. Henry story!"

In one respect, at least, it is a very modern marriage. They have separate bedrooms and separate baths, too. This arrangement, Balzac once said, is the sign either of a completely happy marriage or a completely disastrous one. In this particular case, it is the sign of a completely congenial marriage.

They are happiest, they both agree, when neither happens to be working, when they are both "on vacation" at the same time.

"Our schedule is wonderful! We do exactly as we please!" Vilma described it.



Vilma keeps the family budget. She runs her home far more economically than many housewives with nothing better to do



Since their marriage, their "fan" mail has increased twenty per cent, which shows that the public approves of the match

They go to parties only when they are not working, and they go only together. They don't even dance with others—"unless we can't help it," Vilma explained.

"Are you ever jealous of each other's leading men and leading women?" It's a dangerous question, but I asked it.

"Why, we never think about it!" Rod answered, calmly.

"But, isn't it true the world wanted Vilma to marry Ronald Colman?"

ROD leaned across and answered quietly, "Our fan mail has increased between fifteen and twenty per cent since we married, and there has never been a suggestion that Vilma should have married Ronald Colman."

"Do you criticize each other's pictures?" I thought it time to change the subject.

"And how!" Vilma promptly aided in switching the conversation.

"But not while they are being made. Not until they are finished do we talk about them," Rod added.

Aside from their love and their profession, money is the most important question between them.

"We want to be very rich," Vilma announced frankly.

Rod laughed. "You know, I realized I was marrying a star, and I was prepared to make allowances. I did not [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



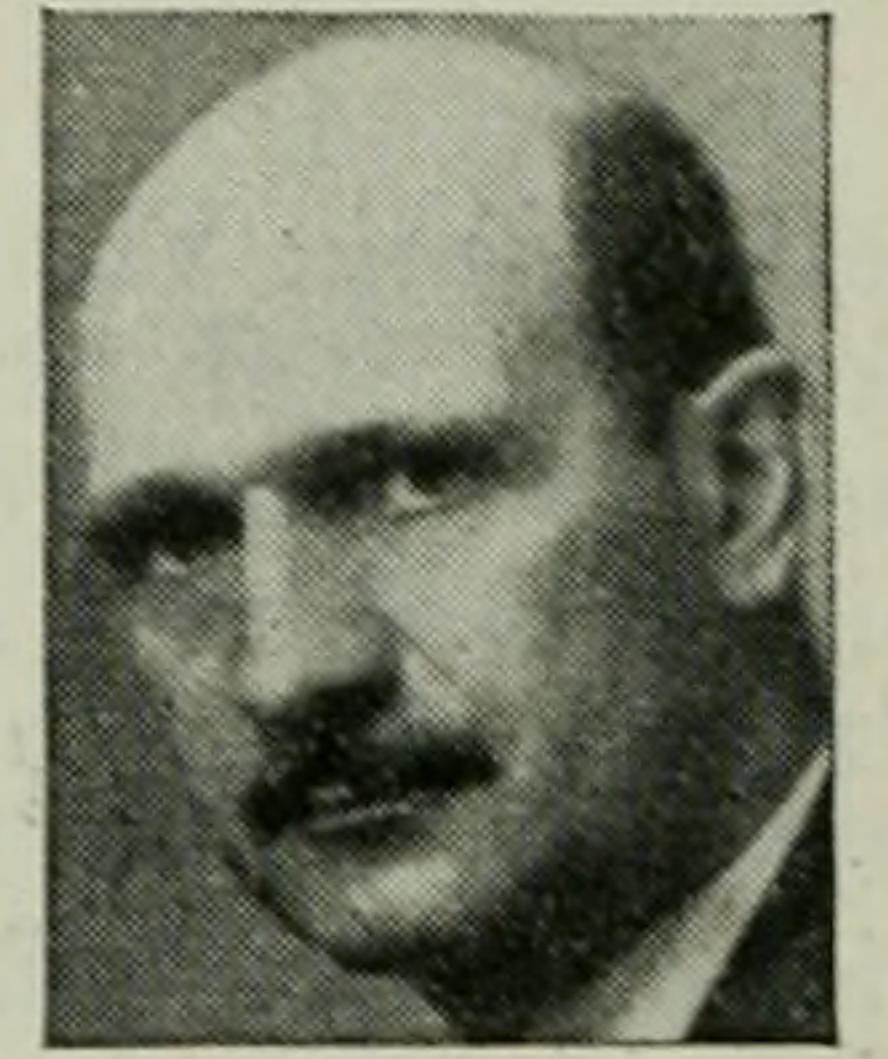
Are

By

Louis E.

Bisch

M. D., Ph. D.



Movie audiences are the population of a prosperous nation. Can so much energy flow from so many feeble minds?

IN a neuropsychiatric office one naturally becomes accustomed to surprises.

Human nature presents so many queer twists and turns, you know. Now you think the last case has revealed a genuine novelty, and then—Presto!—along comes another amazing phenomenon that immediately throws the startling interest of its forerunner quite in the shade.

Well, when James R. Quirk, the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, was announced by my secretary as wishing to consult me professionally, my surprise amounted almost to "shell shock."

"What's wrong with *him*?" I blurted. "Is it possible after all that——!"

But no! My ego and doctor's pride would not let me admit that my visitor could be in need of an alienist's attention. Had I not talked with him only a few days previously? Surely I would have noticed a change had anything mental been amiss!

"I did not come for a personal examination," said Mr. Quirk right at the outset, as though he, himself, had made an analysis of *me* and had divined my thoughts. "I came because I want a psychiatric opinion on the American public."

That surely was a new one too!—the most surprising reason for a consultation in many a moon. And I told him so.

"Yes, that's exactly what I want," he continued. "Every day, from all sides, people throw mud at the moving picture audiences. They call them morons. If these millions of movie fans are morons, then, by far and large, the majority who compose the general public are morons too.

"Are we morons? Or are we *not*?"

"What I am after is an absolutely unbiased, scientific article to settle that question."

And, of course, I immediately agreed to take Mr. Quirk up on this proposition. Afterwards, when I came to consider the matter I wondered why I had not thought of it myself.

For Mr. Quirk is right—as right as rain. To find out whether actually we are morons or not is a most timely inquiry.

Not so long ago George Bernard Shaw admitted that he is a movie fan. More recently the famous Austrian playwright, Ferenc Molnar, on a visit to this country, admitted the same thing.

Scores and scores of prominent men and women in the United States are not ashamed to say they enjoy pictures. Intelligent, capable, educated and cultured persons of all ages find relaxation in a movie show. Often do I hear men in my own profession say that a picture refreshes them after a day of strenuous work.

CAN it really be possible that the picture enthusiast is moronic? What is a moron, anyway?

The term was first suggested for general use by Dr. H. H. Goddard, a psychological authority on mental tests and defective mental states.

Quoting from his book on feeble-mindedness:

"If we leave out those whom society has already recognized as idiots and imbeciles, we have the higher group, specifically feeble-minded or moron, which has been defined by the Royal College of Physicians in the following terms: 'One who is capable of earning his living under favorable circumstances, but is incapable from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age (a) of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows, (b) of managing himself and his affairs with ordinary prudence.'"

In other words, a moron is a mental defective—no more, no less.

We Morons?

The scientific answer to those who belittle the intelligence of movie audiences

The word itself comes from the Greek, wapos, and it means a fool. The Great War is responsible for putting "moron" on the map.

Between May 1 and Oct. 1, 1918, about 1,300,000 men in the American Expeditionary Forces were examined by trained psychologists by means of two systems of mental tests called the "Alpha tests" and the "Beta tests."

THE Alpha tests were devised for men who could read and write while the Beta tests were for illiterates and foreigners and were carried out by pantomime.

These tests were group tests, mind you. From 75 to 500 men were tested at one time.

The tests were supposed to show whether the subject's intelligence was normal, super-normal or sub-normal. Idiots and imbeciles were rarely drafted, of course. But the borderline cases escaped detection at the first registration examination and so practically all of those found to be sub-normal in intelligence were morons.

Now then, the striking discovery made was the fact that, according to the tests, 45 per cent of the men tested belonged in this moron class.

By inference this meant approximately fifty per cent of the population feeble-minded!

Half of us—think of it!—with the intelligence of a child of from 8 to 12!!

Half of us (according to the Royal College of Physicians' definition of moron) "capable only of earning our livings under favorable circumstances and incapable from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age of competing on equal terms with our normal fellows or of managing ourselves and our affairs with ordinary prudence."

AND worse than that, half of us never being able to develop, no matter what the education or training, higher than the twelve-year level! On the face of it something certainly is wrong somewhere.

This is a prosperous nation, a preeminently leading, influential nation.

Can it be possible that we have brought this nation where it is today with half of us mentally defective?

This is a busy, bustling, go-getter nation.

Can so much energy flow from so many feeble minds?

This is also a fairly clean-minded and healthy nation despite our foreign critics. Suppose this government of ours does reveal graft and incompetence? Is this democracy not, after all, better on the whole than the governments such critics hail from? And can it be possible that all this progress of ours in government, as well as in finance, education, and in the economic status of the average citizen, has been accomplished with a dead-weight drag of so many millions of moronic minds?

IT happens that I, myself, was engaged in psychiatric work during the war and in April, 1919, published in the United States Naval Medical Bulletin a paper entitled, "A Routine Method of Mental Examinations for Naval Recruits," based upon my experiences with the intelligence tests employed at the time.

I shall quote directly from this paper as it summarizes my criticisms of the group method of intelligence testing—which group method was responsible for the supposed existence of so many millions of morons.

"(1) In group tests the scores depend exclusively on the time element. We have no psychological grounds for believing that a mental process shall occupy a given amount of time. (2) The group method leaves no opportunity for the adaptation by the examiner to the individualities of the subject. (3) Failure in performance of tests given by the group method, in the absence of the individual observation of that performance on the part of the examiner, is not reliable evidence that a failure was due to low mentality. (4) The best group tests are of necessity dependent upon written responses, and the act of writing adds a complication which it is difficult to evaluate and separate from pure intelligence factors in scoring."

AS Director of the Psychiatric Division of the 5th Naval District, I soon came to the conclusion that group tests were unreliable and that they gave an entirely misleading idea of the intelligence of the individuals forming a group.

We therefore employed individual tests solely.

And we did not find anywhere near the number of morons that the Army tests did!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor of **PHOTO-PLAY**, went to Dr. Bisch with this problem: "Every day, from all sides, people throw mud at the moving picture audiences. They call them morons. If these millions of movie fans are morons, then, by far and large, the majority who compose the general public are morons too."

"Are we morons? Or are we *not*?"

In this article, Dr. Bisch gives his frank answer. He tells why mentality tests are often inaccurate. He explains why the movies interest sensible, intelligent people as well as those of inferior mentality. And he proves that the term "moron," as applied to audiences, has been widely abused.

Read this fascinating and instructive analysis.



THE DIVINE WOMAN—M.-G.-M.

A STORY based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and played by Greta Garbo as the Divine Sarah herself. The interest centers in the acting of Miss Garbo and Lars Hansen, her soldier lover, rather than in the story itself.

Marianne, as they have called the Divine Sarah, is brought to Paris as a surprise present to a worldly-wise mother who does not wish to acknowledge a sixteen-year-old daughter. She is gawky, untutored, ugly. Thrown upon her own resources, she falls in love with a soldier. Chance introduces her to the stage. The conflict between her love for the stage and her love for the man is the theme of the story.

Watching *Marianne* make love; watching her suffer in poverty; glory in applause; rage at the unkindness of Fate—makes it well worth your while to see this production.



THE NOOSE—First National

A MORE heart gripping melodrama than "The Noose" will be difficult to locate in the year's crop of screen productions. Richard Barthelmess again presents to the public a superb performance. The audience will be held tense from the moment that Barthelmess slays Montagu Love, leader of the bootleg ring. He has the rôle of a youngster reared in ignorance of his parentage by the bootlegger leader. He has been in charge of one of the trucks running booze, but within himself there is the urge for a better life. *Dorothy* (Lina Basquette), a little chorine in the bootleggers' den, is the one that stands by when he is in his greatest trouble. John Francis Dillon's direction is excellent. Lina Basquette contributes a colorful performance. Alice Joyce is compelling in a leading rôle.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



RAMONA—United Artists

TO those who have read and loved Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California, the entire elimination of *Ramona's* life from the time she runs away with *Allessandro*, her Indian lover, until her child dies, three years later, will be a keen disappointment. But the scenic beauty of the production and the splendid acting of Dolores Del Rio will do much to make up for the deficiencies in the handling of the story. It is a superbly beautiful series of episodes which depend upon titles rather than action to carry the dramatic value.

With the exception of the years of her early wandering with her Indian lover and the omission of any reference to her marriage, the picture adheres to the original story. We find her, first playing with her adopted brother, *Don Felipe*, on one of the vast ranches of early California. Much is made of a sheep shearing scene. *Ramona's* struggle with her autocratic stepmother; her indignant repudiation of jewels in lieu of her Indian lover; and the loss and recovery of her memory at the end of the story offer intense moments. But we are forced to admit that much of the drama that one feels in reading the story is lost in the picture.

There could have been no more fitting person to impersonate the Indian-blooded *Ramona* than the Mexican Dolores Del Rio. At the end, when she recovers her memory, her work rises to the heights. Warner Baxter is well-cast as the Indian, *Allessandro*, while Roland Drew is capable as *Felipe*, the Spanish Don, brother and lover. Edwin Carewe directed.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

RAMONA THE LAST COMMAND
THE DIVINE WOMAN THE NOOSE
BEAU SABREUR THE LEOPARD LADY

The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "The Last Command"
Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman"
Lars Hansen in "The Divine Woman"
Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose"
Gary Cooper in "Beau Sabreur"
Dolores Del Rio in "Ramona"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 136



THE LAST COMMAND—Paramount

IN this, his second American-made picture, Emil Jannings lives up to the high standard his former pictures have led us to expect of him. As *Sergius*, Jannings makes a complete departure from the type of character he portrayed in "The Way of All Flesh." This, however, is an unusual portrayal.

As favourite cousin of the Czar and Grand Duke of Russia, *Sergius Alexander* was easily the most important man in the Russian army. Imperious of necessity, he made bitter enemies. He falls in love with a beautiful woman revolutionist, *Natacha*, but strikes and arrests her companion, *Leo*. When the revolution comes, *Natacha* helps the general escape, but she is killed.

Poor, humiliated, beaten, grief-stricken, he searches the world over for *Natacha*, finally landing in Hollywood among the extras working for \$7.50 a day. *Leo*, meanwhile, has become a famous director, and now has his revenge, which you must see. As the all-powerful leader of the Russian army and as the pathetic movie extra man, his fine shadings of different emotions are perfect. Evelyn Brent acquits herself most creditably and displays enough beauty and brains to disturb an army.

Joseph Von Sternberg, who also directed "Underworld," proves again how well he can handle tremendous crowds or single individuals.

Von Sternberg gives us in this picture the best inside portrayal of studio activity that has ever been put on the screen; also, tremendously realistic background both in studio and behind the scenes on Russian front. A thrilling melodrama.



BEAU SABREUR—Paramount

YES, this reminds you of "Beau Geste," but while not built with the same suspense as the former picture, this is a story of adventure and romance that is most intriguing.

Gary Cooper, handsome French officer, sworn to live and die for France and never look at a woman, is sent to a French garrison on the Sahara. He does not know then he would meet Evelyn Brent, but he covers himself with glory even though he breaks his promise about women.

"Beau Sabreur" means "beautiful swordsman" and, in this picture, we have such a battle with swords as you have never seen, with Cooper on the ground and William Powell (the polished villain) on a horse. The suspense through this is terrific. Noah Beery, William Powell and Mitchell Lewis lend virility to all the actions.



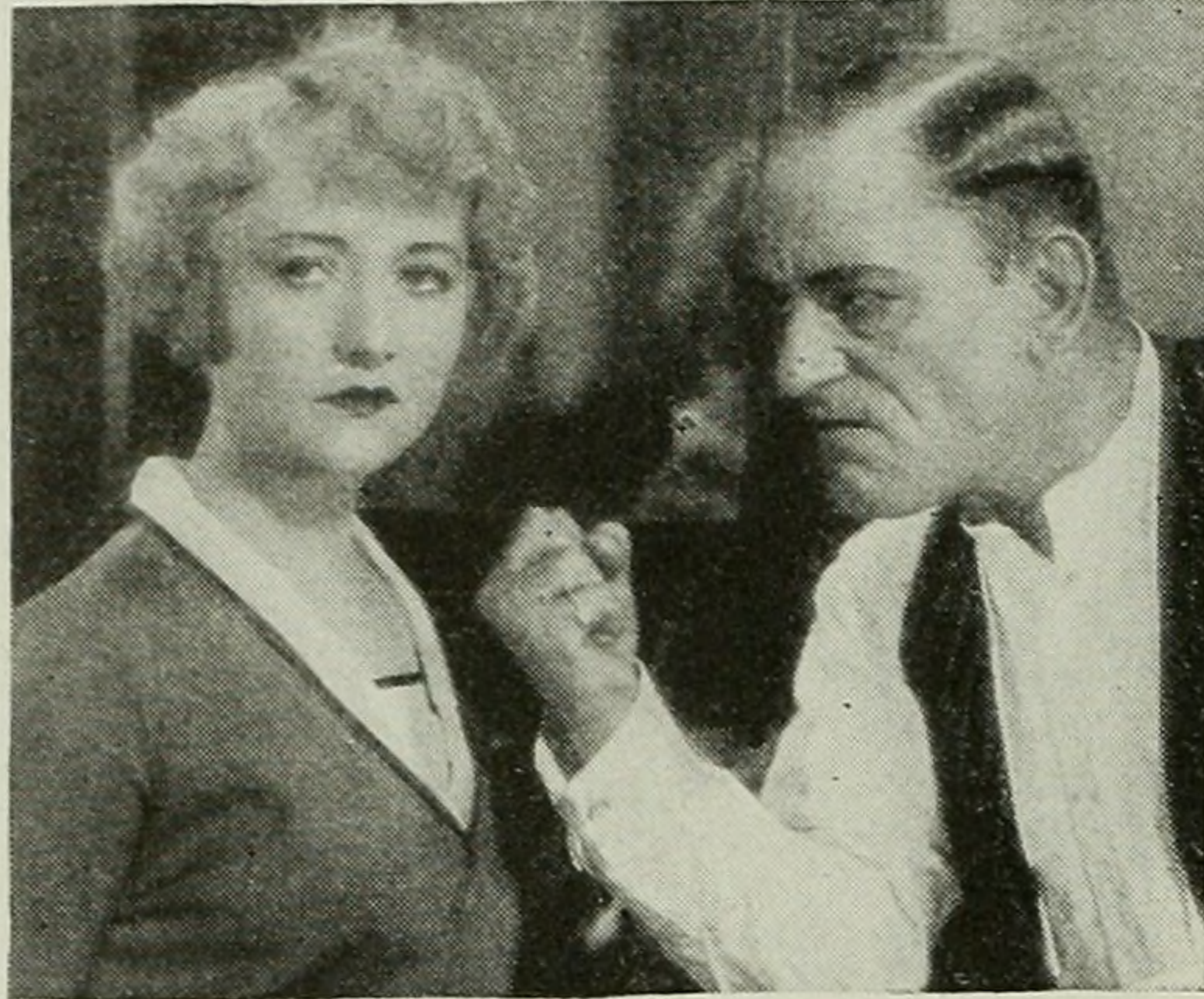
THE LEOPARD LADY—Pathe-De Mille

IF you are interested in any kind of a circus, you will enjoy the realistic atmosphere of the Continental traveling tent show in this picture. You will be tense with excitement as you watch Jacqueline Logan, in the service of Vienna, trying to find the party who is responsible for the murders that follow in the wake of this circus.

There is a new slant to the story and a great surprise at the finish. Director Rupert Julian has contributed a most commendable piece of work. It is handled so deftly that the characterizations of Miss Logan, "The Leopard Lady," and Alan Hale, the Cossack rider, stand out in cameo-like clearness. Both do their best work in ages. Jacqueline may go right into stardom on the strength of this. Robert Armstrong and James Bradbury, Sr., are well cast.

Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

**THE BIG CITY—
M.-G.-M.**



LON CHANEY is a crook of no mean ability in this story. When one crook can step into a cabaret, undisguised, and capture the other crook's loot, conceal it in a dish of spaghetti and make his get-away, you have the acme of underworld intriguing. Lon wears only his God-given face in this picture. The story is complicated but has good action. Betty Compton is Lon's crook aid whose jealousy reveals his secrets.

**THE DOVE—
United Artists**



WHEN Willard Mack wrote this as a play for David Belasco he went back to the screen's pioneer plot: the dance hall girl who is fought over by the hero and the villain. This is dull and colorless—and Norma Talmadge is wooden as *Dolores*. Such honors as exist go to Noah Beery. The subtitles shift the action from Mexico to "somewhere on the Mediterranean" but the settings still border the Rio Grande.

**THE WHIP WOMAN—
First National**



A ROMANCE of Hungary during the post war period, with Estelle Taylor in the title rôle. After seeing her take care of herself with the gay old Romeos of the village, you'll admit that there is something in association, and, after all, she is Mrs. Jack Dempsey. Antonio Moreno plays the rôle of the heir of a royal house who falls in love with her and finally is wed to her.

**JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS—
FBO**



A FAIRLY swift-moving drama depicting a certain type of Kentucky mountaineers. *Brant Dennison*, (Orville Caldwell), was the "hero to a crowd of drunken loafers." His young brother, *Tad* (Frankie Darro), wanted him to be a real hero and helped make him one. Virginia Valli, as the school teacher, did all that could have been done with her part. You will remember only Frankie Darro.

**ROSE MARIE—
M.-G.-M.**



EXCITING fights and daring escapes. An excellent cast with Joan Crawford a charming *Rose Marie*, the daughter of the northern ice-bound country who warms the hearts of all the men around her. The fur traders bring a new comer, *Jim Kenyon*, played by James Murray, who, although hunted by the police, is so lovable and so daring that *Rose Marie* cannot forget him. It's a little complicated but offers suspense.

**LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—
First National**



THE stage farce by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood has been picturized in a manner that is going to keep you laughing to the final fade out. The action is more or less stereotyped, but it has been deftly directed by Edward Cline. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are co-featured, both giving excellent performances. The honors, however, must be tendered to Gwynn Williams, as *Mike Sweeney*.

of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**GATEWAY OF THE MOON—
Fox**



A BADLY-DIRECTED, sappy melodrama obviously released only to cash in on the popularity of the star. But don't let that fool you. This is not the Del Rio of "What Price Glory" and "Resurrection," but Dolores being very terrible as one of those coy undressed shebas of the South Seas, pursuing her man amid swamps and crocodiles. Cheap in every respect. Fans should stay away in droves.



**SPORTING GOODS—
Paramount**

RICHARD SHELBY, enterprising salesman for Elastotweedo Golf Suits, was "up with the lark, down with the grapefruit, and out with the samples." Nevertheless, he got into trouble. But you will forget your troubles when you see Richard Dix in this hilarious farce, as he is a joy from start to finish. Beautifully directed by Mal St. Clair. Laughs for all. Too good to miss.

**THE LATEST FROM PARIS—
M.-G.-M.**



ALL the cloak and suit houses in America will want to hire Norma Shearer after the release of this picture. She sure sells the goods, no mistaking, and lines up the men in the bargain. Ralph Forbes supplies the love interest. George Sidney and Tenen Holtz, the proprietors, give corking comedy performances. Bert Roach tickles the palate with his fun-making. Corking titles. Snappy, light entertainment.



**LOVE AND LEARN—
Paramount**

A YOUNG girl comes home and finds her parents on the verge of a separation. She has heard "it is trouble that keeps married people together," so she starts out to contribute the trouble. Esther Ralston is pleasing. Lane Chandler gives a delightful performance. Claude King, Hedda Hopper, and Helen Lynch render good support. A fast moving comedy drama, well directed by Frank Tuttle. You'll love it.

**TWO FLAMING YOUTHS—
Paramount**



W C. FIELDS and Chester Conklin, the newest co-starring comedy team—and how! The picture is plain slapstick comedy and it is not meant to be anything else. If you aren't amused at this whole piece—then we give up. Fields and Conklin are rivals for the hand of *Widow Malarkey*. But widdie has other ideas and marries someone else. John Waters may receive your applause for his direction.



**A GIRL IN EVERY PORT—
Fox**

VICTOR MCLAGLEN is featured in this picture because of the popularity he won in "What Price Glory." McLaglen, as *Spike Madden*, a deep sea sailor on a tramp schooner, finds that another seafaring youth is stepping in his love affairs in the various ports of call. McLaglen and Robert Armstrong are excellent as the roving rivals. Their adventures will intrigue and amuse you. [Additional reviews on page 99]

LOVE and Laughter

By

Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

SHE stood before him, dark and straight and tempestuous. He found it a little difficult to maintain the careful impersonality of his tone.

"But, Evelyn, my dear, you haven't answered my question; what can this Forbes Nathan give you that I can't—that I haven't?"

Her dark eyes, vivid with unrestrained emotion, filled with sudden tears. She was perhaps not conscious that she was acting. She had been an actress so long that she had ceased to analyze her reactions as to the quality of their sincerity. Her rich voice, the voice that had thrilled thousands of worshipful listeners from behind the amber footlights, held the same poignant note of appeal now in the luxurious privacy of her husband's apartment as it would hold the night of her new play, "The Sorrowful Lady."

"I want—I want—love; love—and laughter."

If Lawrence Danvers was hurt, he gave no sign of it. He had what his lovely wife did not suspect, a facile imagination. He also understood her, although he had never permitted her to guess the fact. She was curiously like a child, revelling in the eternal playtime of life and emotion. Well he knew that a single careless word of his at any moment of the eight years of their married life might have brought the insecure structure tumbling about their ears.

Those who marvelled at the fact that the prosaic business man could win—and hold—the love of the exotic Evelyn Lorraine, did not know that the simple, though subtle secret had been his matter of fact acceptance of every mood of her make-believe.

Sometimes it had not been easy. Particularly the



times when she had fancied herself passionately in love with another man—usually an actor in her company. Lawrence Danvers knew these comet-like emotions for the effervescent things they were; but he had never made the mistake of belittling them, or of showing jealousy. He knew that his aloof self-control was the bond that held Evelyn to him.

He was not an actor by profession. But it required no mean skill to stand there, facing her passionate confession of this new love, without yielding to the temptation to cry out, to crush her in his arms and tell her savagely that she was his, his, that he loved her more than life, and that no man should take her from him while he lived.

He was older, he reflected, and Evelyn still possessed a glorious beauty that time had touched with scarcely perceptible fingers. This Forbes Nathan was young too; younger than Evelyn. Was that the attraction? Did she turn to youth when she felt her own youth gently slipping from her? Or was it merely the insistent urge of propinquity?

They were rehearsing "The Sorrowful Lady," which would open on Broadway within the week. A curious,



THE tragi-comedy of an actress, her prosaic husband and the leading man who held the stage kiss just a few seconds too long

Why, she was—clean! So meticulous in her person, her mind, her manner of life. He could not visualize her plunging through the mud to be lifted upon the unstable pinnacle of passion

“Oh Larry dear, I know that you love me. You have been so wonderful about everything. It’s because I trust your love for me that I am not afraid to tell you that I love Forbes Nathan, love him with every breath, every heart beat of my existence. Larry, I know that it hurts to hear me say that. But I can’t be anything but honest with you. I would rather hurt you than shame you. I’m asking you to let me go, to divorce me or let me get a divorce. I want to *marry* him, Larry, you’ve never heard me say that about any other man, have you? Please let me go, Larry, I can’t live without him!”

foreign play, with tricky barbed lines and smoldering love scenes—damnable, insidious love scenes he had thought them, as he watched from the empty darkness of the theater.

He recalled the comment of the stage manager, who shook his head at the conclusion of the third act.

“Nathan, you’ll have to play the part older, or Evelyn will have to make up younger—a lot younger. As it is, the thing isn’t balanced. I’m afraid it won’t get by.”

There had been a short silence. Then Evelyn had spoken, softly, with compelling vibrance in her voice, never dreaming of the hurt she sent across the footlights into the heart of the man sitting there in the echoing darkness.

“You need not worry about that, Mr. Butler. I am sure we will do the love scenes—realistically.”

Now his voice almost faltered from its level, impersonal tone. “You want love—and laughter, Evelyn? Do you think that I do not love you? Don’t you think we have been happy—together?”

She caught a note, that, disguised as it was, stirred the quick sympathy of her heart.

Lawrence Danvers moved mechanically to the tiled fireplace. He took a cigarette from a brass container, and lighted it with steady, unshaken fingers.

“Evelyn, you have a rather unique position in the theatrical world. There has never been the slightest rumor of anything ugly connected with your name. If you will look over the letters from young girls—and their mothers, you will realize what an ideal you have made yourself. You know the laws of New York state. A divorce can be obtained in only one way—a most unpleasant, filthy way. Are you willing to smirch yourself, or have me smirch myself for you, to gratify this—” he paused slightly—“love?”

His fingers were wet upon the flimsy paper of the cigarette. He could not bring himself to look at her. Why, she was—clean! So meticulous in her person, her mind, her manner of life. He could not visualize her plunging through the mud to be lifted upon the unstable pinnacle of passion. Ah, what they would say about her! They would strip her bare, and run her through and through with all the long-suppressed delight and jealousy of little, evil minds. He heard her sigh, ever so faintly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

An Automobile Smash-Up

Polly Moran

In many a fall,
Has never been hurt,
No—not at all!

She's fallen through films,
As comedy gags,
Her hair has come down,
And her frock has been
rags.

But she never was hurt,
'Til the other day—
When a rollicking Rolls,
Got in her way.

EMIL JANNINGS

as
Sergius Alexander
in

“The Last Command”

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



Against the melodrama of the story,
He stands—a figure tragic, brave and bold—
He never seems to lose his look of glory,
Though beaten by the world, and growing old.
He who had known the flame of pomp and power,
He who had scorned the cringing and the weak,
Could never wholly bow beneath the shower
Of scorn and poverty and words men speak.

The studio has made a screen behind him
Of shadow shapes that only come and go;
He is no shadow, we will always find him,
Where blood is hot, and passions dare to glow.
Pathetic? Yes, perhaps, we watch through tears,
As he goes marching down the broken years!

Baby Stars

Congratulations are in order
For every Wampasbaby star;
We hope that they may reach
their goals,
That they may travel very
far.

Thirteen of them—who ever
said

From number thirteen luck
was lacking?

Get to it girls, and strut your
stuff—

You've youth and beauty
for your backing!

Our News Reel in Rhyme

Ring 'Em, Sylvy!

Miss Dupont is married now,
Orange blossoms on her brow—
She has wed Sylvanus Stokes,
One of these here wealthy blokes.

The New Griffith Picture

He's doing a battle again, he is,
And battles have always been
wholly his;
The wars that were civil, those
less polite
He's done—he's a bear when
he films a fight.

But now he is doing an age-old
war—
(And one, incidentally, he's
filmed before),
A war that troubles and thrills
and vexes—
You're right—it's “The Battle
of the Sexes.”

A Distinguished Visitor

Ruthie Taylor—“Miss L. Lee”—
She who got the much sought rôle,
Is to visit our New York,
Every good gold digger's goal!

Ruth, for all her artful ways,
Never left the west before,
She has got a lot to see,
When she opens New York's door.

What, you ask us, do we mean—
What should every bright girl see?
The aquarium, of course,
Grant's Tomb and Miss Liberty!

Vilma Goes Abroad

Vilma La Rocque (do you like
it that way?)
Is going to visit the land that
is natal;
Is going to wish her dear par-
ents “Good day,”
And maybe return with them
—would that be fatal?

That fact that she's going to
Hungary's shore,
Is not that she's casting young
Rod from her life—
Ah, no—for she loves him, she
says, more and more—
In fact, she is Hollywood's
plus-perfect wife.

*When
Night-
Time
Comes—*

By
Margaret E.
Sangster

Photo by
STAGG



When night-time comes to Hollywood,
I think the lady moon looks down,
With kindness and sympathy,
Upon the silent, resting town.

She, gently swaying in the sky,
Bathes with a healing, silver fire,
The tired city that has wept,
And laughed, and worked, and known desire!

And all the faiths that have been lost,
And all the plans that went awry,
Are giving back to dreaming hearts,
Her benediction from the sky.

For, as the wistful breezes sing,
And as the clouds about her creep,
The lady moon is keeping guard
Above the earth-bound stars who sleep.



Ruth Harriet Louise

ON these two pages, we have Hollywood's best arguments in favor of short skirts—or no skirts at all. Here is Joan Crawford, Texas' (the state's, not Guinan's) greatest gift to the ocular drama.



Autrey

AND here is Olive Borden of Virginia. Not so long ago, Olive worked in her mother's little candy store. Today she is a United Artist, along with Mary, Doug, Charlie and Jack Barrymore.



Spurr

SUE CAROL'S hit parallels that of Janet Gaynor. Sue didn't need the money and she wasn't looking for fame when she went to Hollywood. One picture—"Soft Cushions"—made her. Now she's playing opposite William Boyd in "Skyscrapers."

Don't Call Her A RICH GIRL

But give Sue Carol credit
for succeeding in spite of
her money

By Ruth Biery

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was coming to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. An exciting event for the children, back in 1913, when this story opens, as it would be today among any group. It was in the middle of winter, when many youngsters were spending their winters in California, rushed away from the cold and snow of the East and Middle West.

"Let's give Charlie a show," they said. "We have given benefits for poor people and parties for ourselves. Now let us do something for Charlie Chaplin who has given us so many wonderful entertainments!"

So they ran to their respective mothers at the bridge table and took up the matter with fathers on the golf links. As the evening approached for the entertainment, there was much excitement among the tiny performers. Chief among the merry-makers was a dark-eyed child of six winters, thrilled because she was to dance for Charlie Chaplin.

And how she did dance upon that evening dedicated to her favorite actor! Danced so hard, with so much genuine ecstasy and motion, that right in the middle of her principal number, the scant, chiffon costume which mother had ordered especially created, fell to the floor.

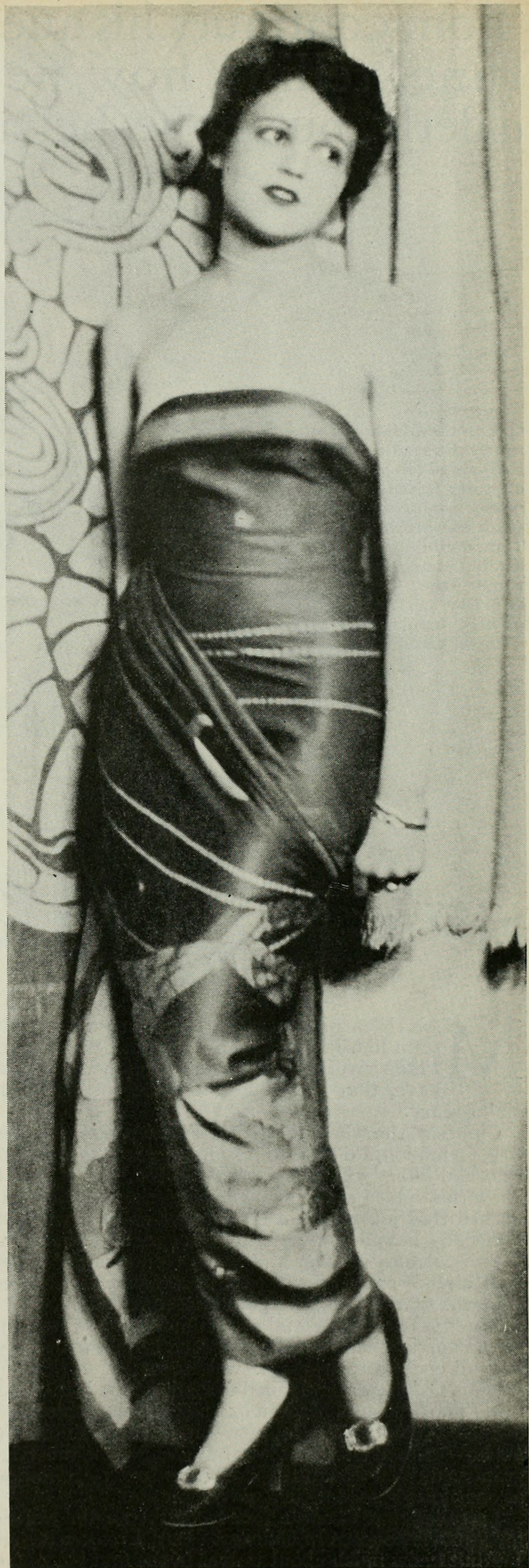
WITH one look at the withered costume beneath her, she burst into hysterics, kicking and screaming. She had disgraced the party!

"And Charlie Chaplin did everything but stand on his head to make me forget it!" Sue Carol's eyes danced with mischief in memory of the six-year-old tantrum which she was describing. "He did everything to make me feel happy. And later he asked mother about my going into pictures. When mother said 'No,' he agreed that she had made a wise decision because he felt it was a hard life for little children.

"When I left Pasadena, I wrote Charlie Chaplin a love letter. It must have been one of the most ardent fan letters he ever received, I am certain."

Only, Charlie never did get it. And Sue, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Without pretensions, without pull, without publicity, Sue Carol won her audiences immediately



Tom continues his quest for a fortune, telling how he threw an elderly, but game, buffalo, for \$500

Out on the Oklahoma ranch the studio staff had spread ten barrels of salt mixed with mica, producing the effect of winter. Here Tom, doubling for the leading man, was to throw the buffalo, thereby saving the pioneer hero's starving wife and child



*Illustrated by
Russell Patterson*

Making A

MAKIN' a million when I first started, didn't seem like it was a goin' to be difficult. But, I'd discovered, like I suppose many other men have, that the groupin' together of a million ain't so easy.

Cipherin' the whole thing out, I'd found that for me to get a million, I'd have to take it away from some gent who had already gathered a million for himself, an' I knew that a bird smart enough to have already accomplished that job wasn't a goin' to let go of it without somebody havin' to give him gas or mebbe somethin' worse. Before me was the task of outsmartin' some gent, already smart enough to outsmart some other feller who was smart enough to grab himself a million.

My first effort in gettin' the million through workin' in the movin' pictures hadn't turned out so well. My second endeavor, where I was town marshalin' in Dewey, Oklahoma, had failed to increase the Mix bank-roll. The \$500 gold Madera had paid me in Mexico had dwindled down to less than two hundred. Which way I'd have turned I don't know, but along came this telegram askin' if I was in the market to bulldog a buffalo as one of the big scenes in a movin' picture.

I recalled that I hadn't done so well stranglin' wolves for a movie concern in Chicago. But, I reasoned that I didn't know much about wolves in the first place, an'

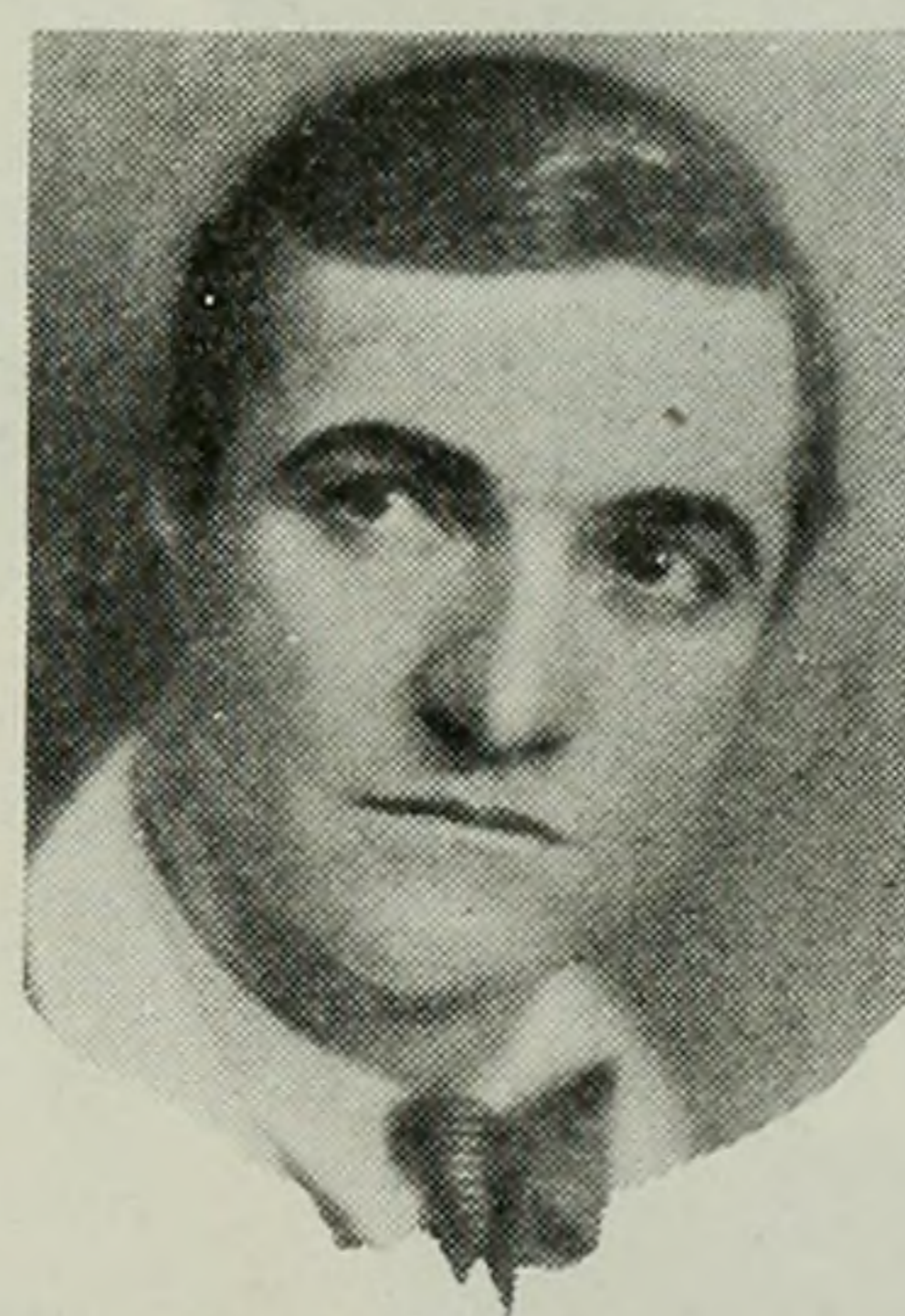
I did know a lot about buffalos an' besides, I was out here in Oklahoma, where I was at home. You see, over on the 101 Ranch, at Bliss, where I'd been foreman, they had a herd of buffalos an' I was pretty well acquainted with 'em an' their ways. An', besides, I might as well confess that I'd always entertained an idea that I could bulldog a buffalo, only the Miller boys, who owned 101 would never let me try it, sayin' they didn't want me to break the spirit of one of their buffalo bulls.

I MIGHT put in now for the information of the general public which probably don't know a heap about buffalos, but nothin' in the world will fight harder, longer or more desperately than a buffalo bull. At the same time, nothin' will give up so easy, once he knows he's whipped. A lot of folks, probably, will think I'm misstatin' facts, but I'm not, when I tell you that if you rope a buffalo bull an' throw him, an' he realizes that you've got him where he can't do nothin' to help himself, Mr. Bull will just lay right down there on the prairie and die—pass out from a broken heart. He's been humbled an' he can't live an' remember that.

Well, to get back to my story about the million. Commencing where I left off, I had this telegram askin' me to bulldog the buffalo, an' I wired 'em to come on, a bringin' their buffalo with 'em.



Million



By
Tom Mix

Saturday mornin' I went down to the railway station an' saw the outfit get off the train. The director in charge introduced himself as Otis Turner, an' he will be recalled by old time picture folks as "Dad" Turner. He had with him a cameraman, named Tom Persons, a mighty fine feller an' me an' him became good friends an' are to this day. There were some other actors, but I didn't notice 'em particularly. It was a week, mebbe, before the leadin' lady arrived in Dewey. She was introduced to me as Miss Myrtle Stedman an' I considered her about the niftiest young person that ever struck Oklahoma. After lookin' her carefully over, I decided then an' there that if Miss Stedman was a goin' to keep on the movin' picture business, permanent, it was as good a trade as any for me to follow.

DAD TURNER took me up to the hotel an' read the story we were to make. I don't know who wrote it an' I hope I never find out. This understandin' author, who had probably lived all his life around Times Square, New York, an' thought there were Indians a runnin' around the streets of Indianapolis, Ind., an' that the citizens of Buffalo, New York, were used to havin' the street traffic tied up with animals of the same name a roamin', promiscuous like, around the town. I told Dad

the story wouldn't do. Then, says he, it's up to you an' me to sit down an' make up one, so we started in.

In the first place, we had to have some good reason why the buffalo was to be bulldogged an' not shot. If we went back to the early days, the Injuns would have killed the buffalo with bow an' arrow—they'd never heard of bulldoggin'. After much sittin' up nights, me an' Dad threshed a yarn something like this.

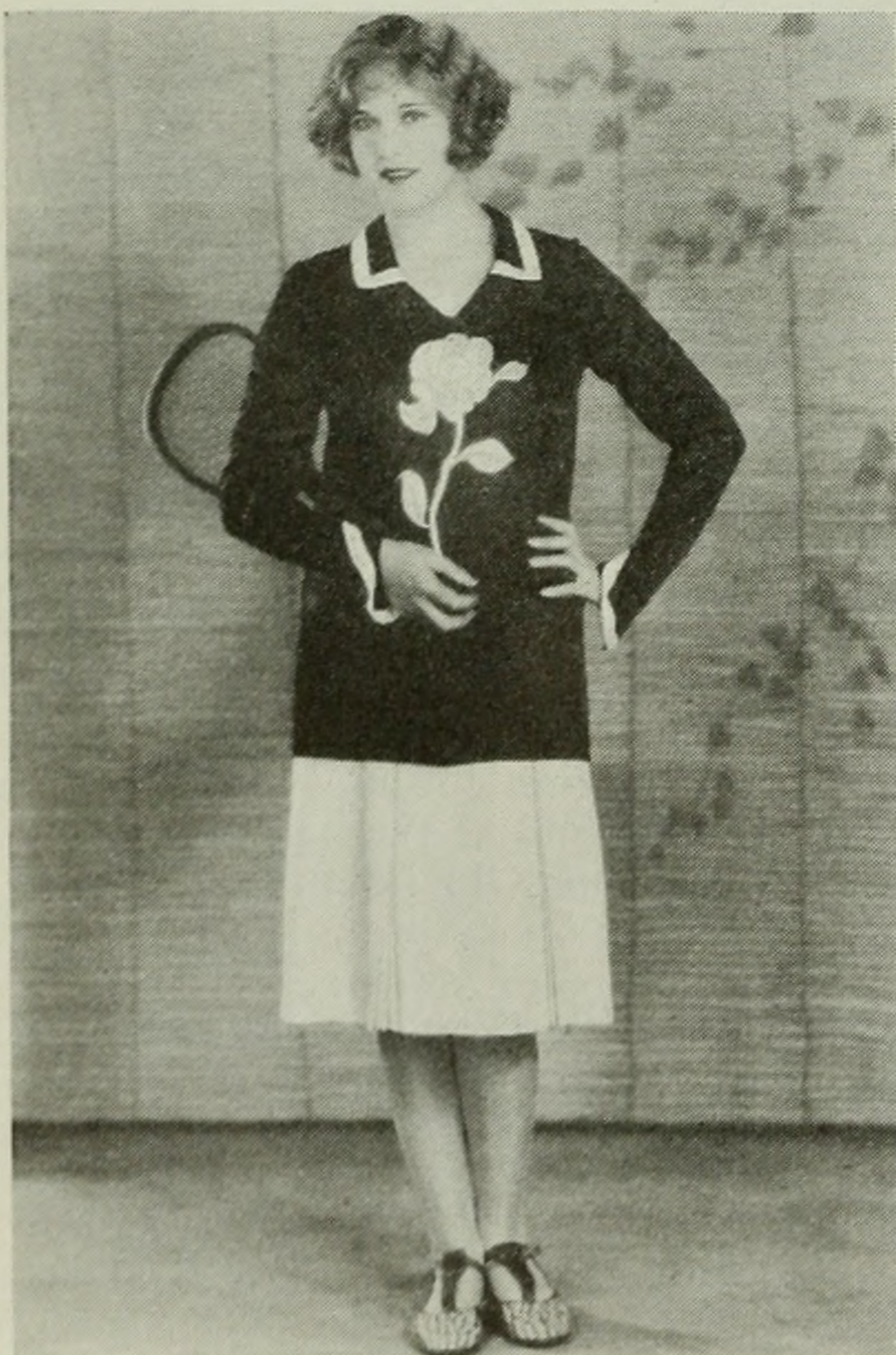
A young fellow comes out of the east—he is an engineer, plans bridges an' buildin's an' such stuff. He gets adventurin' down in the Injun country an' meets up with a mighty pretty young squaw—an' we make her so pretty an' attractive that I don't mind addin' that if there really had been that kind of young squaw down there, I'd still be in Texas or Oklahoma. Well, this Easterner gets plumb crazy over young Miss Squaw. She'd had a little education an' savvied English. I think we made her name Go-Wan-Shosho, which is Osage for Flamin' Arrow. So our young engineer ups an' marries her. The Osages, accordin' to our literary masterpiece, didn't take kindly to this white man a bustin' into their tribe by marryin' the niftiest lookin' squaw they had an' one who had already been looked at admirin'ly by some of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

How to Dress

Esther Ralston proves that clothes lighten the hardest



The girl who goes gardening in a chiffon dress, a small hat and high-heeled shoes courts a torn frock, a sunburn and tired feet. If you would enjoy your flowers, wear a smock, a large hat, gloves and get a pad to keep your knees off the damp ground



Tennis can be torture in long sleeves, a wool skirt that is tight over the hips and rubber soled sandals which do not support the feet during a vigorous set. Black, for sports, is hot and dusty

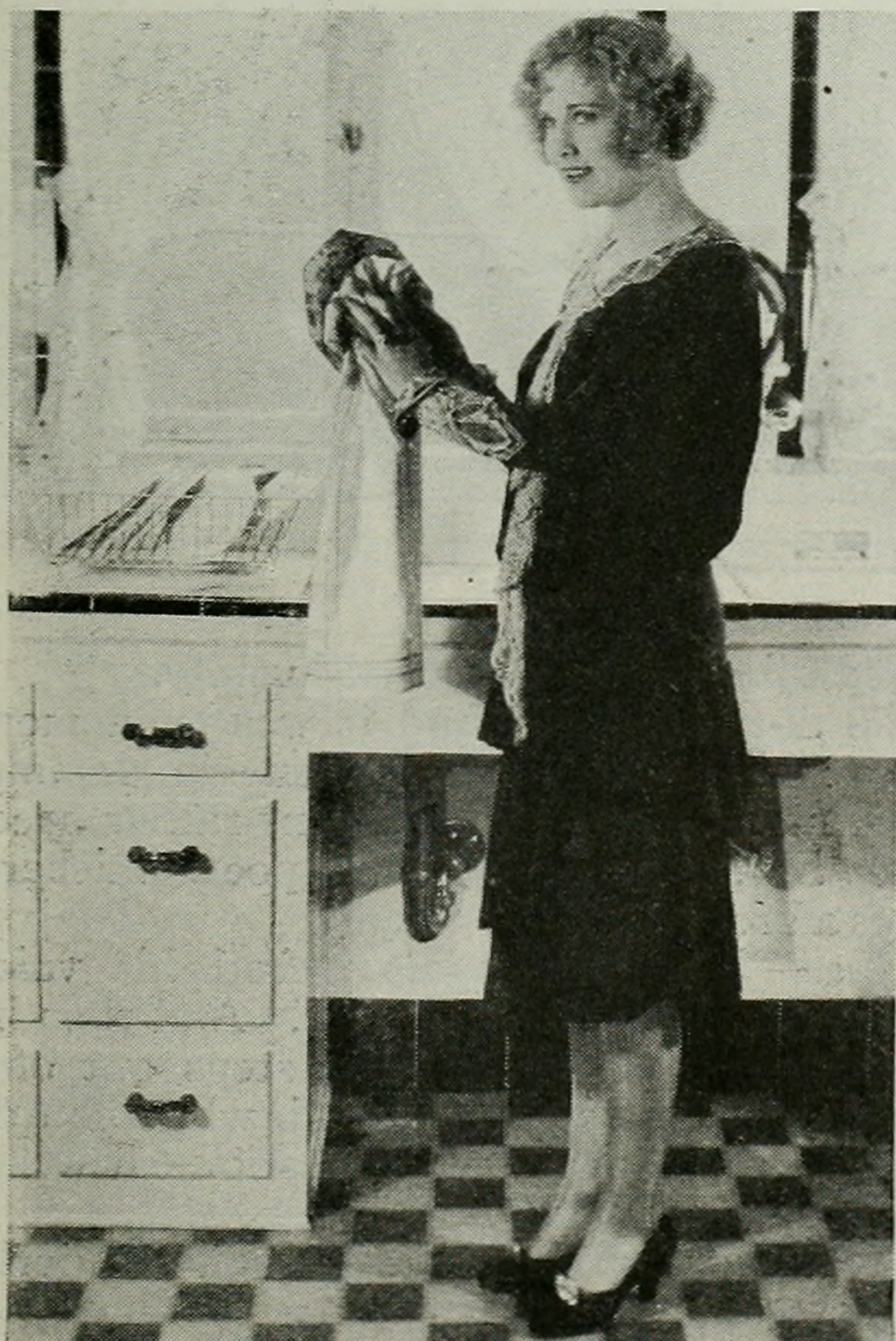
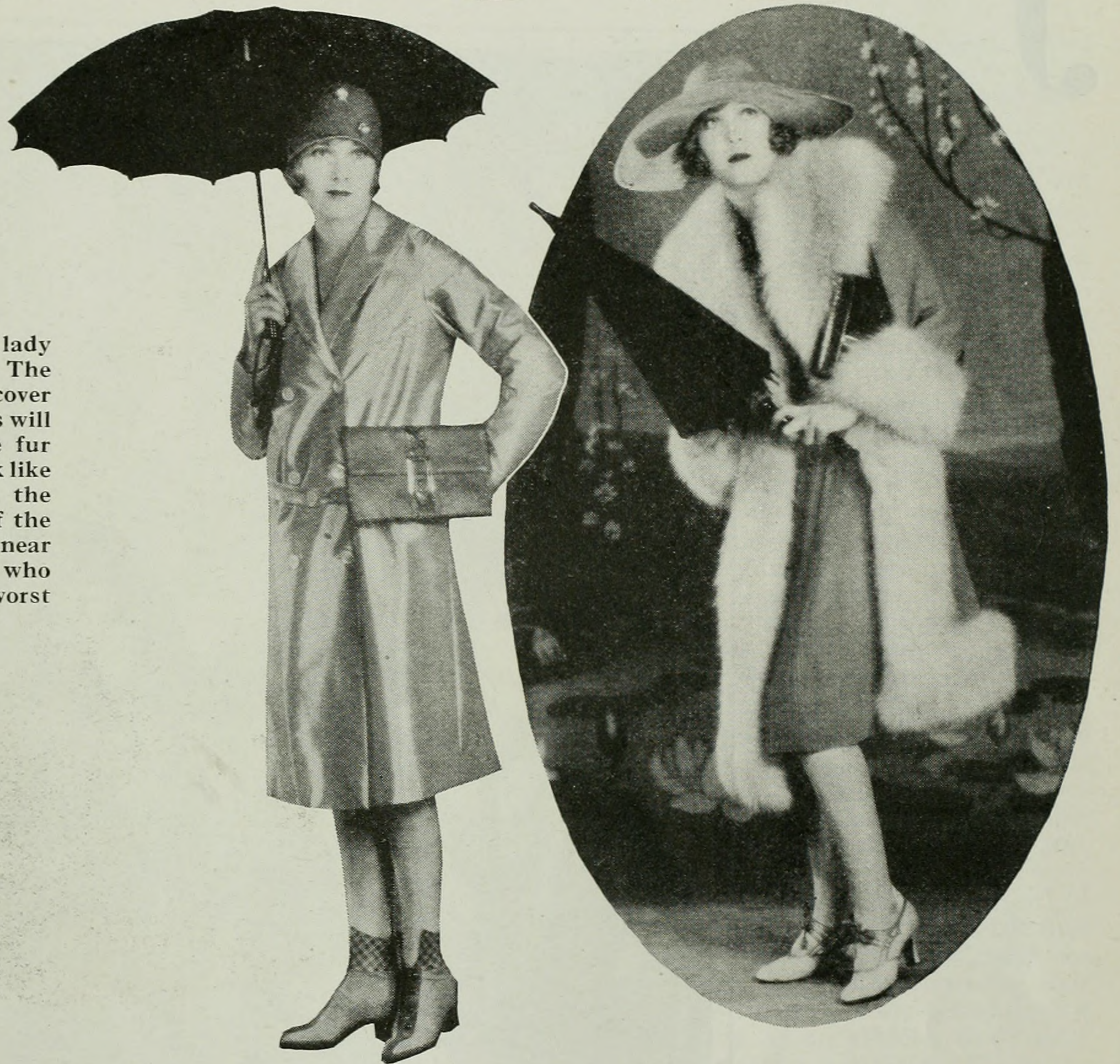
Tennis is fun in a white sleeveless frock, with a full pleated skirt and regulation tennis shoes. Unless your hair is very short, wear a bandeau. And, for the love of Helen Wills, no jewelry!



for Trying Rôles

correct
tasks

At the right, you see a lady in for a bad afternoon. The umbrella will never cover that big hat. The shoes will spring a leak and the fur trimming will soon look like a wet cat. Moreover, the pleats will come out of the skirt. And, behold (at near right), a young person who will look chic in the worst weather!



When dish-washing is drudgery. Long sleeves, lace collars and cuffs, and a jabot to absorb dish-water. Ruffles to catch on every corner. And jeweled hands at the mercy of soapy water

Kitchen work needn't be messy if you have a pretty apron, comfortable shoes and a pair of rubber gloves. Notice, too, that Miss Ralston slicks back her hair to keep it out of eyes



Just a Song at

Illustrated
by
Lorene
Bredeweg

"Do you mind if I
stay here with you?
It's — it's so lonely
eating by one's self."
Her voice was wistful



THE park path—save for the shadowy bulk of a distant policeman (and his back was turned!)—seemed utterly deserted. The trees made an arch of green above their heads. And Ann—cuddling suddenly close to the roughness of Richard's tweed coat sleeve—knew that she was about to be kissed. Knew it with a small, delicious shiver.

"Why—I might be sixteen, the way I'm feeling!" she told herself.

Richard looked down at her. Although they were almost of a height, it seemed as though he were looking down from an unimagined mountain peak. Why does being in love make a woman feel so—so physically small?

"You—you darling—" he breathed huskily.

And then he did kiss her. And it was even more wonderful—that kiss—than it had been—in dreams. Even though Ann's dreams were, often, rather spectacular things. For, you see, she was a poet. Richard wasn't—he was a broker.

"You darling—" he said again. And his voice quivered on a strange, high boyish note. And then he added—in the tone of a person who steps out of a bewildering tumult into a high ceilinged, white church—"You *do* love me!" It was not a question—it was a statement.

Ann's laugh, answering his voice through the darkness, was also shaken.

Midnight

By
Margaret E. Sangster



"I've loved you for a very long time," she said slowly. "I never guessed what it was to care in just this way, before."

Richard was a business man. Had he been a poet, too, he might have dallied with a swift, bright moment—the sort of a moment that can seldom be found again once it has passed, even though one searches for it. But he did not dally. This thing that had happened—it was too important to be trifled with.

"You'll marry me?" he asked—and the words came with a rush. "You'll marry me—soon?"

Ann laughed. She didn't feel quite so small as she had a moment ago. She was beginning, ever so slightly, to regain her poise.

"But of course I will!" she answered. And knew that she was about to be kissed again—(even though the not-nearly-so-distant-as-he-had-been policeman was now facing in their direction)!

TIME passes very quickly when two people are getting engaged and making marriage plans. It didn't seem very much later that Richard—bidding Ann a reluctant good-bye in the foyer of the tiny hotel in which she lived—looked deep into her eyes and went his way. But when Ann had reached her room and had switched on the lights—when, with incredulous gaze, she had dared to look at the little leather bound clock upon the mantle shelf—she realized that it was well past midnight. And that she was more vividly, more widely awake than she had ever been in all of her life. Her very pulses were singing—and their song was an echo of every dawn that the world has ever known.

Breathlessly—rather like a person who had finished a race—Ann threw herself into a chair. It was all so wonderful. So shining. She found herself speculating as to whether any other woman had ever loved—and been loved—in quite the way that she and Richard were loving each other. She found herself wondering whether any other two people had ever kissed as she and Richard had kissed. Out of doors. Under the friendly moon and the inquisitive small stars. And with the trees coming together so that the moon and the stars were just a trifle shut away. She wondered. And then—

She was remembering. Remembering a girl of eighteen who had lifted her lips to receive the first kiss of a young lover. A very radiant girl, with her hair up! (ten years ago a girl of eighteen had hair to do up!) for the first time. She was remembering arms—the strong arms of an athlete, the tender arms of a dreamer—clasping her tight. While the moon and the stars laughed down and the branches of a tall elm made velvet shadows on the grass.

THEY had called it the trysting tree—she and Jeremy. They had met there, to see visions and to create futures. All through one May they had met there, and one June, and one languid, sweet July. And then—then had come the legacy from her aunt. And she had gone to the city to make a name for herself. She had gone courageously, recognizing her chance—but the tears had stood upon her cheeks as she said good-bye.

"I'll come back, Jer—" she had murmured—"when I'm a great poet. And I'll write the lyrics to go with your music. And we'll be happy—so happy, with our art—" she had gulped over the word—"and with each other. Oh, Jer—"

The boy, too, had tears upon his cheeks. After all, he was only twenty-three.

"I'll be waiting, Ann," he told her—"here. Under the trysting tree. When it's moonlight, try to remember me—waiting. I'll bring my violin, and I'll play Schubert's Serenade—" (it had been Ann's favorite, then)—"I'll play it for you. And, somehow, across the miles, you'll hear the sound of it."

Jeremy and his violin. Ann—looking back across centuries, rather than years, was remembering. They had meant so much—Jeremy and his music. They had

A first love fails to still a new one



And it was even more wonderful—that kiss—than it had been—in dreams

been her life—at eighteen. But, at eighteen, love is not always unchanging. It's a weather-vane thing, then. Love, at twenty-eight—Ann caught her breath sharply—is different.

She had parted from Jeremy. Meaning to return. Of course. She had come to the city. Her verse hadn't gone too well, at first—but her aunt's legacy had stood between her and the legendary starvation in a garret. Her verse hadn't gone well, at all. In the beginning. But, in time, her advertising copy had made a place for her in an agency of national reputation. And, with a pay envelope bearing her name each week, the verse began to sell. Poetry is, often, like that!

DURING the first month she had written to Jeremy every day. And had received letters from him each day, in return. The tiny photograph of him, that she carried in a small silver frame, grew rather smudged because of her tears—and her kisses. But, after the first month, she began to meet people. And there were parties and parties. As well as work. And so she wrote to Jeremy once a week and her kisses upon his portrait took on an almost impersonal briskness. And, sometimes, she found herself too busy of a morning to read his letters when they arrived at her door. Sometimes it was noon before she had gotten around to opening them. And at night, usually, she was too tired to write an answer.

Ten years—Ann, going over them in retrospect, found it quite impossible to identify the place where she had ceased to be interested in Jeremy. Their correspondence had stopped with no thought of blame, of recrimination, on either side. The letters rather dwindled away. And she had never gone back to the trysting tree—and when, in some motion picture theater, she heard the melody of a certain Serenade it meant very little to her.

And yet, curiously enough, Ann had never cared for any men between the era of Jeremy and the time of Richard's coming. There had been flirtations, yes! Moments of amusement—exciting interludes. But she had never cared—not really—until she had looked across a drawing room, one evening, and had seen Richard's heart—leaping from his eyes to her eyes.

SITTING there, in her chair—with the hands of her clock working havoc—Ann went over the months, since meeting Richard. There had, until that moment, never been a doubt in her mind. But, suddenly, she was swept with a thousand doubts. What—what if it were really Jeremy—Jeremy who belonged to the past? What if it were he, instead of Richard, the stars had chosen for her? What if she had gone back—keeping her promise? Would her pulses have throbbed to the voice of Jeremy as they did to the sound of Richard's tone?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Contest Closes—Dorothy Farnum Gives Six Rules for Home Scenario Writers

PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest closed on February 15th.

An announcement of the winning films will be made in PHOTOPLAY as soon as possible after the judges completely examine the entries.

The contest aroused tremendous interest among amateurs not only in this country but abroad. It was the first international amateur movie contest ever held anywhere. It had the full backing of the Amateur Cinema League and all of the films submitted are to be studied by the league in preparing an amateur standard. Thus, everyone who entered the contest is doing his or her bit toward furthering the cause of amateur photography. Never before has it been possible to study and analyze amateur films in sufficient numbers to make possible the preparation of an amateur standard.

When the winners are announced, PHOTOPLAY will tell more about its plans to show the prize films, so that as many amateurs as possible will have an opportunity to see and study the work of the lucky contestants.

DOROTHY FARNUM, the scenario writer who did the scripts of such well known professional motion pictures as "The Divine Woman," "The Torrent" and "The Temptress," has prepared six guiding rules for amateurs in preparing stories for production. Miss Farnum is an enthusiastic amateur movie maker and her rules, consequently, carry a real practical value for amateurs.

Here are Miss Farnum's rules:

First: Be visual. Keep always in mind, when writing the scenario for your picture, the fact that every idea, emotion and thought has to be conveyed to the on-looker by visual means. Test every



Dorothy Farnum tells amateurs how to write their scenario

scene by saying to yourself: "If I happened to come across these characters in real life, engaged in carrying out this scene, would I understand it?"

Second: Let your story be so arranged that it moves forward with every scene. Try as hard as you can to eliminate flash-backs and other devices which retard or slow up the movement of your story. The continuity of your motion picture should carry forward your story from the beginning to the end without a flashback.

However, I do not mean by this that the tempo of your story should be monotonous. This should vary to suit the theme of each separate scene.

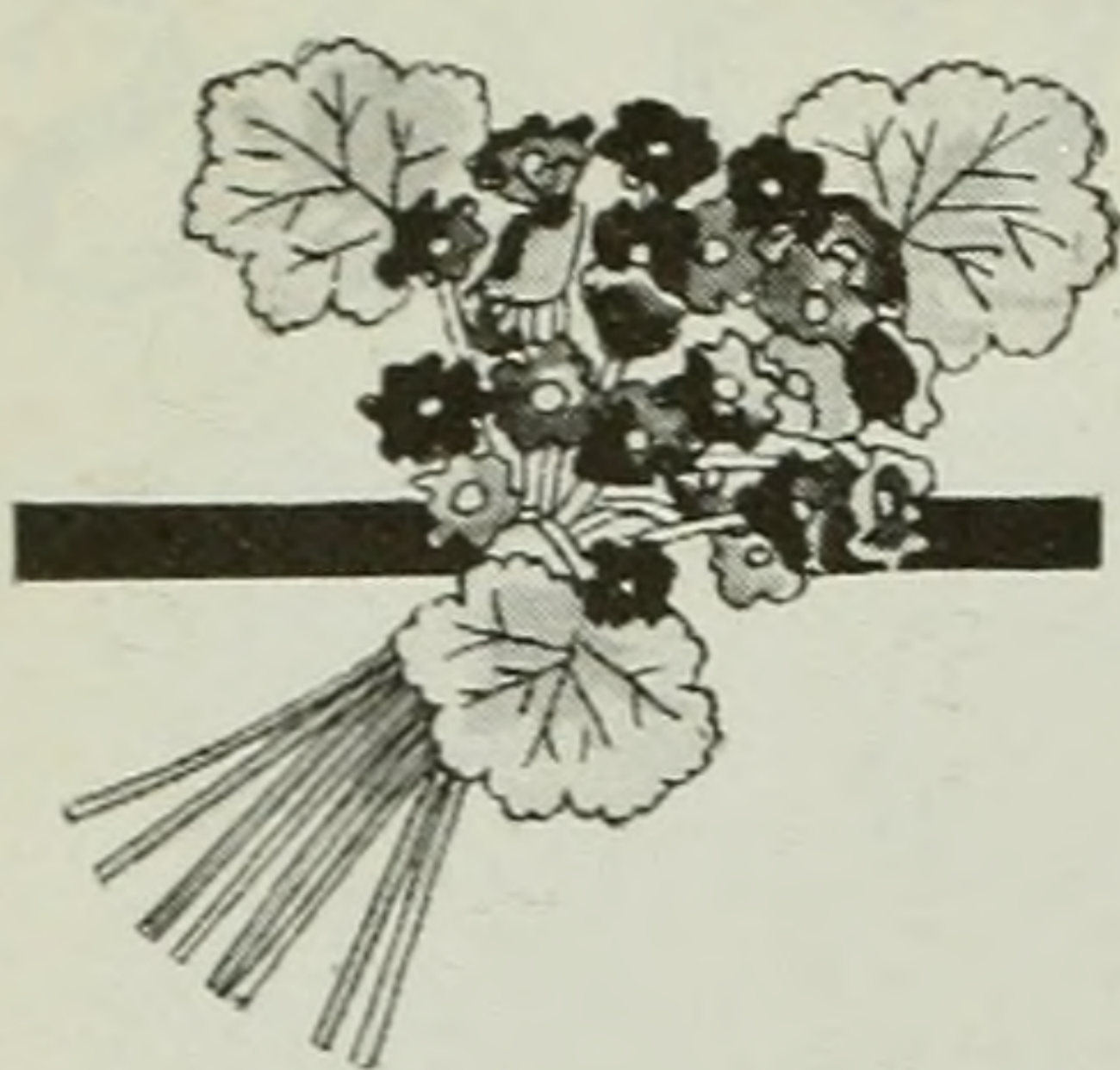
THIRD: Let your script have unity. By unity, I mean not only a unity of plot but also a unity of purpose, theme and content. Don't ever let it get top heavy in the wrong places. For instance, don't give too much footage to unimportant sequences and try always to make your characterization scenes as brief, pointed and pungent as possible. Be sure to have every incident and every scene directly concerned with the story you are attempting to tell.

Fourth: Let your story have appeal and human interest. I would always suggest that everyone, professional as well as amateur script writers, work always with the simplest plots and themes. Perhaps you are a golf enthusiast. Then you know thoroughly all the aspects, grave and humorous, of the "right noble and ancient game." If so, this makes a fine background for a motion picture. Think up some simple little plot, perhaps a love story of the links, write your scenario, bringing in the elements of humor and suspense. If you are



Margaret Ervin as Anne Howe in "And How!" produced by the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

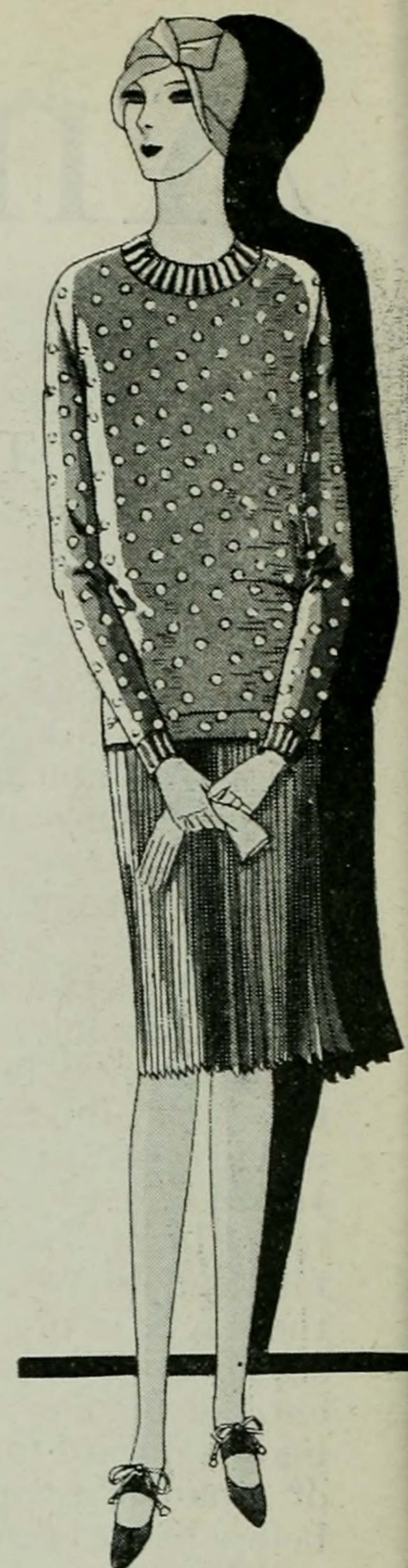


Above—Imported cluster of flowers that can be worn with equal chic on coat or dress. The flowers are small and of velvet with tiny pearl centers and the leaves are of imitation mother of pearl. Colors: rose, blue, pink, maize, orchid or white. \$1.00

Right—A printed silk frock, to refresh your winter wardrobe, that can be worn any daytime hour. It has the new slanting neckline with side jabot extending to hemline. The novel printed design comes in assorted combinations on blue, green, red, tan or grey background. Sizes 14 to 40. Moderately priced at \$8.95



Right—New polka dot sweater of Zephyr and rayon—crew or V neckline. Colors: rose, tan, green, brown, red or navy. 34 to 42. \$2.95. Wool crepe skirt on bodice top has finely plaited front. Blue, green, brown, or navy. Sizes 14 to 42. \$5.95



Jacquard jersey and crepe de chine are used to make the attractive two-piece dress at right. The jacquard jersey jumper blouse is tailored with bands of crepe de chine, and the bodice-topped skirt of crepe de chine has front plaits. Available in cocoa-brown, light green, flesh or maize. Sizes 14 to 40. Price \$8.95

Shop Through

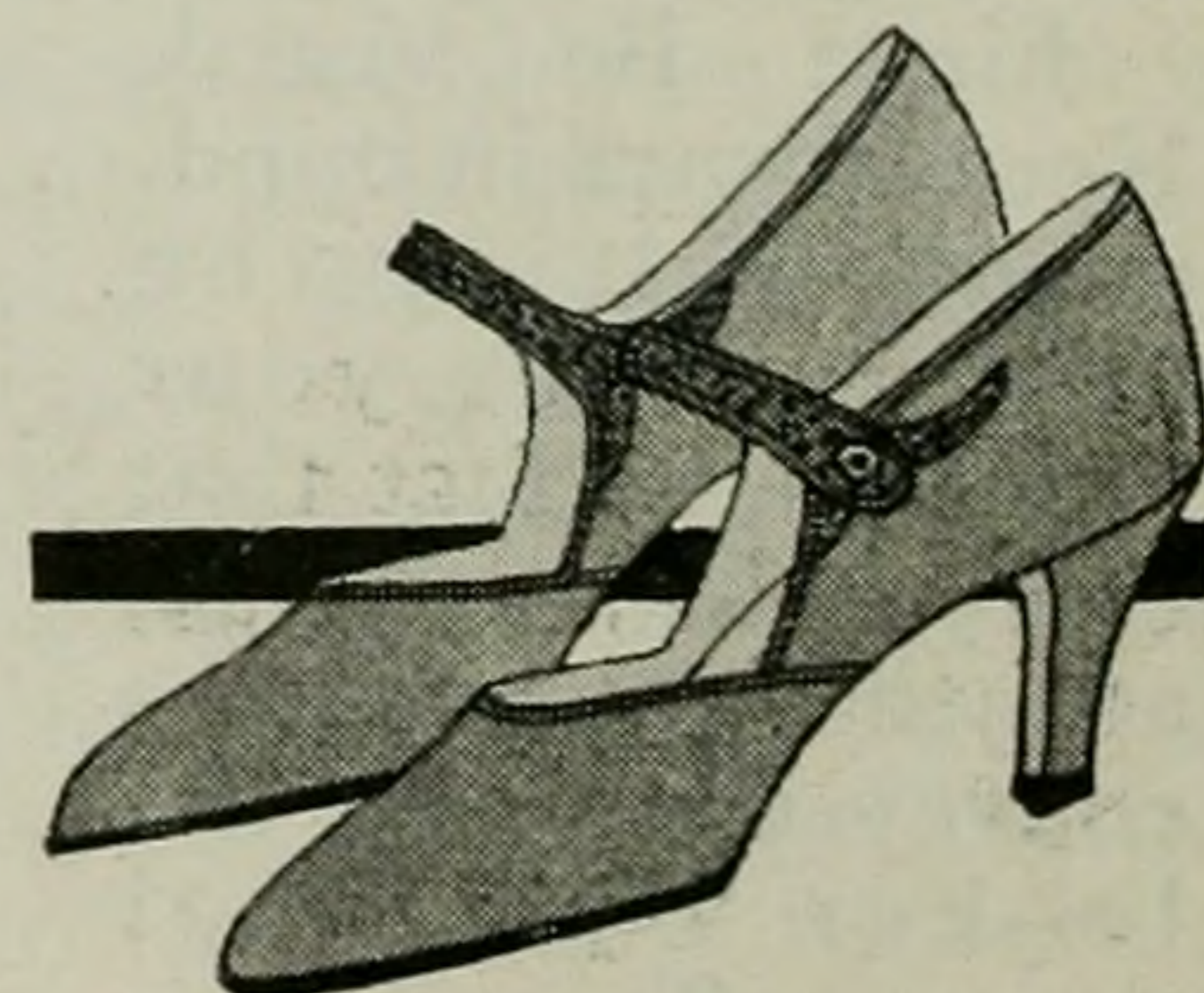
Fifth Avenue Fashions

How to
THOUSANDS of women are delighted users of Photoplay's Shopping Service, which is at the disposal of every reader. It is simple to order. Any article may be returned if not entirely satisfied.



To brighten up frocks that seem drab or trim those that need a finishing touch—at left—a novelty collar and cuff set with scalloped edge—wide gauntlet scalloped cuff—in a light cream shade of assorted Oriental net and Val lace combinations. Set 95c

At right—To complete your important costumes the one strap pumps of French beige kid with genuine tan lizard strap, brown kid with genuine tan lizard strap, grey kid with genuine grey lizard strap, or black patent leather with genuine tan lizard strap. Sizes 3 to 8, widths triple A to D. Price \$10.50

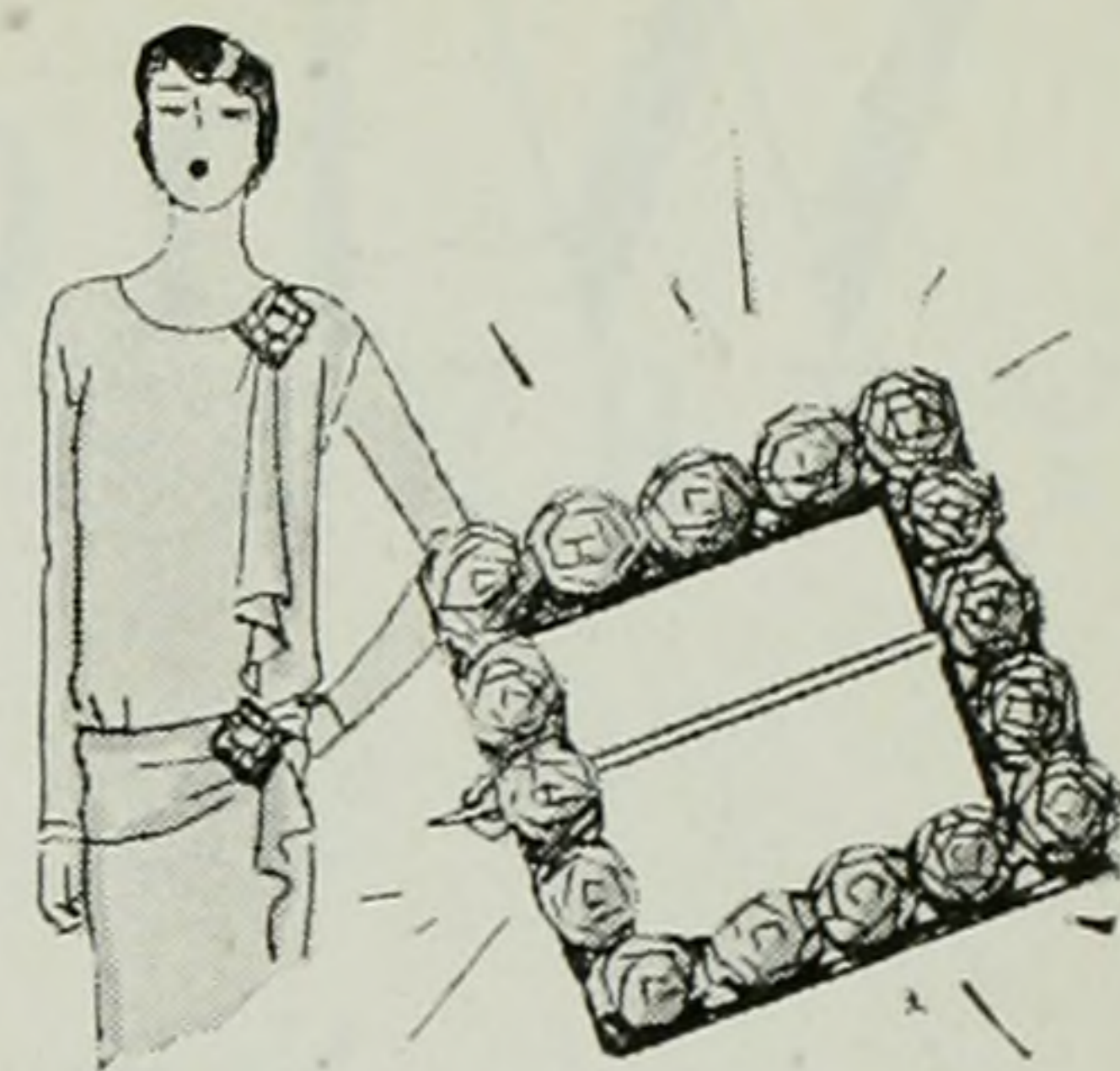




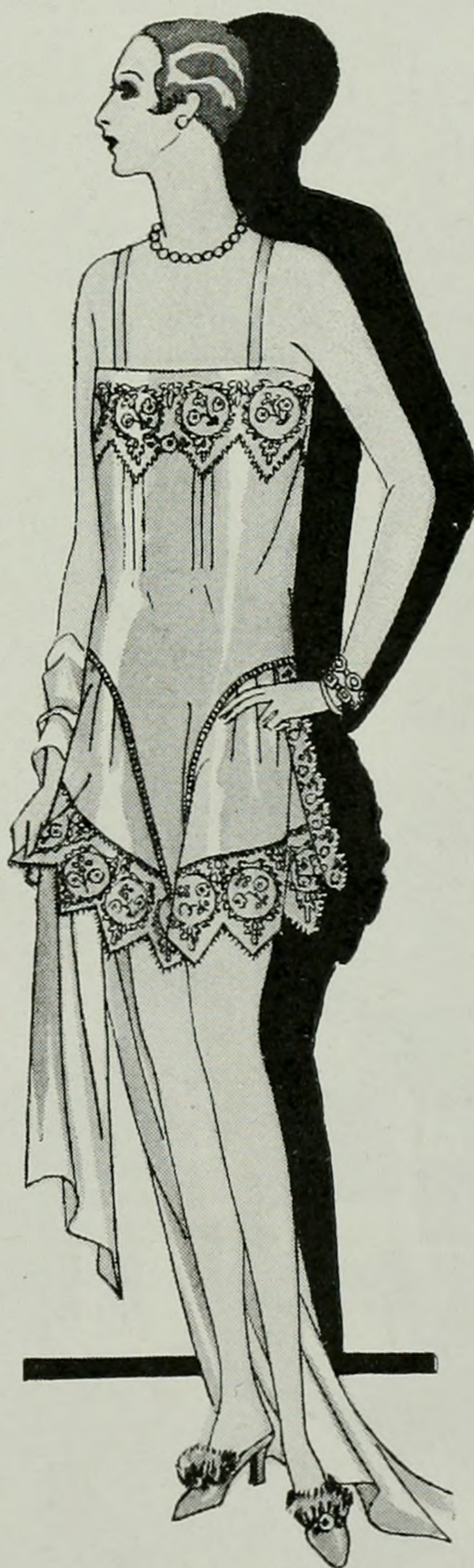
The smart simplicity of the tailored tub silk dress, at left, increases its attractiveness and makes it useful for more than house wear. In green and white, red and white and blue and white checks. Sizes 36 to 46. \$7.95



At left—An irresistible negligee of heavy crepe de chine which has the swaying grace of three tiers of wide silk fringe trimming the skirt, while the surplice neckline and sleeves are edged with same wide fringe. In lovely boudoir shades—turquoise blue, peach, coral, rose, orchid, Nile green, French blue and black. Sizes small, medium and large. \$9.95



The latest accessory—above—A buckle pin of rhinestones will answer the need for pinning belt or drapery and can be used with equally good taste for daytime or evening wear. Remarkably priced \$1.00



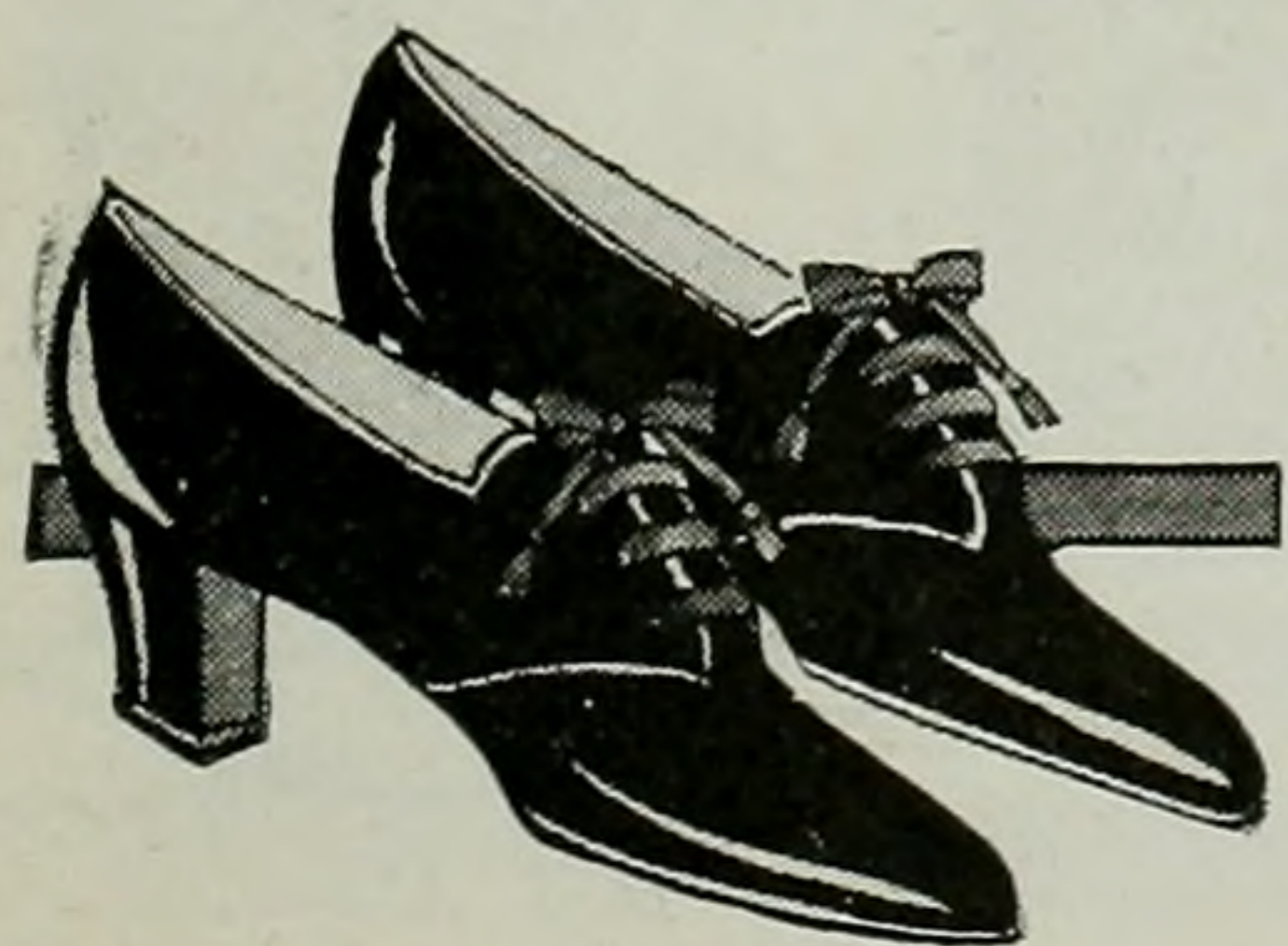
At left—An unusually appealing chemise of crepe de chine richly trimmed with creamy lace, and although it has slim lines freedom is gained by the slashed sides. Colors: peach, flesh, Nile green or orchid. Sizes 34 to 40. Priced at \$2.95

Photoplay

for Limited Incomes

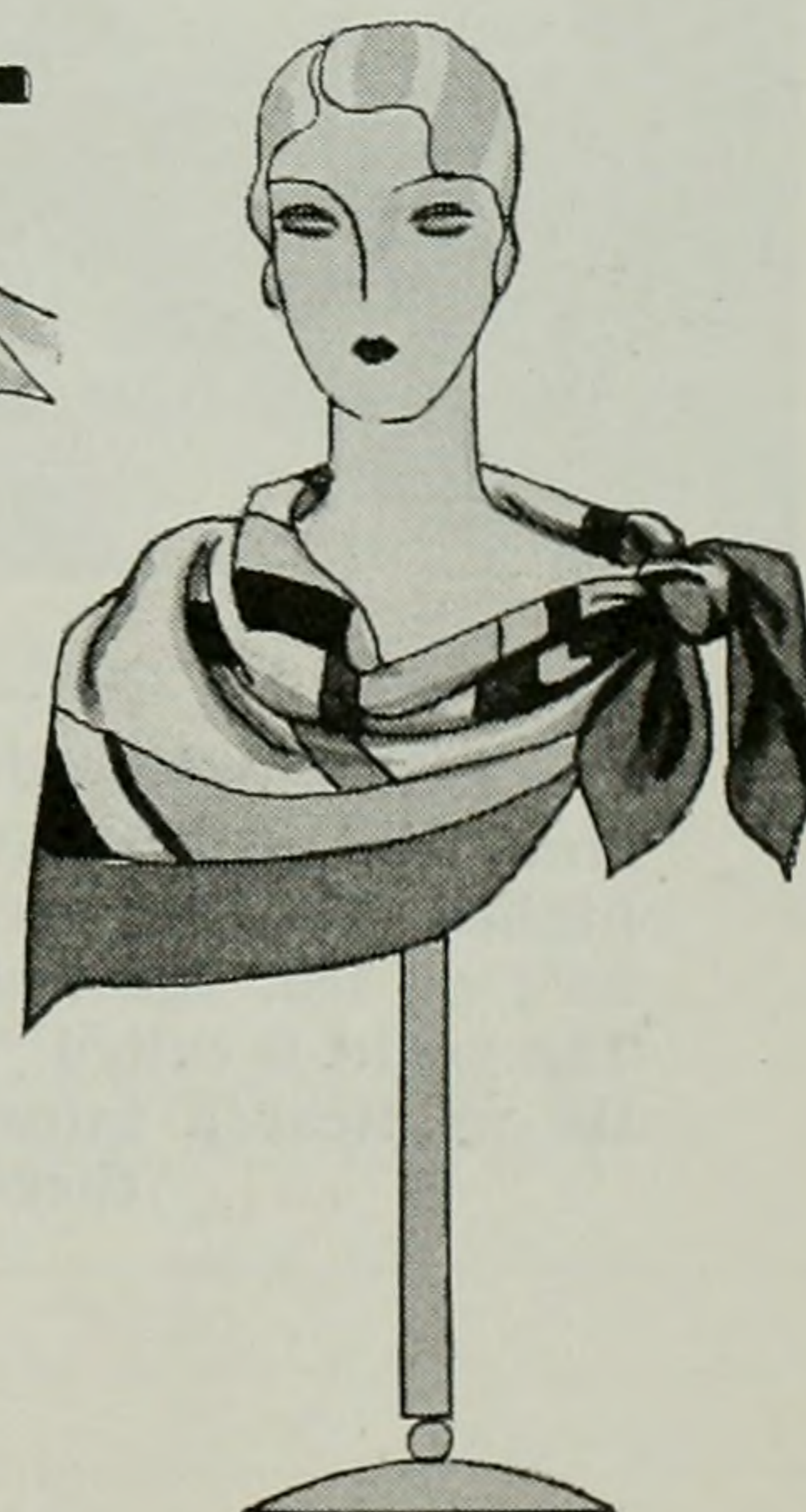
Order

Send check or money order, together with size and color of article desired. Stamps will not be accepted. No articles will be sent C. O. D. Order direct from Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.



The oxfords at left combine smartness and comfort. May be ordered in French beige, brown kid or patent leather with piping of contrasting color. Sizes 3 to 8. Widths triple A to D. Price \$10.50

Right—Another scarf for the first whisperings of Spring—it is 36 inches square and made of very fine georgette in Futuristic designs. Beautiful color combinations in green, rose, tan or blue. Only \$2.95



When *the* DOCTORS ISAGREE

Sometimes the jury brings in a fifty-fifty verdict

“CHICAGO”

“Phyllis Haver seemed to be a logical choice for the part of *Roxie Hart*. From long years of rôles portraying ladies who are no better than they might be, Miss Haver's work is effortless; eminently real.” Joseph McElliott, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

“It would behoove the new star (Phyllis Haver) to overcome her exaggerated facial contortions and learn something of restraint. As it is, she still displays traces of the broad facial expressions of the Mack Sennett school.” George Gerhard, *N. Y. Evening World*.

“HONEYMOON HATE”

“Miss Vidor gives an intelligent conception of the girl who had everything and who wanted her husband to be obedient to her. Tullio Carminati is capital as the *Prince*.” Mordaunt Hall, *N. Y. Times*.

“To see Florence Vidor, who is looking quite mature these days, assuming the part of a spoiled, petulant daughter of wealth and Tullio Carminati enact a juvenile prince is a little too much to take seriously even in these days of miscasting.” Regina Cannon, *N. Y. American*.

“THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY”

“No better choice than Maria Corda could have been made for the rôle of *Helen*. She is quietly amusing, graceful, fascinating and fully cognizant of her feminine attractions as the fair lady who stirred up wars.” Mordaunt Hall, *N. Y. Times*.

“Maria Corda once again proves that there is such a thing as a rôle invulnerable to both mediocre histrionics and tepid biological urge. . . . As a connoisseur of the hot diggity, it is our sad duty to report that the Corda is hot stuff up to and possibly including the limits of Miss Bessie Mason, our favorite *entrepreneur de physique* of the Houston Street Winter Garden.” Donald Thompson, *N. Y. Telegram*.

“THE DOVE”

“Miss Talmadge proves her versatility by reason of an intelligently drawn character of a sprightly, temperamental *senorita*.” Joseph McElliott, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

“*Dolores*, the Dove, comes but faintly to life under the ministrations of Miss Talmadge, who seems preoccupied with gentility.” Wilella Waldorf, *N. Y. Evening Post*.

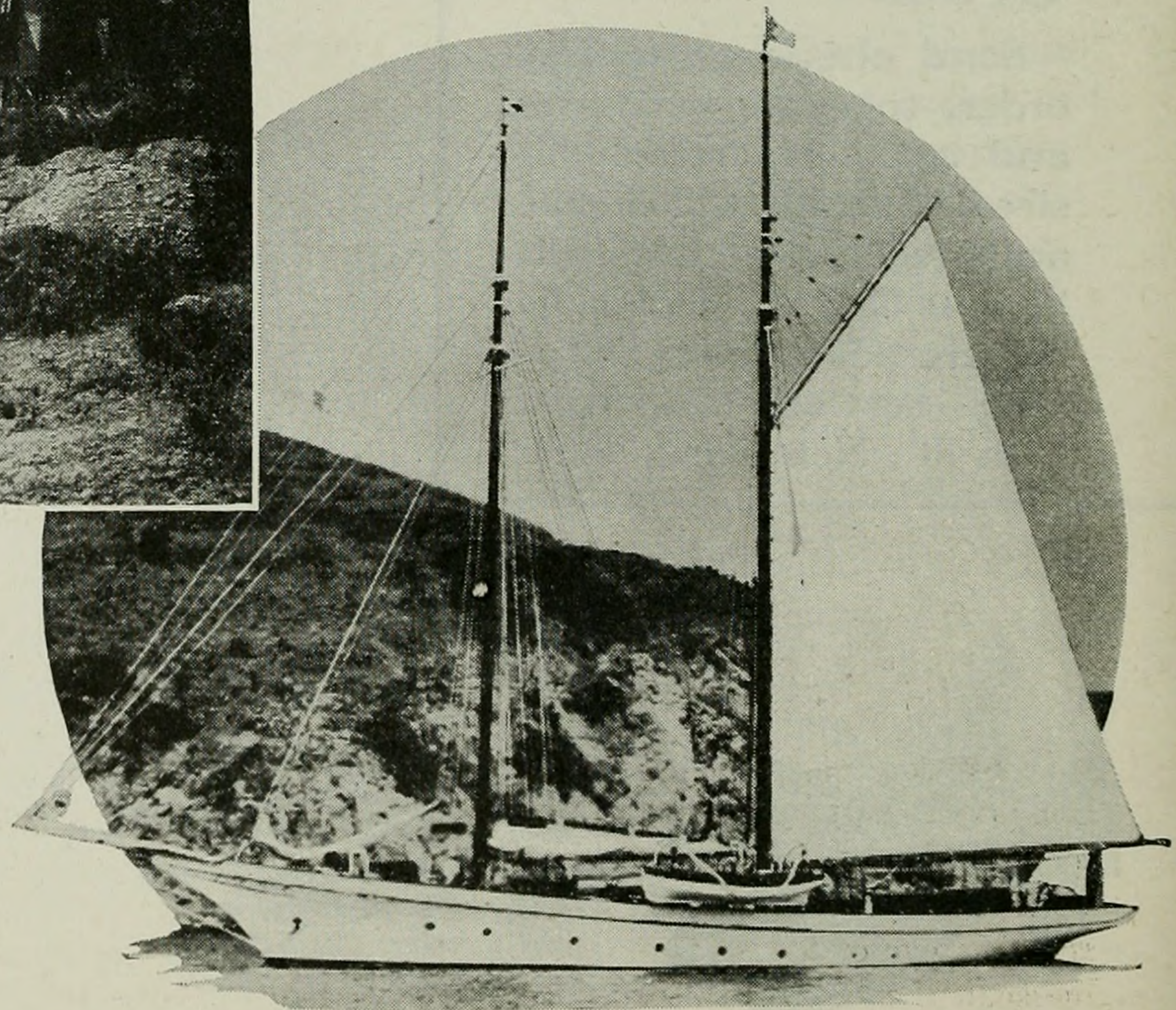
“THE CHINESE PARROT”

“In his second American film, ‘The Chinese Parrot,’ Paul Leni has produced a worthy successor to ‘The Cat and the Canary.’” *N. Y. Times*.

“Paul Leni's second picture for Universal, ‘The Chinese Parrot,’ is not up to the standard set by his earlier film, ‘The Cat and the Canary.’” *N. Y. Graphic*.



The two homes of John Gilbert. On land, Mr. Gilbert lives on one of the highest of the Beverly Hills. When he's at sea, his home is his yacht. The yacht is called “The Temptress.” Do we hear a faint chorus of “Ah, theres!”



On LAND or SEA

The Lovely Young

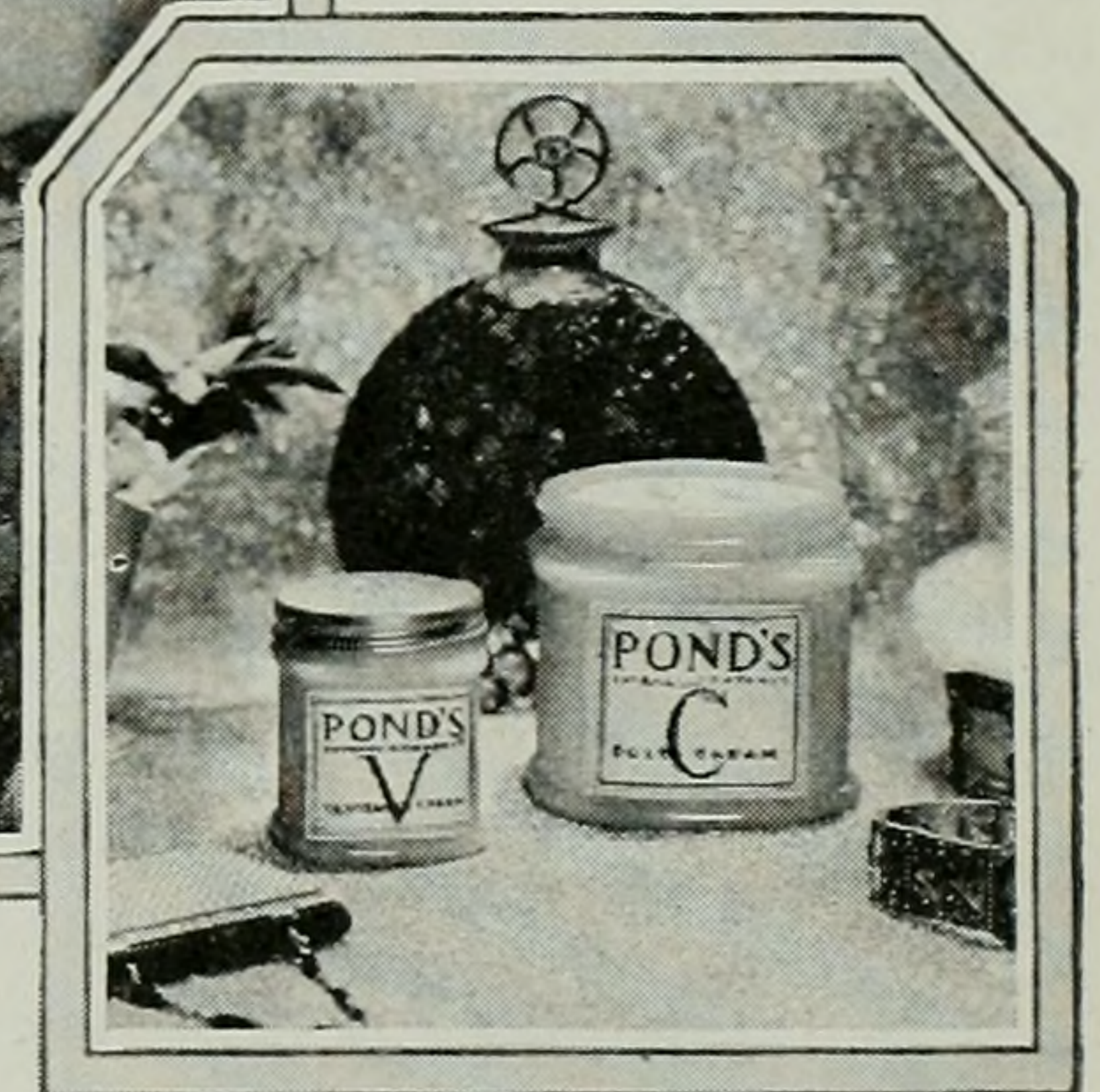
MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY looks at Beauty with the Artist's Eye



Cathleen Mann, now Lady Queensberry, is the daughter of one of England's most distinguished portrait painters, and is herself an artist of unusual talent. Like her father, her special gift is for portraiture



The Tenth Marchioness of Queensberry



Guardians of that precious gift called Beauty, Pond's Two Creams are chosen by women of distinction

SMALL, dark, vivid — and very modern is this petite English gentlewoman, the Marchioness of Queensberry.

Still in her early twenties, she deftly combines—as only the “moderns” seem to know how—the rôles of wife, mother, hostess, sportswoman, artist.

The daughter of one of England's most distinguished portrait painters widely known for his portraits of the Royal Family, Lady Queensberry is herself a painter of unusual talent. Like her father her special gift is for portraiture.

She entertains frequently and charmingly in London; she rides, plays golf, hunts with the famous Bicester Hounds.—And always she paints. For to Lady Queensberry her work is her life.

“I like society,” she says, “—and oh, I've been delighted with your American society! But it can only be a recreation with me—never a pursuit!” Always the keen eye of the artist is seeking the unusual, the beautiful; the deft fingers

long for the brush and canvas to record it.

A portrayer of lovely women, Lady Queensberry's comments upon beauty are of exceptional interest to women everywhere. “To the eye of the artist,” she observes, “nothing is at once so exquisite and so elusive as a lovely complexion. And the artist, perhaps more than most women, values the gift of Beauty, knows that it should be cultivated, and appreciates the means of guarding it.

“For my own part, I sincerely believe in the gentle ministrations of Pond's Two Creams.”

The Delightful New Pond's Way
Now there are two delicious new Pond's preparations for use with the famous creams.

First apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its fine oils lift out all dirt, restore suppleness. Then with Pond's new

Cleansing Tissues wipe away all oil and dirt.

Next tone and firm your skin with Pond's new Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish and protection. At night refresh and cleanse your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener.

Used regularly, this method brings new beauty to your skin.

New 14c Offer: Mail this coupon and fourteen cents (14c) for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. C,
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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Are the Stars Doomed?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

if there was any good reason why ordinary business methods were not applicable.

About the same time, a crisis developed in the policy of acquisition and construction of theaters to serve as outlets for the products of the studios. Paramount, under the able leadership of Adolph Zukor, fought its way to leadership and naturally was the principal target of complaints of small theater competitors, and the object of attention by the Federal Trades Commission.

All of the machinery of the larger companies had been built up around a system of "block booking." Theater owners had to buy all the productions of a company to secure any at all. The Hays group, the organized producers and distributors, were willing to battle it out among themselves, but the independent theater operators yelled "murder," and the government took a hand in the game.

The independents complained that the big operators were crowding them out by methods that were not good cricket, and wanted the government to let them pick and choose pictures to show in their theaters. The battle is still on. One thing we may be sure of. The independent theater owner is too concerned with his own troubles to worry about the star's problems.

GETTING back to Hollywood. Last summer the producers got together and announced a horizontal cut of ten per cent in all salaries over fifty dollars.

That started something. The actors, directors, and writers affected screamed with pain and indignation.

Good fellows all, the producers were willing that the matter should be submitted to arbitration by the newly formed Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a supposedly idealistic and altruistic organization, the published purpose of which was a renaissance of art and all that sort of thing. All the little artists and scientists were to be one happy family; you know, one of those one-for-all and all-for-one Utopian affairs.

The decision of the illustrious academy was that the salary lads were the artists and the producers the scientists, and that there were other ways of skinning a cat than putting it under a buzz saw.

The producers were glad enough to call off the fight because it was arousing the neighborhood. The artists got out of hand and were loudly calling attention to a lot of business inefficiencies and

executive incompetencies that reflected on the producers. It might become embarrassing if the bankers overheard and took a hand in the shindig.

The artists promised to control their temperaments, pay attention to their school work, behave themselves after school hours, and not to carry their flasks to church. The scientists patted them on the back, and promised them lollipops for Christmas.

Then the producers forgot all about their scientific glory and settled down to

They are whispering "conspiracy" (in restraint of trade), but they are *whispering* it. There is talk of midnight meetings of the movie Romanoffs and Rasputins, and of blood flowing in the gutters, but there has been no real massacre of the stars.

THE *conspiracy* line was thought up by the lawyer for a leading man whose box office value was decreasing as his years were increasing. He held out for three thousand dollars a week and the producers knew he wasn't worth it.

So because a few of them talked it over, he claimed he was being conspired against. The truth of the matter is that they got on to him.

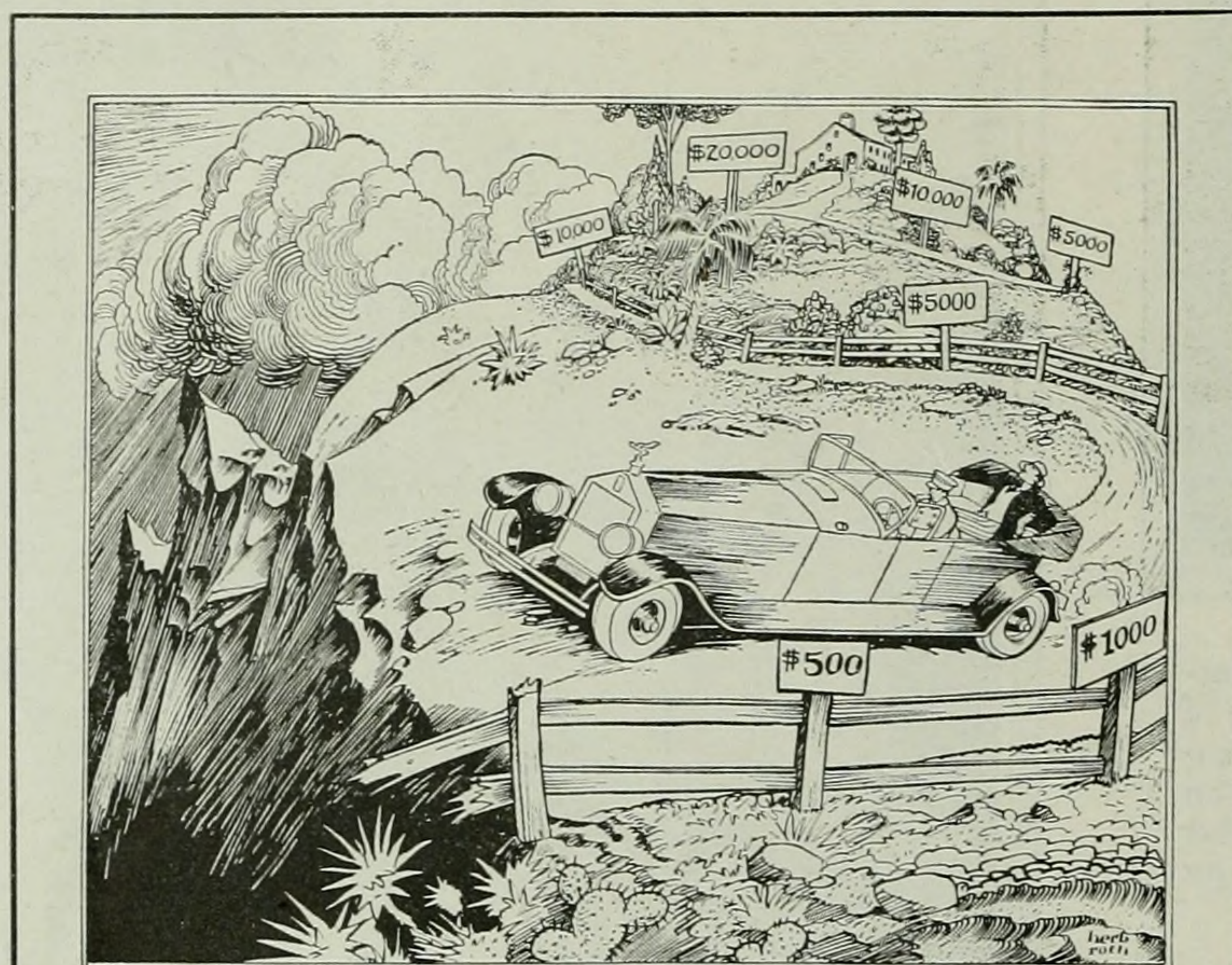
The drastic actions of the producers have involved principally elder stars who have declined in box office value and won't admit it, or younger players who either failed to live up to their early promise, or who, after a few successes, gained an exaggerated idea of their own value. These two classes of players are in an unhappy position. The older stars have for years been getting thousands of dollars a week, and for the most part pretty much their own way in the selection of stories and directors. They have considered themselves the very bulwark of the industry, and the producers who held them under expensive long term contracts, encouraged them in that attitude, partly because they believed it themselves, and partly because it was considered good business to use their popularity and box office value to help sell

the other pictures in their program.

THE shining example of this was Paramount's offer of twenty thousand dollars a week to Gloria Swanson who had been a best seller. Gloria made the mistake of her life when she didn't accept it. Colleen Moore gets half that amount because First National thinks she is valuable as a headliner for their program. Metro's contracts with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo have some time to run, but those players mean actual cash in the till, and unless their box office appeal dies down, Metro will reach away down into the sock to hold them.

In the movie business, as in monarchies, the frequent coronation of new kings and queens is expensive. It costs a lot to publicize a new crown head or a new movie star.

And so the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



"THE golden days of sudden riches are over. Dreams are rudely shattered, and headaches and heartaches are epidemic in Hollywood."

become just ordinary good business men working on business principles, the ones those inartistic bankers had been wondering about.

Stars and directors whose box office effectiveness didn't measure up to their salaries were dropped when their contracts expired, and featured players and others began to feel the effects on the unpaid mortgages on the swimming pools of Beverly Hills.

The producers took the artists seriously and began to measure them by their box office appeal instead of their sex appeal. The artists had yelled loudly for business methods in the halls of the Academy, and the producers gave them what they wanted.

And the terrible part of it is that the artists . . . going back to my first paragraph . . . feel that the real quake is still to come.



...more becoming than your nicest hat?

When you take off your hat, are you *prettier*? Does your hair release natural little lights to lend a sparkle to your eyes? Is it so satiny, so alive that it flatters your features and warms your coloring?

Here are 2 Packer Shampoos to make your hair lustrous to see, soft to touch, a truly *becoming* frame for your face:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, coconut oil, and soothing glycerine. It lathers

in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!
2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and coconut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle 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. For *dry* hair, these two shampoos are gently cleansing. And for *oily*

hair, so quick and safe that you can use them as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep you hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it 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.

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Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

OLIVE OIL

PINE TAR

PACKER'S TAR SOAP—Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-C
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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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

THE day before Christmas Gertrude Olmsted was worrying about presents for her family.

Of course she had a big ball for all three of them, and three new collars.

"But what else shall I get?" she queried.

Then she answered her own question. "Oh, I know, three special bones tied with red ribbon."

And we remembered that Gertrude's and Robert Z. Leonard's family consists of two wire terrier puppies and one brindle Aberdeen.

LORNA MOON was asked if she knew "Mrs. So and So."

Her reply was: "I am not the sort of person who knows people. I am the sort of person whom people know."

The gal has a sense of humor.

THE prize for the height of bad taste is hereby awarded to Al Jolson. Jolson was smart-cracking over the radio in a widely advertised hour. And right in the middle of his talk, Al let slip the following:

"I like Clara Bow. Clara and I were engaged. But I broke it off because she slept cross-wise in bed."

This was just a gratuitous and unnecessary crack at Clara, at Hollywood and at the movies. It does not sound well coming from a man who, in spite of his stage reputation, doesn't come within shouting distance of Clara Bow as a movie star.

WITH a tale of woe that would make you break down and sob, Roy D'Arcy has gone before a Los Angeles



Picture of the canine star, Flash, all dressed up to play the rôle of *Old Big Chief Chase-the-Cat*

judge and asked to be freed from his wife, Laura Rhinock Duffy D'Arcy. Roy says

the Missus was cruel and claims that she talked like a film critic. She once told Roy that he was nothing but a "ham actor."

Mrs. D'Arcy is the daughter of the late Joseph Rhinock of Kentucky, a millionaire showman.

WHY producers have melancholia. It was during a matinee of Lillian Gish's picture, "The Enemy," the story of which is laid in Vienna. The scene showed soldiers leaving for the front.

"Who are those soldiers?" asked one spectator of another.

"Those are Austrians."

"You mean Australians."

"No, I mean Austrians."

"Which side did they fight on?"

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER is worried. They have a lion in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" that's thirty-eight years old, sway-back and toothless.

"'Fraid the public'll think it's Lon Chaney in the lion's skin as well as in the lead of the pictures," one of their wise boys told me.

AN overlord was giving instructions to a scenario writer.

"Now, in this story," he said, "you must plant something that will bring out Adolphe Menjou's fastiduity."

JOHN BATTEN, an English stage actor, had been in Hollywood five months trying to crash into pictures without success, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



Introducing a new occupation, that of millinery architect. She sketches, plans and constructs a hat to suit the personality of the individual customer. The hats are built on your head in a few minutes. The fit is perfect and the lines are designed to suit the requirements of your face. And Ruth Taylor is delighted with the result

Camel

*The most popular cigarette
in the United States*

Quality put it there—quality keeps it there. Camel smokers are not concerned and need not be concerned with anything but the *pleasure* of smoking.



If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.



The Business Girl Knows

The Dollars-and-Cents Value of "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

THE universal rule for daily skin cleansing with soap and water is founded on one important factor: *A true complexion soap is meant.*

Thus millions use Palmolive, a soap made for ONE purpose ONLY; to safeguard and protect the skin. Remember this when purchasing soap for facial use.

AS beauty is rated a dollars-and-cents asset by women of the stage and screen, so too it is rated today by women in the business world. Note there the lovely complexions that you see.

The rule for *gaining* a good complexion is the same as for *keeping* one—soap and water, as advised by virtually every leading authority on skin care. This to keep the skin and pores clean and free of beauty-impairing accumulations.

The one secret is in the *kind of soap* one uses. Only a true complexion soap can be wisely employed on the skin. Other soaps may be too harsh.

The rule for "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Thus millions use Palmolive, in this way—a soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard the skin. A good complexion is worth too much for experiment.

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.

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, Illinois.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time, over station WEAJ and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.

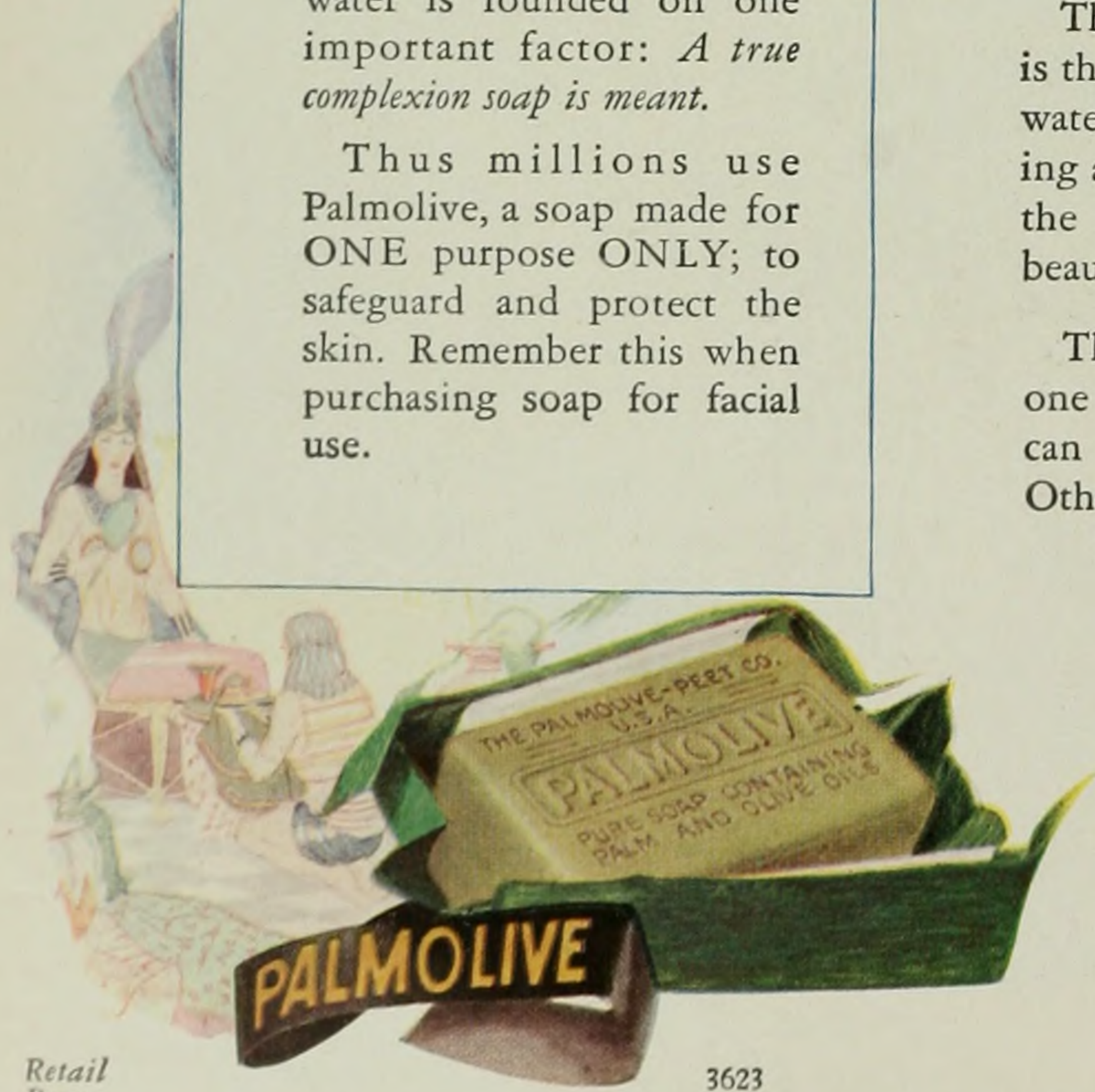
KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3623





Recipes *to* Please MEN

NO, I am not going to quote the old saying that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

But I am going to remind housewives of an important point in home-making: always plan the principal meal at night to please the man of the family.

Men look forward to dinner. It is, or should be, the pleasantest hour of their whole day. Consequently, the cook should make a special effort to cater to the masculine taste.

The meal need not be elaborate, but it should be filling.

It should be without frills, but it should be served promptly and piping hot.

Aim for variety.

Don't allow dinner to fall into a routine by serving the same old combination of dishes.

The men stars of the screen have contributed to PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book a collection of recipes that will help you make some agreeable changes in your dinner menus.

For instance, most men like beefsteak. And yet the housewife is sometimes ashamed to send beefsteak to the table so often.

In PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book, you will find a new way of serving steak.

This recipe was contributed by Thomas Meighan. It is broiled fillet of beef with horse-radish sauce.

1 tenderloin steak
4 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon vinegar

3 tablespoons grated horse-radish
salt, pepper, butter and cayenne.

Put slices of tenderloin steak, cut three-fourths' inch thick, into a hot blazer which has been rubbed over with a piece of beef fat. Sear one side, turn and sear other side.

Cook four minutes, turning frequently.

Spread with soft butter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

To make the sauce: Beat four tablespoons of heavy cream until stiff, add three tablespoons grated horse-radish root, mixed with one tablespoon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, and a few grains cayenne.

If you will fill out the little coupon and send a quarter, you will receive PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book, with one hundred of the best recipes you ever tasted.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

when he played a part at a Writers' club exhibition. Cecil De Mille saw him and signed him at once for a part in "The Godless Girl," C. B.'s next personally directed picture.

Now won't the Writers' club be busy!

ESTELLE TAYLOR is back on the Fox lot for the first time in five years, to play opposite George O'Brien in "Honor Bound." Estelle made her first big hit, you will remember, in "Monte Cristo," "Blind Wives" and "A Fool There Was," under the Fox banner.

FOR several days, a girl has been attempting to talk with Walter Hiers. Like most screen stars, Walter hurries to and from the studio. So the girl had to wait her time. One day she nabbed him.

She wanted to sell Walter a fat reducer!

If there is one thing Hiers does not want to do, that thing is to reduce. Upon his weight depends his screen success. The loss of a pound causes a small riot in the Hiers' household.

CAMILLA HORN, the youthful German actress, now playing opposite John Barrymore in the "Tempest," arrived in motion pictures via the pajama route, so to speak.

At least Camilla says her success is due to the fact that she was taught to be a good *hausfrau*, to cook and mend and sew. When less than sixteen, with four pairs of men's pajamas under her arm (every stitch made by herself), she marched into Berlin and sold these to the biggest haberdashery there. Other orders followed. That's how she got to Berlin. And the UFA motion picture company is in Berlin. We know the rest.

RONALD COLMAN and a cameraman arrived at the Sam Goldwyn set so early one morning that they found the front gate closed. They went down to the side entrance, used by plumbers, carpenters and the most lowly assistants.

The gateman recognized the cameraman and let him pass, but balked at letting Mr. Colman enter.

"Hey," he called back the cameraman, "Who is this guy?"

"Why, that's Mr. Colman."

"Colman—Colman. What department's he in, anyway?"

THEY were photographing bed room scenes in "Lady Raffles" and Lilyan Tashman was in bed, supposedly sound asleep. While the lights were being arranged, she closed her eyes, for the Kleig rays are strong. Then the cameras were set.

"All ready, Miss Tashman," spoke the director, "But wait! That's no way to simulate sleep. It isn't natural."

No reply or change from Lilyan.

"I said to change your position," repeated the director, louder this time. "You don't look as though you were sleeping at all."

Still no reply from Miss Tashman.

Whereupon the director strode to the bed and shook Lilyan. She opened her eyes suddenly, seemed surprised, and then laughed. Miss Tashman had been sound asleep! There's temperament for you.

THE Academy of Music, down on Fourteenth Street in New York, is doing a rushing business with a series of personal appearances. Francis X. Bushman, Priscilla Dean, Anita Stewart and others are making brief stage appearances at several thousand per week.



A couple of comedy terriers. Johnny Hines found this pup in New York and took him to Hollywood to play in "Chinatown Charlie." The little canine comic is called "Dixie"

Incidentally, Anita Stewart is going to make her debut as a Night Club hostess at the Little Club, originally managed by Mrs. Park Benjamin.

REMEMBER when Billie Burke and Madge Evans were both movie stars—Billie head luminary with Thomas Ince's organization and Madge star child of the old World program?

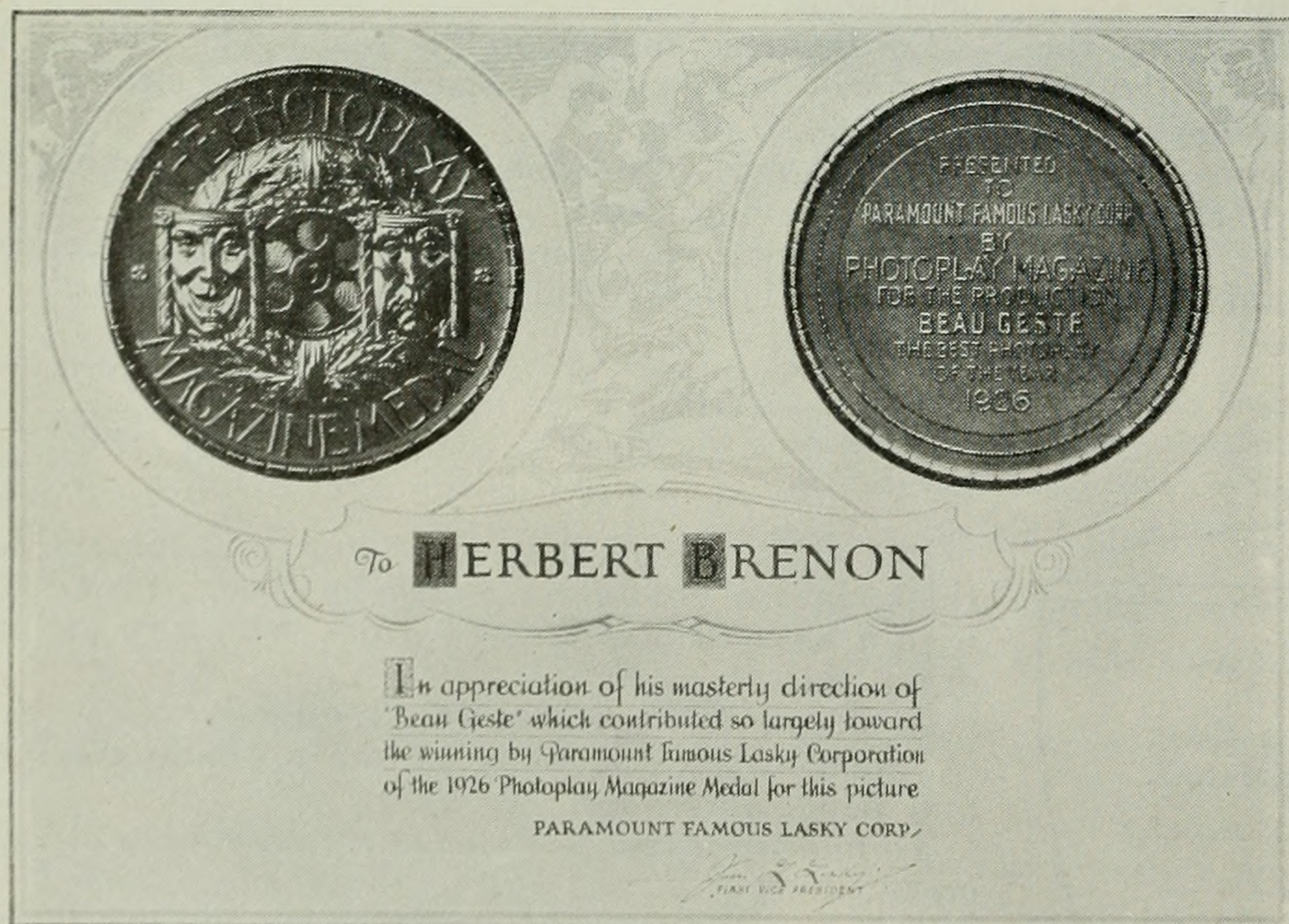
Now they are playing together in a New York stage production. They enact mother and daughter in a sparkling comedy called "The Marquise."

Madge has been studying industriously the last few years. Her speaking voice is charming and in "The Marquise," wearing a red wig, she looks remarkably like Miss Burke.

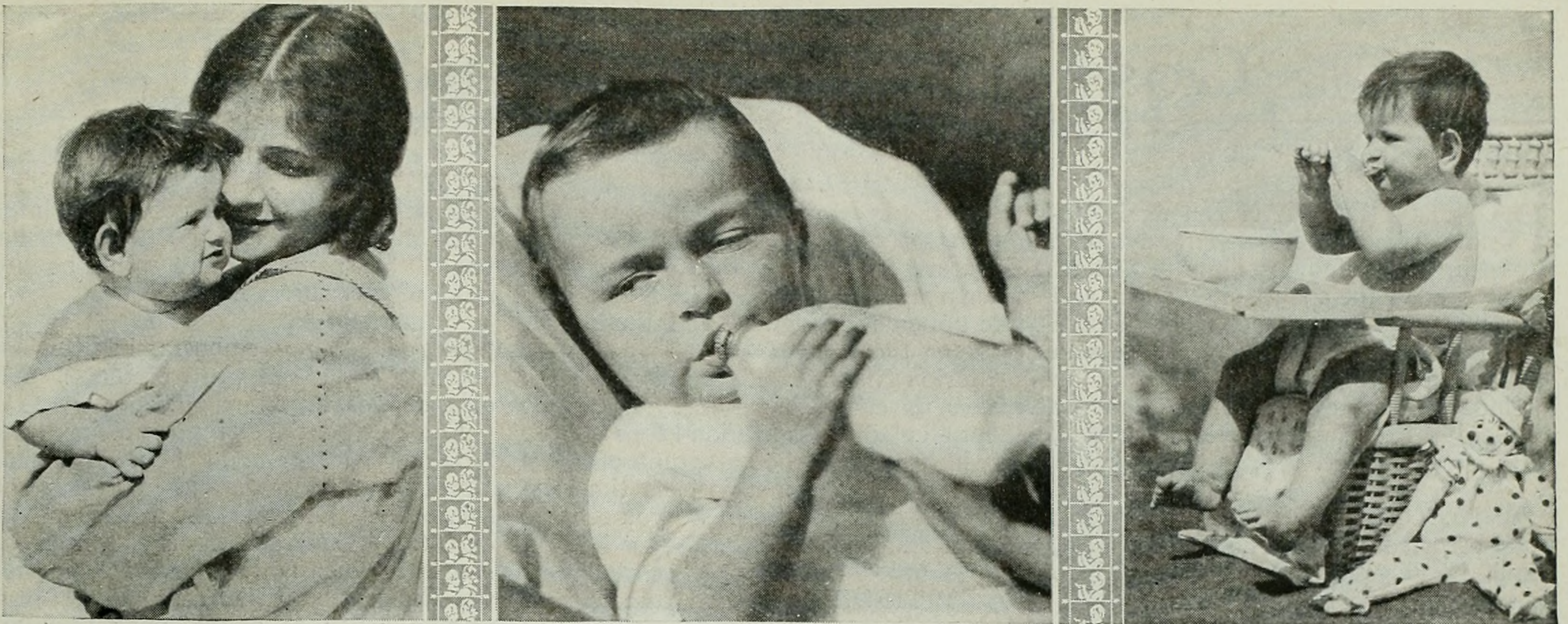
IRENE RICH is about the most domestic star in pictures. Take Irene's recent flying visit to New York as an example. Ensnared at the aristocratic Plaza hotel, waited upon by press agents and reporters, Irene couldn't keep her conversation away from her two daughters and her new husband. Ask her about future pictures and Irene replies with some remark about her daughter in college. She hardly left her hotel suite because of fearing to miss telephone calls from her husband on the Coast.

Only one thing could I learn from Irene regarding her future. She may go into vaudeville. She looks unbelievably young and pretty. She has nothing to fear from the camera. But having made one Vitaphone picture Irene discovered her voice better than she believed it to be. Hence the temptation of the two-a-day offers.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



Your votes won this tribute for Herbert Brenon. Paramount-Famous-Lasky presented this diploma of honor to the director of "Beau Geste," which picture was awarded the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for being the best picture presented in 1926



Keep this PRICELESS RECORD of their Childhood Days

.. in a Wonderful Movie that you make yourself

HOW fast they grow! Never the same from one day to another. Always changing . . . from babyhood to childhood, to adolescence . . . and then they're gone forever. It's the one problem every mother has to face.

Don't let another day slip by without making this priceless record of your children. Keep them forever just as they are today . . . as they never will be again . . . in a wonderful movie that you make yourself.

You photograph them in action! Running . . . romping . . . laughing . . . living in their happy, carefree way. Today you can capture it all on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your darkened room.

Every little motion is there. Every gesture . . . every smile . . . every flash of personality . . . you get each expression, to enjoy over and over again in a movie on your own silver screen.

Just think of what this priceless film will mean to you . . . in three, in five, in ten years' time.

Home Movie-Making Simplified

The hard work is done. The months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the effort of Eastman Scientists, Home Movies are as easy to make as the ordinary snap-shot.

The camera is simplicity itself.

No need to focus. No grinding crank. Just sight it either from waist height or eye level. Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside and the film slides quickly behind the lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on a thin strip of film.

Easy to show in your own home

Now comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken, your work is done. We develop them for you at no extra cost, and return them ready to run on your own silver screen.

You simply place them in a Kodascope Projector . . . a remarkably ingenious device for throwing the moving pictures you have made on the portable screen that comes with your Ciné-Kodak outfit.

Just thread this projector and turn the switch. Then instantly . . . almost magically . . . your screen leaps into



action. Home Movies have been simplified at last.

Official United States Government movies of the World War are also available. War Cinegraphs—200 feet per reel—\$15 each. Special authentic war picture, "America Goes Over"—

2,000 feet (an hour and a quarter showing), \$150. In addition, feature films with famous stars may be rented from a Kodascope Library.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100- and 200-foot reels covering a variety of subjects . . . comedy, drama, cartoons, travel . . . are available at your dealer's. Price \$7.50 per 100 feet, the reel becoming a permanent part of your film library.

Big production brings low prices

Today, because of the vast production facilities of the Eastman Kodak Company, a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as \$140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in familiar yellow box.

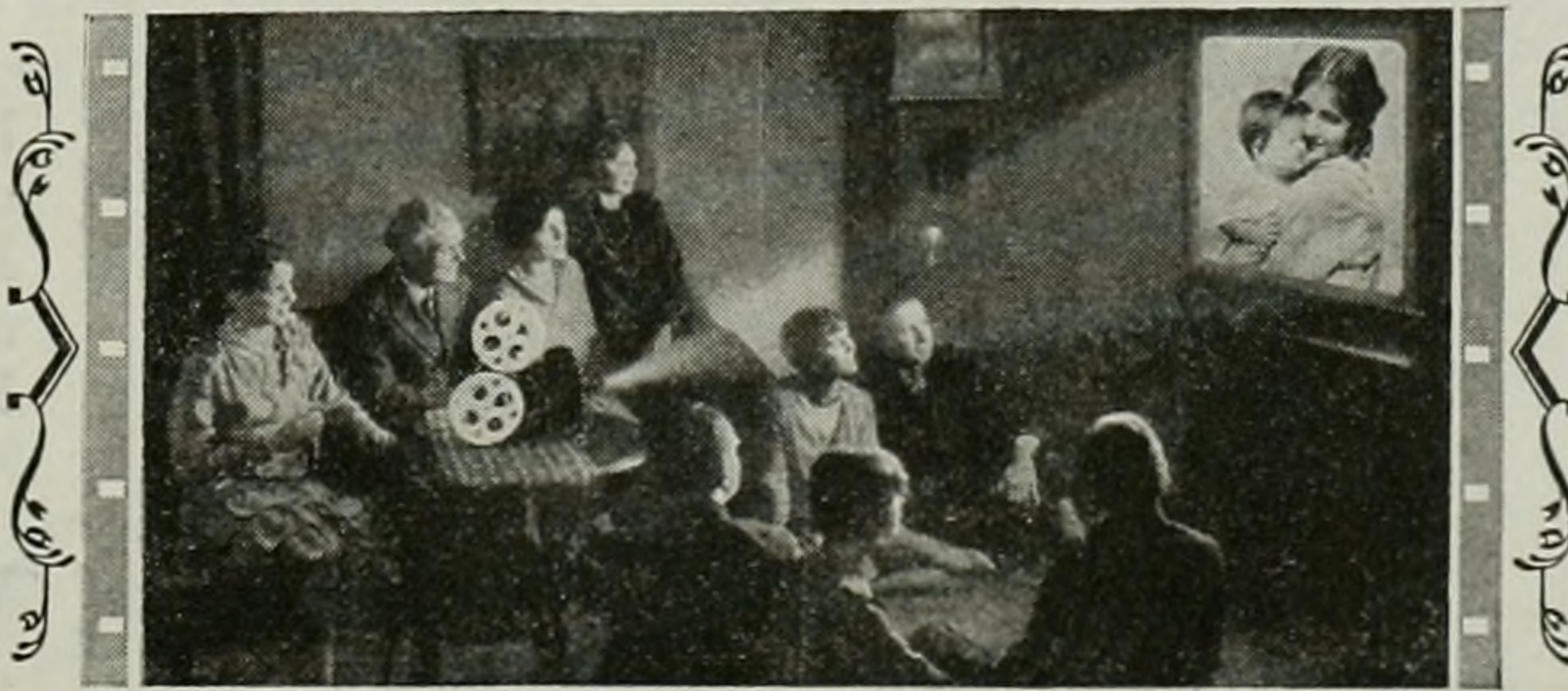
See the Ciné-Kodak display at your nearest Kodak dealer's. Also clip coupon below for booklet.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. PP-3
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....



Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

ROSETTA DUNCAN can again declare, "My nose knows," for dynamic Rosetta, of the famous Duncan Sisters, lately touring the country in "Topsy and Eva," has had her sense of smell restored by an operation. For four years Rosetta couldn't tell a piece of pork from an orchid (with her eyes shut) but now she can enjoy Frenche perfume and cheese, with equal facility.

A NON-PROFESSIONAL visitor was escorted onto "The Patriot" set, Emil Jannings' latest. Introduced to Lewis Stone, he became effusive.

"Oh, Mr. Stone, you are my favorite actor. Your work in your last picture was beyond description. I never saw such acting. It was—"

"Yes? What picture was that?" Mr. Stone politely interrupted.

"The picture—ah, oh,—Why, the name has just slipped away for the moment. But your work was superb, I remember."

Mr. Stone's eyes widened slightly. "What type of picture was it?" he queried.

"Oh, ah,—the usual thing you know. It was your acting that made the picture—"

"And who else played in it?" Mr. Stone was still politely curious.

"Why,—ah, now those names—"

"Now, I know you're my favorite actor," Mr. Stone concluded the conversation.

AS most of you know, it has been quite the thing to have an autograph book. Every fan in the Hollywood district, be-

tween the ages of eight and twenty, has one. One of the best places to collect signatures is at the theater entrance, when a preview is being held. The "fans" line up on the sidewalk and there is no escaping them.

Marion Nixon frankly admits that she makes no effort to get away but signs them all gladly, for Marion keeps a book in which she gets the autograph of every member of her company, each time she starts on a new picture. So you see, we are all alike underneath.

APITIFUL Hollywood case is that of a man who works regularly in pictures, but can never see himself on the screen. He is blind! James Cruze uses him in every picture it is possible to do so. To me it seemed so pathetic, but the man reminded me "Not half so pathetic as if I had no chance to work."

"I get the next best thrill to seeing myself," he told Nena Quartaro and Gaston Glass, when they were all working in "The Red Mark." "When my pictures arrive, I go with a friend. He tells me when my scenes come, and I enjoy the thrill of knowing I am there and others are seeing me."

ARIDE in the "Country" often means "Walking Back." Anyway, it did in the case of the George K. Turner story that C. B. De Mille had planned for Vera Reynolds. In other words, the title was changed. But "Walking Back" must have been pretty light, since we understand both William Howard and Rupert Julian turned down the job of directing it. Thereupon, C. B. promptly

said to Vera: "If it isn't good enough for those directors, it isn't good enough for you." So, perhaps there won't be any need of "Walking Back."

IMAGINE my embarrassment when they all came with presents!" exclaimed Dorothy Mackaill.

Eddie Cline, the director, was having a birthday party out at First National. Dorothy was jealous and in a spirit of fun, blithely announced it was her birthday, too. Congratulations she enjoyed. But later when flowers, perfume, and all the things that delight the heart of a woman began to arrive, poor Dorothy was frightfully embarrassed. Then she didn't have the nerve to tell she had been teasing. Now, when her real birthday arrives, she will have to keep mum.

PHOTOPLAY ran a picture of Joan Crawford under the mistletoe.

Since it came out, Joan's secretary has been running around in circles trying to answer all the letters.

College boys all over the country wrote Joan long pleading letters, that they might be her companion on Christmas. Four boys from the University of Pittsburgh signed one letter together reminding her that they would play football here on New Year's, but would have plenty of time after the game for playing. While the Penn boys reminded her that they would be in Berkeley for a game, but returning home via Los Angeles. Joan refuses to tell how many she actually received but she gives the magazine picture the full credit!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

Selecting Idea Contest Winners

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its character is indicated by a symbol in the check or in the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVIE, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Form 1291-S

SYMBOLS

DL	Day Letter
NT	Night Message
NL	Night Letter
LCO	Deferred
C	Cable Letter
WEL	Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at 427 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Telephone Wabash 4321 1928 JAN 12 PM 8 06

,SB704 50 NL DUPLICATE AND CORRECTED COPY=HOLLYWOOD CALIF 12

JAMES R QUIRK=

750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE CHICAGO ILL=

WALTER AND I LEAVING FOR NEWYORK MONDAY AND WILL BRING LIST OF CONTEST WINNERS WITH US SO YOU WILL HAVE LIST ON JANUARY TWENTIETH TRUST THIS IS SATISFACTORY AS IT IS BEST WE CAN DO AS WE HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO SELECT COMPLETE LIST OF WINNERS BEST REGARDS=

JESSE L LASKY.

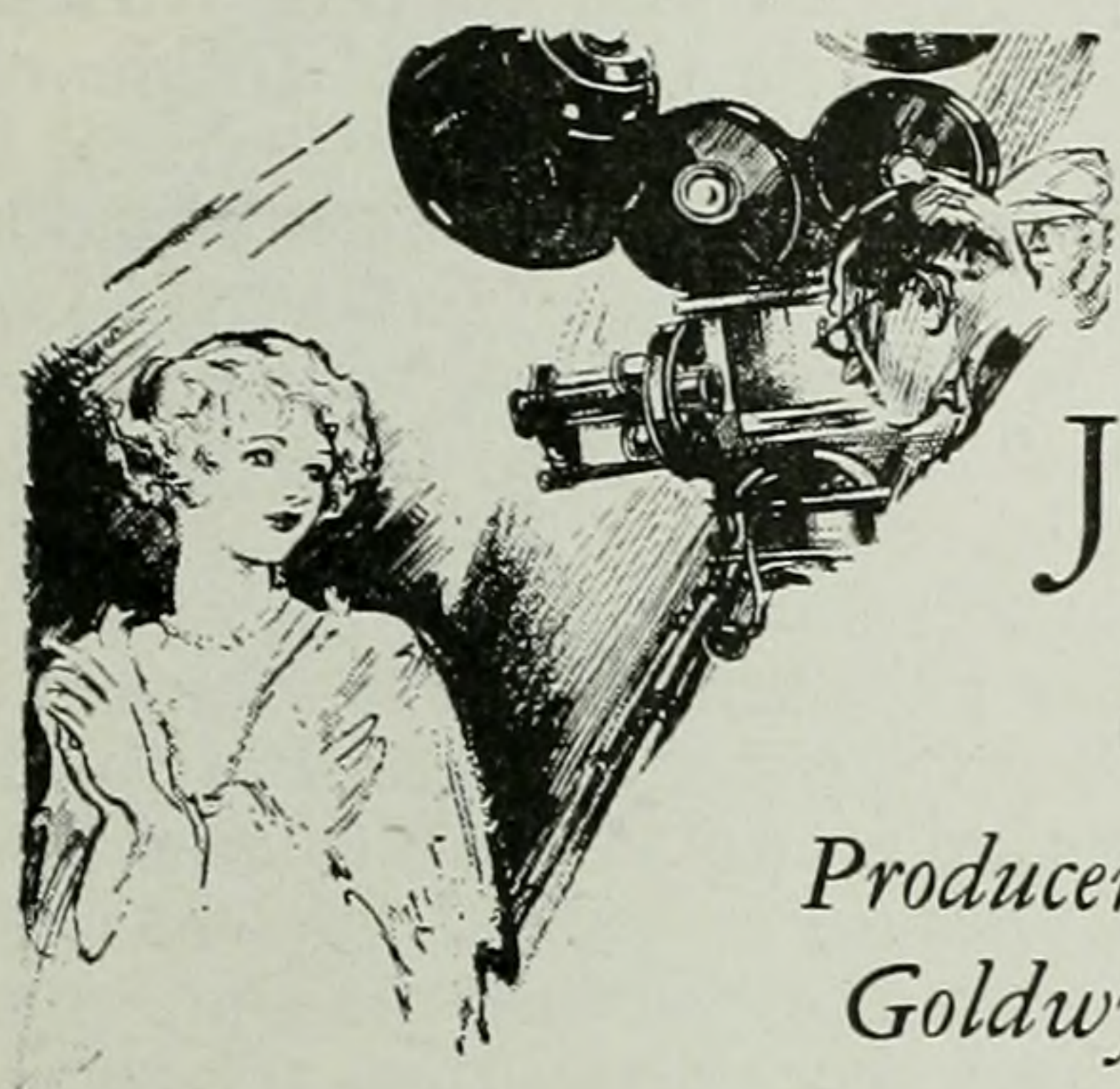
Because of the careful attention being given to the manuscripts in PHOTOPLAY Idea Contest by the officials of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation, PHOTOPLAY is not able to announce the winners in this issue.

Selecting stories for film production is an important and difficult task. This telegram from Mr. Lasky, vice-president of the Corporation, shows that your ideas are receiving the most careful consideration of the chiefs of the company.

This contest, of great importance both to readers of PHOTOPLAY and to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation, is being judged as fairly and as carefully as is humanly possible.

PHOTOPLAY ASKS YOU TO WAIT FOR ITS APRIL ISSUE FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF WINNERS.

“Tremendous Allure in lovely smooth skin”



says
JOHN M.
STAHL

Producer for Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer

“Few people can resist smooth exquisite skin. ‘Studio Skin,’ we call it — that skin of rare, lovely smoothness which defies the cruel, blazing lights of the close-up. Such a skin can’t be faked even with the cleverest make-up. It must be genuine. This perfection of skin is one of the greatest holds a star has on her public.”

FIERCE “Klieg” lights blazing — drenching the star’s face with light, the camera so close! A screen star’s skin must be exquisitely smooth, flawless — “studio skin” or the cruel eye of the camera spells ruin.

Every star in Hollywood knows this — youthful velvety skin means more to them even than it does to other women — it means their whole life, their career.

Nine out of every ten stars whose flawless loveliness captures the hearts of millions use Lux Toilet Soap. White, delicious, it cares for their skin the true French way. Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film companies, too, have made Lux Toilet Soap the “official” soap they provide for their studio dressing rooms.

You, too, will find that Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for a woman’s greatest charm — her softly smooth skin — Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



Graceful silver swan faucets and the glittering crystal chandelier are brilliant notes in a black and white bathroom conceived so appropriately as a setting for May McAvoy’s delicate beauty. May McAvoy is a Warner Bros. star.

“A SMOOTH SKIN — ‘studio skin’ — is one of the most important assets a screen star has — like every woman and even more than most women, I have to guard my skin — I always use Lux Toilet Soap — a lovely soap, it keeps my skin exquisitely smooth.”

May McAvoy

LUX Toilet SOAP • The dollar • a • cake luxury of French soap • • now **10¢**

richest young bucks in the tribe. Besides, the engineer hadn't followed Injun tradition—he had brought with him no ponies nor cattle, nor sheep, which facts, from the Injun viewpoint, marked him as not much good. The head tribesman or chief thereupon told Mrs. Engineer that she'd have to take her squawman an' get off the reservation an' live elsewhere.

The couple then moves into a little neighborin' town where they discover the white folks had put the Injun sign on both of 'em an' that no one would have anythin' to do with a squawman or his wife, an' particularly since both of 'em had been throwed out of their tribe.

So it was, turned down by the Injuns an' ignored by the whites, the pretty squaw, who was to be the leadin' woman of our story, had her troubles from the start an' had to suffer right down to the last 300 feet of the picture. I wanted Dad to let up on her about the middle of the story as I'm naturally soft hearted, but Dad said "no." Why, when we got her starvin' in the snow, I pleaded all one evenin' with Dad to bring her into town an' give her one square meal an' send her back, but he wouldn't do even that. I got where I felt so sorry for this young an' good lookin' Osage squaw who didn't exist, I couldn't eat any food myself.

Well, to go on, this young feller an' the squaw take up some land out on the

prairie, build a sod house an' start homesteadin'. I don't know how much the public knows about homesteadin', but it's thisaway. Homesteadin' is a game where the government bets you one hundred an' sixty acres of land against \$31.65, the same bein' the land office filin' fees, that you can't live on the place for five years—an' the government usually wins.

WELL, our young folks is a homesteadin'. They romp the summer through, breakin' a little land, raise a little corn an' plan to buy some livestock next year. Bein' husky an' a good shot, the young engineer figures with deer an' bear a plenty an' a few buffalo roamin' around, he will be able to keep his family in meat durin' the winter. But the winter proves tough, the snow deep an' the ice thick. In fact, me an' Dad made it the worst winter ever known in Oklahoma. I wanted to put a coupla stoves in the sod house, a feelin' sorry for the nice young squaw, but old Dad said the cookstove was enough, an' she'd have to go on a sufferin' an' a freezin' without my help.

Dad burned up all their wood; it got scarcer an' scarcer until they got to burnin' corn to keep warm. So Dad picks out the most terrible day of that awful winter an' sends the young engineer out a huntin' for meat—everythin' else is eaten up an' there's a baby now, an' it's a

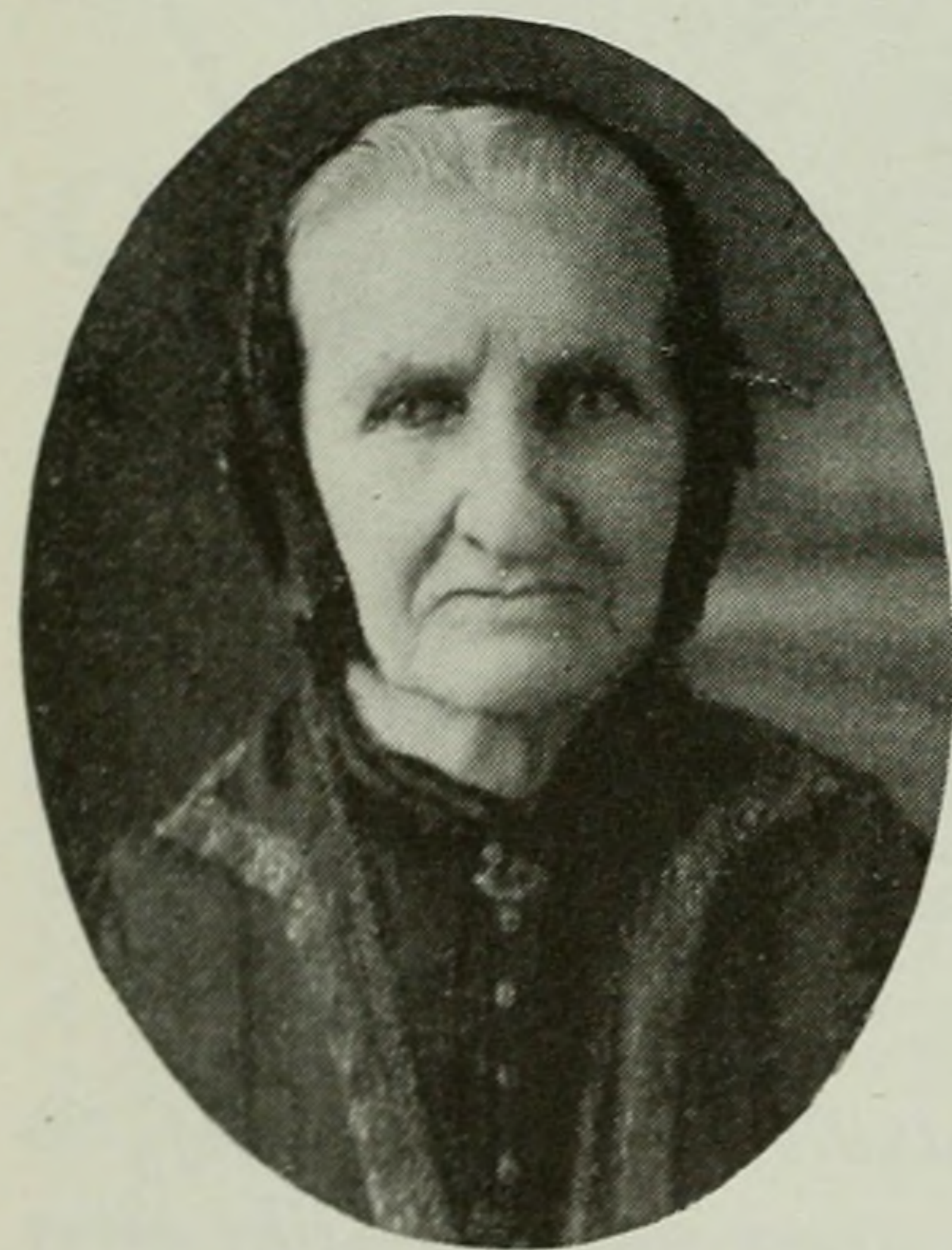
cryin' for meat. The squawman gets out in front of the sod house in the blindin' snow an' kisses the nice lookin' squaw an' baby good by, an' bids 'em be brave until he gets back with the meat. Incidental, in creatin' this young squaw, even if he did let her do a heap of sufferin', Dad let her keep her good looks; in fact, she kept gettin' prettier each day, which was all right with me as long as Miss Stedman was to play the part.

While this squaw an' the baby shiver an' suffer an' burn up the last bushel of corn they've got, the hero braves the elements an' goes over the bleak an' snow covered prairie a lookin' for deer. I argued with Dad that even a squawman would have more sense than try to find deer on the prairie, as everyone knew a deer would seek shelter, in the timber an' along the creek bottoms, but Dad stood pat—this hunter must look for 'em in the deep drifts.

But he don't find 'em. Dad wanted to have a bear come along, but I insisted on havin' my own way about that. Bears, says I, at this time of year—it bein' the dead of winter—have all gone to bed with their alarm clocks set for next spring an' there ain't a bear in all Oklahoma foolish enough to get out of bed an' go out in a storm like we got. In fact, argues me, there ain't no one or nothin', that I know

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

The Most Faithful Fan



Grandma Alff of Cherokee, Iowa, hasn't missed a movie in eight years

By
Earl
B.
Douglas

"There goes Grandma Alff," they say and know it's time for the first show.

Two thousand nine hundred and twenty-one nights in succession Grandma has gone to the movies, unaware that such loyalty is making her a celebrity.

It's all quite simple to Grandma. The seat over by the register is always reserved for her and until the organist sees her there, her white hair gleaming beneath her knitted cap, her work-worn hands folded on her lap, he won't begin the overture.

Until her seventy-second birthday Grandma was much too busy for happiness. Born in Germany she was trained like all proper little German girls in her duty to church, kitchen and children.

Yet the spark of adventure was in her. She was thirty when her husband proposed their going to America but she did not demur. Her babies were coming regularly. They continued to arrive on the Iowa farm until there were twelve of them, but Grandma liked that. She accepted life as serious and her lot was no harder than other farmers' wives.

As the children grew up and left the farm, they whispered of cities outside the corn belt. When Mr. Alff died, Grandma wasn't through with life. She determined to go to the city herself.

She sold the farm and came to Cherokee with its paved streets, Tin Lizzies, bright lights and its movie theater. Grandma bought a house, a modern house with brass plumbing, hardwood floors, a tiled kitchen. And then she made her first trip to the movies and life was never the same again.

NOT that she changed. Grandma takes her movies as she did her duty—straight. Neither are slacked. She cleans house mornings, knits hooked rugs afternoons. That is, she does until four-thirty. After that she can't keep her eyes on the rugs. They're on the clock. The movie theater opens right after supper and Grandma doesn't want to miss anything. So she begins to bustle around in a right frivolous manner when twilight falls, getting supper, getting dressed.

Eight years of it. Spring nights with their sweetness, hot midwestern summer nights with their fierce thunder storms, autumn nights, when leaves crackle softly in gutters, white winter nights with creaking snow underfoot. None of them deter Grandma. At the movies, like her fellow fans throughout the world, she touches youth, romance, adventure, love. Mere weather can not hold her back.

"There goes Grandma Alff," they say in Cherokee and the whole town knows it's time for the first show.

NIGHT after night in the same seat in the movie theater of Cherokee, Iowa, there sits a little white-haired old lady, gazing raptly at the screen.

She is Mrs. Wilhemine Alff of Cherokee, Iowa, probably the world's most faithful movie fan.

Certainly she hasn't missed a night at the movies in the last eight years. In Cherokee they set their clocks by her.

My Most Precious Beauty Secret



BILLIE DOVE—fascinating First National star among whose recent successes are *His Slaves*, *The Tender Hour*, *The American Beauty*, *The Stolen Bride*.

A GLORIOUS warm tub! That doesn't sound like much of a beauty secret, does it? You'll probably say, "Why, of course, everybody knows about that—about Cleanliness being next to Godliness—and all that".

But the sort of tub I mean is a heavenly holiday for the nerves that recreates one—spirits away the droop of weariness and gives back the fresh vivid loveliness of a springtime morning. It relaxes every tired muscle, loosens up all the tight kinks in one's worried mind and sends one out, renewed and refreshed, with sparkling eyes and tons of energy.

When I come in off the set, exhausted and nervous after trying scenes, I go at once to my bathroom, fill the tub with hot water, drop in a handful of bath crystals, scented with my favorite perfume, and lie in the tub until I am thoroughly refreshed.

I follow this with a cold shower, and then with a brisk rub of toilet water, top it with dusting powder and I am a rejuvenated person.

In the morning before going out on the set, I always take a cold plunge.

Before going to bed, I take just a hot tub. At least once a week I have a massage with cold cream, preceded by a warm, cleansing bath.

Billie Dove

Aids to Beauty and Charm used by those who must always be beautiful and charming

HERE is one of the most astonishing books ever printed—a book written by 20 of the most noted, most beautiful of screen stars, which for the first time reveals their highly treasured secrets of physical charm and attractiveness.

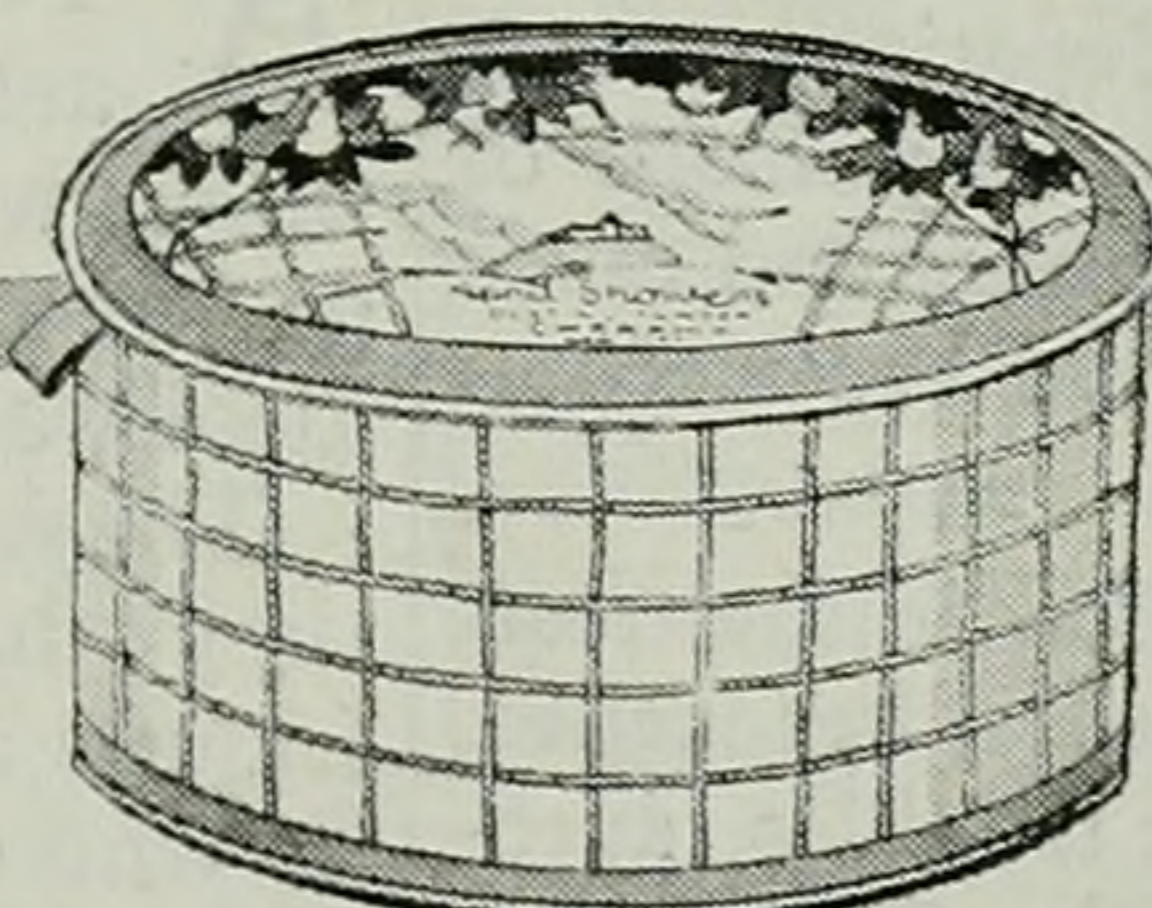
Read how one gorgeous star keeps that marvelous rose-petal complexion year after year; how another controls superfluous flesh; how a third cares for that wonderful vibrant hair—successful beauty methods for every part of the body—little intimate secrets never before so frankly disclosed.

And this remarkable book is yours for almost NOTHING. Simply mail the coupon below, enclosing the small cost of postage, packing, etc. Prepared at great expense, luxuriously bound, profusely illustrated, it would

easily cost a dollar or more if sold thru regular channels. But because it contains a few pages of additional and priceless information about Cheramy French toilettries, the Cheramy Company of Paris offers it to you free, and will in addition enclose a generous size container of their famous April Showers Talcum.

This is the finest, smoothest, most refreshing talc you have ever used—so soft and delicate it seems like a veritable mist. And every tiny atom is suffused with the delicious fragrance of the famous April Showers perfume—so elusive, so youthfully entrancing.

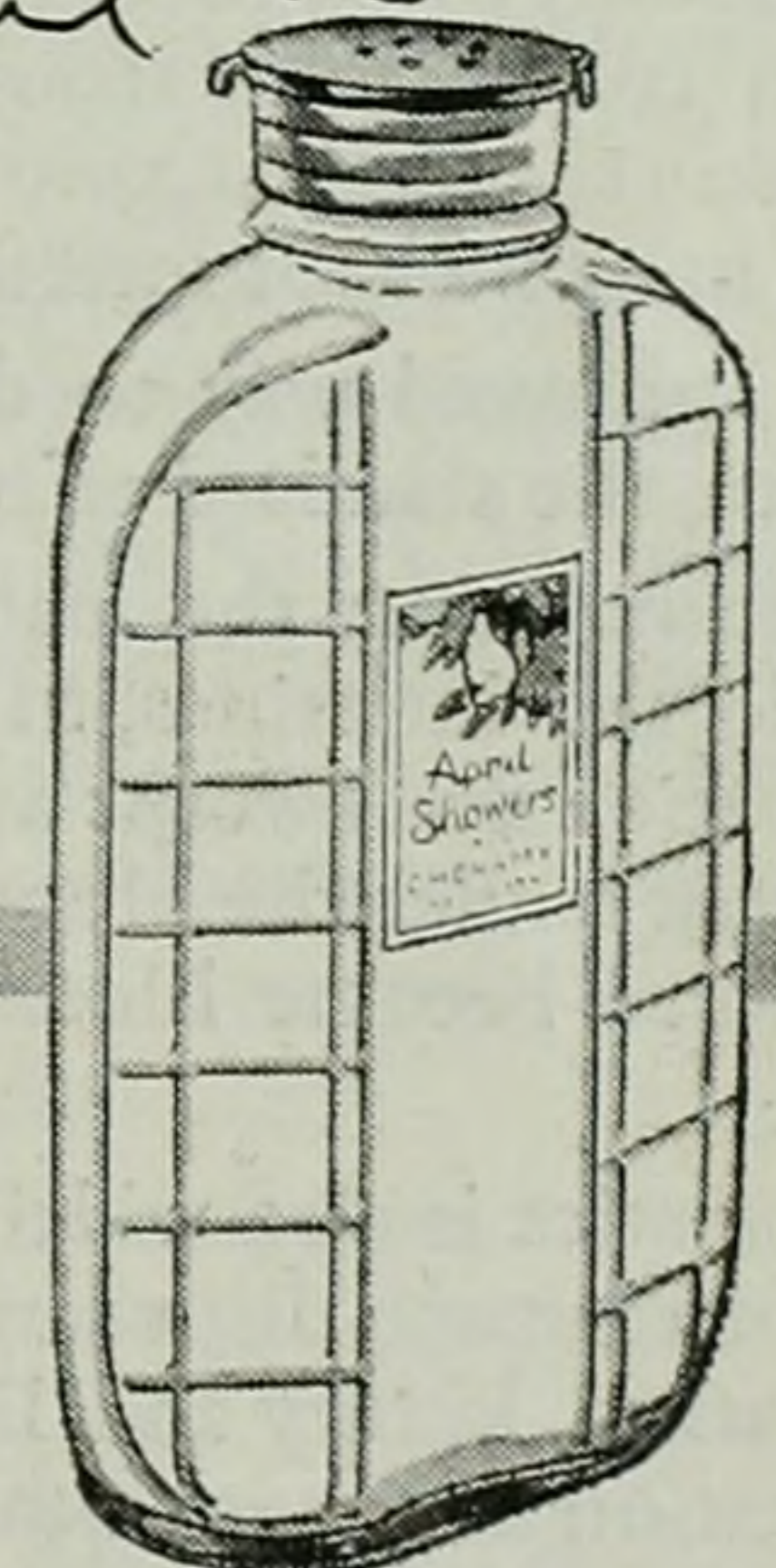
Take advantage of this wonderful



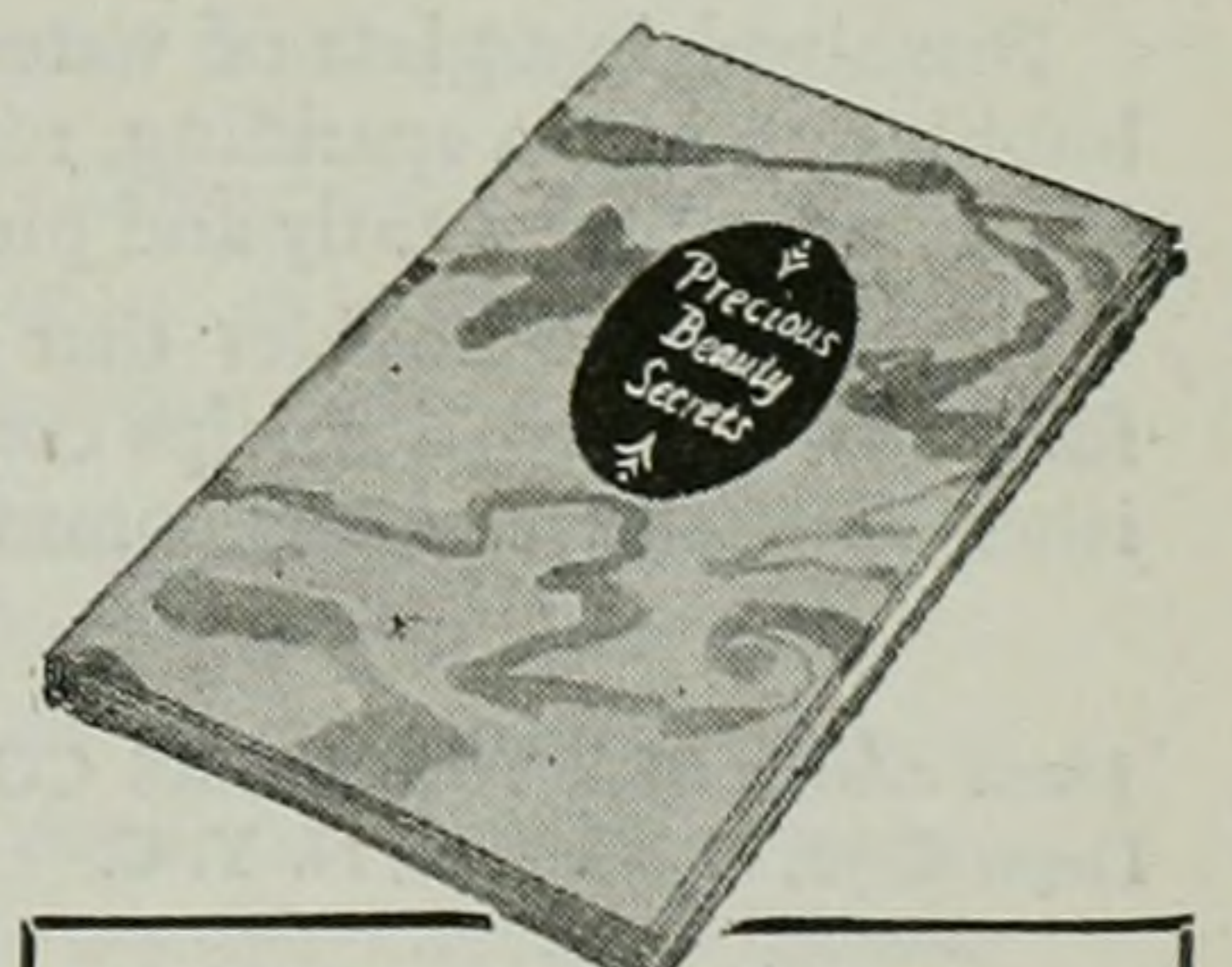
April Showers Dusting Powder—deliciously refreshing after the bath. In metal box with large, convenient oval puff, \$1.25.

April Showers Bath Salts—soften and scent the water, open the breathing pores. Refreshing, invigorating—16 oz., \$1.00.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only



April Showers Talcum Powder—soft, smooth, fine as a fragrant mist—refreshing, protecting—in tin, 25c; glass jar, 50c.



free offer NOW, before it is withdrawn. Mail the coupon today, merely enclosing 25c to cover postage, packing, etc. But send at once, before our limited edition of "Precious Beauty Secrets" is exhausted. CHERAMY, Inc. - Paris - New York

CHERAMY

PARIS - NEW YORK

Cheramy, Inc., Dept. P. A.
539 West 45th Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me free of charge a copy of "Precious Beauty Secrets" by 20 famous film stars and large size container of April Showers Talcum. I enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

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



Complexion poor?..Get at the cause this way

WHEN a woman discovers that her complexion has become broken out and unlovely, what is her first reaction?

Almost invariably she applies to her skin an external preparation of some sort—she tries to cover up the blemishes.

This local treatment may be helpful—but it is at best only a half-measure. For a poor complexion comes from trouble within, and to have a skin that is clear, smooth and healthy, the system must be kept internally clean.

The approved way to do this is with Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

By stimulating the natural secretions of water in the intestines, Sal Hepatica corrects constipation and sweeps away the poisons of waste that render the blood impure and cause the skin to become blotchy and broken out.

Sal Hepatica is also widely used in the treatment of stomach disorders, colds, headaches, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, auto-intoxication and many other ills. For it combines the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas where so many physicians send their patients to "take the cure."

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica bubbles up into a sparkling, refreshing drink. It acts promptly, gently and pleasantly.

Send for free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps correct skin blemishes and relieves many common ills of life.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-38, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



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See Hollywood and Die

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

moved to issue council but if you've ever tried to dissuade a moth from circling round a flame you know the only way to do it is with a fly swatter.

Youth enters pictures arrogantly with the idea that he's lending his charms to the camera in exchange for a fortune, whereas, in reality, he is selling outright.

It's very much like the devil's bargain of which Herr Goethe wrote in "Faust."

IF you've ever sat in a room lined with mirrors you know how self-conscious you can become, yet so fascinated are you by what you see that though you heroically avert your eyes they're bound to steal back as though hypnotized.

The man in pictures not only sees himself constantly but hears, day in and day out, a discussion of himself. Everyone talks to him about him.

His own image is constantly before him. As his popularity grows the vicious circle tightens; if he makes an attempt to escape he is quickly driven back into himself; eventually the will to escape is destroyed and he is held fast, hopelessly and forever his own prisoner.

The first requisite of good acting, as any director will tell you, is freedom from self-consciousness. The young actor scores in his first pictures because he gives himself honestly and spontaneously to the screen.

Gradually, as he is made conscious of his charms, he begins to act them. It is as though the kleig lights had sucked out the real of him for the screen; the shadow is he and he the shadow. Eventually the artifice is apparent and the crowd turns away, as it always does from an imitation.

A YOUNG aspirant to movie glory asked me piteously the other day if there was no way of escape. "Can't people remain themselves, keep their ideals, and yet be successful in pictures?"

They might if they went on living as they had before, keeping the same friends and the same environment. But he who enters Hollywood leaves self—the real self—behind. It is the land of Let's Pretend, and the hardest acting is done off screen.

A gingham doll who is charming because she is gingham takes on satin airs and a drawing-room manner because she feels she should improve herself; a simple, naive Merton of Christian ideals, lovable because he's just that, takes on a silk hat and a flock of cocktails in order to be sophisticated.

A gay, roistering vagabond, reckless and hell-raising, is beguiled or beaten into a circumspect gentleman of the manor; the wide-eyed child of spirituelle decides that what she needs is sex-attraction and bursts into the black bottom at every party.

None in Hollywood is content to remain himself. He would improve. And none is content to confine his acting to the studio, he must needs rush out to parties, first-nights and other spot-lighted affairs in order to show people how really supe-

rior he is to his screen person. The effect is blinding disappointment on the part of the observers.

A young girl of pure whimsicality came recently into favor. She reminded me irresistibly of Maude Adams. Then I recalled how Miss Adams lived, either by personal inclination or by council of the shrewd Charles Frohman, a life apart, in perfect harmony with the person she appeared on the stage.

Her likeness of the cinema, in bold contrast, goes night after night to see her own picture, is advised into getting an English maid for an English accent, and is preparing elaborately for the social position which her success has given her.

A DIRECTOR will behold her in her new guise and decide that she has never been put on the screen to true advantage.

He'll show her in a totally different light, a sophisticated, polished society woman, perhaps, or a hip-shaking little flapper with "It." A few such disappointing attempts, and the child will try to give an imitation of what she was in the picture that made her famous.

Charles Ray, in his confession of his "dressing-up" blunder in PHOTOPLAY, told the story of what happens to them, but none will be able to profit by his experience.

"Sister" McPherson, a guest at a Wampas' dinner, said, by way of rending the Darwinian theory, that an ape never became man but men often became apes.

Because Hollywood pictures are so filled with ape-men we turn to pictures like "Chang" where an ape's an ape and isn't ashamed of being one, or to a picture like "Stark Love" where men are men and are content so to be—at least for one picture!

Of course, there are exceptions. Life is too sweet to me, even in Hollywood, not to offer an out for myself, and since every player considers himself an exception none will feel piqued.

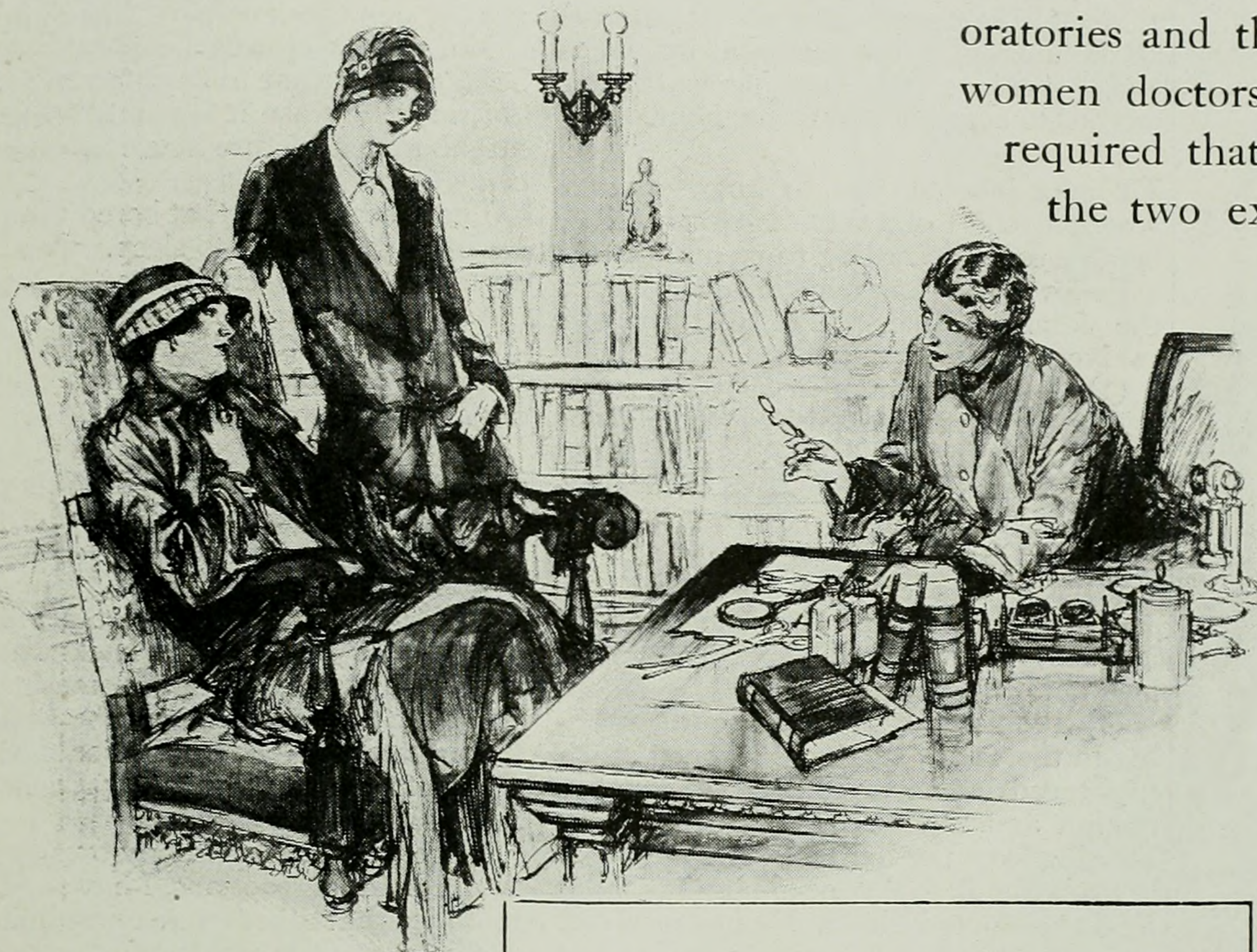
THERE are interesting characters in Hollywood who have not been so self-captivated as to bore themselves and everyone else. Of the number, I regret to say, the overwhelming majority is feminine. H. G. Wells has explained this circumstance for me better than I can explain it by paraphrase. He says:

"A great actress is not the feminine equivalent of a great actor; being a great actress is not the same thing as acting; it is a thing peculiar to womankind. It is the sedulous development of a personality to superb proportions. The actress can lie and think of that effect she creates, that legend which grows, as I lie and think of the great revolution that began before I was born, that will continue after my death, to which I have given myself."

Few are the great, but great are the few in Hollywood who can be objective toward themselves. And they are chiefly women who outwit the devil at his bargain. Narcissus was a man.

It took 2 years to perfect the Improved Kotex—*now ready*

24 months of experiment in our laboratories and the cooperation of 27 women doctors and 83 nurses were required that we might offer you the two exclusive new features



TWO years of experiment, of suggestion and revision; hundreds of tests; and now—Improved Kotex, the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

The new form-fitting shape

You will find the new pad scientifically rounded and tapered at the corners, by a special and exclusive process, developed in the Kotex laboratories. It now fits snugly, securely and in conformity to the demands of fashion.

Any gown, however close-fitting, however delicate of fabric, may be worn without self-consciousness. The Improved Kotex, exclusive in design, unique in cut, does not mar slim, smooth lines.

Fastidious women are assured a degree of composure and peace-of-mind never before possible.

Fluffier than ever . . . to end chafing

Exclusive methods have been worked out in our laboratories to make the absorbent filler

1 *Kotex is now form-fitting, non-detectable.* Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Any gown, however clinging and filmy, may be worn without self-consciousness, without altering the smooth, modish silhouette.

2 *A way has been found to make the soft filler even more downy . . . the gauze wrapping softer . . . unpleasant chafing and binding are ended.*

even softer. The result means gentler, more delicate protection to sensitive skin, and an end to the discomforts of chafing, binding and similar irritation.

Yet the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex and which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities. It is 5 times more absorbent than cotton. It discards like

tissue—you simply follow directions in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years 27 women doctors, 83 nurses in leading hospitals, in City Health Departments, in Welfare Departments, were consulted. Six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas.

Each detail was supervised by scientists who know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their enthusiastic approval is the most important endorsement of the Improved Kotex.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . it comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



On sale at all
drug stores, dry goods
and department stores

Supplied also through vending
cabinets in rest-rooms by West
Disinfecting Co.

A Complexion That Will Not Rub Off

FACE Powder complexions often prove embarrassing. They constantly rub off, soil clothing, and leave your skin in a streaked, spotted condition. "Touching Up" must be continually resorted to if you hope to maintain even a resemblance of their original appearance.



Many women have found a better and more staple method of beautifying. They give to their skin and complexion a radiant, bewitching, appearance that will not rub off, streak, spot, or show signs of perspiration. An alluring pearly appearance, so subtle, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected and still with an effect that is far more beautiful than you could secure in any other way.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream opens a new pathway to beauty. It exerts an antiseptic and astringent action that will prove beneficial in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, excess oiliness, freckles, redness and muddy complexions. Where permanent blemishes mar your appearance, you will find they are effectively concealed. Commence its use today and know the joy of a new, lasting beauty that will always reflect an enchanting touch of youthful freshness. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

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Check shade desired: White Flesh Rachel

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Are We Morons?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Of the first thousand men whom we examined we found only 21 whom we considered subjects for further intensive, individual testing.

And finally, after such detailed testing, we found only nine who were so defective mentally that it seemed best to discharge them from the service.

Several thousand cases were examined as the months of the war went by. Generally speaking, the same percentage of morons to normals held throughout.

IT may interest you to know what a normal child of twelve is supposed to be able to do according to mental tests.

Following are four questions taken from the famous Binet-Simon test at the twelve-year level.

(1) Repeat the number 2964375.

Also the number 9285164.

Also the number 1395847.

(2) Define Charity.

Define Justice.

Define Goodness.

(3) Repeat these two sentences: "I saw in the street a pretty little dog. He had curly brown hair, short legs and a long tail."

(4) Problem A. A man who was walking in the woods suddenly stopped much frightened and he ran to the nearest police station and reported that he had seen hanging from the limb of a tree a—*what?*

Problem B. My neighbor has been having strange visitors. He has received, one after the other, a doctor, a lawyer and a clergyman. What is going on at the house of my neighbor?

One day I tried these questions out on a few people who happened to be visiting at my home. One was a concert pianist, another a motion picture actress, the third a playwright, and two others were physicians.

Not one of these received an absolutely perfect score! All my friends were morons!

On the face value of the tests they were, at any rate.

BUT the test scores were not accurate. Why? Because the individual emotional and intellectual reaction equation had not been taken into account—the novelty of the procedure, self-consciousness, embarrassment, etc.

Therein lies the trouble with all tests.

Tests have value—tremendous value sometimes—but they must be carried out individually and must be *interpreted*.

To determine whether an individual is a moron or not it is equally as important to note how he goes about the test as what he does with it.

When all is said and done the real use of tests is to objectify and measure the degree of intellect—not emotion—which an individual is able to command at the time of examination.

And that is all!

After careful study of the situation, my pronouncement from a psychiatrist's viewpoint to Mr. Quirk's question is unreservedly that the American public is *not* a "bunch of morons."

Even persons whose intellect is far above the average like the movies and attend them regularly.

But these people—sensible people—do not take the movies too seriously.

They don't attend pictures to be edified.

They don't want to be instructed.

They don't seek uplift.

No, people crowd the picture houses because they want to be entertained!

I, myself, make it a point to attend a neighborhood picture house as often as I can.

I have seen shows that bored me. Some have almost put me to sleep. On several occasions I have left before the reel was run.

But I never found any production so bad that I felt like going around the corner and blowing my brains out.

I CANNOT recall ever having sworn never to darken the door of a movie palace again.

I have been disappointed, yes. Often the theme did not interest me. Frequently the plot has been hackneyed and its development halting. Sometimes the story has been so thin as to be positively threadbare. Often the emotional value of the picture dangerously approached the zero point.

Nevertheless, despite my own personal and individual reactions, I have not failed to notice that others were entertained.

The next time you run across a movie that, in your own opinion, falls down badly, study the faces of the rest of the audience.

Do all of them look as fed up as you are?

Do none of them respond?

I have made this experiment on several occasions and I want to state emphatically that I have yet to witness a performance that did not seem to "get" most of the people who attended it.

Others have laughed when I was as sober as a graven image. I have seen glistening, moist eyes when mine were bone-dry. Pleasure, animation, excitement, sympathy, amusement, enthralled interest—the entire gamut of emotions have been experienced by my movie neighbors while I remained as unmoved as a stone.

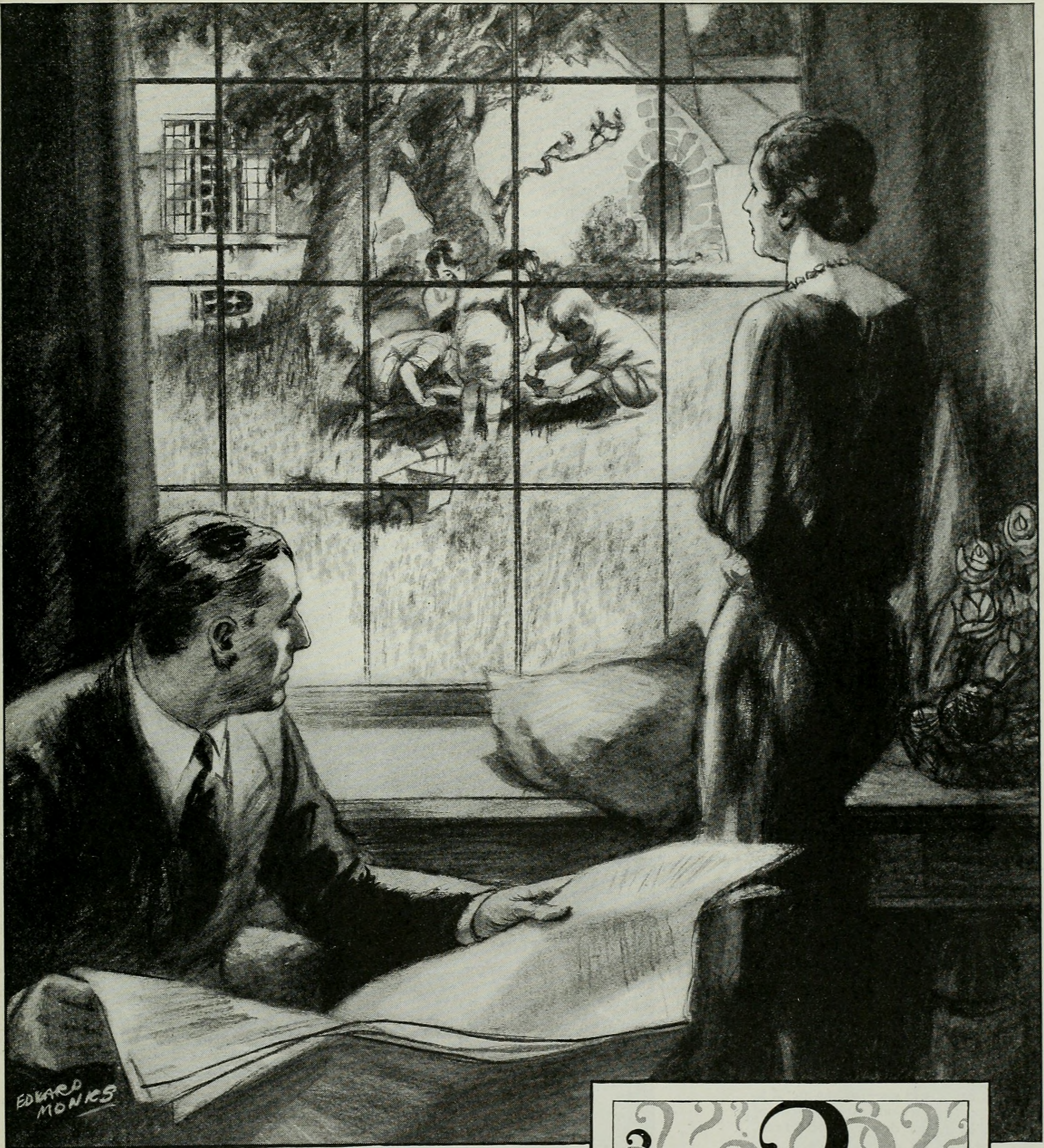
Should I therefore call these folks "a bunch of morons"?

Have I really the right to sit on a pedestal and throw mud?

IF the majority is having a good time is it not a piece of impertinence on my part, or on the part of anyone who thereby dons the cloak of the high-brow, to mock, disparage and belittle the intellectual equipment of the majority?

When you come right down to brass tacks the truth of the matter is that anybody who does not agree with you is a moron!

The millions of movie fans that Mr. Quirk is interested in come no closer to being morons than that!

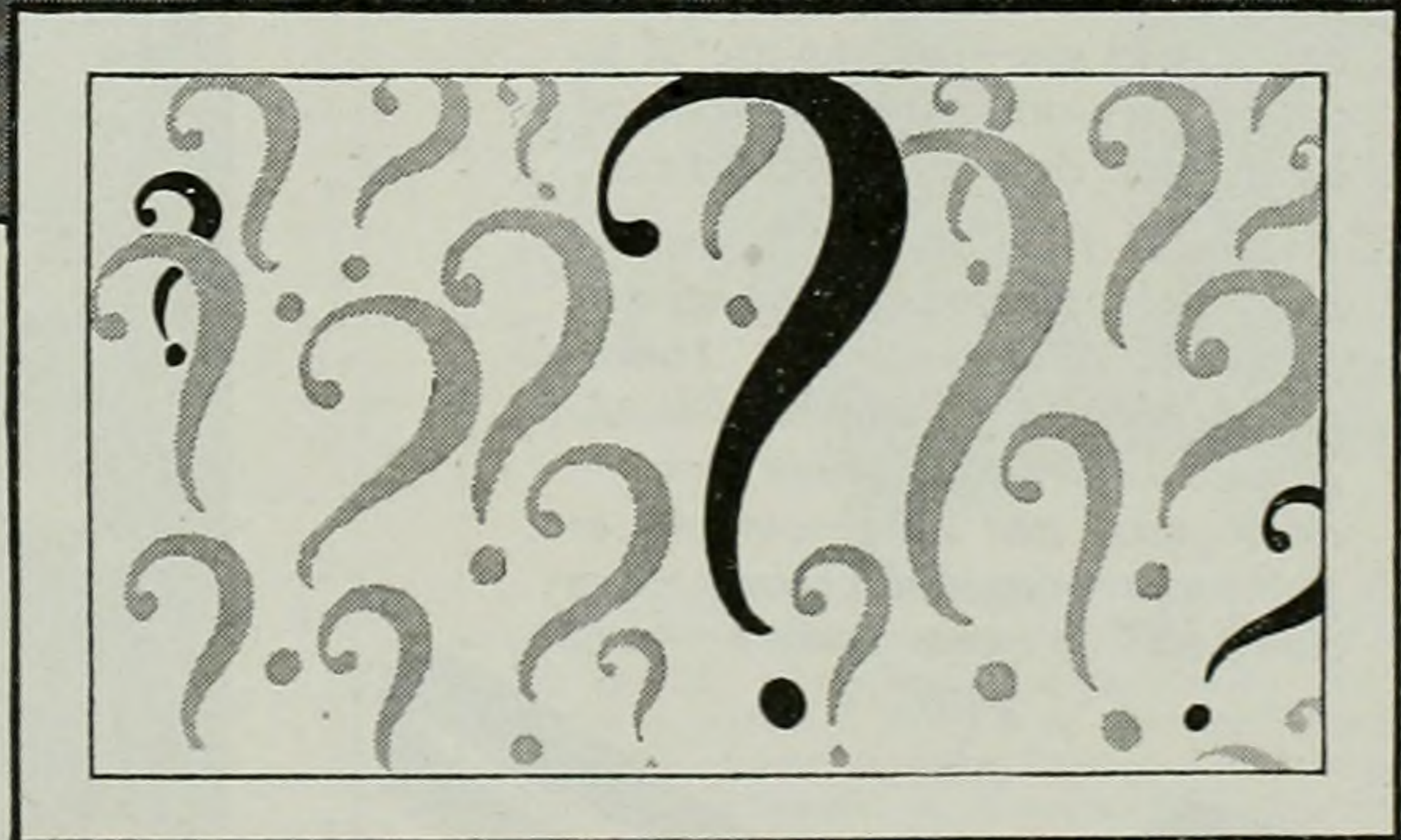


What do the neighbors think of *her* children?

To every mother her own are the ideal children. But what do the neighbors think? Do *they* smile at happy, grimy faces acquired in wholesome play? For people have a way of associating unclean clothes and faces with other questionable characteristics.

Fortunately, however, there's soap and water.

"Bright, shining faces" and freshly laundered clothes seem to make children welcome anywhere . . . and, in addition, to speak volumes concerning their *parents'* personal habits as well.



There's CHARACTER — in SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Companionate Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

expect domesticity. Imagine my surprise and delight when Vilma came to me at the end of our first month at home and told me exactly how much it was costing to run our home!"

"How much does it cost?"

Vilma laughed and Rod hesitated. "It won't sound possible. People won't believe it. I've added it on the adding machine and worked it out on the comptometer, and aside from the salaries we pay the six servants, Vilma averages exactly \$11.58 a day for household expenses."

Yet consomme, thick lamb chops, celery and endive salad, fruit whip and cake had been included in our dinner.

"Rod forgot that I was raised in Europe and knew how to keep house before I knew anything about acting. I am really domestic." So domestic, indeed, that she has her Viennese cook prepare their luncheons and their assistant chauffeur bring them to the studio, hot, in containers; not only because the food is better, but, because it is just a little cheaper.

They have pooled their money. All is

community property, except a small separate account for petty expenditures. Even here they have a friendly contest to see who will save the most money.

In five years, perhaps, they will be able to retire and travel. There is a rumor they will make one picture together, which they expect would add much to their fortune building ambitions. If this co-feature goes through, they admit it will be the fulfillment of one of their greatest joint aspirations.

The other fulfillment will be their children. Oh, yes, Vilma and Rod both hope for children.

The only subject that brought a cloud to Vilma's eyes was that of location trips and possible separation. "I suppose I'd just have to stay at home and stand it," she said.

They haven't quarreled yet, not in earnest. They don't always agree on all matters, but each one has promised the other to remember the words of their lawyer on the day of their wedding:

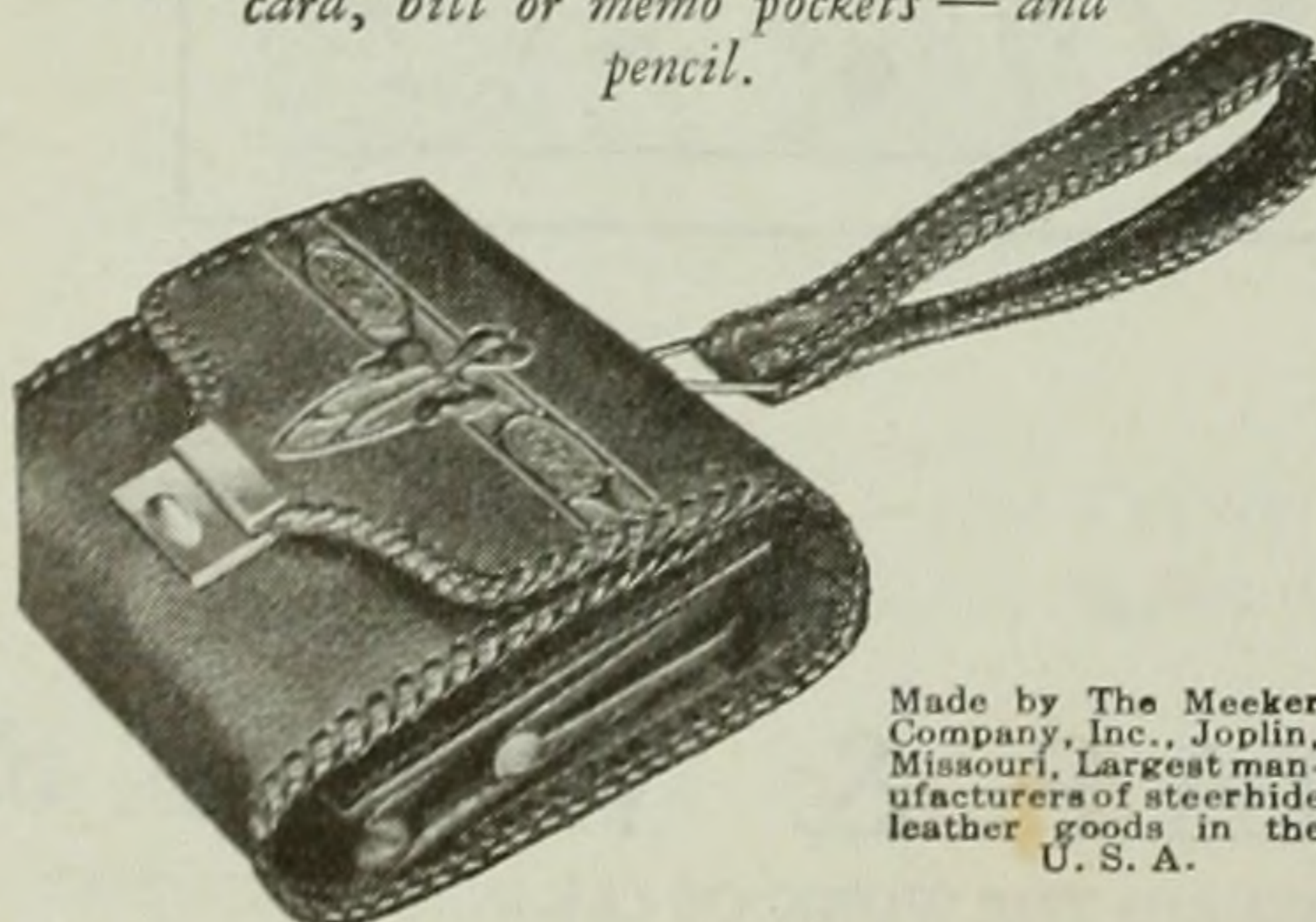
"I suppose you've had lots of advice, but I'm going to add my word. It is, simply, never get angry together."

THE
"Madge Bellamy"
 A
**MEEKER
 MADE R**
 Vanity

THIS latest creation in the famous line of Meeker Made handbags, purses and vanities is as attractive and charming as its well known and popular namesake.

Madge Bellamy, star in the latest William Fox production "Silk Legs" was the first to carry this smart, leather handbag. It will be known as the "Madge Bellamy." It will be popular the country over, because it IS new—and as useful as it is contra-ordinary. Displayed by better dealers everywhere.

Fashioned from imported, genuine steerhide—appropriate with any costume and colour—modish. Hand-tooled, hand-tinted and hand-laced. Morocco Goat lining. Coin pocket—comb pocket and comb—compact or puff pocket—detachable mirror—two card, bill or memo pockets—and pencil.



Made by The Meeker Company, Inc., Joplin, Missouri, Largest manufacturers of steerhide leather goods in the U. S. A.



Why Lenore Coffee would rather work at home than at the studio. One of Cecil B. De Mille's best scenario writers, Miss Coffee finds that motherhood is the best incentive for a career

No wonder Princess Pat preparations give far greater BEAUTY

Says MARY PHILBIN
Famous Universal Film Star



Mary Philbin enjoys the smart, convenient "Tap-It," Princess Pat's dainty, spillproof powder and lip rouge container.



"DO YOU KNOW," Mary Philbin will say, "the reason Princess Pat beauty aids are so marvelous, is because their presiding genius is a woman." She is versed in exactly what women want, is a brilliant chemist, a laboratory expert, and, I am sure, the greatest idealist in her profession of any woman living. And, let me remark, looks at least

twenty-five years younger than she actually is. I never have seen a more beautiful, finely textured skin, nor more perfect grooming.

"I had wanted to discover in person the truth about all Princess Pat beauty aids. I had read about them, heard other women enthuse about them. But I have a peculiar inquisitiveness which I always want to satisfy. So I arranged a brief appointment—and actually spent three days in the laboratory and factory where Princess Pat beauty aids are conceived and prepared.

"What I learned made me a Princess Pat enthusiast for life; and I have made hundreds of converts to these scientific beauty preparations. And, if I may, I'll tell you some of the things I discovered."

How I Begin My Day for Beauty's Sake

"Each morning I apply a tiny bit of Skin Food Cream. Nothing startling in that. But wait. I do not remove the Skin Food Cream—not yet. Instead I apply a fairly generous amount of Ice Astringent. Now Skin Food Cream is to give back to the skin oils of which exposure robs it. Ice Astringent is to close the pores, keep them always fine, and protected against dust and dirt. Well, then, I gently massage the Ice Astringent on top of the Skin Food Cream. An absolutely new idea, you see. And this is what happens. The Ice Astringent—cool and refreshing as its name implies—actually melts and feels cold like ice. As a result the skin is left beautifully soft and pliant, nourished for the entire day, while at the same time the pores are closed by the Ice Astringent. Isn't that marvelous? You simply cannot imagine the splendid effect; you have to try it to find out the delight in store for you."



My Use of Powder and Rouge

"My personal visit to Princess Pat Ltd., disclosed two lovely things. I learned that many skin specialists have concluded that starch, the base of all usual powder is not beneficial to the skin. So the very wonderful woman who is the company's idealist, decided more than five years ago that no starch

should be used in Princess Pat preparations. Months of experiment in her laboratory disclosed a way to do the seemingly impossible, to substitute precious almond, of known virtue, and do away with starch. Today not a speck of starch is used in Princess Pat Powder or Rouge. Besides the Almond Base in the powder, other imported ingredients of rare delicacy and great price are used. And I marveled at the wonderful machinery which makes the powder inimitably soft. And as for staying on. Well there simply isn't any comparison. I have used about every known powder, including the most expensive French Powders—none of them even approach Princess Pat in clinging quality. Another thing: Princess Pat has a quality that seems mysterious to me—it gives the most wonderful beauty of all—a smooth silken skin, but never a hint of powdery appearance. When you use it, your skin assumes absolute perfection, but you simply cannot detect the powder. I was told the scientific reason; but must confess I've forgotten it. All I was interested in was the result. But I can remember, and can tell you from experience, that continued use of Princess Pat Powder works wondrous benefit to the skin, because of the constant contact of its almond base. It is simply marvelous in preventing blackheads, in giving the skin a texture which simply defies coarse pores, even under the most trying conditions of exposure—none more trying, certainly, than my own work, sometimes under the burning Kleigs, sometimes in the open with dust flying or extreme temperatures to meet.



"And Princess Pat Rouge. Never was anything so wonderful. I remember the explanation of that clearly, because it was so obvious. The skin, you see, has no real color. If you doubt, just try to say what color your skin is. No, the skin is really a transparent membrane with some neutral tints. When you have a natural color, it is the blood showing through your neutral skin. Now if you use the usual rouge, this is not taken into account. You apply a fixed unyielding color—and then wonder why it never looks natural.

"But with Princess Pat, these facts have been taken into account. Special transparent colors have been used. They intensify (instead of blot out) the neutral skin tones. There are ingredients that actually warm to life when this rouge is placed upon the skin. Thus you secure exactly the color nature gives when she has been generous to some rare women with a naturally beautiful complexion. And here's something else; you can apply Princess Pat rouge just as heavily as you please—and it will look natural; or you can just use the tiniest bit with a perfectly natural effect. Thus each one's liking—for much color or little—is perfectly served.

The Most Valuable Advice I Can Give You

"I haven't space to tell you all that Princess Pat beauty aids accomplish—how they speedily correct eruptions and blemishes of all kinds, how they eradicate wrinkles (with marvelous quickness) how special methods of application give exceptionally beautiful make-up to harmonize with your mood and gown, how one special shade of rouge (Princess Pat Nite) is scientifically prepared to respond gloriously to every kind of artificial light (almost impossible with daylight rouges). I can't go into all these details.

"But here is what I advise every woman to do if she wants twice the beauty from beauty aids. Princess Pat has the most adorable Week End Set, containing generous quantities of all Princess Pat beauty aids. For instance there is a month's supply of powder alone. Every set represents an actual loss of money. It is for distribution simply and solely to enable women to try all Princess Pat Preparations for next to nothing. For the set, beautifully boxed is sent you for 25c postage prepaid. Why, that is less than would pay for a soda fountain drink. And think of the joy of a month's new beauty for the same amount.

"And last but not least there is sent with this set the most beautiful beauty booklet in the world—no exceptions. And it contains beauty information and instructions you'll be simply wild about. The booklet, too, is just out and contains beauty information you can obtain nowhere else in the world.

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 delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-63, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Ask for PRINCESS PAT Powder, Rouge, Lip Rouge, Skin Cleanser (cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Ice Astringent (vanishing), Lemon-Almond Lotion, Talc-Deodorant, Perfume and Toilet Water.

For Your Entertainment—
The Following Pathe-De Mille
Studio Productions

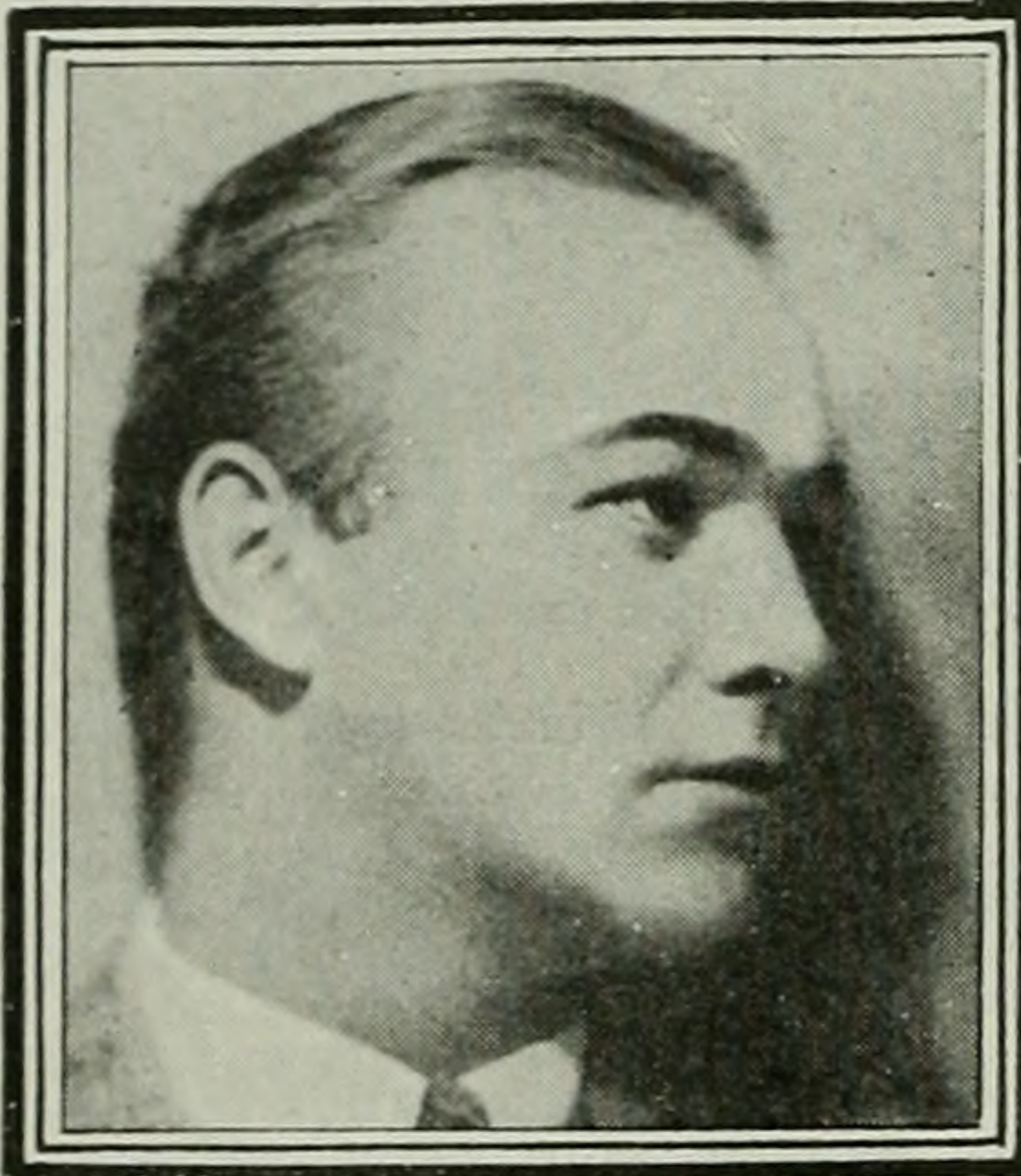
Phyllis Haver in
"Chicago"



Rod La Rocque in
"Stand and Deliver"
and
"Hold 'Em Yale"



Leatrice Joy
in
"The Blue Danube"



William Boyd in "Skyscraper"
and "The Night Flyer"



Jacqueline Logan in "The
Leopard Lady" and "Midnight
Madness"

"CHICAGO"

Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. A giddy wife who tries to fool her husband, does fool a jury, but doesn't get away with it after all. From the stage success by Maurine Watkins. Directed by Frank Urson. Easily the sensation of 1928.

"THE BLUE DANUBE"

Leatrice Joy; with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. All the romance that's in the famous waltz. Austria, land of lovely ladies, where romance is a delight and an art. . . Paul Sloane, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"STAND AND DELIVER"

Rod La Rocque; picturesque, keen, sparkling. He fought—he had to. He hated, for it was natural. He loved, for what an alluring girl she was! A Donald Crisp Production, Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"SKYSCRAPER"

William Boyd, fresh from his success in "Dress Parade" is a riot as a roughneck riveter. Laughs and love in a delectable drama. Howard Higgin, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer

"HOLD 'EM, YALE"

Rod La Rocque; a drama of youth, joyous, likeable, unrestrained. E. H. Griffith, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE NIGHT FLYER"

William Boyd; a railroad drama that's an entertainment special straight through to the trans-continental popularity terminal. What a succession of successes for this engaging young star! Walter Lang, Director, James Cruze, Supervisor.

"MIDNIGHT MADNESS"

Jacqueline Logan, with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. Its very title reeks of strange people, mystery, suspense! Harmon Weight, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE LEOPARD LADY"

Jacqueline Logan, Alan Hale and Robert Armstrong. Mystery melodrama. . . Thrills. . . Chills. . . Suspense. From Edw. Childs Carpenter's stage success. Rupert Julian, Director. Bertram Millhauser, Associate Producer.



Pathe'
Exchange, Inc.

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.

CLEO H., DAYTON, O.—Let's get this straight: Mr. Davies, the paint salesman whom you met, may be the father of a Marion Davies but not the father of *the* Marion Davies. Marion's father is Judge Douras, a magistrate of the City of New York, and so quite a person himself. Moreover, Marion has no sister named Margaret but her sisters are Reine, Rosemary and Ethel. Also Thomas Meighan has no children. All of this only goes to prove that you can't believe much of the gossip you hear. When in doubt, put your problems up to this old Fount of Wisdom.

G. L. M., ATLANTA, GA.—The Edison Company was one of the pioneers in the producing field. Thomas A. Edison had an interest in it. It was part of the General Film Company and many of the stars and directors started at its studio in New York. If you want a complete history of Mr. Edison's contributions to the movies, I refer you to Terry Ramsaye's history, "A Million and One Nights."

L. M. R., PORTCHESTER, N. Y.—For the benefit of you and all other admirers of "Seventh Heaven," I'll broadcast that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell may be reached at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

LOUISE B., WATERTOWN, N. Y.—You win. The picture you inclose is Molly O'Day.

MARGIE I., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Yes, it's tough that you Angelenos have to write to New York to find out about your movie neighbors. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, but his present address is the United Artists Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. And I'll confirm your impression that he isn't married.

MARCELLA SHATRAVSKY, CHINA.—No, charming stranger, I cannot tell you my name. It is against the rules and, anyway, I am too bashful. But I can tell you that both Ramon Novarro and William Haines may be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Come again!

M. N. Z., CLEVELAND, O.—Marion Nixon has chestnut brown hair but she sometimes wears a blonde wig in pictures. Blonde or brunette, she always looks good to these old eyes.

MISS SCHABER, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—I rush to impart the information that Natalie Kingston was the girl you liked in "Lost at the Front."

M. L. R., MADISON, WIS.—William Boyd has light brown hair and blue eyes and is married to Elinor Fair. He's six feet tall. Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

B. G., HAVERHILL, MASS.—Eve Southern is not a Scandinavian. Just a native American, born in Texas.

THE most persistent question of the month concerned young "Buddy" Rogers. His real name is Charles, he is twenty-two years old and his address is the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Here are the answers to the six other most persistent questions:

Barry Norton played *Mother's Boy* in "What Price Glory." His real name is Alfred de Biraben.

Billie Dove is twenty-four years old. Her real name is Lillian Bohny Willat and she was born in New York City. She is married to Irving Willat, a director.

Clive Brook is thirty-six years old and was born in London, England. For more details see his story in this issue.

Bebe Daniels may be addressed at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Phyllis Haver is not married.

Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. She isn't married.

And, lest you forget, in writing to the stars for photographs, send twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

CHARMAINE, BORDENTOWN, N. J.—Trying to vamp an old man, are you? Well, keep on enjoying Life with a capital "L." And best regards to my rival. To answer your questions: Evelyn Brent played in "Underworld" and she was born in 1899. Charles Farrell was the boy in "Seventh Heaven." Come again, even if the questions are only an excuse.

EDNA S., BURBANK, CALIF.—Richard Arlen started in pictures in February, 1925. He played small parts at first, but now the young fellow seems to be coming into his own. He is twenty-eight years old.

GRACE W., CHICAGO, ILL.—You were a lucky "fan" to get such a good, face-to-face close-up of your favorite. Rod La Rocque's next picture is "Stand and Deliver." Phyllis Haver is starring in "Chicago." Tell your friend to write to Virginia Lee Corbin at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

FLO S., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—When you take that trip to Spain, you won't have to "hobo." There are very nice, inexpensive students' tours. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, but he is of Spanish ancestry. And Dolores Del Rio was educated in Spain, although she comes from Mexico City. Stick to your ambitions; they are very fascinating.

M. S., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Sally O'Neil is five feet, one and one half inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. She has dark blue eyes and black hair. As for being temperamental, well you know the Irish. They are, but they make you like it.

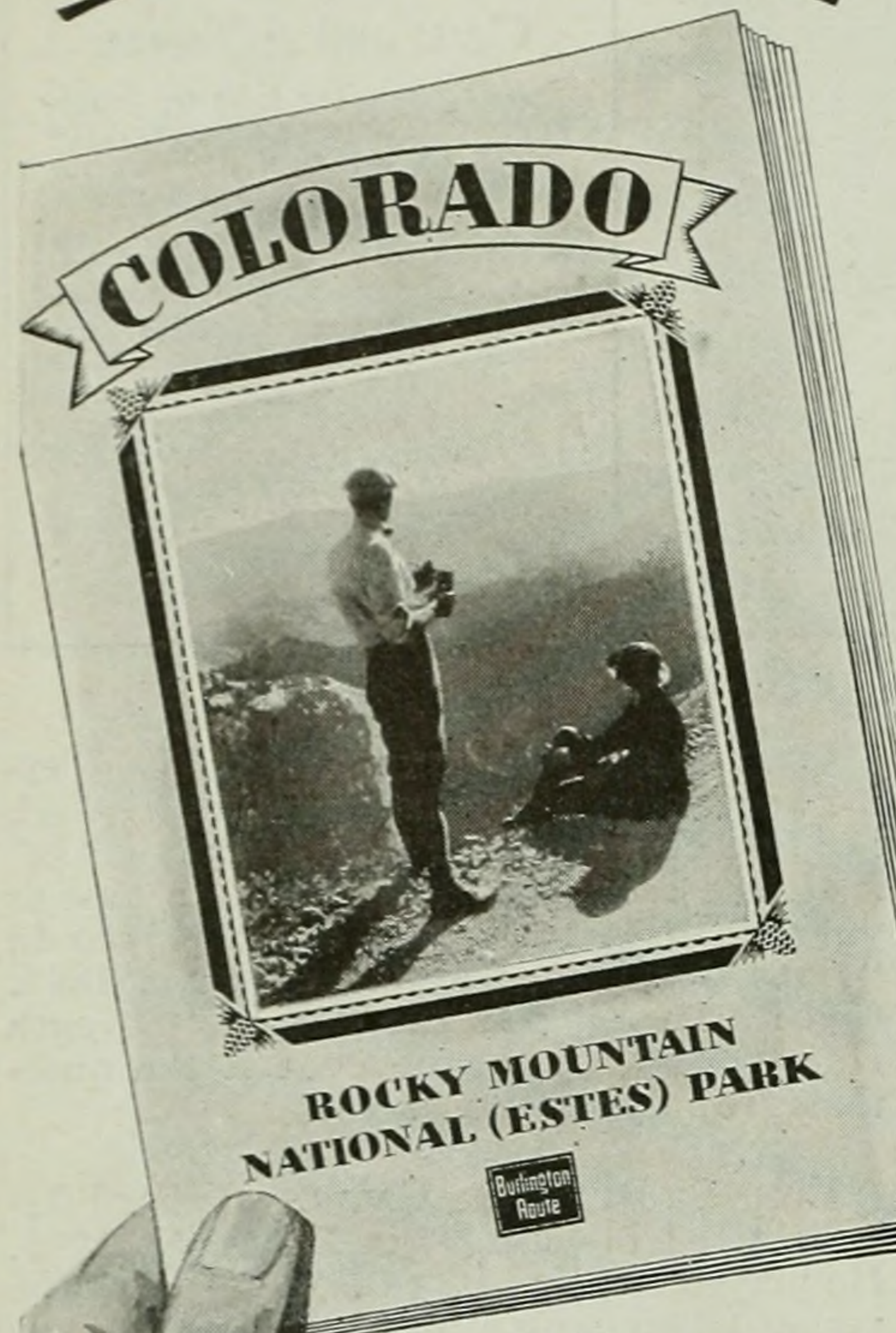
H. B., DELAWARE, O.—You typewrite like an expert. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., but she lived most of her early life in Brooklyn. Roy D'Arcy was born on February 10, 1894. James Hall was born on October 22, 1900. Gloria Swanson has brown hair and Billie Dove has brown eyes.

A. M., CANTON, O.—John Gilbert is an American and not of Syrian descent, that I know of. Neither have the Gish sisters any Syrian ancestry. In fact, I don't know of any Syrians who are in the movies.

H. W. E., LANSING, MICH.—Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty years old. She was born in Ystad, Sweden, but she has been in this country so long that she really is an American. Anna Q. is divorced but she is going to be married again to Ernest Krause, a non-professional. Lon Chaney is married and that is his real name. Lon's newest thrillers are "London After Midnight" and "The Big City."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

FREE



BIG VACATION BOOK

Accept it with our compliments—this absorbing, richly illustrated story of the new Colorado now opened to you.

It tells you of new playlands, new havens of rest, vacation enjoyment in endless variety—at a cost so low it will surprise you.

It shows you exactly what each dollar of your vacation money can buy in Colorado.

Read it—and see how easily you can have a glorious Colorado vacation of 2-weeks or longer this summer!

Send the coupon and begin planning the vacation of your dreams—*now*.

(Another booklet about Burlington All Expense Escorted Tours of the Rockies is free for the asking. Just mark the coupon.)

Burlington Travel Bureau, Dept. P-1
547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me at once your Colorado Vacation Book.

Name.....

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Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.

**Burlington
Route**

The Most
Popular Route
to the Rockies

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

GOODY, goody! Lew Cody is going to take orders from a woman. Dorothy Arzner has been borrowed from Paramount to direct Lew in a new comedy

DINNER at the Ambassador with Blanche Sweet and Micky Neilan and some friends.

The waiter timidly inquired of Blanche, "Aren't you Mrs. Alexander's little girl, Blanche?"

Blanche smiled with pleasure and responded in the affirmative.

"I used to wait on you in Chicago," the waiter continued. In a few moments, he remarked, "Say, Miss Sweet, I served you once at the Ritz in New York." The actress was more or less flattered. The waiter became more familiar: "Say, Blanche, don't you remember the night I saw you out at the Planatation?"

Then followed more and more familiarity, until Miss Sweet became furious and complained to her husband. Then the truth was disclosed. As a joke, Micky had hired an actor friend to play waiter at their table and thus embarrass Miss Sweet.

LARS HANSEN has written his Hollywood friends a letter saying that since he returned to Europe he has discovered that Hollywood is the most famous city in the world. He has been so pestered with questions, that he has gotten out a mimeographed set of answers, because he says most people ask the same questions!

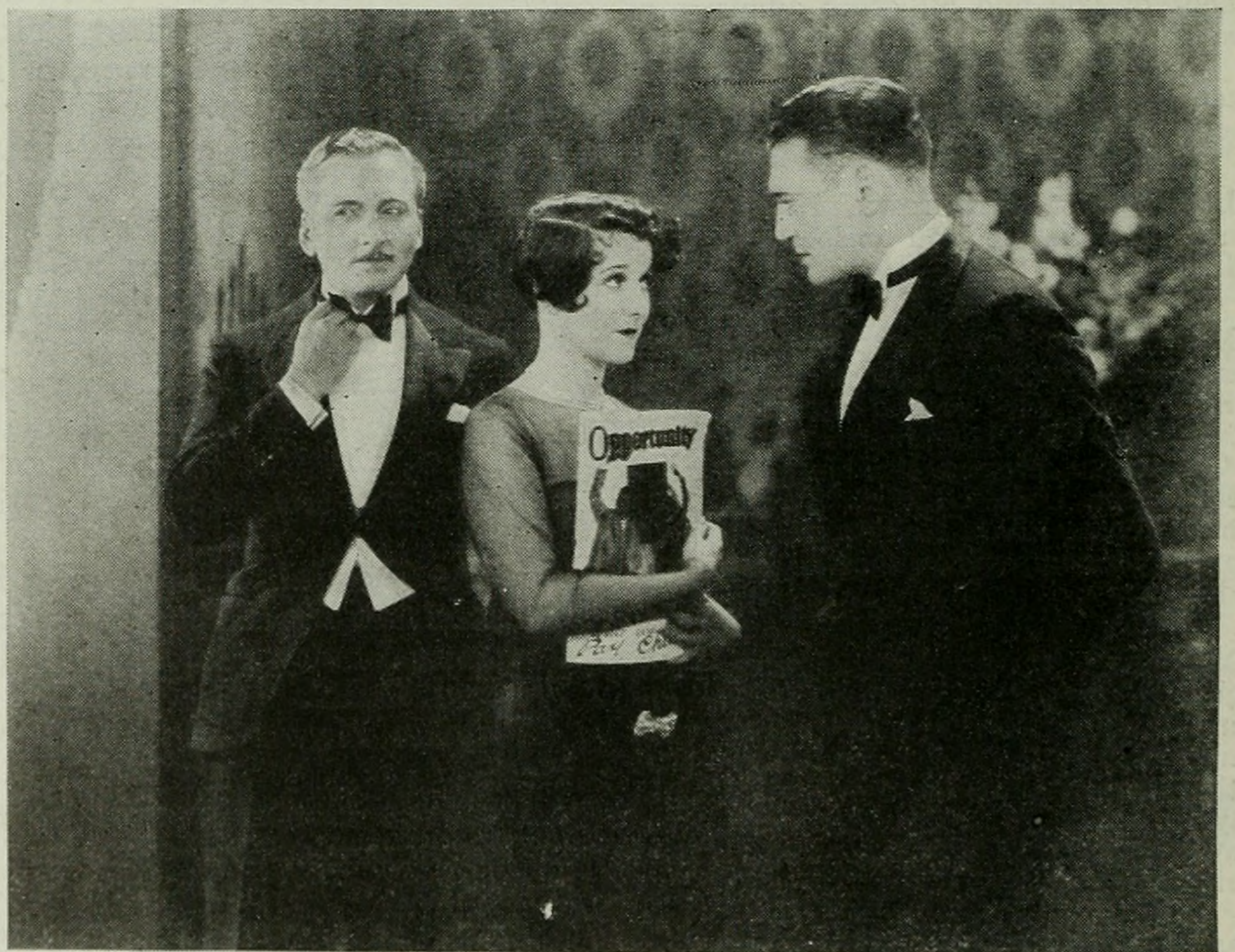
UNIQUE among the various Christmas gifts exchanged by the studio contingent was that of Milton Sills.

Harold Lloyd and Milton Sills have estates, where they are growing, or expect to grow, every rare plant and flower that can live in California. Milton is already a recognized horticulturist and Harold is studying, so it was quite appropriate that Milton should give Harold a copy of Bailey's Encyclopedia of Horticulture (several volumes) bearing the inscription: "From One Horticulturist To Another Horticulturist."

A YEAR ago Betty Bronson's mother was worried for fear Betty might not be like other girls. She just didn't care to go anywhere. Now Mrs. Bronson bewails the fact that Betty never stays home. With luncheons, teas and dances, the girl is growing up faster than her mother had wished. You just can't please these modern mothers.

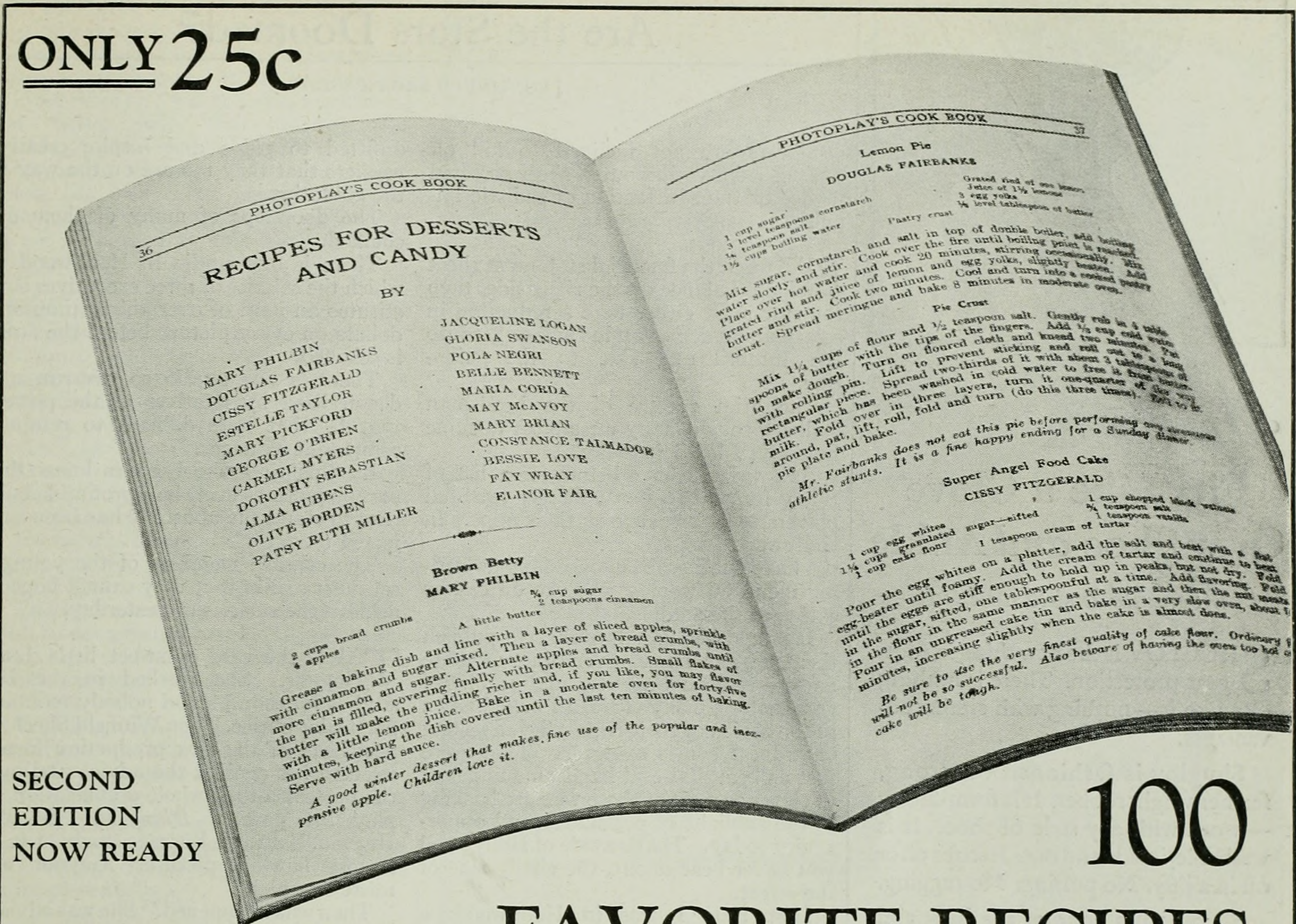
WHEN Nils Asther is between pictures he hies himself to Arrowhead, where the knee-high snow drifts make him think he is back in Sweden. He makes good use of his skis while he is there for Nils remembers that he skied himself into pictures, having been seen by Stiller, the Swedish director, when he was competing for the skiing championship in Stockholm.

The director later called for Nils when he needed a double for his star in a skiing sequence.



If that lad you are in love with just does not seem to be making the grade, buy him a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE and make a salesman out of him. That's what Gertrude Olmsted does for Richard Dix in the picture he is now making. Phillip Strange, the third side of the triangle, doesn't think he has a chance to make good, but see what OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE and Gertrude do for Richard in "Sporting Goods" when it comes to your theater

ONLY 25c



SECOND EDITION NOW READY

100

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS FILM STARS PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK

Edited by Carolyn Van Wyck

PHOTOPLAY readers do enjoy good things to eat. We are convinced of that, as the entire first edition of our new Cook Book was completely sold out only a few months after the appearance of the first announcement. The second edition is now ready for distribution, so you will not be disappointed.

PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, of course, is in no sense a book on HOW TO COOK. It is merely a guide of WHAT TO COOK. The recipes are not beyond the skill of the average housewife. In fact, very few of them call for any delicacies that are not in stock in every kitchen.

You will not find any charts or calories, proteins or vitamins in this book, but you will find among its recipes some very delicious vegetable and fruit salads that should be on the menu of every woman who values her health, her complexion and her figure.

Menus for All Occasions

The many "party" recipes, the many dishes that are appropriate for luncheons, teas or suppers will make this little book priceless to the hostess. The foreign recipes furnished by prominent French,

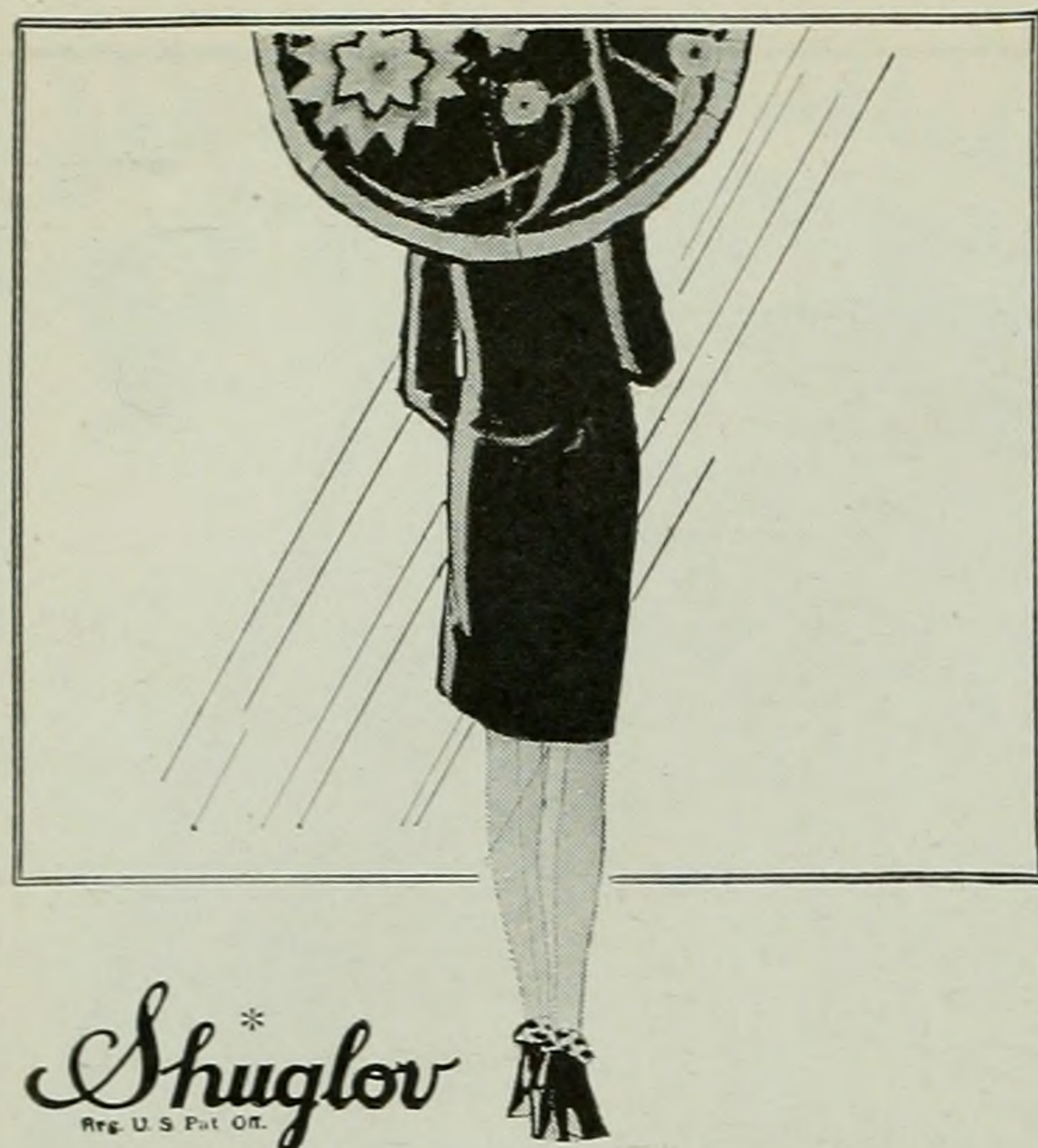
German, Swedish and Hungarian Stars will add a welcome variety to your menus. Also included in this amazing little book are 22 favorite recipes for desserts and candies, for which you would gladly pay double its price. Tasty desserts and delicious candies, just the thing to serve after an evening of Bridge or after the theater.

Write your name and address plainly in the space provided in the coupon, and enclose only 25 cents (stamps or currency), and you will receive your copy of this wonderful little Cook Book by return mail.

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.,
750 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find 25 cents (currency) for which kindly send me *Photoplay's Cook Book* containing 100 favorite recipes of the film stars.

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Address.....
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Fits Like a Glove Over Shoe and Ankle

Washable Inside and Out

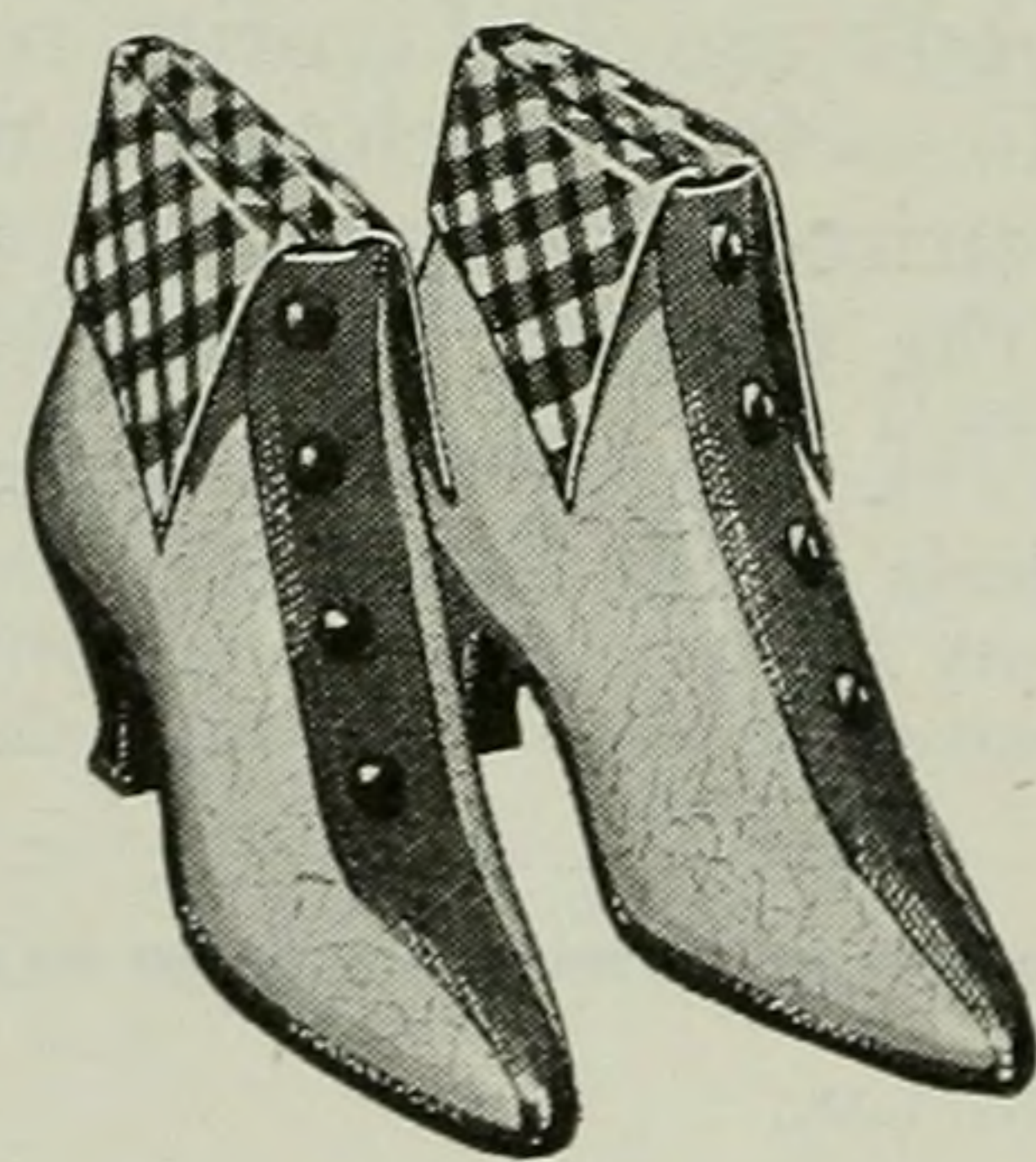
SHUGLOV is the new thing in foot-gear protection. There is nothing else like it—nothing with similar advantages.

Shuglov is fashioned of strong, featherweight rubber. It is form-fitting—worn with any style of shoe. It is washable, inside and out. It snaps on or off in a jiffy. No pulling. No tugging.

Shuglov has none of the bulk and weight of old methods. Utmost protection is assured without them.

And, most important, Shuglov comes to you in four harmonizing colors, Nude, Gray, Black and Brown, with two types of heels. The Universal is for military, military high and spiked heel. The Cuban is for the lower and flatter heels. The trim decorative top is worn up or down with equal smartness.

All smart shops are showing Shuglovs. Women who dictate the vogue are wearing them.



For the first time a distinct style note in footgear protection. All the charm of a pair of lovely shoes—yet, utmost warmth and comfort.

* Pronounced Shoe-Glove

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AKRON, OHIO

Are the Stars Doomed?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

producers are not inclined to kill off established favorites out of sheer personal malice or the satisfaction of sadistic impulses.

BUT when the financial statement sheet fails to balance on the right side, then the star must either take a reduction in salary and a demotion in rank or get into the tumbril and ride to the guillotine.

The grim spectre of the headsman stalks through many an almost genuine Louis XIV boudoir today.

As I write, I have before me a list of thirty former stars, not merely featured players, *stars*, who are on their uppers in Hollywood today.

I have another list of once famous leading men and women who are on call as extras at the studios.

It would be sheer brutality to publish them, but as I read over some of these names, famous beauties, matinee idols, great actors, many of them I have known in the zenith of their popularity, a feeling of sadness comes over me. They were just as beautiful and handsome and just as clever as most of those who are basking in the sunlight of popularity and opportunity today. That's a side of Hollywood you never hear about, the shady side of the street.

Last time I was in Hollywood, a dramatic star whom I had known at the height of his fame was working as three-dollar a day atmosphere in a cheap two-reel comedy, and glad to get such work a few days a week.

A former screen actress of dazzling beauty is waiting on table in an Illinois small town hotel.

But enough of that. It's too depressing to write about.

WHAT, then, is the answer to our question? Is the star system doomed? A loud and decisive NO is the answer.

It all began when the public demanded the names of the unidentified favorites in the old Biograph days.

The personality hidden by the producers under the name of the "Biograph Blonde" was brought into the open as Mary Pickford. That was the start of the star system.

The fact of the matter is that producers know now that they must build personalities.

They must take comparatively unknown people and develop them up with pictures and exploitation.

They have found that is better business than outbidding each other for established stars to whom they must pay salaries so large that they cannot make money for the companies. They have found that big salaries often expand temperaments, and temperament is a very definite item of studio expense.

There have been cases of downright injustice to players as well as to directors and writers. There are men occupying powerful executive positions who are so

unfitted to guide and inspire creative workers that they too are on the way to the guillotine.

The doorsteps of many of them are chalked.

There is one studio in Hollywood in which the salaries of three executives constitutes an item of over thirty thousand dollars on every picture before the story is selected.

There is one studio so overrun and demoralized by relatives of the powers that be that it is difficult to retain a competent manager.

By this time the bankers know that motion pictures must be a profitable business to stand the abuses it has been subjected to.

The capable members of the younger set must realize that they cannot hope to achieve the salaries of yesterday.

TAKE the case of sweet little Janet Gaynor. She worked in the Fox studios for months and nobody took any particular notice. Then Winfield Sheehan, new head of the Fox production forces, selected her against the advice and over the protests of his whole organization, to play the part of *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven." Frank Borzage made of it an almost flawless picture. Gaynor was made overnight.

Then what happened? She was advised by friends and attorneys that she ought to demand a huge salary from the Fox company, in spite of the fact that she was under contract at \$400 a week with increases from year to year.

Sheehan voluntarily raised her salary to \$1000 a week, an increase of \$31,000 for the first year, with steady increases which would give her \$2000 a week the fourth year.

Sheehan would go no further and little Janet finally saw the light. The Fox Company risked a million dollars on Sheehan's judgment to make her a star, and have no assurance that she will ever do such good work again. Yet her attorneys would remove all chance of the company ever making a cent of profit on their investment.

Sally O'Neil was boosted from an extra into the big-money class by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She was getting \$750 a week. At the end of her contract she was offered \$1000. She insisted on \$1500 and they let her go.

OLIVE BORDEN, who was discovered by Tom Mix and given a part in one of his pictures a few years ago, climbed up to \$1500 a week.

She had been an extra girl and her mother ran a candy store.

Her contract provided that on its conclusion the company might renew it for \$2250.

Olive didn't prove a box office sensation, and she was offered \$2000 for forty weeks.

The case of Lillian Gish is significant. She was getting about \$8000 a week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her pictures

did not bring in a return sufficient to justify a renewal of her contract.

Today Lillian Gish doesn't know where she's going, but she is on her way to United Artists. Joe Schenck has offered her shelter under that program, but nothing more—no huge salary. Miss Gish must discover her own stories, select her own casts, provide her own director, risk her own money. The star is not enthralled by this idea, as Gloria Swanson was.

THE only director she wants—the Swedish Seastrom—is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lillian has already used up all her story ideas. "The White Sister" was made at her suggestion. So, too, were "Romola," "The Scarlet Letter" and "LaBoheme." Remembering their box office results, Lillian is quite justified in the suspicion that she is not a good story picker.

However, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer alone was responsible for that prize flop, "Annie Laurie."

There are many critics who regard Miss Gish as our greatest artist. Certainly she has a loyal and large following.

She has been acting since she was six years old.

Yet here, midway in her career, she is forced into the rôle of producer if she is to continue to draw a huge salary.

The answer to the headline question at the beginning of this tale of woe is that stars (outstanding personalities) will go on as long as the motion picture continues in its present form.

* * * *

Great pictures can be made without stars, but stars cannot be made without great pictures.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

13 WASHINGTON SQUARE—Universal

THIS is a story dealing with the efforts of a mother to keep her son and his sweetheart apart. Alice Joyce, the mother, lends to her delineation the aristocratic poise that gives her work such charm. Jean Hersholt's part does not demand acting at all commensurate with his ability. Helen Jerome Eddy and George Lewis register when given an opportunity, but honors go to ZaSu Pitts. The picture is mediocre but it contains both mystery and comedy.

TENDERLOIN—Warners

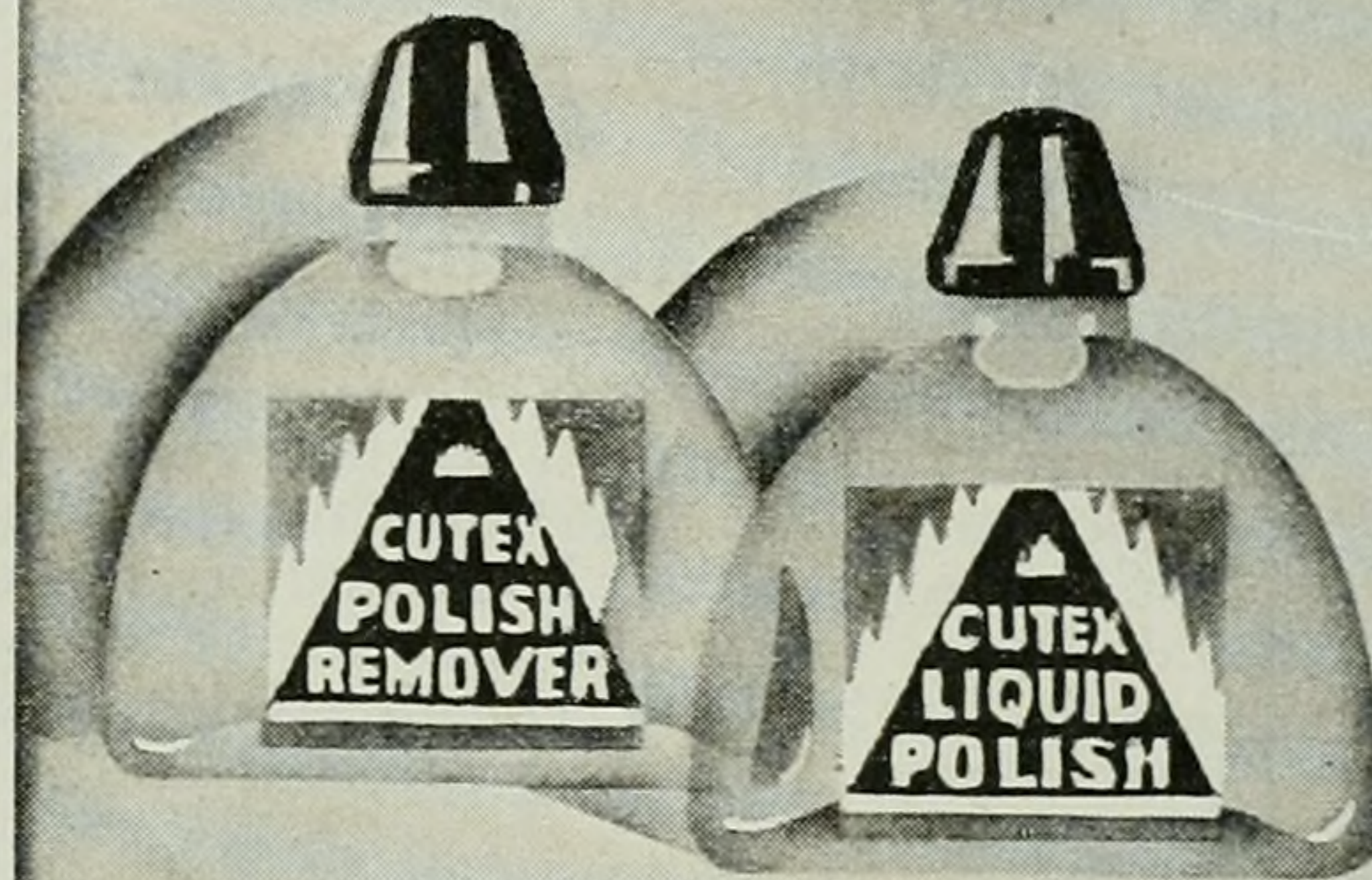
UNDERWORLD stories are shown on all sides of us and we are becoming familiar with the tenderloin districts of our cities. This particular story deals with a band of crooks, who plan a bank robbery, are double crossed by another crook, and the blame thrown on an innocent girl, thereby causing much anguish. Dolores Costello does fairly good dramatic work.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG—M.-G.-M.

RALPH FORBES, Marceline Day, and Flash, "the wonder dog," are the featured players in this drama. The German boys are shown training and doing some fighting on the Russian front but this is largely to show the part the dogs played in the war. Forbes, "too good an artist to be a soldier," could never kill until the enemy killed his dog. Then he fought with a



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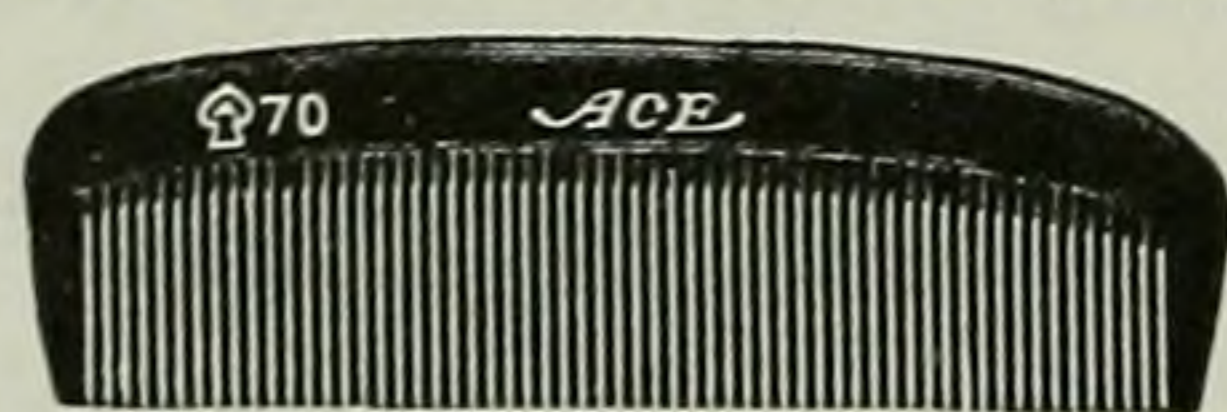
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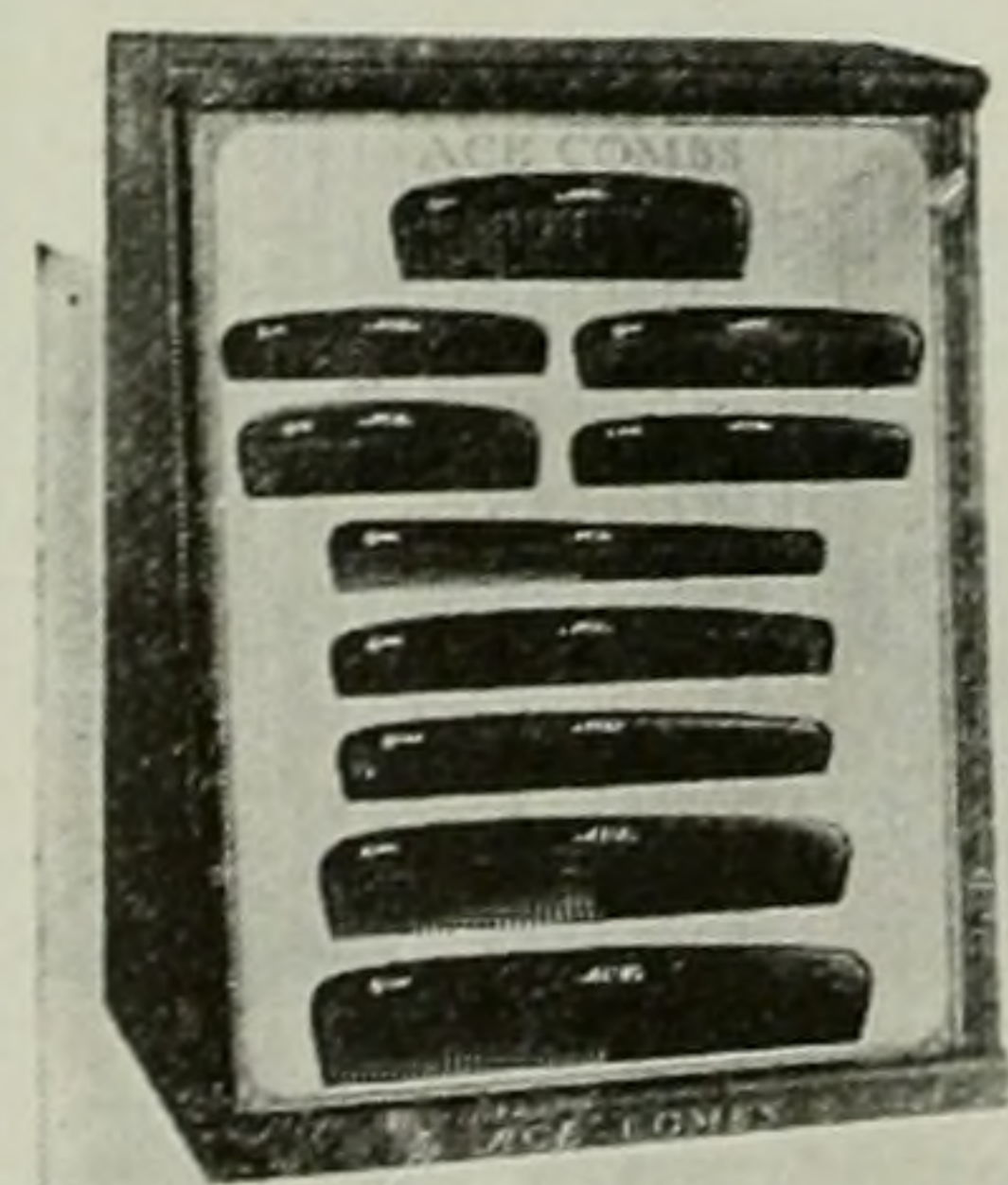


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vengeance. Forbes gets a thorough grip on his part, and William Fairbanks has a rôle which he handles creditably, but it is the dog's picture.

THE CRIMSON CITY—Warners

THE Crimson City is Singapore. Myrna Loy, as *Nan Toy*, a captive in the "House of a Thousand Daggers," gives a most intelligent interpretation. John Miljan, an American, hides in China because he cannot prove his innocence when convicted of a crime he did not commit. He is without friends or funds, but is kind to *Nan* and she, in return, saves his life and honor. Action—and the piquant Myrna Loy.

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO

BILL BOYD (played by Ralph Ince) is framed by a rival crook, *Hardy* (James Mason), and sent to prison for fifteen years. When he regains his freedom, he has lost his wife and little girl, and his only desire is to even up with *Hardy*. The story of how he does this is vigorously directed and acted by Ralph Ince. Jola Mendez, as the daughter, does rather good work.

COMRADES—First Division

TWO boys are inseparable comrades. One is a coward, the other courageous. Comes the world war! The brave lad goes in place of the weak one, assuming his name. His fiancée misinterprets and believes him to be the coward. Helene Costello is charming, first as the girl left at home and later as an ambulance driver behind the trenches. Gareth Hughes and Donald Keith make lovable boys. Pleasing entertainment.

THE LAW OF THE RANGE—M.-G.-M.

IF Tim McCoy has ambitions to become a Bill Hart, he makes a good start in this picture. With the help of his white horse, the "Boy Bandit," empty guns and a mammoth prairie fire, he gives us a picture which is not only a thriller but holds unusual heart interest. Joan Crawford as the sweet old-fashioned girl fires the protective instincts of both bandits and rangers; Rex Lease is the youthful robber; and Bodil Rosing plays the yearning mother.

THE CHEER LEADER—Gotham

ALTHOUGH we have never seen a cheer leader taken from his post and rushed into a football game in the last three minutes to win for his team, it does make a new twist to an otherwise conventional college story. Gertrude Olmsted makes a delectable co-ed. Rivalry for the girl and rivalry for prominence on the team furnish the usual college complications. Good, light entertainment.

THE BRANDED SOMBRERO—Fox

BUCK JONES, whose popularity never fails him, in another conventional rôle, of the self-sacrificing hero, who protects his younger half-brother from bad company. There's a fight thrown into the proceedings for good measure.

THE LADY OF VICTORIES—M.-G.-M.

HISTORY and romance are combined in this Technicolor two-reeler. And what more dramatic subject could be found?—Napoleon and Josephine. This is the story of the great romance of the Emperor of France and Josephine, the Cinderella of the tropical isle of Martinique; the tragedy of their Imperial divorce; Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo and his exile. The battle scenes and picturesque court backgrounds are effectively presented. Agnes Ayres and

Otto Matieson are in the cast. See this—a splendid production in every way.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER—Warners

HERE'S one reason why people walk out on pictures. This is the poorest comedy Syd Chaplin ever appeared in. Syd is annoying throughout the picture—Roy D'Arcy now has a rival for dental honors.

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners

A BEDROOM farce. Cheap or sophisticated, it all depends on your viewpoint. Cheap is ours. Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry are a married couple who just can't understand each other until—anyway it is not a family picture and, furthermore, grownups are not so dumb as to believe in Santa Claus.

ON YOUR TOES—Universal

THE poorest Reginald Denny feature we have seen in some time. Grandma raises Reggie to be a dancing teacher. His father was the undefeated heavyweight champ though Reggie was not aware of the fact. Eventually he lands into the squared circle and of course becomes the champ. The fight sequence is the best part of the picture. The kids will be amused with this.

SILK LEGS—Fox

LESSONS in salesology, a la Madge Bellamy. Madge is a silk hose saleslady and is out to do her competitor who happens to be the boy-friend. After Madge cleans up on all the orders both companies consolidate and naturally the boy-friend becomes the boss. Amusing if you don't take your movies too seriously.

LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING—Hal Roach-M.-G.-M.

ANOTHER rib-tickler furnished by the famous pair—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It's all about two pals who become hysterical from laughing gas while pal number one is having a tooth extracted. When they start home in their Henry is where the fun begins. A two-reeler—but better than most feature length productions.

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—First National

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S famous novel is faithfully picturized against gorgeous outdoor backgrounds. The types from the *Shepherd* of Alec Francis to the *Sammy Lane* of Molly O'Day are played sincerely, yet the total result is somewhat slow. A stranger from "outside" comes to an Ozark mountain community, stays to right the wrong his son has committed there years before, thwarts the villains and brings happiness and prosperity to all. Recommended to placid parents and children.

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia

DON'T bother to find out. It isn't worth your time. The only real mystery of this melodramatic farce is why such a venerable muddle of missing jewels, very secret service operators, bewildered butlers and crooks in smart clothing was ever filmed. Director Walter Lang and the cast headed by Ricardo Cortez, Eugenia Gilbert and Lillian Leighton did their best, but the result is very, very gaga.

HER SUMMER HERO—FBO

THERE'S not a tear nor a smile in this—in fact it is the poorest picture of the month. An improbable story and ditto the cast.

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

of, foolish enough to go out in this storm except a movin' picture hero.

Besides an' what's more, I kept on now that I'd got started, I may as well tell you that this squaw being a Injun would have pounded up the corn, made it into cakes, cooked 'em over a corn-cob an' corn husk fire, fed herself an' the meat hungerin' baby an' gone back to bed, keepin' warm with what quilts, comforters an' blankets they happened to have. But Dad stood pat, made the poor girl burn up the corn for heat, go hungry an' keep on sufferin'. He even let that poor little half-breed Osage baby cry through the long nights, a moanin' for meat.

OUT in the drifts, our hero is a huntin'. Sudden, he sees buffalo sign. He tracks 'em. I tried to tell Dad the horse the man was ridin' would a smelled the buffalos three miles away, but Dad wouldn't listen. The hero, seein' meat in sight for his steak-demandin' baby, tightens his belt, digs in his spurs an' goes ahead. The buffalo trail crosses the Salt Fork of the Canadian river, now frozen over—he tries to cross—the ice busts—in they go. How, says I, interruptin' again, could the ice bust when it's this cold an' the snow's this deep, but Dad replies that the play has got to go as it lay, so into the icy water goes the hero an' the horse. They scramble for the bank, but the horse gets out first an' to save himself, throws his cartridge belt into the river, it containin' the last shell he's got an' none nearer than Ponca City, sixty miles away an' tough roads.

The hero crawls up the bank an' shadin' his eyes with his hands for the closeup, looks back to where the sufferin' squaw an' meat insistin' baby are a freezin' an' sufferin'. He grits his teeth an' swears he'll have that meat for the baby or he'll never go back. He has nothin' to aid him now but his hands and an' abidin' faith in the Presbyterian church.

Then it was that the old bull buffalo, who really should have been somewhere else a mindin' his business, was to come in from behind the snow drift. Naturally, he was a foolish buffalo, or he'd stayed behind the drift where he'd be out of the wind an' storm. The buffalo sees the hero an' charges him an' it looks like the undertakin' shop for the young man, and then the horse comes back, havin' more sense than the buffalo, decidin' it's time to get out of there an' find shelter. The hero leaps into the saddle an' would have started for home but in his ears comes the piteous wail of a half-breed Osage baby cryin' for meat. Meat he had to have.

I told Dad if the hero knew as much about buffalo meat as I did, he'd a gone on home an' passed up the bull. There ain't ever been a steam meat chopper made yet that a hunk of buffalo meat wouldn't stall. Anyway, the hero spurs up the cow-pony, rides straight for the buffalo, leaps from his saddle an' with his bare hands bulldogs him. The struggle is fierce—it's a struggle to the death. The hero would a lost, but above the din of the



Lina Basquette

says:

Hollywood, Calif.

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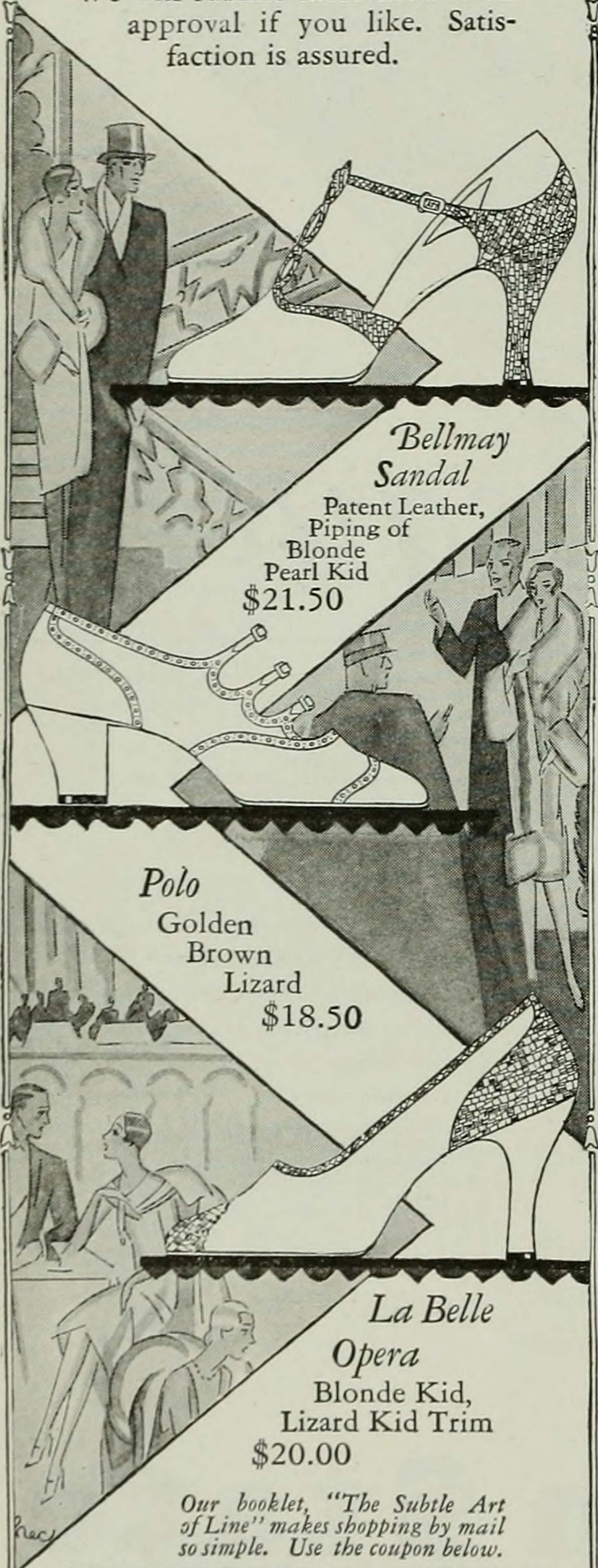
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storm he can hear the sobbin' of his Osage wife an' Osage kid an' it spurs him on. He makes a mighty effort; his muscles strain; they stand like whip cords from his arms an' shoulders; his chest heaves—Dad insisted on the heavin'. Another tussle—the strong right arm of the hero is triumphant—the big buffalo bull is thrown an' dies with the count of ten a ringin' in his ears.

AN', ladies an' gents, I was the bird slated for the buffalo battle. My part of the job was to subdue the mighty monarch of the frozen prairies, "an'," says I, when we had got to this point, "for what?"

"For what?" says Mr. Turner, "for \$250.

"You claim," he went on, "that you got to raise a million dollars. Well this will be your first legitimate start an' \$250 is a heap of money, especially out here in Oklahoma an' for ten minutes' work." Me an' Dad argued. I wanted \$1,000, but he laughed an' I finally agreed on \$500. The fact he promised me a part in the picture for which I'd get paid extra an' the further fact Miss Stedman was also in the film, probably influenced the compromise.

Miss Stedman was delighted when she heard about our fine story. "I suppose," says she, "that you'll put wires on the buffalo—you won't do this with your hands, will you?" "Ma'am," I told her, "there'll be no wires on this here buffalo an' the dispute is strictly between Mr. Mix and the buffalo, an' no one else will be allowed to butt in."

THE story bein' finished, we next had to find a location for the prairie scene. I worried at first about the snow, this bein' summertime, but Dad said he would attend to that. I knew Mike Cunyan had a little ranch over on the Salt Fork he'd let us use, providin' we gave the tenant somethin'. Everything bein' fixed, they ship the buffalo in—two of 'em.

While always certain in my own mind that I could bulldog a buffalo, I didn't put in any loud protests when the picture folks apologized an' explained the two buffalo bulls were aged—that they'd been able to buy 'em cheap on that account. When it come to lookin' this pair of bulls over, an' decidin' which one I'd use, I sure took my time. I bought a coupla bales of good alfalfa hay an' I certainly was good to them two old buffalos. I give 'em more hay an' grain than they ever knew was harvested, an' all this tryin' to find out which one had the kind an' friendly disposition.

An' this is just as good a place as any to say that as a buffalo psycho-analyst, I wasn't so good. Age may slow a man up—added years may take the elasticity of youth from him an' dim his eyesight, but none of those things affect a buffalo that-away. The older a buffalo gets, the tougher he grows; years increase his speed an' makes him more an' more unsociable; I don't blame the rest of the buffalos from keepin' away from him. Not knowin' then as much as I know now, I still thought I could throw either of those old bulls. Reckonin' from horse an' cattle sign, I figured the oldest bull was about thirty. Long about then, I was

thirty myself, but the buffalo was better at thirty than I ever hope to be.

OVER at Cunyan's place me an' other cowhands looked on with much interest while the property men spread about ten barrels of salt mixed with mica over a two-acre pasture lot, to make the winter snow. They produced a tougher winter day than Oklahoma ever saw. They made some snow drifts that Oklahoma's best January wind couldn't improve upon. That was the set.

I've always had a lot of respect for horse sense. At that time I was ownin' an' ridin' a horse named Old Blue—I used him in the pictures until Tony grew up—an' when I took Blue over to this buffalo pen, he didn't like either of 'em, particularly the oldest, which I had selected for the scene. To this day, I've always trusted the horse sense of Tony—when he an' I don't agree, I change my mind an' string along with him.

Finally, the great day for the buffalo scene came. Turner had already shot the scenes with the hero, the squaw an' kid around the sod house. Miss Stedman was there a waitin' to see me do my stuff. I figured that after she'd seen me throw the buffalo, there'd be nothin' to it an' that thereafter instead of spendin' the evenin's walkin' around with the good lookin' leadin' man, she'd go horseback ridin' with me. I didn't know at that time, but learned it years later, that Dad Turner had told her to keep me pepped up, so I'd go ahead with the scene. It also was a good thing that I didn't know then that the part he promised me in the picture was that of an old Injun chief who appeared an' done nothin' in the pow-wow of the tribe when they throwed the good lookin' young squaw out, an' Miss Stedman wasn't even in the scene. Anyway, she had me steamed up to a point where I was willin' to fight one buffalo or a carload, so long as she was watchin' me.

MEANTIME, I had made all kind of secret preparation. Night after night, I had fed my old buffalo baled hay an' grain and talked kind an' soothin' words to him. I didn't see how anythin' could go wrong unless the buffalos died before we got to the scene. I discovered that the salt an' mica, used for the snow, made the ground slippery, which won't do when you're a bulldoggin', so I got me the iron ridges from the palms of a coupla pair of corn huskin' gloves an' put 'em on my boots along with the cleats that I'd taken from a pair of old baseball shoes that I owned. I figured that I couldn't slip.

A bunch of cowhands had driven the old buffalo into a little pen just behind the big snow drift an' give him some hay on my suggestion. About this time Mike Cunyan drove up in a buckboard. Mike had lived in Oklahoma since it was first settled an' knew a heap about buffalos; an' was a good friend of mine. He first walked over an' looked at the buffalo an' next came over to me.

"Tom," says he, "are you sure a aimin' to bulldog this buffalo?"

"Why not?" I told him, "I can bulldog any old buffalo."

"Well," he said kind of slowly, after thinkin' a minute, "a few weeks ago you

left a good saddle, a Winchester an' a slicker over at my house in Ponca; what do you want us to do with 'em?"

"Do with 'em?" says me, "why keep 'em an' I'll come an' get 'em." Somehow, I didn't like the way Mike looked as he walked away.

I GOT on Old Blue an' rode in where Dad Turner told me the scene was to be shot.

He cautioned me to keep in the snow an' that if the buffalo got out of the scene, to coax him back in again.

I waved to Miss Stedman, an' yelled so the perfumed leadin' man could hear me, that she'd probably never see another bulldoggin' of a buffalo, unless she saw me do it again, an' that probably would be a long time from now.

I told 'em to turn the old buffalo loose.

He sure came around the corner pretty an' me an' Old Blue started right for him, but the horse required considerable spur-rin' to keep him headed in the right direction, but he was game an' in he went.

I had figured out just where I was to leave the saddle, grab the buffalo by the horns an' twist him on the ground.

But Mr. Buffalo got in front of the drift and stopped, watchin' us out of his funny little eyes. Then he whirled an' charged in our direction. Me an' Blue hadn't figured on that an' before I knew what had happened, the bull tossed Blue up in the air, which naturally threw me to the ground an' left me afoot an' the buffalo started after me. It was probably sixty yards to the end of the enclosure which had been fenced in by a nine-high barbed wire fence. To this day I still think an' some of my friends still think that I done the best sixty yards ever hoofed by livin' man, with or without spurs.

I also climbed that nine-high wire fence without stickin' myself or tearin' my clothes.

Dad Turner said he never supposed before that anything but a railway train could move that fast.

I CAME around an' Miss Stedman was laughin' to beat ninebands. I explained to her an' Dad an' the rest of 'em that I had just been testin' the buffalo out to see how good he was an' to get him riled an' het up so he'd make the scene good.

"Now," says I, "I'm goin' back an' throw this buffalo bull. The only thing I hope is that I don't do it too cruel or too rough or break its neck."

Miss Stedman wished me luck an' begged me not to be too hard on the buffalo. I promised.

I think that when Old Blue an' me rode in again an' started right for the buffalo, it sort of surprised him, for he stood there doin' nothin' but pawin' the movin' picture snow.

Just as we rode past, with the horse on a good run, I jumped an' grabbed the buffalo by the horns. A buffalo's horns are shorter than a steer's but I'd counted on that.

I didn't know it then, but I know now that a buffalo has got ten times more strength in his short thick neck, than the best long horn that Texas ever produced, dreamed of havin'.

Anyway, I had the buffalo by the horns



"... the audience would have a fit!"

Make it nobody's business!

ACTOR: "Just listen to the coughs in the audience—interrupting every line of the play. Suppose I should constantly cough between words—the audience would have a fit."

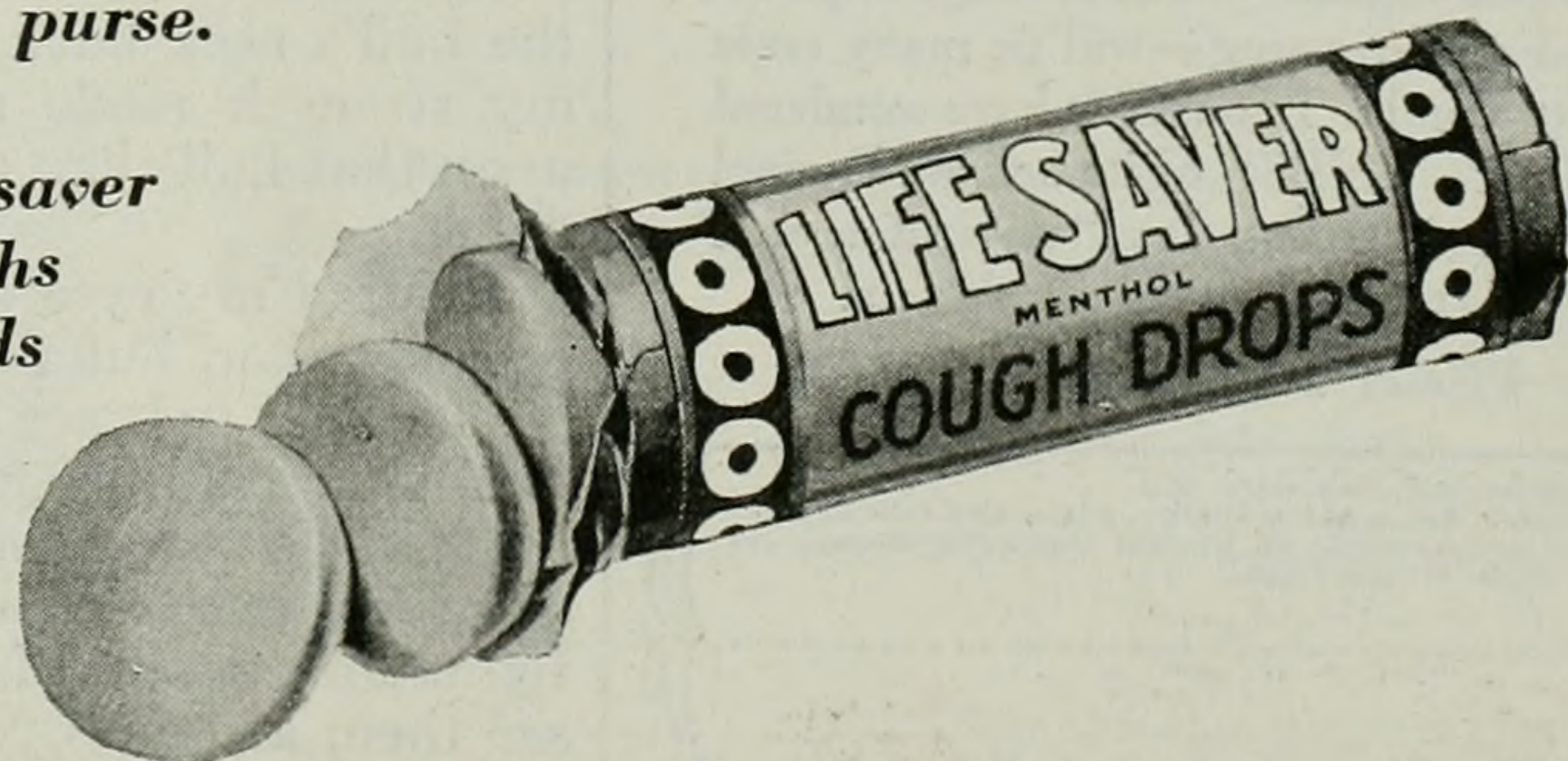
STAGE MANAGER: "Well, it's part of the game, I guess—what are you going to do about it?"

ACTOR: "Can't do a thing except rely on Life Saver Menthol Cough Drops to prevent my own coughing and hope to high heaven the public gets next to the fact that they certainly do soothe the throat and relieve coughs."

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an' it didn't take more'n a second for me to find out that it was already a question as to whether I had him or he had me, with odds in favor of the buffalo.

I could tell he was holdin' somethin' back—wasn't doin' his best. By this time he had me pretty well on the defensive an' I was a heap more concerned about how I was goin' to get out of there than I was about what the picture folks wanted.

In fact, my interest in the picture business was slippin' fast. I remember I did hate to have Miss Stedman an' the good lookin' leadin' man, who used perfume an' oil on his hair, see me get the worst of it.

More than anything on earth, at that moment, I craved liberty—the broad prairie, a good horse an' not a fence or house in sight.

IN the middle of the drift me an' the bull tussled. Dad Turner shouted encouragin'ly. "Don't throw him too quick," he yelled, "hold him thataway for a few minutes until we can get the footage on him."

Dad didn't know it, but he should have done his talkin' to the buffalo, because it was him that was runnin' things an' not me.

The old bull braced himself, forced me to my knees an' then commenced to slowly bend me backwards. I dug my iron cleats into the salt covered ground and pushed the other way—but the buffalo was gainin' an' both of us knew it. Slowly, I was losin'.

I knew the buffalo had me an' I knew as well that with his sharp horns, once he got me on my back, I wasn't goin' to last long. Further and further, the buffalo shoved me.

Dad yelled encouragin'ly—"you're doin' fine," he shouted, "keep it up."

I found myself sinkin', an' knowin' that would be the end of me, a lot of things started to run through my mind. I remembered a coupla horse trades I wished I'd never made an' I thought of a horse or two that I'd like to hand back to their owner, who still thought they were strays.

I recalled \$10 I owed to a guy in Colorado for a stack of red checks lost in a stud game an' which I thought now I'd like to pay back, although I hadn't hurried much about settlin' durin' the past few years.

FURTHER an' nearer to the ground the buffalo slowly shoved me. I knew it wouldn't be long now. I felt the buffalo's neck muscles tighten. I knew he was about to make his final effort—an effort I knew I was powerless to stop—an effort that I knew would end the scene. I made one final attempt myself to twist the bull's neck back or on one side, but my strength made no more impression upon that bull than a child's would have done.

I closed my eyes decidin' to make the best of a bad buffalo deal, an' I felt the old bull try to brace his front feet for the final shove an' finish things, but the old boy's hoofs were smooth with thirty years of adventuresome buffalo life—I felt the tightenin' again of muscle and sinew, an' then, as he shoved his feet deep into the glazed salt an' mica, he slipped.

I felt him goin' down an' guessed what had happened. I dug the old baseball cleats deep into the prairie sod an' gave the best an' mightiest heave I ever thrown in my life, before or since. I gave a twist—the old bulldoggin' twist—an' the old bull, still strugglin' for a firm foothold, went down, fightin' to the last. I landed him on his back an' then—I left. I still claim my exit was made in better time than any big leaguer has ever stole second from first. Anyway, they had the picture.

DAD TURNER, Tom, and everyone complimented the scene, an' Miss Stedman said she thought it just wonderful, which pleased me fine.

The leadin' man didn't say anythin', which also pleased me.

"How did you ever do it?" she asked. Assumin' a modest demeanor, I replied that it was easy, "nothin' for me, in fact." But I told no one about the old bull's front feet a slippin' an' no one saw it except Mike Cunyan. "It's a mighty good thing for you, Tom," he told me later, "that the old boy's hoofs were slippery and he couldn't get a hold on the ground, otherwise my boy, Bob, would a had a good saddle, a Winchester an' a slicker."

I mentioned to Mike there was no need of tellin' anyone else about it.

The picture folks were pleased and gave me my check for \$500. I rode over to Ponca and at Burke's drug store bought a beautiful white mirror, comb an' brush in a lovely red plush box an' presented it to Miss Stedman an' she seemed pleased with it.

The next day, the picture company's Eastern manager—from the old Seelig Polyscope Company—who'd just come out, called me to one side an' said:

"Tom, we got a great picture in mind—it's called 'Quo Vadis,' an' in it you are to play *Ursus*, the hero who rescues the hapless maiden from the horns of a wild bull."

IS the hapless maiden a goin' to be Miss Stedman?" I wanted to know.

"Sure," he said, "none other."

"Then I'm hired," I put in, at the same time I asked him to write down the name of the piece, so I could show it to the rest of the cowboys.

"Sure'y you fellows know about 'Quo Vadis,' don't you?" says he.

"No," says I, "we don't." When I was sheriffin' I once arrested a cattle rustler, whose lawyer got the case so mixed up that it became quo warranto an' I'd heard of fellers gettin' statue quo an' I knew what quo animo meant in Mexican, but the quo he was talkin' about was a new one on us.

"Young man," said the manager, "you've got a great future, you're a goin' to play the outstandingest rôle of the year—you an' the bull. You will become famous overnight."

"That's great," I put in, "but how much money will there be in it?"

"Money?" says the Eastern gent, "money? Why, my boy, there's millions in sight for you—millions."

"Millions," thought I, "he says millions, an' I only need one of 'em."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Lasky's Brook

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

for it. He came in quietly enough. But ordinarily the twelve Apostles could have walked through that room in a body without receiving a single glance.

Madame Glyn named the quality IT. Barrie called it "that damned charm." Whatever it is it was as tangibly present at our luncheon table as the sugar bowl and the ketchup bottle. It made me want to break forth into the mountain tops at dawn, English hearts at home under an English heaven style of writing. (Stand by. I won't.)

"I'm most awfully sorry but they've given me only fifteen minutes for lunch," announced Clive, ordering tea and muffins, with cream, not lemon. "I've been looking forward to talking to you, knowing you've come out from the East. The New York mind is so much closer to my London mind than the ones here in the West. There's writing, too. I used to do a bit of it. I'd like to talk on that. But fifteen minutes! I'm most awfully sorry."

I NOTED his long-lashed, quizzical grey eyes, the cleft in his chin, his very lean English figure.

"What happened to you," I demanded, "what made you a sudden vogue?"

A mocking glance from across the table, the same kind of glance *Rolls Royce* in "Underworld" flung at the enamoured *Feathers*. "I ceased to be an actor and became an aphrodisiac," explained Mr. Brook. "A stimulant, you know, something taken to make the heart flutter. Take 'Hula' for example. Fancy a child like *Hula* falling in love with an antique personage like myself who has to struggle against the coming of a second chin. Fancy myself falling in love with an unholy terror who ate with her fingers and brought her dog to the table. Yet they injected me into that plot. Miss Bow took one look at me and her heart began to flutter. For all the acting I did they might as well have poured me out of a bottle."

"There was 'Underworld,'" I reminded him.

"YES, there was 'Underworld,'" said Mr. Brook, "and there was 'Barbed Wire,' thank heaven. Adult rôles both of them, the only ones I've had in America. Now I'm again being the cold shoulder to an unrepresed lady. I am a kind of English lure for 'The Devil Dancer.' You can see I'm obviously miscast."

The mocking glance again amid the muffins.

"You sound as subtly blasé as John Barrymore," I commented, "and you're much more quietly clever than Jack Gilbert. How do you get that way?"

"You want the biography?" asked Mr. Brook.

"I want the biography," I said.

"I was born in London in 1891, the son of George and Charlotte Mary Brook," he said. "My mother was an opera singer and she wanted me to be a barrister. I dutifully attended Dulwich College



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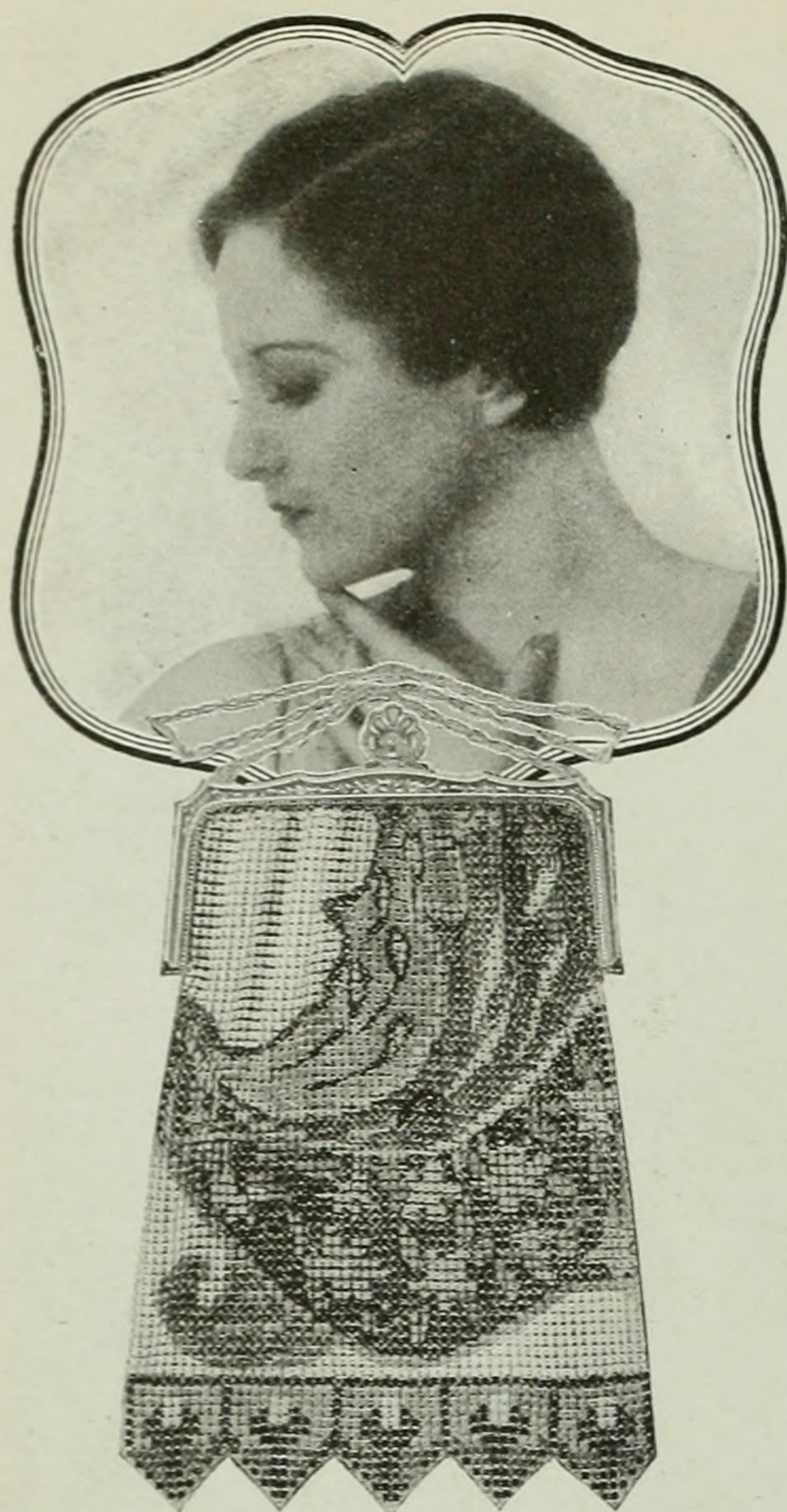
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with that end in view until I was fourteen, but I spent my leisure playing in amateur theatricals and studying the violin. Then the family fortunes turned over, I left school and happily forgot the law.

"A nine years' lapse. I can't remember half the things at which I tried to turn an English penny. Once I was a reporter. Once I taught horrible elocution. Once I achieved the post of assistant secretary at the Colonial Club and all the time I was attending classes in acting at the Polytechnic. Then the war broke.

"I JOINED up with the Artists' Rifles, a unit composed of professional and university men, as a private. That was in 1914 and when the unit was dissolved I was an officer with a machine gun section stationed on the East Coast of England looking for Zeppelins.

"Shortly thereafter I was sent to the front, went through a number of battles, particularly the battle of Messines in which our army mined so tremendous a portion of the earth that the explosion was heard in London. I was one of the men literally buried alive. But they got me out and sent me home on ten days' leave. I thought myself quite all right until one night when I had started for the theater I awoke to find myself in a strange part of London with no knowledge of how I got there.

"They kept me home then to drill troops. One midnight I stepped out on the parade grounds and began vigorously drilling troops which were not there. After that mental lapse, presumably, they decided they might as well kill me fully and I was sent back to the front again. But both my memory and I returned, my memory good and myself a Major.

"FOR the first time then I tried the professional stage. Sir Alfred Butt gave me the leading rôle in 'Fair and Warmer.' That started me. I played several other things after that and it was in the theater that I met my wife, Mildred Evelyn, who was one of the most popular leading women on the British stage. We played together in 'Over Sunday' and 'Sacred and Profane Love' and married in 1920. I went into films then, one of my first pictures being with your own Betty Compton. But pictures in England are not good. We are hampered by lighting, by old favoritisms, by the fact that our intellectuals in England scorn the cinema worse than the intellectuals here scorn it. So neither the pictures nor the actors get anywhere unless the actor comes to America, as I was delighted to get the chance to do. I like it here tremendously though I could wish for a little more conversation in California. That's my whole history."

"Clive Brook," I said, "you're an intelligent, cultured, intensely human being and all this infinitesimal small talk of yours about being an aphrodisiac doesn't deceive me a bit. You're bored with this strong, cold Englishman casting inflicted upon you and you'd like the chance to play some real parts. Why not say so?"

His mocking glance returned. "Listen, child," he said. "I have, with the exception of my two favorite pictures,

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walked around. In the final scene I have arranged my profile so that it wouldn't get in the way of the leading lady's profile and we have faded out together. But some day I shall forget. Some day I shall throw a shadow on the leading lady's nose that won't photograph well and then my career will be over. It's a terrible destiny for a grown man and the reason for not raising your sons to be actors."

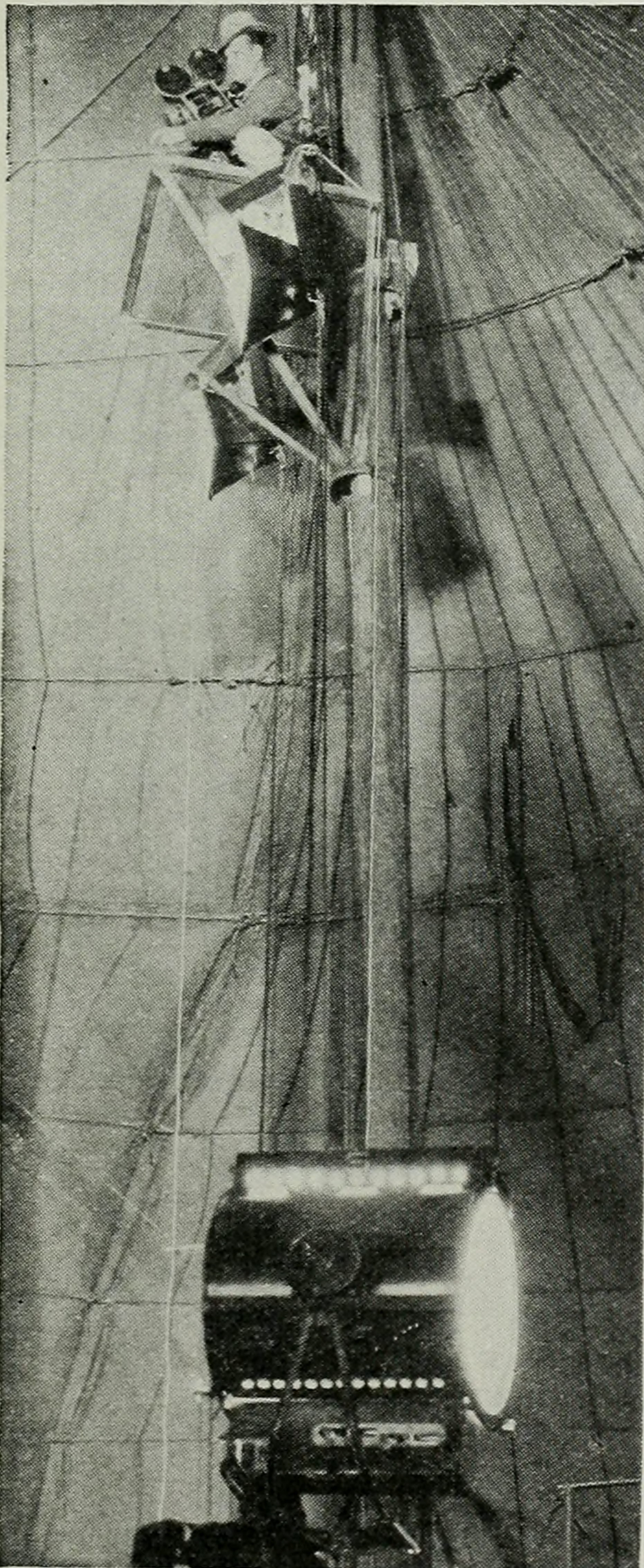
An assistant director came in to whisper that Miss Gray was waiting on the set. Dutifully Mr. Brook departed.

But I'd like to give Mr. Lasky a suggestion. There was another famous brook. It belonged to Alfred Tennyson who put it in a poem and according to the legend it went on forever.

Now there is a great space on the screen for intelligent, cultured gentlemen. Women want some star who will suggest an ideal husband to them and the success of Adolphe Menjou proves what a gold mine such appeal is.

Cast this Brook in honest domestic dramas. Then he, too, may well Tennyson-on forever.

I hope, Mr. Lasky, that I do not have to speak of this again.



The high-flying camera or the boy who worked his way to the top. Here is a camera placed in a perilous position to get some trick scenes for "Monkey Business," a new Dane-Arthur comedy

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Don't Call Her a Rich Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]



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The smart woman achieves lovely lips

She runs a little stick of orange magic firmly over her lips. Gradually, they begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick, but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she applies the lipstick . . . the color deepens, becomes richer, astonishingly lovely! No trace of grease or pigment, no unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely glow, so natural it seems a part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is—for it is as permanent as the day is long.

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who was, of course, at this time known by her real name of Evelyn Lederer, only daughter of Sam Lederer of Chicago, never knew that he didn't receive it, until this last September, when she went back to spend four days with her mother.

THEN, one evening, when all the girl friends were gathered at her home asking her questions about "fan" letters, her mother slipped out to get the "fan" letter which little Evelyn had written Charlie Chaplin. The mother read them the yellow, time worn pages which she and the father had so carefully preserved for ten years.

"My Very Dear Friend Charlie
"We arrived here in San Francisco yesterday safely I thought I would write to you today: I Will write again as soon as I reach Chicago Dear Charli I dont want your Secretary to answer my letters only you very own Dear Self Please: I don't want any postal or five Sentences letter either But I want a good size one at least a three paged Letter from you and Believe Me. Charlie. I will certainly honor that Letter if I ever did honor a letter Charlie. Everyone I know well enough to speak to I tell them I know you Charlie Chaplin and no fake either; And you took me to the Depot. If you only knew Charlie how happy you made me by taking me to the Depot.

"From you'r Great Little Admirer,
"Evelyn Lederer.
"P. S. If Charlie Chaplin's Secretary reads this: Please Give it to Charlie to read."

YOU know, it is almost with regret that I go on telling this story of Sue Carol. And when you read these lines about this youngster who at the age of twenty is making one of the most rapid climbs ever chronicled in pictures, I just want you to know how difficult it was to get Sue to talk about herself.

Not that she doesn't want publicity. For she realizes that stories are, after all, essential to her success in pictures; but just because she doesn't like to talk about the fact that she has money; has always had money.

"People don't understand," she told me. "They'll just think it's publicity or they'll think I'm bragging. Can't you please write something else about me?"

And when we explained that any true story must carry the details of exactly what has happened in her twenty years of existence, she still held back and decided we just hadn't better tell any story.

When we asked about her girlhood friendship with Janet Gaynor, we met the same hesitant resistance. "But I don't see Janet out here any more. When I just came out here for fun, I used to see Janet. But now that I'm just a little person in pictures and she's a star, I don't call her up any more. Oh, she's lovely. Only people might think I was bringing up the old friendship just to have someone write the story."

She laughed. "Did I ever tell you how we fell out of the hammock one night? We were thirteen and we lived very near one another. We used to dress just alike and comb our hair the same way. We weren't allowed to ride on buses, but we used to sneak away and ride on the top, hoping that people would take us for sisters.

"One time, after such a ride, Janet stayed all night with me. We wanted to sleep on the porch but mother wouldn't let us. So after everyone was in bed, we slipped out onto the hammock. And it broke! We didn't dare move for fear someone would hear us. And when mother came out, there we were on the floor sleeping, or at least pretending."

SUE is an only child who, until ten years of age, was not allowed to play with other children because she might catch some contagious disease or be injured. Then her health broke and physicians ordered lots of play and fun with other youngsters, so she was sent to Kemper Hall in Kenosha, Wisconsin. After three years, she went to National Park Seminary. On September 25, 1926, she made her debut at the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

You know, I am going to play fair with this youngster and not tell you about her marriage to Allan Keefer which followed. She speaks so highly of Allan and of his mother and father, that why should anyone divulge that little secret of personal unhappiness which might befall any eighteen year old youngster who happened to marry?

But the year of 1926 was an unfortunate one for Evelyn Lederer Keefer. For in that year she lost her daddy. And to Sue her daddy and her mother are, after all, the only things in life which really have mattered. She was on the ocean, four days out, racing to Switzerland to meet them, when she received word she was too late. Although she didn't say so, we guessed that it was to forget this year of misunderstanding and sadness that she came to California to visit a friend in February last winter. Then she met Nick Stuart. When others had asked her to take a screen test, she had laughed and said she wasn't interested. But where others had failed, Nick succeeded. She was awarded the lead in "Slaves of Beauty."

THEN the telephone wires to Chicago began buzzing. Mother said "No." But Nick persisted, until mother finally said, "Just one picture!"

The next day the Fox lot was buzzing. Now Sue didn't tell us this, but we know that when she finished her first day of work, there were forty agents present, trying to sign her as their client. Sue didn't know what agents were for and only laughed at their offers. The harder she laughed, the harder they persisted.

But one persisted more than all others. When she refused to talk to him on the phone or admit him to her apartment, he literally kidnapped her on the lot and took

her to Douglas MacLean. Mother rushed to California, and Sue is now finishing her seventh month in pictures, happier than ever before, because she has been kept so busy. Under contract to MacLean for four more years, there have only been ten days when she hasn't been working. Six of these were spent on the train and the other four in Chicago.

I wish you could visit her apartment, near the Ambassador Hotel. A kindly woman, half governess and half maid, whom mother sent from Chicago, rules over the six rooms. A careful boy by the name of Robert (who counts every fan letter secretly before he delivers them to her) drives her big car to and from the studio, morning and evening.

AND the only imp which disturbs her contentment is the little demon called Gossip. People say that her mother invested fifty thousand dollars in Douglas MacLean's pictures to get her into the movies. There seems little reason to doubt that mother would have spent twice that amount to keep her out of pictures.

And they ask her how much her income is from the estate of her grandfather. And how much her father left her. And if it is true that she pays three hundred fifty dollars a month for her apartment. And what she paid for her white ermine coat, her fox coat and her squirrel coat.

Because she is Sue, she can't or won't tell them. Only she'd probably be proud to tell them she's just been raised from one hundred fifty a week to two hundred, in pictures. Not because of the money, but because it means that for the first time she is working and making good on the job.

And if tomorrow, she should lose all her money, she would remain what she really is now, the girl whom forty agents tried to sign—determined, like any girl, to make a success of her career.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

T. A., TROY, N. Y.—Not Helen of Troy, by any chance? PHOTOPLAY had a cover of Rudolph Valentino in July, 1922. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back issues. Send twenty-five cents for each copy you want.

NESTA HARRIS, LONDON, ENGLAND.—Your letter touches my heart. I agree with you, Louise Dresser is a fine actress. Write to her in care of the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Miss Dresser is married and her newest pictures are "The Garden of Eden" and "My Country."

A. S., DAYTON, O.—Karl Dane never has told me his age. But he was born on October 12. I'd guess about 38. Hey, Karl, how old are you? He's married. And weighs 205 pounds. He was a carpenter before he became a movie comic.

IRMA F., ATWOOD, COLO.—Tom Mix's wife is Victoria Forde. She used to be in the movies. Ronald Colman is still legally married to Thelma Raye, an English actress, but they have been separated for some time. Mary Pickford is thirty-four and Lon Chaney is forty-four.

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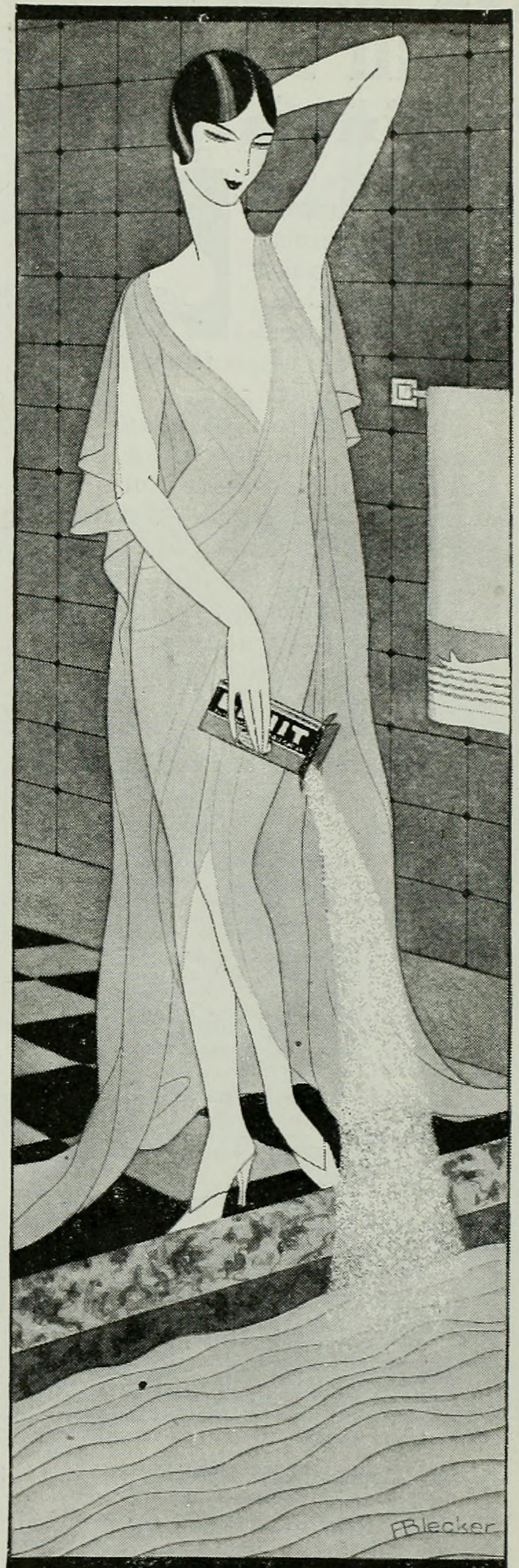
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles | <input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness |
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L. E. B., DENVER, COLO.—Buck Jones was christened Charles Jones and he was born in Vincennes, Ind. Does that help you any?

DICKY W., OTTAWA, ONT.—The Misses Loy, Lee and Sebastian would be very much offended if they knew that you referred to them as "extra" girls. They are principal players, if you please, and there is a lot of difference—many hundred dollars a week difference, as a matter of fact. Write to Dorothy Sebastian and Gwen Lee at the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. And address Myrna Loy at the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

J. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.—PHOTOPLAY Magazine published an interview with Ken Maynard in October, 1926. Send a quarter to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for a copy of the issue.

ONLY DOT, BARRINGTON, N. J.—Victor McLaglen played *Escamillo* in "Loves of Carmen." Clara Bow receives her mail at the Paramount - Famous - Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. (Take notice, please, all other Bow "fans.") Her newest picture is "Get Your Man." Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this Encyclopedia of Fascinating Facts.

M. E., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your questions aren't the least bit of trouble. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer and George O'Brien is twenty-seven years old. George's newest pictures are "Sharp Shooters" and "Honor Bound." As for Danny O'Shea, I think his last appearances were in "The Beauty Parlor" series.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

her look ahead earnestly, for even though she marries, it will be very pleasant to have won a place so real in the business world, she'll want to keep on with it after the honeymoon. Yet don't let her be afraid to fail. If the first job doesn't suit, or the second, don't let her get discouraged, but keep on climbing, getting more competent, more poised, more intelligent.

For the thing that makes a career, whether it be acting before the camera or working in a factory, is the ability to do something different in a practical manner.

WAITING:

Send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll be glad to mail you instructions for clearing your skin of pimples.

ALMA CAZARETTO:

What a fortunate girl you are, Alma, with your thick, curly hair! To make your hair lie smoothly, brush it thoroughly night and morning. This will restore the natural oil and give it a fine sheen. Secure water wave combs and place them in your hair about once a week for a half hour to "set" the pattern of your wave.

PLAINTIVE:

If your hair is naturally beautiful, wear it simply—without either band or elaborate headdress. Lovely hair is at its best unadorned. What is that line about "painting the lily"? Several excellent shampoos are advertised in PHOTOPLAY. You can lose ten pounds easily if you will take some regular exercise and pay attention to your diet. Omit white bread, potatoes, pastry, candy and ice cream for a month and see what happens.



No Gray Today!

Fear of crude dyes no longer excuses gray hair. You don't have to use them. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that cannot harm the hair; and it *does* bring back the color. Not the weird hues women used to get from old-fashioned hair dyes, but the color your hair ought to be—the color it used to be.

Kolor-Bak acts gently—the change is gradual. That's why your closest friend can't detect it. Hair is left lustrous; only the gray is gone. Blonde, auburn, brown, black—any shade responds to this natural process. The one bottle is right for all.

Why experiment with anything—even on one lock of hair—when Kolor-Bak always gets the same perfect result—on a money-back guarantee! For sale at all druggists' and leading department stores.

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores.

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere. *Advertisement*

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Earn \$20 to \$50 a week retouching photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. WRITE TODAY.
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS
Dept. B-3, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Love and Laughter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

"Yes, Larry, I will go through—even that."

The cigarette dropped out of his hand. He watched it boring a brown hole in the rug before he bent down to flick it into the fireplace.

Time! that was the one hope left to him. Time had been his ally before. A day, a week, a month at most, and Evelyn had come to him with guileless, amused, unshadowed eyes, like a child of twelve who has found momentary delight in a baby's rattle, saying,

"OH, Larry, wasn't it funny that I should have liked that man? Why, really, he's—oh, well, anyhow—he's not *you*. Thank heaven, Larry, you aren't the jealous sort."

But now—he wondered. There was a different quality in her tone, in her look. For the first time, he was afraid. Weakly, terribly afraid.

To his lawyer went Lawrence Danvers the following day. His tall form seemed bent as if pressed down by an invisible weight. His face suddenly looked old and haggard.

"Fred, I want the facts about this man Forbes Nathan," he said harshly, "if it takes a whole detective bureau to get them. I've seen him, and I don't like his face. He's too smooth; too silky. I may have to let Evelyn go. But I'm damned if I'll let her go to anyone who is less worthy of her than I am."

Frederick Simons, an old personal friend, chuckled a little.

"The long arm of coincidence is on the job, Larry. Here's an evening paper. Read for yourself."

He thrust the lurid *Evening Star* into the hands of Lawrence Danvers, who sat silent, reading the latest scandal of the day, which involved a notorious roadhouse, a chorus girl of doubtful repute—and Forbes Nathan. "The Heavy Lover" they dubbed him, and there was much facetious comment upon the length and quality of his kisses.

UTTER nausea and supreme relief spun round and round in Lawrence Danvers' mind like the red and black of a roulette wheel. He rose, after a long interval, the pallor of his face somewhat dissipated, his eyes no longer sick and beaten.

"Thanks, old man," he said quietly. "I guess this finishes things nicely."

Frederick Simons put out his hand.

"If there's anything I can do, Larry—anything at all—I hope you'll call on me."

"Yes, thanks. I'll remember."

They shook hands briefly.

Evelyn was not there when he returned to the luxurious remoteness of the Gramercy Park apartment. In something resembling a panic he telephoned the theater. Supposing the disillusionment, the ugly revelation had overwhelmed her?

The nonchalant theater doorman who answered his telephone call had no information to offer.

"They rehearsed until six o'clock, Mr.

Although teeth are white

STILL..

Pyorrhoea strikes
4 out of 5



FEW people realize that Pyorrhoea attacks even when teeth are clean and snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan's for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects them

against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. As you may know, Pyorrhoea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

"I am never TROUBLED THAT WAY—"



SO YOU SAY, but are you sure . . . Personal irreproachableness is an absolute necessity to the cultivated woman of the social world. The sureness, the gracious confidence of being always exactly right is expected of her.

That humiliating experience of underarm odor, stained frocks, never casts its shadow on her gayeties.

For she relies on Odorono. And rejoices in the freedom of an underarm dry and sweet at all times.

She enjoys the smooth smart fit of her dresses worn right next to her underarm, and the absence of extra bulk to overheat and cause additional odor.

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There are now two kinds of Odorono. The ruby colored, full strength, which checks moisture and odor used once or twice a week, *the last thing at night.* And Odorono No. 5, colorless, milder, lasts only a day or two, but can be used *night or morning* and on sensitive skins. Odorono, Odorono No. 5 and the new Odorono Cream Depilatory are on sale at toilet goods counters, Odorono — 35c, 60c, \$1.00; Depilatory, 50c.



Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved occlusive every year. Odorono has no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands.



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Danvers. Yes, Nathan was here. I can't say when Miss Lorraine left the theater, I came on duty just a few minutes ago. Sure, I'll have her call the house if she comes back."

It was almost eleven when he heard her key turn in the lock. With a quick movement he swept into the fireplace a pile of cigarette stubs, bent, twisted things, with the tips scarcely blackened. He made a feint of putting aside a magazine. He knew, even before she spoke, that she had seen—or heard—the story. There was no color in her face, and her dark eyes were stretched unnaturally wide.

"**L**ARRY," she said scarcely above a whisper, "have you read—this?" She held out a crumpled copy of the *Evening Star*.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I have. In one way, Evelyn, I am deeply sorry. In another, of course, you will understand how I can be very glad."

The color flooded suddenly into her face.

"Glad!" she cried sharply. "What do you mean? Do you think that this makes any difference in my love for him? The difference, if any, is that I love him more! These lies, set on him by his enemies like a pack of snarling dogs—do you think they matter to me? I tell you my love is big—big! Nothing in the world can change it. If I must go to him through the mud, I'll go. I am not afraid of scorn, I am not afraid of slander. I will make the world realize what love is! Yes, the world that now condemns will bow its head in acknowledgment of the sacredness of our wonderful love!"

Lawrence Danvers heard the tempestuous slamming of her door. He stood motionless, groping in a thick cloud of unreality. He had lost. What was it she had said, "I want love—love and laughter!" He heard his own voice in a harsh, jangling laugh.

IN that next week he recalled more than once the statement made by some learned chatterer, that if time ceased to move we all would go speedily mad, either of boredom, ecstasy, or horror. The prosaic realities of life were all about him, the perfectly served meals, the business routine—calling at the theater for his wife after rehearsals. And, at the end, there loomed the monstrous shadow of a blight. His mind kept turning upon it desperately like a squirrel upon a wheel.

It was a totally unrelated incident that gave him a faint hope. Vague as a light in a fog, but as welcome. A woman caught in a traffic jam, pulled from under a truck cut and bleeding. He saw her wan, blood-streaked face as someone picked her up. He heard her say faintly, querulously, "Has anyone a powder puff?"

Even through the heavy mist of his own misery he caught the sardonic humor of the situation. A broken head and a powder puff! The eternal feminine that braves a burglar and screams at a mouse!

The first night of "The Sorrowful Lady" approached. Evelyn had said to him:

"Please, Larry, don't come. It's going to hurt you, and I don't want to wound you any more than I have—than I must.

I have put Forbes off until after tonight. I must think only of my work. But afterwards—" Her eyes fell before his steady, deliberately impersonal glance.

"Oh, don't mind me," he told her casually. "I wouldn't think of missing a first night. And there's just the possibility that you may want me to bring you home—afterwards. You look awfully fagged, my dear, haven't the rehearsals been going well?"

She hesitated nervously. "I'm not so sure" she confessed; "it's such a queer kind of a play, we're just a little fearful as to how it will go over."

"The third act love scene?" he asked smiling slightly.

She flushed at his tone.

"**W**E'RE not afraid of *that*," she answered proudly. "Forbes and I are—" she stopped, suddenly ashamed. The grayness of his face was more than she could bear.

Now he sat in the orchestra aisle seat, cold and tense. The first and second acts had come and gone, to the accompaniment of rather cautious applause.

The audience was very evidently reserving its final decision for the third and last act.

He heard murmurs of conversation about him, criticisms for the type of play, whispers of "Isn't that Forbes Nathan, who is mixed up in the roadhouse scandal? The one they called 'the Heavy Lover'?" And enthusiastic tributes to the charm and beauty of Evelyn Lorraine.

"Isn't she beautiful? How old is she? As old as *that*? Well, anyway, she's wonderful, only it's a queer part, don't you think? I don't know whether the play is supposed to be taken seriously or not. These foreign plays! Aren't they odd?"

The curtain rose on the third act, and Evelyn Lorraine, as the "Sorrowful Lady" for whom the play was named, swept into her final tempestuous scenes with the man for whom, as in real life, she was willing to sacrifice her security, her honor.

Lawrence Danvers felt the tension of the actors on the other side of the footlights. All were nervous with the exception of Evelyn Lorraine. She was superb.

"I give you my life, my happiness, my sorrow." Ah, the ringing glory of her voice was like the tolling of a death knell in the heart of the man who sat there in the darkness—

"Take all of me, do with me as you will! And if you crush me, and leave me but a husk, the shell of me will smile on because of the inner rapture that once was mine. I love you, I love you! What else matters? See, I am yours, now and forever!"

SHE waited, passionately proud in her surrender. He caught her to him fiercely, and their lips met in a long, passionate kiss.

For the barest instant, a tense silence.

And then—from somewhere far back in the absorbed intensity of the darkened theater, there came a loud derisive—

"SMACK!"

It cracked like a bullet in the strained attention. A gasp, a shudder of nervous giggles, an explosive crackle of laughter, and the theater rocked with that peculiar

merriment which is half amusement and half relief from taut nerves.

"The Heavy Lover! The Heavy Lover!"

Someone said it half aloud, and the laughter became hysterical. There were other "smacks," kissing sounds and loud, derisive sighs.

Upon the stage Forbes Nathan and Evelyn Lorraine clung startled in the frantic, forgetful embrace which seemed now not passionate, but merely ridiculous.

Lawrence Danvers saw his wife wrench herself out of her stage lover's arms. Her eyes were blazing, incredulous, shamed. She passed her hand over her eyes, across her mouth. Forbes Nathan took a quick, appealing step toward her. But she was looking at him as if he had accosted her insolently upon the street.

She flung up her head, and spoke a short, sharp word that the playwright had never written—

"Fool!"

LAURENCE DANVERS was waiting for her at the stage door that night. She came out quickly, almost stumbling against him. She looked at him with eyes that slowly became aware of his existence, then filled with helpless tears. Her hands went out to him gropingly.

"Take me—home," she said brokenly.

Lawrence Danvers thought of many things that night when his wife lay within the protecting circle of his arms like a weary, heart-sick child. He thought of the feminine illogicality of mind which will laugh at disgrace, and—be disgraced by laughter.

He thought of Frederick Simons, who had given rich proof of his friendship by the saying of one word.

And the thought that went with him into slumber was that Evelyn Lorraine should never know that he himself had given her the two things she craved from another—love—and laughter.



Laurel, Miss.

In my family are six brothers and two sisters. We have always been extremely fond of one another and very kind in our family attitude. Within the past year, one of my brothers had grown cool in his feeling toward the home circle. In fact, he often boasted that he cared more for some outside people than for his own. This pained us all not a little.

A few months ago, "Beau Geste" came to our little city. Of course, everyone was carried away by it. One brother, sister and I went to the matinee. I urged my other brother to go at night. He attended and it made a wonderful impression on him. In fact, he has been lovely to all of us and his old family loyalty has returned. I attribute this change to the beautiful and inspiring influence of "Beau Geste."

R. B.

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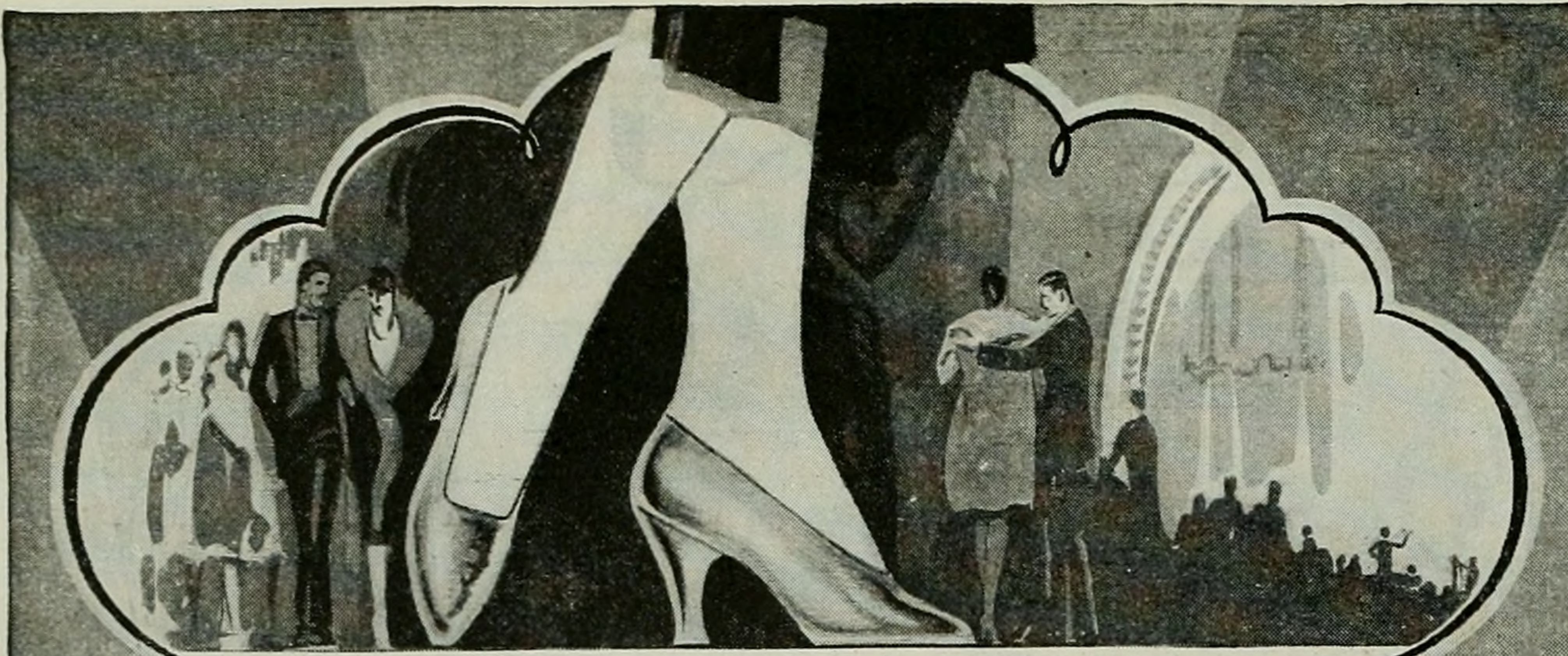
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Dancing feet clad in stunning slippers of silver and gold. Women who move within the smartest circles always use Cinderella Dressings to restore loveliness to their evening slippers of kid or brocade.

If you cannot obtain Cinderella Dressings at your shoe shop, send 50c to us for a dressing to clean your slippers.

Everett & Barron Co.
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To Restore Loveliness to Footwear

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Boys, Get Married

San Antonio, Texas.
The article about Francis X. Bushman contained quite a silly bit of advice. I sincerely hope that none of the young stars will be guided by it. Because Mr. Ronald Colman is married is no sign that his popularity will wane. Mr. Richard Arlen has been married for over a year and we still consider him one of the best actors and very popular. Mr. William Boyd is married to one of the prettiest young ladies on the screen and we still dream of him.

CONNIE R. LOZANO.

Good Movies First

Puyallup, Wash.
The brickbat I have for these Vitaphone and vaudeville theaters is that, nine times out of ten, they show pictures that PHOTOPLAY warns us about. If they can't give good movies when they have the Vitaphone, then I suggest they leave the Vitaphone out.

VIVIAN KAPPNER.

Down with the Bathing Girl

Vernal, Utah.
Winter is here, and I greet it with joy. For, unless Esquimaux embrace an additional phase of "civilization," Jack Frost will temporarily end a nuisance.

Throughout the summer, movie patrons have been "regaled" with a constant parade of three-fourths nude girls contesting in so-called beauty shows. It seems to me that editors of news reels could readily find events worthwhile to record with cameras. I fail to see anything edifying in the exhibition of the persons of silly girls in a public parade.

JOHN BRISTOL.

Against Dizzy Photography

Hartford, Conn.
Here's a big brickbat for the inventor of the "following" camera. It is a pity it could not have hit him on the head and dislodged the idea before it developed. A few years ago, the makers sought to perfect screen and machine to get rid of the flicker, but now they undo all this work, make it worse and impose this abomination on the public. Watch it abused, without any excuse, in "The Dove." It is hurtful to the eyes, and what good is a panorama of something you can't half see anyhow?

CONNECTICUT.

What the Boys Want

Tilton, N. H.
I have charge of eighteen small boys in a private school and I sure know what a blessing the movies are to the child. Fred Thomson and Tom Mix just seem to hit the spot with the youngsters. I take the boys to the movies on Wednesday afternoons and I have to know exactly what the picture is going to be and who is in it and what it is all about, even before we see it. I can't begin to tell all this from memory, so I rely on my PHOTOPLAY to help me out, and it never has failed yet.

HARRY C. GROVE.

Ouch!

Corvallis, Ore.
I used to drive fifty miles to see Colleen Moore in her latest picture, but if the future ones are like "Her Wild Oat," I'd rather walk a mile for a Camel.

JOHN A. McLEAN.



"I was ashamed of you"

"Yes, positively ashamed — you looked terrible all evening . . . the other men have such smooth, good-looking hair—Frank told me how they do it—Stacomb."

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A Librarian Speaks

Pasadena, Calif.
I work in a branch library and, for two years, I have made a note of every film that was taken from a worthwhile book, and of the increase in requests for that book, as soon as the film was released. It seemed to me that practically no one ever read "The Scarlet Letter," but when Lillian Gish starred in it, all the volumes immediately disappeared. And there were four fat volumes of "Resurrection" that I said "hello" to every morning, until the picture came out, when they all temporarily vanished. I am afraid that you will refuse to believe the number of people who had never heard of Barrie until "Peter Pan" was produced. But from "Peter," it was only a step to introduce them to "Tommy," and when "A Kiss for Cinderella" appeared, they all clamored for Barrie's plays.

RUTH GORDON.

Is Temperament Justified?

New York City.
Temperament! How few cases of it there really are, and how many which the producer calls temperament are really the players' most effective way of protesting against poor pictures? They have a right to good stories which are really suitable to them, and not the rot which is given most of them to play. Producers know this and are trying to take away, under the flaunting banner of "cutting down expense," this way of protest.

SIDNEY FIELD.

Doing Wrong by Tolstoi

Los Angeles, Calif.
I wonder why "Anna Karenina" has been changed to "Love." That title is misleading. No doubt there are lots of people who know the story of Anna and her lover, Wronsky, but how many of these people want to see such a really spiritual and moral story altered until it is unrecognizable?

MRS. R. A. WALTON.

From the Youth of Main Street

Dundee, Mich.
As long as youth is youth, there will be a desire for romance and adventure. This life on Main Street is not adventure nor romance. We long to sail the South Seas, to dance on a New York stage, to ride a horse over western plains, to travel, perhaps, in Arctic regions, perhaps in tropic countries. Generally it is only through the movies that we are able to find these things we seek.

FRANCES P.

Thanks from a Business Man

San Francisco, Calif.
When we *hoi-polloi* see "Chang" after a day of toil at some city desk, we are lifted from ourselves and taken to the great hinterland where the impossible occurs. It stimulates our imagination and likewise deletes our profound egoism, replacing it with a better knowledge of the size of the world, and the things which are of greater importance than our job, or the new public library, or the latest musical hit.

GILSON WILLETS.

Too Collegiate

Buffalo, N. Y.
Would it not be wise to suggest to the producers that the public is not made up entirely of eighteen-year-olds? One wonders, when play after play borders very strongly on the Haines-Bow type, why some worthwhile pictures are not shown for us grown-ups.

MYMA R. HOMER.

WORRY
shows in the face



AND you can't massage it away with cold cream.

First little lines, then heavier wrinkles, and tired, joyless eyes—you can't keep these out of your face—if you don't protect your health and youthfulness in the wise, modern way.

Nowadays, the truly modern woman prevents aging lines by keeping well.

Practise feminine hygiene regularly—and correctly—with "Lysol" Disinfectant. Do not follow well-meant but false advice. Send for the free booklet offered below. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth" and was prepared for women by a woman physician. Send the coupon now.

But in the meantime be safe, be certain. Get a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It is the thoroughly reliable antiseptic for this vital purpose.

Complete directions come with every bottle.

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You can easily have Beautiful Eyes

Without the slightest hint of artificiality, this marvelous liquid lash dressing weaves its spell of enchantment. It makes you appear smarter and utterly fascinating. Deftly it makes the eyes seem larger and more expressive—by framing them in a shadowy fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes.

A moment before your mirror, and behold! You have captured the elusive beauty that women seek. Just cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty, little plume. Then, with a soft brush, flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. Winx is steadfast. It is lasting. It cannot run. It is safe! It's waterproof!

Just pat cold cream on the lashes . . . then gently remove it with a moistened cloth. Winx comes off with the cream.

Be sure to insist upon Winx, the originator of the mode that is sweeping the world of fashion. As only Winx can give to lashes the soft texture and beauty demanded by smart women. Your choice of black or brown—75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores.

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My Life Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

So I managed to keep my chin up and my eyes began to blaze and for a moment I reverted back to the little street tomboy and wanted to sail into those pretty, painted, perfumed girls.

Just then the door opened and some men and a couple of ladies came out. They walked around the room, looking everybody over, very carefully, as though they had been so many statues. I tried to keep out of sight, I didn't know who the people were and I was too busy trying to keep from crying to have an idea of posing or making an impression.

SUDDENLY one of the men said, "There's an interesting face—that kid with the red tam and the gorgeous eyes."

I looked around. I was the only girl with a red tam. The blood came singing up and nearly suffocated me. The words kept ringing in my ears. "Interesting face." "Gorgeous eyes." Me—me—little Clara Bow.

They went back in. Several girls went in, came out. Pretty soon I was called. A few minutes before I thought of how I'd ritz those girls, if I should happen to get a summons. But when they called me I was too excited to remember a detail like that.

They talked to me. What made me think I could act?

Well, I couldn't exactly tell them. I don't know why I can act—if I can. Only, in the many hours I had spent in motion picture theaters I had always watched intently and I always had a queer feeling about actors and actresses on the screen. Sometimes what they did seemed just right. Again, I felt they were doing it wrong. I knew I would have done it differently. I couldn't analyze it, but I could always feel it. It just threw me right out of the feeling of reality about a picture when an actress made a gesture or used an expression that seemed wrong to me.

I TRIED to explain, and they all laughed a little, but kindly, and said I should wait for a test.

I think there were about twelve girls who had tests made that day.

They all wanted to do it first. I didn't. So I never said a word. I sat there, though, through every one of those tests and watched everything that was done, everything they were told, every mistake they made. They all had to do the same thing—walk in, pick up a telephone, laugh, look worried, then terrified. I got it finally so I knew how I was going to do it and just what I was going to think about while I was doing it.

Gradually, little by little, the tests narrowed down. I went back and forth, making new ones as more and more were eliminated. Each time I expected to be the next one to go—but I didn't. It was tough getting the carfare and I had only the one dress.

I had been out of school a lot, going over to New York, and the teachers had been complaining and telling me I was

sure to flunk. What did it matter? If I failed in this, I'd go to work somewhere.

The day I went to the offices—it had in some marvellous fashion narrowed down to a statuesque blonde beauty and me—I got home about five o'clock.

Mother was sitting motionless in the dining room. Her face was white and I had never seen her eyes look like that, even when she had her worst spells.

She said, "Where have you been?"

Just that in the most awful, cold tone.

It seems that one of the teachers from high school had been there to tell her how much I was absent and that I would fail if something wasn't done about it.

Well, I told her where I had been and what I was doing. I told her it looked as though I had a chance to win this contest and if I did it meant a job in the pictures and a chance to make good and I could do lots of things for her.

SHE fainted dead away, not one of her choking fits, but just a dead faint. I was so scared I hardly knew what to do. I ran and tried to lift her up and threw water on her. She didn't come to for a long time and when she did she just sat and cried and cried.

"You are going straight to hell," she said. "I would rather see you dead."

I had never dreamed she would feel like that. I hadn't told her because I didn't want to disappoint her and put her through the strain of waiting, she was so nervous. Besides, I was ashamed. I knew she didn't think I was pretty or clever, and I thought she'd say I was a fool.

Dad came in just then and we tried to soothe her, but she just sat and stared at me, with those awful, burning eyes, and her face so white and still.

So I cried, too, and promised her I'd give it up right away.

But Dad told her she had no right to ask such a promise of me. He said he knew I had talent. He said I might not be pretty, but I was different, I was a type. He said I had a chance for a real success, with a big future and that outside that the best I could hope for was a job in a store or an office with long, hard hours and little pay and no future. He said pictures weren't any more dangerous for a girl, they weren't as dangerous as working in stores and offices and that I had always been a good girl and she had no right to feel that way about me.

FOR a long time she didn't answer, just sitting there white and still, her hands hanging down. At last she said, "All right."

Three days later they sent for me and told me I had won the contest and would have a good part in a picture and all the publicity that had been promised and everything.

It was hard for me to believe. I kept thinking they'd change their minds and every time the postman stopped at our door my heart stopped beating. They told me the judges had picked me because

I was "different" and had a unique personality.

I went back to high school and told them. The girls only laughed at me. Oh, how they laughed. They just decided that any beauty contest I could win must be a bum one. Every time they looked at me they giggled and giggled. So I decided not to go to school any more. It hurt to be laughed at. I thought maybe they would be glad.

THEN began a terribly hard time. I guess all contests are like that. For weeks, nothing happened. I waited and waited. I haunted the office. Panic was growing inside of me, driving me crazy. After all I had been through, all my great joy, was this going to be a failure?

But at last I hung around so much they decided to get me a job to get rid of me. Or maybe they really meant to all the time and were just busy. Christy Cabanne was making a picture with Billie Dove as the star. They took me over to him and explained the situation and he took one look at me and almost had a fit.

"Don't tell me she won a beauty contest," he said.

It almost broke my heart.

Anyway, he agreed to give me a small part.

But there was another stumbling block. I had to have four dresses to play the part and I had to furnish them myself. I didn't have four dresses. I didn't have one dress. Dad didn't have any money—yes, he had enough to buy about half a dress. So then I did something I'd never done before. I put my pride in my pocket and for the first and last and only time I went to some of my relatives for help.

IHAD an aunt in New York who was rich. They had a beautiful home and one of the girls had made a good marriage and the son was in Wall Street or something. I had never been in their house, but I went. I told my aunt the whole story. I didn't need much and I would pay it back out of the first salary I got. It was my big chance and it looked like I was going to lose it because I didn't have four dresses.

She put me out of the house.

While I was walking away, just sunk, I heard footsteps behind me and somebody called my name. It was her son, my cousin. He didn't know me at all, but he had heard our conversation. He was interested in pictures, and he didn't think about them as his mother did.

"I don't think you've got a chance, kid," he said, "but I like your spirit. Here's all the change I've got."

He handed me eighty dollars.

Eighty dollars may not sound much to buy four dresses. It wasn't. But it was so much more than nothing. I went to a second hand place, to a wholesale place, and I got four dresses. I know now they must have been pretty terrible. But then I thought they were magnificent.

The next day I went to the studio ready to work.

I had never put on a make-up. While I was doing the tests for the contest they had an actress who made up all the girls. Now I had to go alone. But I was encouraged when they put me in a dressing room with four other girls. I thought

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WILDROOT



surely they would help me. But they didn't. They just laughed. They said, "Go ahead and learn like the rest of us did."

Sometimes I wonder about things like that. Most of the people in pictures are so kind. It seemed as though fate were just throwing everything in my way, giving me every possible obstacle. I don't think those girls meant to be unkind. They were careless and self-centered. Most of the unkindness in the world comes from thoughtlessness. I am sure of that.

I DID the best I could. When I came on the set Mr. Cabanne thought I had gone crazy. I looked like a clown. I tell you I didn't have to use any cold cream to take that grease paint off. I washed it off with good hot tears. The next day I watched the other girls and learned a little and got by all right.

My part wasn't very big but I had about five scenes. In one of them I was supposed to cry. Mr. Cabanne didn't seem to think I could, but I did. It was always easy for me to cry. All I had to do was to think of home. He said I had done it well and it seemed to please him. After that he was kinder, and helped me.

When the picture came to Brooklyn I was so excited I couldn't sleep. I asked some of the girls from school to go with me to see it. I guess maybe I wanted to show off a little. I wanted to prove to them what I could do. I thought of those five scenes and I felt sure they'd respect me after that. I'd be a real movie actress.

We went. They ran the picture. There wasn't a single shot of me in it anywhere.

The girls certainly made life miserable for me. You can't blame them. But it was a bitter blow to me.

But not the worst one.

Mother was growing steadily worse and her thoughts seemed to center on me.

She came up to me one day on the back porch where I was doing some washing and said, "I think I'll kill you. You would be much better off dead. This is a terrible world. Motion pictures are terrible. I think it is my duty to kill you."

I was frightened but—it was more than that. I was so sorry for her, I loved her so. I knew she loved me. I never mentioned pictures to her after that, but every once in a while she would start talking about how it was her duty to kill me. I told Dad and it worried him terribly and we had a new doctor but he said there was nothing he could do.

THINGS weren't breaking for me at all. Winning the contest hadn't seemed to mean a thing. I wore myself out trying to find work, going from studio to studio, from agency to agency, applying for every possible part. But there was always something. I was too young, or too little, or too fat. Usually I was too fat. When I told them that I'd won this contest, they only laughed. They said the woods were full of girls who'd won some bum beauty contest and they were mostly dumb or they wouldn't have been in any beauty contest in the first place. Which I guess maybe was right. And I couldn't wear clothes and I wasn't pretty enough.

But finally I got a job. Elmer Clifton

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was going to make a picture called "Down to the Sea in Ships." He wanted a small, tomboy type of girl to play a second lead. He hadn't much money to spend and couldn't afford to pay much salary for this part. He had been at a casting agent's office and they had been going over all the people they knew without hitting on the right one. The contest manager had sent Mr. Clifton copies of the magazines containing my picture. After the agency visit he happened to open one of them to a picture of me. It was one in the red tam and was part of the publicity from the contest, so you see it did do me some good.

HE said, "Who the dickens is that? Clara Bow. Cute name. That's what I want. Send for that kid."

They sent for me.

But I was terribly discouraged by then. I was so sick of being told I was too young or too small. So I decided to take a desperate chance. I put my hair up, sneaked one of mother's dresses and went over done up like that.

When Mr. Clifton saw me he said, "Great heavens, you're not the girl I saw in the picture. I wanted a kid, to play a tomboy part. You won't do at all."

Just think. I had guessed wrong and nearly missed my chance. I started explaining so fast the words stumbled over each other. I said, "Oh, I'm the girl all right. But I've lost so many parts because I was too young that I put on mother's clothes to see if I couldn't look older."

That made him laugh and I went home and got my own clothes and came back and got the part and fifty dollars a week. That was more money than I knew there was in the world.

But we had to go away. They were going to make the picture up in New Bedford. I'd never been away from home a night in my life and I knew mother wouldn't let me go. But Mr. Clifton arranged for the cameraman's wife to go along and be with me as a chaperon—so Clara Bow went on her first location with a chaperon.

I WENT home all happy and thrilled. Mother was sitting there, and she was very quiet and didn't say much. She looked well, though, there was color in her face. Father was working and we had dinner and she was quiet, but very pleasant and sweet. Then I went to bed. I hadn't told her about the job. I thought I'd wait until father was there.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when I woke up and realized there was somebody in the room. My heart was beating hard and funny. The door was a little open and in the light from the other room I saw mother standing there, in a white nightgown. Her hair was braided over each shoulder and hung down to her knees.

In her hand was the butcher knife.

I said, "Mother?"

She didn't answer. Just came closer to the bed.

I said "Mother, darling, what are you doing?"

She pinioned my hands down. "I'm going to kill you, Clara," she said very quietly. "It will be better."

She put the knife at my throat.

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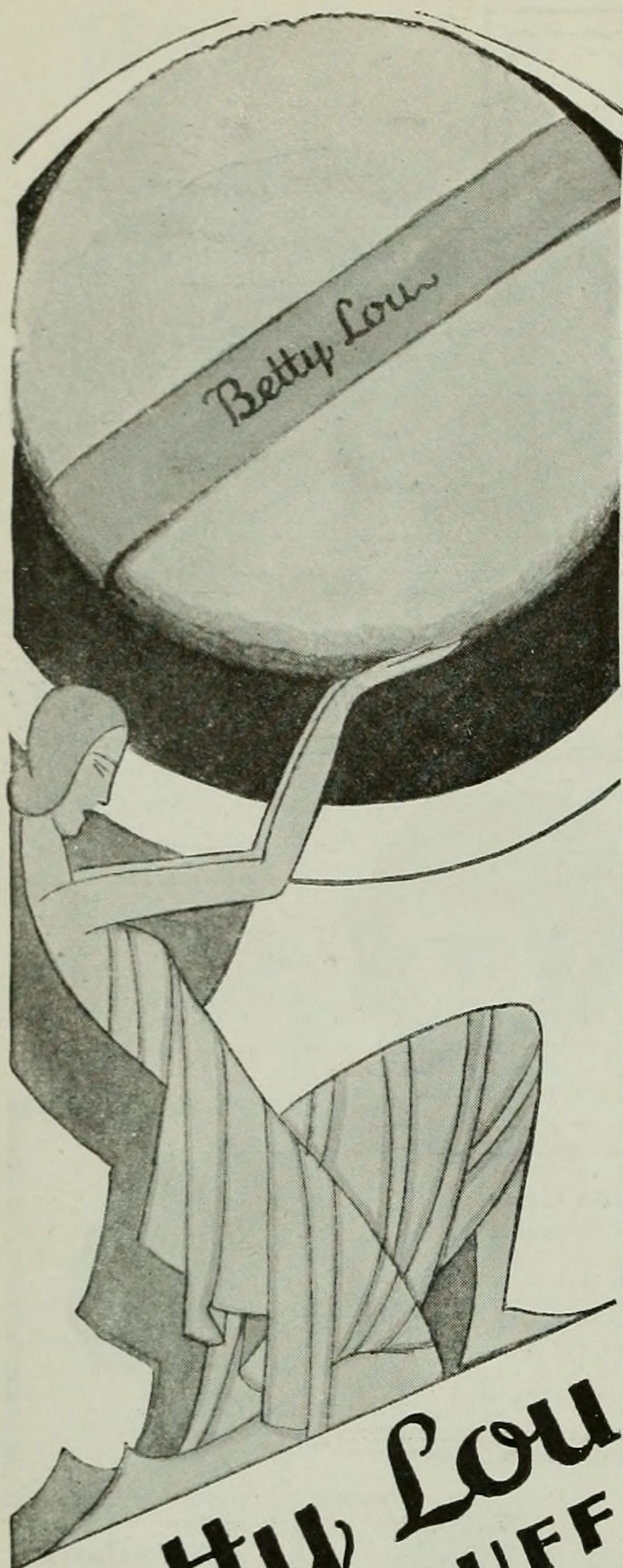
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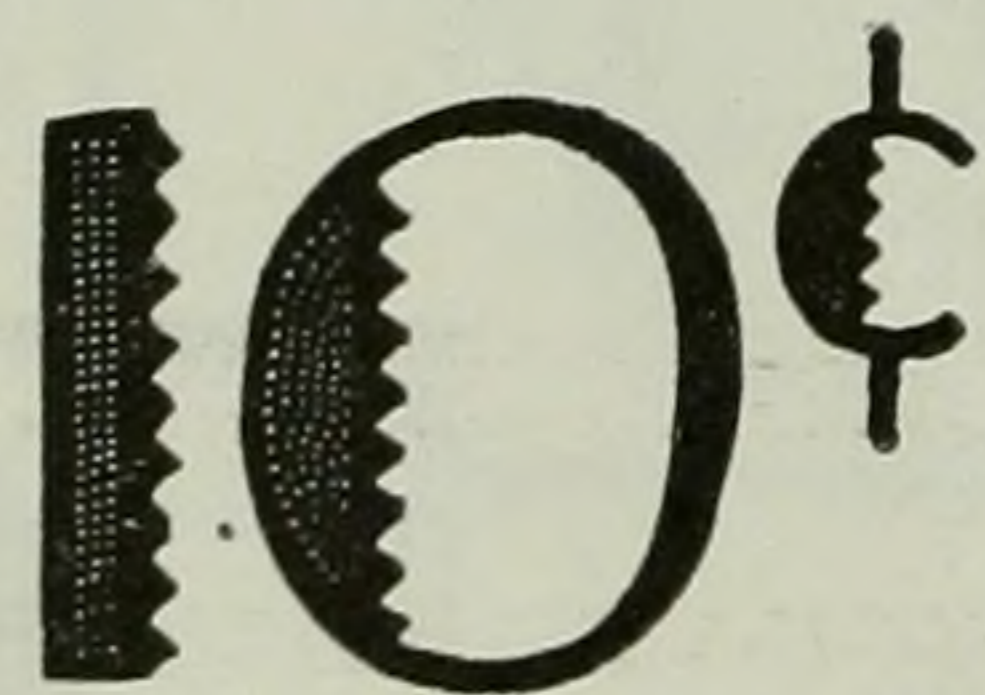
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The room went all black. I fought to keep consciousness. I knew if I didn't I was lost—we were both lost. I kept thinking. "Oh, poor mother, poor mother, how terrible she will feel if she ever knows she has done this. I mustn't let her."

I moved. The knife came closer. The hands tightened like steel.

I STARTED to talk, to plead, to soothe, watching her all the time. She didn't seem to hear me. Her eyes burned into mine. I don't know how long it was, but it seemed hours. At last, when she seemed to relax for a final effort, I made a desperate spring, as swiftly, as strongly as I could. It knocked her away from me. I ran across the room and out the door and turned and locked her in.

Outside I was so weak I could hardly move. I could hear her inside trying the door. The handle turned. I wanted to go back in and comfort her. But I was afraid to. I was too terrified to stay alone. I went downstairs and asked the lady there if I could sit there awhile. She looked at me, but didn't ask me any questions and she said I could stay.

I sat there all night. At five o'clock, I heard Daddy's step. I ran to meet him. Poor Daddy. We went up together. There was no sound from the room. We opened the door and she was sleeping on my bed, as peacefully as a child, her hands folded, the long, golden braids over her shoulders. When she woke up she didn't know anything about it.

I was glad to go away then. She didn't make any objection, when Dad explained it to her. But the shock had upset me more than I knew. All the thirteen weeks we were on location I was ill. I knew it was only nerves and I fought against it. But I couldn't sleep. I used to wake up crying all the time.

When I came home, mother was there. Dad told me he had had her away in a

sanitarium for treatment. They said she wasn't insane. You couldn't call her that because she was so intelligent. She could answer any question, talk well, be as calm. . . . Then once in a while these spells came on. But she seemed so much better Dad brought her home. She wanted to be at home.

But she began to be unhappy again about my going into pictures. Once she said, "You don't take me to the studio with you. You're ashamed of me. You think I'm crazy." That broke my heart. I was so proud of her.

So I decided to give up pictures. Maybe mother would be better. I couldn't bear to make her unhappy like that. So I hunted around and got a job answering the phones in a doctor's office. I hated it. The trip was long and the pay small, but it was all right.

And then I started trying to have a little fun. I just had to. I knew a lot of young people around Brooklyn, boys I'd been to school with. They were always asking me to go places. The boys seemed to like me and I liked them, though I had never been in love, not even a kid romance. I never had a love affair until after I went to Hollywood.

ONE night I went to a party with some young friends, two boys and a girl. We were having a fine time, dancing and playing the phonograph, just like a bunch of kids will, when the telephone rang.

It was my father and he said I was to come home right away.

I didn't want to go. I said: "Oh, Dad, please don't make me. I'm having such a good time. If mother's having one of her spells, she'll come out of it all right."

That was the only time I'd ever said anything like that. But I was only a kid and I wanted a little fun.

But Dad insisted. He said, "You'd better come right home, Clara."

(To be Continued)



Jonesboro, La.

I had accumulated a small amount from my pension, which I receive from the Government due to injuries received in the World War. It seemed as though I was only one more despondent person in the world, as I had lost both my legs just above the knees while fighting for my country. I am unable to work.

As there is little entertainment to be found in the smaller towns, the movies have certainly helped me while away the long hours which I have to pass every day.

Upon entering the theater one afternoon, I noticed that "The Big Parade" was to be shown. I sup-

posed it would be "just another movie."

Instead, it was a masterpiece—superb.

I entered, a lonely soul. After seeing John Gilbert's excellent portrayal of the American Soldier, I left the theater, still with my loneliness, but also with new life, and a desire instilled within me to do something for someone, even though this seemed, at that time, impossible.

A National Red Cross Drive was on at this time, and later, that same afternoon, I gladly contributed my savings to this Great Mother.

T. B. W.

The Diary of Lorelei Lee

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the part. When *am* I going to work? The casting directors don't seem to remember me from Sennett's.

APRIL 13—I went with the nicest boy to see the play, "Chicago." Oh, what a part. I'd love to do it. I'll bet Phyllis Haver plays it in pictures. She's a Sennett gal, too.

APRIL 14—Went to FBO for a test. I had to cry and get hysterical. All tired out tonight.

APRIL 17—I didn't photograph well in the FBO test. Don't get the part.

APRIL 18—Heavens! I'm getting frantic. I wish I'd start to work. Why doesn't someone see some possibilities in me and give me a chance?

APRIL 24—Such a glorious day, and such an exact opposite to my thoughts. I'm positively getting panicky. Why don't I get work?

MAY 2—Woke up with a terrible case of the blues. But I simply won't give in to the thought I wasn't intended for a motion picture actress. In the afternoon Madeline Hurlock and I went ice skating. I told Madeline today I wouldn't advise anybody to leave Sennett's and start free-lancing.

MAY 5—Took a test at Metro-Goldwyn's for the lead with William Haines. Talked to Joan Crawford awhile. There's a girl who deserved a break and got it. She's a great girl. Things look promising about the part.

MAY 7—Over to United Artists to see about a part as Mary Pickford's sister. Wouldn't it be grand if I got it? I always have adored her.

MAY 8—Went to see "Seventh Heaven." What a picture! And what an actress Janet Gaynor is! Oh! It must be grand to get the biggest part of the year.

MAY 14—Woke up feeling great, but two things happened to make my day the worst yet. I didn't get the Mary Pickford part and I didn't get Billy Haines part. But I'm glad about the last one, because Joan wanted it, and I'm glad she got it. It looks like I'm never going to work in pictures again. I won't cry after I get in bed tonight.

MAY 26—Went to see a firm of agents who just came out here from New York. Thought they might handle me and get me some good parts. Evidently they're not interested. They evaded and said they would telephone me.

MAY 30—Had a terrible case of the weeps. Mother tried to cheer me up, but it all seems a total loss.

JUNE 2—Called over to Warner Brothers about a lead with George Jessel. Took a test for it. This may be a change of luck.

JUNE 6—Didn't get the part with George Jessel.

JUNE 9—It's been exactly three months since I left Sennett's and I haven't done

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Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

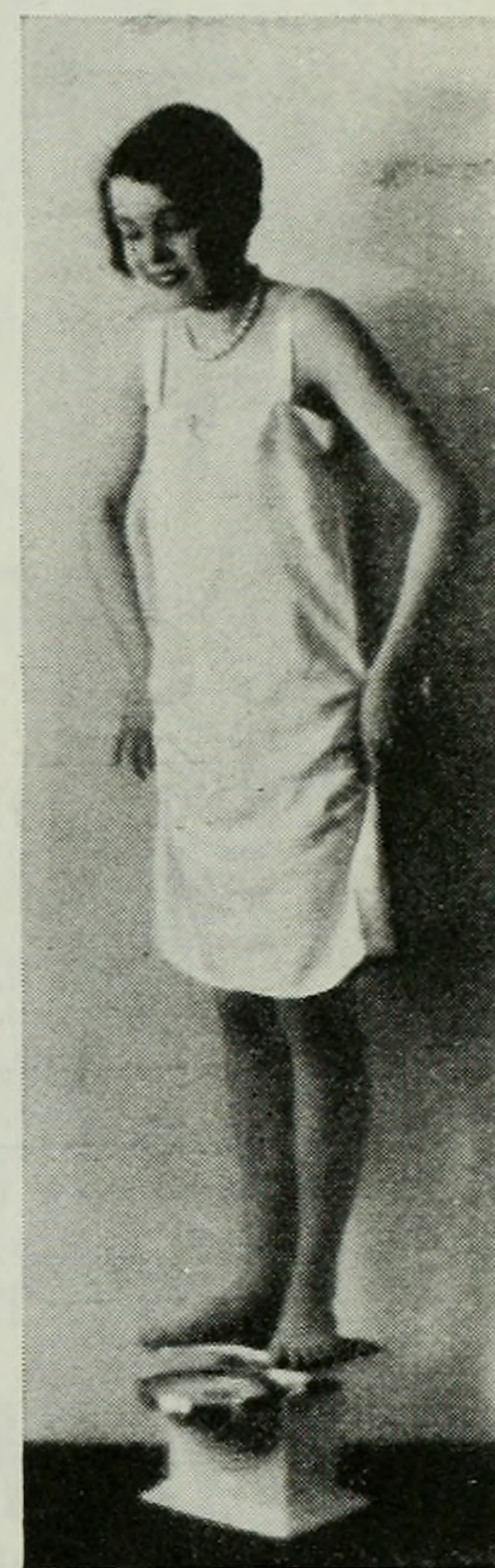
Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. *As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further.* No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail.



HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PH-3-28

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

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

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.



Do This to have bright eyes

To restore the lustre of youth to dull, lifeless eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Also use it when your eyes are bloodshot to quickly clear them up. Many women use *Murine* every day to keep their eyes *always* clear and radiant. 60c buys a month's supply. Try it!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 27, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: "Eye Beauty" "Eye Care"

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 Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Loosen Up Chest Colds

Just Rub Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough watch out! Rub *Musterole* on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. *Musterole* penetrates the skin bringing a soothing, cooling sensation and welcome relief.



Recommended by doctors and nurses, *Musterole* relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and joints. Keep *Musterole* handy.

To Mothers: *Musterole* is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's *Musterole*.



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

a thing. All I have left now is my sense of humor, and if that leaves me, I'm sunk. One has to have a sense of humor to stand all the grim jokes that Fate has been playing on me for the last three months.

JUNE 19—I haven't had the heart to record a stretch of dreary days in my diary. I'm not going to write anything down until something happens.

JUNE 20—Good. Took another test at FBO for a big emotional part. I don't want to play emotional parts. *I want to be a comedienne.*

JUNE 23—Didn't get the FBO part. Tough.

JUNE 20—The only thing left for me to do is to fall in love. I'm afraid, though, that would be more worry and trouble than getting ahead in pictures. But he is a very nice boy.

JULY 8—I simply refuse to write another line until I get something. **Diary, why must it be this way? I've cried and I've laughed, and I've tried every way I know. Nothing happens. I'm through, now, until there's something to write.**

AUGUST 2—Got a call from Paramount. Maybe this will mean something. It's the first call in a month. I'm to go tomorrow. Can hardly wait. They told me I am to meet Anita Loos and John Emerson. Can it be that I'm a candidate for the great rôle of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"? No, I won't get my hopes raised. That's too much.

AUGUST 3—Went to Paramount today. I was just one of about 200 blondes—every blonde girl in pictures was there, eager for the rôle. I waited for four hours and there were still blondes ahead of me, so I left. I guess it really didn't matter, because I'm sure they already have somebody picked and that this is all a big publicity campaign they're continuing. The biggest part of the year surely wouldn't be given to an unknown. Let's be honest—that's what I really am. Just an "unknown." Clara Bow's my bet to get it.

AUGUST 8—Paramount called again, and Mr. Datig, the casting director, asked me if I had met Miss Loos. I said "No," so he said for me to come right over. I did, and got right in. Miss Loos was gone but I met Mr. Emerson and he asked me about myself and my experience and wrote down my name. Finally he said, "You're kind of cute," and that was all. I guess I'm not the type for that, either.

AUGUST 13—Went to the beach and sat on the sand all day, trying to figure out what it's all about. I just can't seem to make any headway. Extra work, and all that experience, and a definite idea of what I want to do doesn't seem to have made any difference. "Start at the bottom and work hard"—That's a good joke. But I will get there; I'm determined.

AUGUST 15—The Paramount studio called me again to take a test for Miss Loos tomorrow morning. I'm just holding my breath. No thinking; still hoping.

AUGUST 17—Went to Paramount at ten o'clock to take test for part of *Lorelei*. There were eight other girls on the set.



No Wonder the Tears

Gray Hair

Is Tragic

*I*T lies, it cheats, it doesn't play fair. It proclaims to the world a story of age that, too often, has not the slightest foundation in fact.

But no woman need struggle along under its handicap or need she pay the high price of hairdresser for tinting false age away.

Only One Application of

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to gray, streaked or faded hair and the charm of youth is restored. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It won't wash out or fade. It is undetectable in strongest lights. Five short minutes and you are done. Any shade desired—blonde to medium brown, dark brown to black.

50c and \$1.50 at toilet and drug counters everywhere. Trial size, 10c for postage and packing.

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or Send 10c to pay cost of packing and postage for **FREE Trial Bottle**

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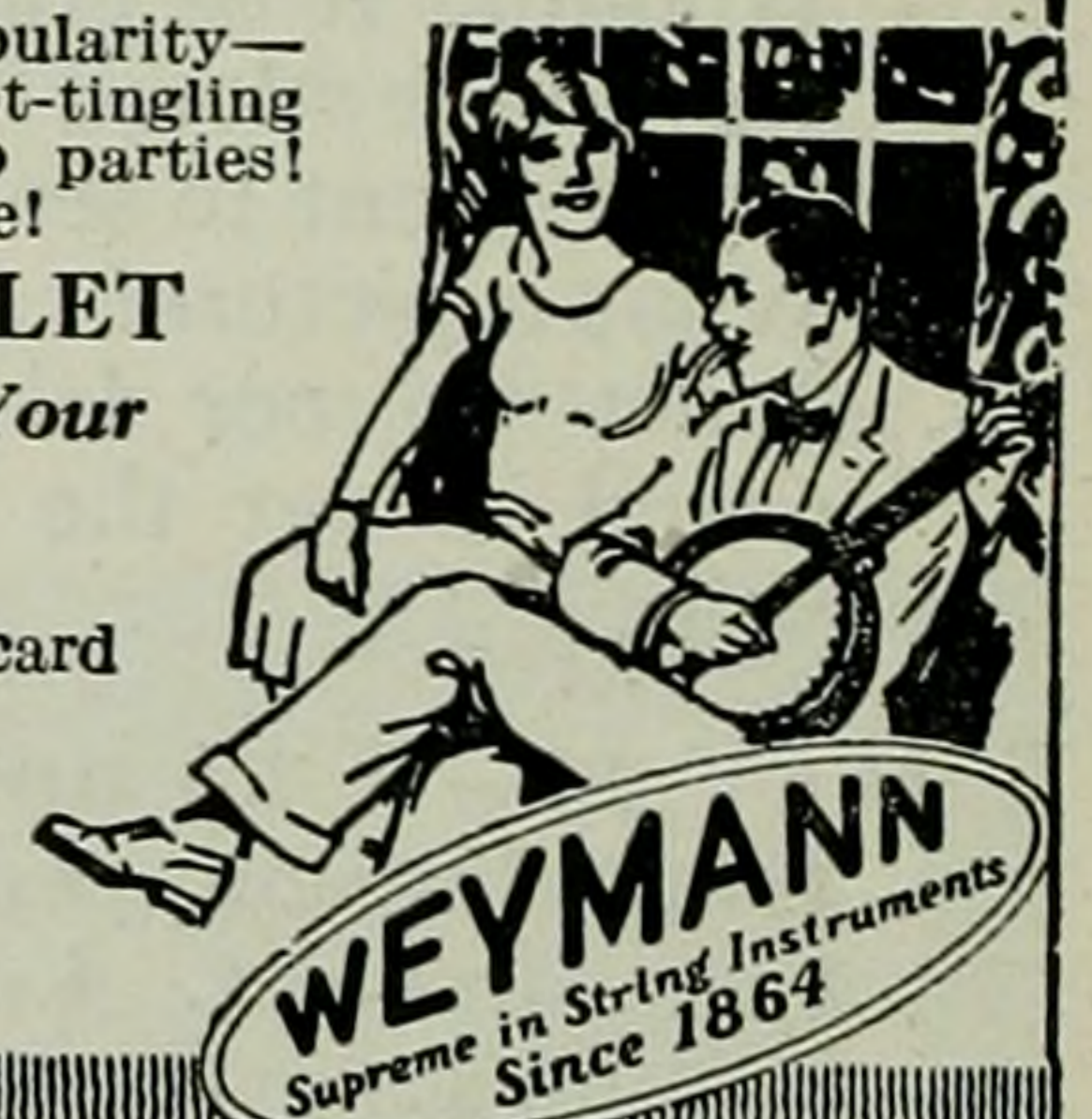
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DON'T dream of popularity—win it with foot-tingling music. Put pep into parties! Be invited everywhere!

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines**, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

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Corrected by use of the Morris invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both and is entirely invisible. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for actual Photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
 Sec. C, 1032 Loew State Bldg.
 Los Angeles, Cal.



They were the prettiest girls I ever saw, and they were all having tests. Mal St. Clair was directing the test. He never looked at me. Test after test was made, and at five o'clock I was the last one left, all tired out. Finally Mr. St. Clair came over to me and said, "Well, it's late but we'll take it." He seemed tired. I was so tired that I wasn't a bit nervous, and I was a little angry; no one had paid the slightest attention to me. Mr. St. Clair seemed bored, and as I went in front of the camera, I made up my mind that I'd make him wake up. He explained the part, but I knew it already. It was right out of the book and I had read it three times. He stood way behind the camera and started the test. When it was half way through, he was right up beside the camera, and when it was over, he came out and put his arm around me. He said, "I've made 200 tests and that's the best one. I don't even want to see it on the screen." I was weak, then, so I could hardly walk, but I was treading on air as I went home. Nearly hit a car at Melrose and LaBrea. Grandmother, mother and I sat up half the night, discussing *Lorelei* and planning and hoping and wishing.

AUGUST 18—Paramount called real early for me to come for another test. Met Mr. Emerson, and he said he was more than pleased with the first test, but that he wanted to see how I responded to direction. So he gave me another test of about five scenes from the picture. When it was over, he said, "You have the best chance of anyone." I haven't met Miss Loos yet, but the suspense is getting awful. I can hardly stand it. I bet I don't sleep at all tonight. I'm to go back to see the test at three o'clock tomorrow. That's exactly three centuries away.

AUGUST 19—Went to the studio at three o'clock and met Mr. Emerson. He took me into a dark projection room. The test was already running. There were two people in the room, but I couldn't see who they were. I was watching myself on the screen, and could hardly believe that I was that girl. When the lights came up, I saw I was sitting next to the tiniest person I had ever seen. Mr. Emerson said, "Bug, I want you to meet Miss Taylor." She said, "Hello," and that's all. It was Miss Loos. As I walked out of the room, Mr. Emerson said, "Well, it's up to the executives now. As far as Miss Loos is concerned you've got it." A lot of men walked in as I went out. I went home and as soon as I got there, Mr. Datig called me up and said for me to hurry right back. My head was swimming. Things happened so fast. When I got to the studio, Mr. Datig ushered me into a room filled with men. It was the publicity department and they all interviewed me and asked me questions like, "Do you think you have a blonde personality?" I didn't know what it was all about. Then the door flew open and in came Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson. She laughed and said, "Your test was the worst, so we picked you." Mr. Emerson shook hands with me, and they went out and the man started asking me questions again.

DRAW ME and WIN A PRIZE



Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize . . .	\$100.00
2nd Prize . . .	50.00
3rd Prize . . .	\$25.00
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5th Prize . . .	\$10.00
6th to 15th Prizes, ea.	\$5

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning \$2000, \$4000, \$5000 and \$6000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

300 Federal Schools Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Rules for Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully:

1. Make your drawing of girl and shadow exactly 5 inches high, on paper $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide by 6 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 25, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

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YOU use cold cream for many beauty purposes. And then remove it—how? With towels, which are ruined by cream, oils and frequent laundering. With old cloths soiled from too frequent use!

Skin specialists say careless removal of creams makes for sallowness. Now a new way of removing cold cream assures radiant, glowing skin; absolute cleanliness; and it is most economical, too!

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are soft, thin tissues made for removing cold cream effectively, gently. You use once, then discard. They absorb *all* surplus oils—leave the skin lovely.

Stars of stage and screen were first to adopt this new beauty method—women whose complexions are of vital importance.

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At all drug and toilet goods counters

In 2 size packages (sheets 90 sq. in.) Introductory size (generous supply) 25c. Regular size (230 sheets) 50c.

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7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send sample of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Imagine! I had just gotten the biggest part of the year, and I was expected to answer questions. I was dazed. Then Mr. Datig came and got me and took me into the attorney's office and I signed a contract to play the part. And there's options with it, so if they like me in the part, they will take up my options on a five-year contract. Who's the happiest girl in the whole world tonight? Don't be silly.

AUGUST 20—Went to the studio today to pose for photographs. I'm having a terrible time keeping it a secret. I'm not to say anything until it comes out in the paper.

AUGUST 24—It was in the papers tonight. The phone kept ringing, and it seems like every one of my friends called up to congratulate me. Isn't it too marvelous?

AUGUST 25—The phone began ringing at seven o'clock. I have more friends than I realized. Went to the studio to be interviewed by a Photoplay Magazine writer. My first real interview. Went to the Montmartre for dinner. That agent from New York that turned me down months ago was there and came up and said, "I knew all the time you'd get it. I knew you had it in you." The phone rang until eleven o'clock.

AUGUST 26—Got wires from Texas Guinan and Edna Hibbard, who played *Dorothy* in the play in New York. They were kind to remember me. Lots of other telegrams too. Saw Mr. Lasky at the studio and he congratulated me.

AUGUST 27—Today started the big thrill of getting wardrobe for the part of *Lorelei*. Had a long talk with Travis Banton, who showed several sketches he made of costumes for the part. They are gorgeous. I'm to have loads of pretty things. Took another test with a candidate for *Dorothy*.

AUGUST 29—Studio all day taking tests of

girls for *Dorothy*. I'm getting awfully tired. Went over to Madeline Hurlock's for dinner, and we talked over the good old days at Sennett's. Gee, I wish I'd get over this excitement. I can't seem to get to sleep.

AUGUST 30—Heard the picture is to start the 12th. Can't wait. Looked at some more sketches. My clothes are going to be exquisite. Travis Banton is terribly clever.

SEPT. 1—Went to studio. Two interviews in the morning. My photographs in the afternoon, and then two more tests for *Dorothy* candidates. Am I busy? I asked for work and got it!

SEPT. 2—This afternoon Mal St. Clair took me into Pola Negri's dressing room to meet her. She's terribly fascinating and quite beautiful. She looked at me and said, "You will be goot." Coming out we met Louise Brooks and Mal introduced me to her. She has more chic than any girl I ever met. I like her.

SEPT. 3—Hairdressers all morning. No call from the studio and I came home and relaxed. The first day I've been home in two weeks. Read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" again. It's the best book I ever read.

SEPT. 7—Went to a preview of Mary Pickford's picture, "My Best Girl." It's splendid. I saw the part I was supposed to play but didn't get. But I don't feel bad about it now. A lot more people came up and congratulated me as I was leaving the theater.

SEPT. 8—Took test at ten thirty. I hope they pick a *Dorothy* soon. Tonight I made my first personal appearance as an added attraction at Loew's State. It's amazing the interest the public takes in *Lorelei*.

SEPT. 10—I wear a long blonde wig in the first part. It's gorgeous. Hal Rosson is to photograph the picture. He is considered one of the best cameramen in the business.



A study in concentration. These little troupers have been working in scenes of "The Man Who Laughs," and, to meet the requirements of the California law, they have been dismissed from the set for a few hours to study their lessons. In a corner of the studio, under the supervision of Mrs. Mary West, the young players study as earnestly as though they were miles away from the camera

SEPT. 14—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" started today. What a relief! I couldn't believe it until now. Now I actually am *Lorelei* and am really acting in the part.

SEPT. 19—Worked all day at studio. Did the murder. Miss Loos told me today I was doing better than they ever hoped anyone would ever do. I hope people will like me in the picture. You never can tell, though. I may be all right now, but a flop at the finish. Fittings until 8 o'clock. Home dead tired.

SEPT. 20—Worked today with Chester Conklin. He is the judge. He's a marvelous comedian. Mal said I did well.

SEPT. 21—Alice White selected as *Dorothy*. She has done some great things for First National and I think she is a great selection for the part.

SEPT. 22—Anita and John Emerson left at 6 o'clock for New York. They told me I was doing good work and to keep it up. I was terribly sorry to see them leave. Anita Loos has been like a fairy godmother. Everything has turned out beautifully since I've known her.

SEPT. 30—Worked all day and until 9 o'clock tonight. Then rushed to a dinner at the Ambassador to a dinner given for me by a man who just came back from Paris. He brought me an antelope bag from Patou's and a marquise pin. *Lorelei's* first gifts.

OCT. 8—Worked all day, then a big night. Mal St. Clair and his wife gave a *Lorelei* party for me at his house. Had a glorious time. Crowds of people were there, and everyone was so sweet.

OCT. 10—After work went to the ice rink and skated. Fell down and tonight have a big black and blue mark. If I was still working at Sennett's it would show.

OCT. 12—Had the biggest thrill today. Opened two magazines and found big interviews about me. Six months ago interviews as *Lorelei* would have been a wild dream.

OCT. 15—Finished the picture at 2:04 this afternoon. We had a lot of farewell pictures taken, and Mal gave me a lovely corsage of orchids. Somehow I feel terribly sad. I only hope the public likes the picture one-half as well as I liked working in it.

OCT. 17—The studio called this morning and asked me to come over to see Mr. Schulberg. When I walked into his office, he looked at me in a funny way. I was still standing at the door. Finally he said, "Miss Taylor, it's been very nice having you with us, and I've called you in to say good-bye." Then he got up and walked toward me. I almost died. He's going to show me the door, I've been a flop. Another dream broken. A lot of panicky thoughts rushed through my head. The next thing I knew he was shaking my hand and saying, "I want to say good-bye to *Lorelei*. We decided yesterday that we want you to sign a long-term contract and to stay with us, not as *Lorelei* but as Ruth Taylor, Paramount featured player."



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Sparkling brilliance when your eyes are open—soft, shadowy, inviting depth when they are partially closed—meaningful expression as your changing mood dictates—irresistible charm at all times! These attributes of alluring beauty are very easy to acquire. You need

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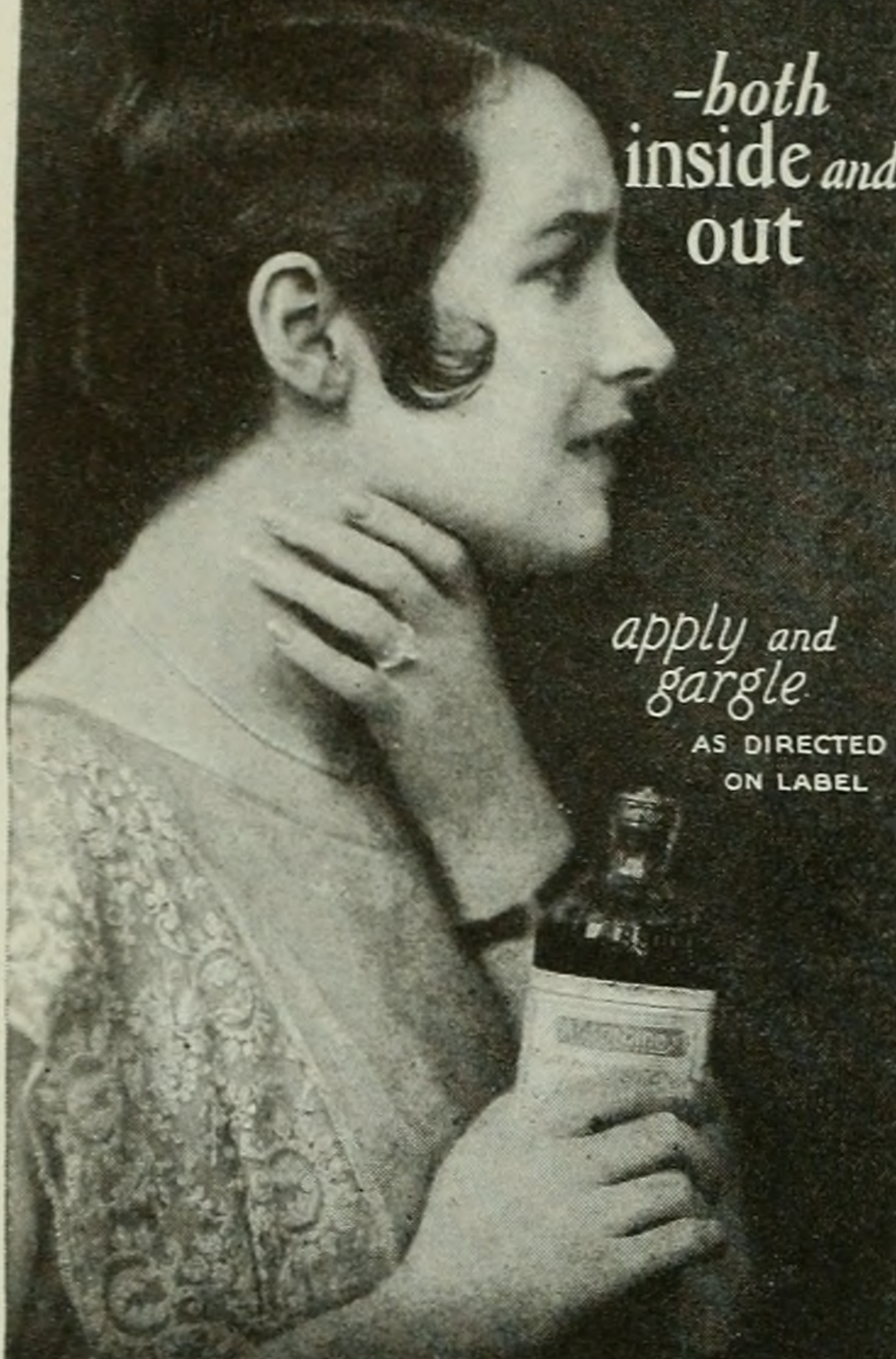
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Send no money. Just write for trial treatment. Pay postman \$1.50 when package arrives. We guarantee that you will positively lose weight on first box or we will refund your money. Two weeks' treatment will convince you that O. B. C. T. is the most successful fat reducer in the world. Results guaranteed. Write today. Start reducing right away.

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Nothing to pinch, pull or get out of whack. Just two bands of metal held together by a friction-bar. Easily fitted, convenient and safe.

Your jeweler will show you a range of designs for men and women, in 12-K green, white or yellow gold filled.

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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

not a golfer, then choose something else with which you are familiar and write a script about it.

Fifth: Remember the limitations of the camera. Try not to let yourself become involved in too many intricate and unusual camera details. Remember that the professional cameraman has an entire technical staff and equipment at his disposal.

Sixth: Never be afraid to tackle anything new. The amateur is blessed indeed in that he has no need to think of how his picture will sell and whether or not the new effects he devises will please the public. An amateur has freedom from all business considerations, therefore a lack of courage in his efforts is unpardonable.

A LOS ANGELES photo-filter specialist now has soft focus and fog filters adaptable to the 16 mm. lens used by amateur cameras. The first—a diffusing screen—brings a softened image without sacrificing speed. The soft focus was devised by D. W. Griffith and is used continually in professional films. The fog filter gives all the effect of foggy weather and can also be used in making soft focus art titles. Try it on an outdoor shot this Winter.

A MUNICH, Germany, firm is now marketing a 9½ and 16 mm. auto-



P. and A. Photo

Maj. Gen. Milton J. Foreman
Retired Commander of the 33rd Division. Maj. Gen. Foreman is sailing for a three months' hunting expedition in British East Africa. Instead of the customary high-power rifle, Maj. Gen. Foreman is using a Filmo



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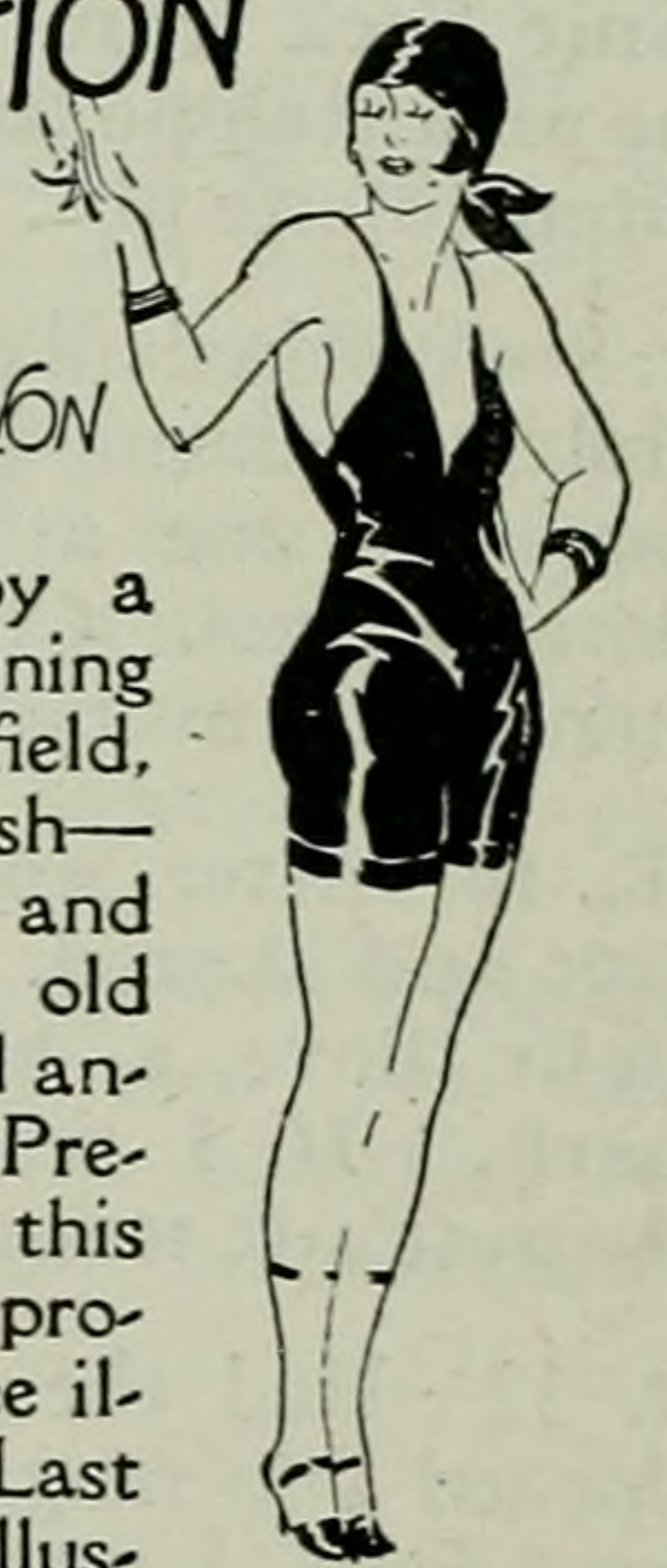
Youthfulness—that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness—now you can keep it *always*, in your hair! Just one Golden Glint shampoo will show you the way! Rich generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the “plus” that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. C 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Washington. Money back if not delighted.

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Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Analyzes Mary Pickford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

without anything. She was wonderful through those hard poverty days."

"And she has always protected you from the commercial side of your work, hasn't she?" I interpolated.

"Oh, yes, the unpleasant part, the hardening part, the part that frets so many artists," she said with sparkling eyes. Mary's love for her mother is very deep and sincere.

"You would have loved to have had children of your own, two or three," I suggested.

"OH, yes, not two or three, but twelve or thirteen. Grandma had thirteen. It means so much to us to have little Mary. Somehow, I don't know just how I am going to do it, but I am going to have a lot of children. And I must not wait too long, I want to grow up with them, watch them develop." And Mary meant it.

"Is it true about the college picture?" I asked.

"Oh, no, but we did discuss one. But college pictures are being overdone. It would have to be an exceptionally good story. You know, the most important things about pictures are, first the story, then the directing, and then the editing. It is the most difficult to find good stories. Sam Taylor directed 'My Best Girl' delightfully, and Kathleen Norris wrote the story, although we had her change it a little for us."

"And the next picture?" I asked.

"I don't know. Doug and I considered doing a picture together called 'The Crusaders.' I was to be the girl leading 30,000 boy children on a terrific march. But, oh, well, we doubt the advisability of doing a picture together just yet."

"If you are about seventeen in 'My Best Girl,' you are beginning to grow up gradually. You have usually been nearer twelve," I remarked.

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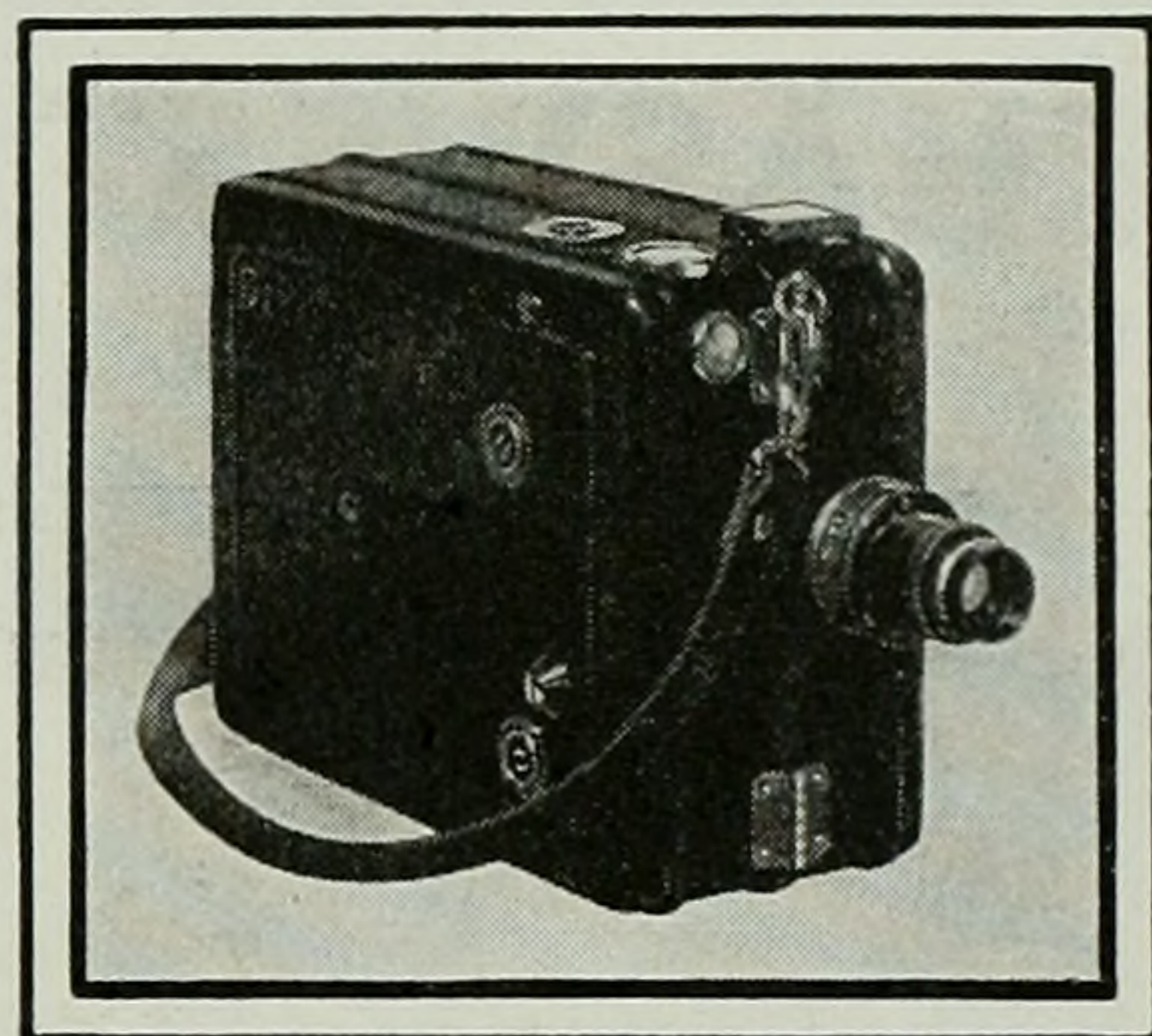
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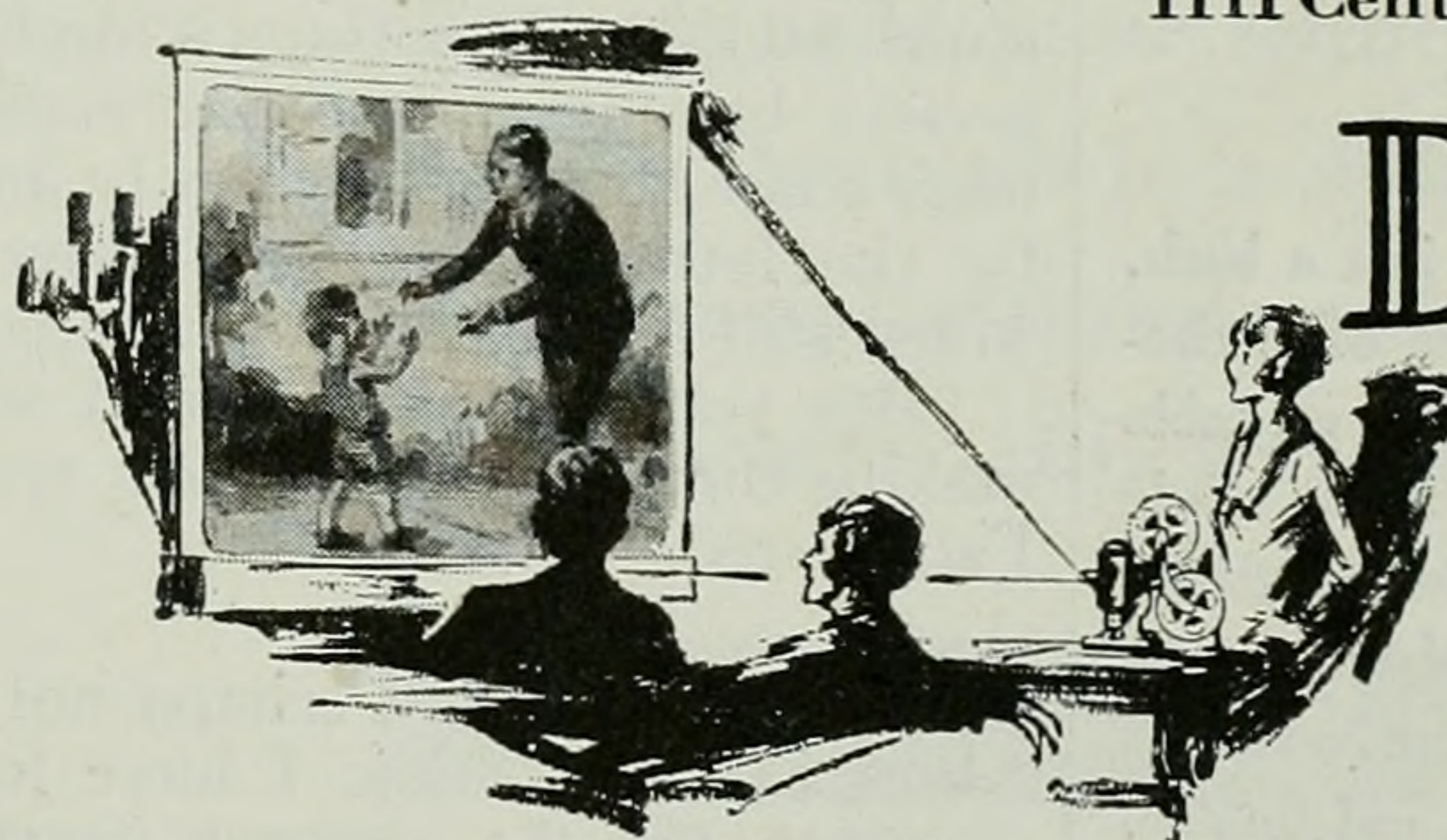
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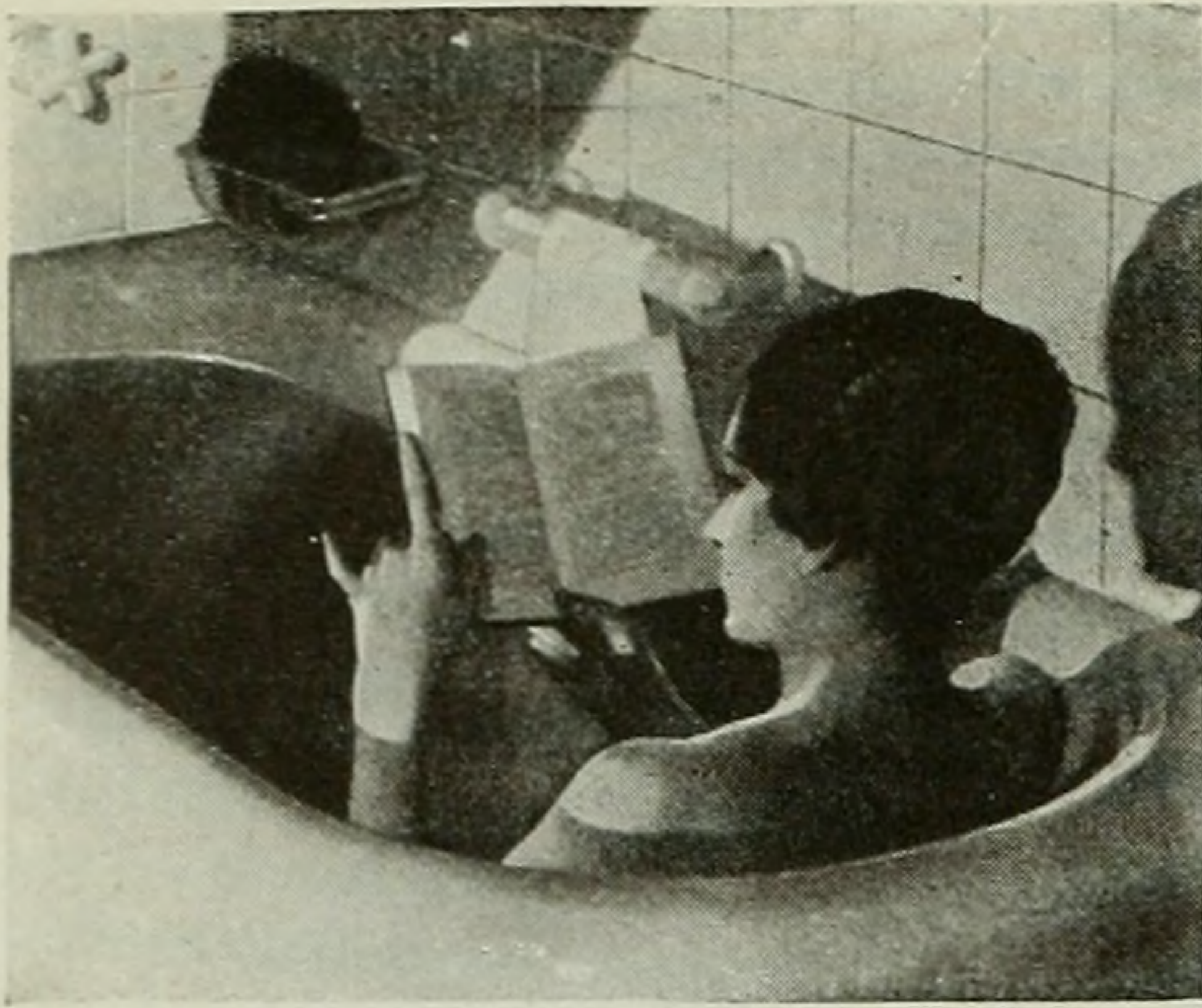
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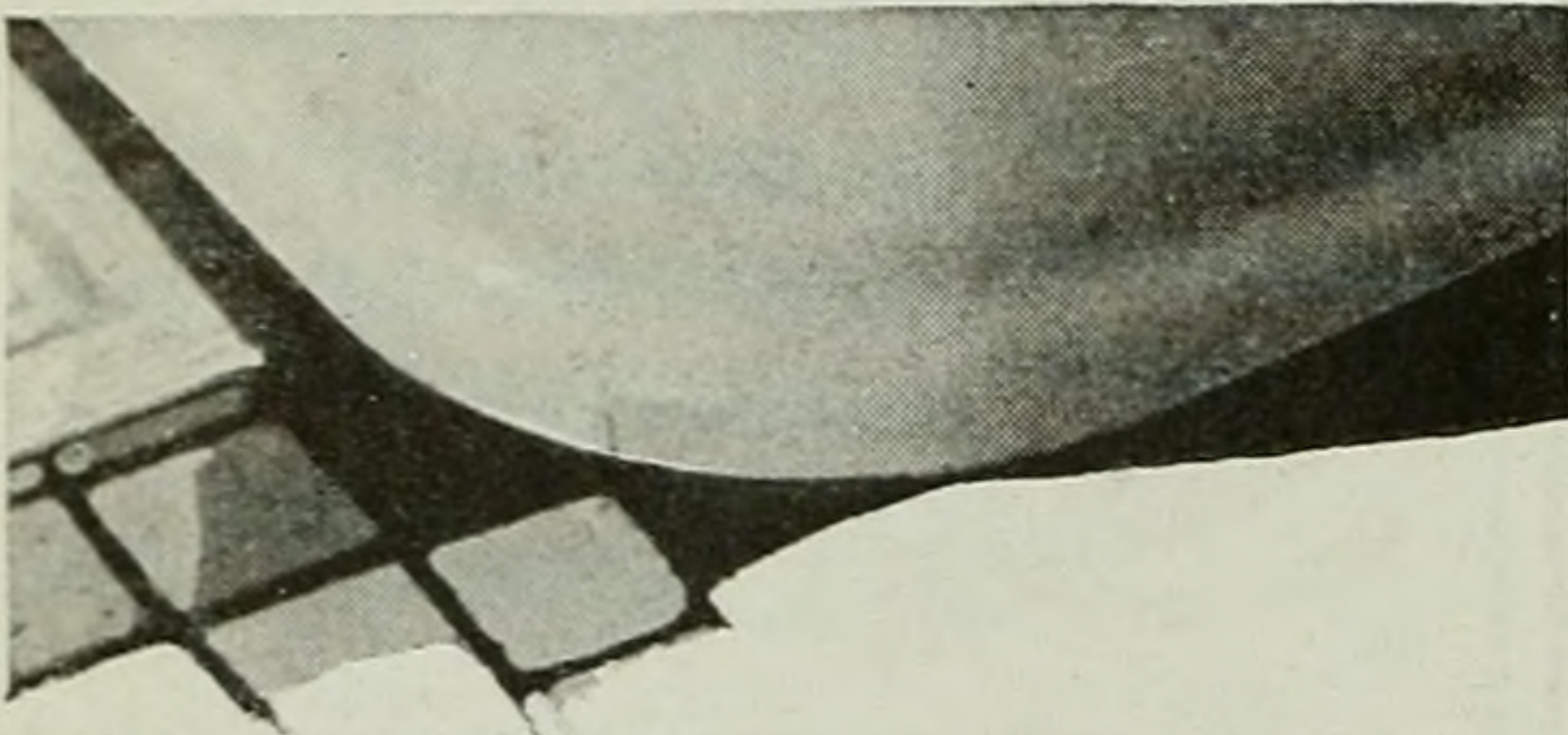
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"Yes, I think perhaps I can do it that way. I would like to do one taking a little girl's life from tiniest babyhood and playing her at every age," said Mary.

"And take us right through to her old age?"

"Oh, women don't grow that old any more," said Mary. "There aren't any really old women any more. But I would get quite old—oh, perhaps 35, she could even be a grandmother soon after that."

So you see, behind it all, with all her freedom and power, we have a very troubled Mary, wondering how she can inveigle the public into letting her grow up. She is devising ways and means of slipping it over on them. She wants them to love the mature Mary just as they have loved the skinny legged, lively, lovable little-girl Mary. But somehow they expect Mary, like Peter Pan, to stay kiddish forever. They love her maternal little ways—but they want her Wendy-ish, just playing at being mother.

THEY want to keep Mary a bud that never blooms. And, of course, Mary does seem very much like those buds that sometimes make such a glorious start on the American Beauty rose tree. Their lovely petals cling so closely, and give such promise of a wondrous bloom to come, but they never open out and flaunt their full glory.

Yet the same public that has adored Mary in her immature rôles continues to expect great things of its Mary, greater things. Mary's mind has matured for this greater glory, but her physique, her art, and this same public's will for her remain childish. Something is hindering the perfect blooming. No one realizes this more than Mary. Apparently unfettered by the fetters that beset other artists, Mary still feels curiously fettered.

"But you love pictures and will go on making them for, well another ten years," I suggested.

"I DON'T know. Perhaps not so long as that. I think I have found my province for the present in this fine, young, middle-class working girl type. It would be a pity for me to retire from pictures altogether, with my long experience. I suppose I shall always want to make pictures. But I am coming to hate starring pictures. I want pictures that give every actor a chance. 'My Best Girl' does that—it really isn't just Mary Pickford. Several other members of the cast have excellent rôles. Perhaps, in that ten years hence you talk about, I shall be developing new actors and not be caring so very much what happens for Mary Pickford," she said.

"You could go back to the legitimate stage," I suggested. "Your training began on the stage."

"Oh, no, one should never try to go back. That would be a serious mistake. No, one must always go forward, don't you think? If not in one's old sphere, then in another. It isn't good to try to go back to anything, not even to the old home town, or one's old loves."

And I recalled hearing Mary say—oh, years ago—that the moment she felt that the public no longer wanted her she would retire. She was talking about another actress's heartaches at that time, and

earnestly feeling the poignancy of the position of the then once famous woman who did not realize her day was done.

And so, ten years hence, Mary is going to be psyching herself with ruthless criticism. I could almost see the promise of this torture forming in her mind—and it seemed so incongruous in this dainty, trim, fairylike little person with the glowing golden curls.

If only this Mary's mind had not matured, if only she were incapable of this ruthless self-analysis, she might have gone on being the same buoyant child-like Mary Pickford for another generation of picture fans to adore. But as it is, the harshest critic that Mary will ever have will be Mary.

BUT always she is wrestling with Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who has made four mind-illuminating, intelligence-whetting tours through Europe—the travelled, cultured Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who has come to know, enjoy, appreciate the fascinating sophistications of a very different world from the one Mary Pickford portrays. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who is at home at royal courts and entertains great celebrities of all nations in her mansion home, seems to have so little in common with the spindle-legged Mary Pickford of the screen, romping in hoydenish delight through her simple little heart-touching tragi-comedies.

Mary said she had created a false situation in Fauntleroy by playing both the mother and the son and trying to win public sympathy at being distressed at being separated from herself. Yet that is just what has happened to Mary in real life—wealth, success, power, a developed intelligence have separated Mary from herself. When she said those old hard poverty days were more real to her than any life that has been hers since, she meant it.

And when we were talking about little Mary, the eleven-year old, who is only to go into pictures if she really loves it, Mary also added that it was very difficult for anyone to make good in anything when the financial urge was missing. Wealth and place weaken endeavor, weaken the will to sacrifice, weaken passionate enthusiasm. Mary's little Mary will never know poverty, so that she will be denied those essential urges.

AND our Mary, too, has wealth and place. They haven't managed to kill her deep love for her work, but they have unsettled her, made her restless—actually, in some queer way, undermined her confidence in herself. It seemed so foolish, sitting there gazing at the triumphant, successful, affluent and free Mary, knowing her for having gained the arch-desire of screenlanders, and yet want to take her in one's arms and comfort her, pet her, assure her affectionately that "Everything's all right, dear. You are still the beloved Mary."

Besides, Mary was smiling . . . or was it the cultured, charming Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who was smiling—and keeping my uncalled-for emotions in their place? I am afraid I should have received a cultured little snub from Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, had I dared to express any absurd sympathy for Mary Pickford.

Just A Song At Midnight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

All at once Ann—being a poet—was dramatizing herself. As women will do—even, sometimes, when they are not poets. She was seeing herself a Columbine—gay, spangled, mad with youth. Dancing off to the city. And to a Harlequin who was the essence of cities and of those things—success and money and position—for which the city stands. While Pierrot, in his eternal clown suit, with his violin clasped to his breast and his grotesquely whitened face lifted to the sky—faithful Pierrot who had known her lips—waited. Waited in the shadow of the trysting tree.

QUITE suddenly Ann had hurried to her feet. She was crossing to the crowded desk on which she wrote her copy—and her poems. Which, with the years, were becoming more and more popular. Seating herself at the desk she selected a wide, white sheet of paper and a stubby pen. And began to write. To write the picture that her imagination had painted.

And when she had finished writing it, she rose, just a shade wearily, and began to undress.

A warm bath and a night gown of peach colored crepe rather renewed her confidence in herself. She didn't read over the poem—not at all. Until the next morning. And then she found it was surprisingly good—a lyric bit of verse, with a shade of really deep feeling between the lines of it. And so—the mood of drama quite gone, and Jeremy again a dim figure from the dim past, she typed the poem. And put it into a long manila envelope, and sent it to the office of a certain popular magazine that was published once a week. And three days later the magazine sent her a check for it.

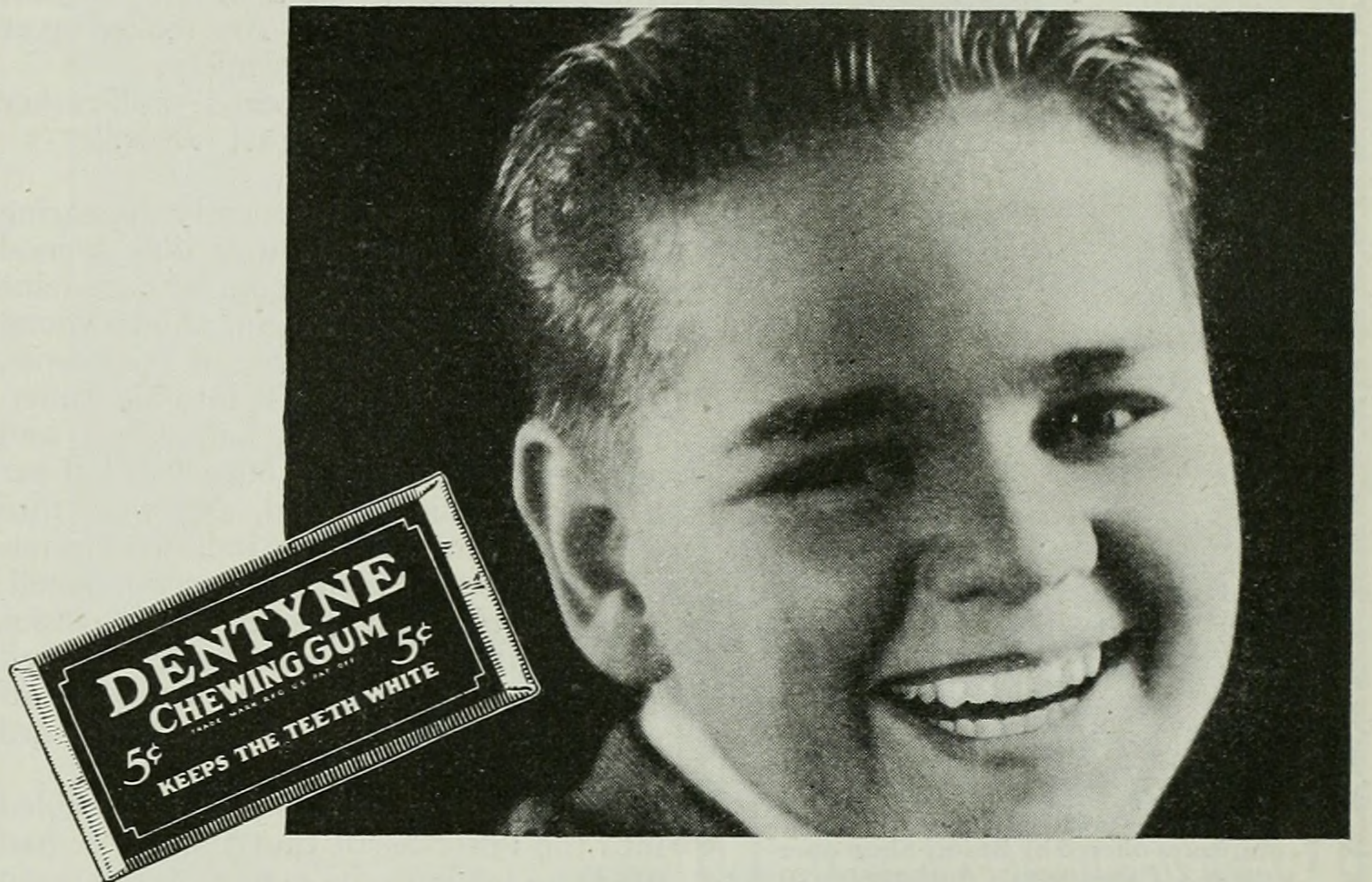
Quite a nice check, with which she purchased cuff links for Richard.

IT was two months later that Richard—buying a copy of the certain popular magazine, while they loitered along the avenue—let his gaze run down the length of the poem. He paused, on the street, to read it—as he was wont sometimes to pause, and scrutinize the columns of the financial page.

"It's a pretty thing," he told Ann, as he read it—"Columbine's Song." Sort of fanciful—what? I wonder, darling, where your ideas come from? You"—even on the avenue his hand could find her hand—"You don't know how proud I am, when I see your name in print!"

Ann returned the pressure of his fingers. Her eyes did not follow along the column of type. Ann was workman enough to lose active interest in her verse—once it was out of hand. But, even though she did not read it over—even though she had forgotten, partly, the swing of the lines (for much had run out of her stubby pen since the evening of the poem's birth—and she had covered many wide sheets of paper)—she spoke just a shade anxiously.

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"Richard," she questioned—"would it matter to you that I'd kissed any other man before we—we became engaged?" She spoke almost shyly.

Richard was laughing.

"Good Lord," he ejaculated—"why should it matter? You're not a child—of course, I'm not the first chap you've ever kissed! I'd feel there was something wrong with you if I were. I've—" reminiscently he smiled—"I've kissed other women, myself. But"—all at once his voice was serious—"I won't ever—again. And neither will you!" Ann looked up at him with eyes suddenly misty.

"I reckon," she whispered—still rather shyly—"that you're right! Dear."

AND the poem, innocently appearing enough, found its way into a good many homes—for the popular magazine had an amazing circulation. And a young girl pasted it in the frame of her mirror, and an old man tucked it into his wallet. And a woman with grey hair sighed, and another woman with auburn hair left her husband at his Canfield, and went into the next room to write an indiscreet letter.

And a certain man, in a certain small, but growing town, packed a prosperous looking pigskin traveling bag, and started—with a look on his face that was half puzzled and half self-conscious—toward the city.

And on the sleeper, before he tumbled into the lower berth that the porter had made up for him, the man took the poem—already a shade frazzled about the edges—from his pocket. And read it over. It went like this—

"Harlequin, Harlequin, you have my lips,
You may know the pressure of my dainty
finger tips;
You may always dance with me, when
haunting waltz tunes start,
You may hold me close, so close—but
Pierrot has my heart!

"Often we may speak of love, often we
may play
At the vivid game of youth—we may
have life's day.
We may wander hand in hand, when the
moon is bright,
But I hear a little song calling through
the night.

"I may listen as you talk, I may laugh
with you,
I may wear my gayest gowns—rose and
mauve and blue—
I may give you much of joy, pay you
rapture's toll,
You may have my lips, always... But
Pierrot has my soul!

"Harlequin, Harlequin, we may journey
far,
To that paradise of dreams, where no
returnings are!
We may cross the highest peak, the
seventh silver sea,
But still I know that Pierrot waits,
beneath the trysting tree..."

So, on a slim note of wistfulness, the poem ended.

IT was in the late afternoon that the telephone operator of the small hotel rang to tell Ann that there was a gentle-



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man waiting. It was rather a little joke between them—Ann and the telephone operator. For it was always the same gentleman who waited, although the girl at the switchboard liked to clothe it in mystery!

“Oh, send him up!” Ann said blithely—for she had not been expecting Richard until a whole hour later. And then she put Richard’s roses in front of his picture on the table in her small living room. Not that she was emotionally dishonest—it was her dramatic sense again. The position of the roses did not make her love either them—or Richard’s photograph—more greatly!

IT always took so long for the elevator to carry Richard from the hotel’s foyer to the door of her apartment. Ann had astonished herself once by timing the process—and discovering that the actual space involved was a little less than two minutes. From the way her heart thumped, while waiting, she had fancied it to be much longer! After putting the flowers in their place, she ran to the door and stood—childishly expectant. It was a tiny joke of theirs that her opening of the door occurred so soon after Richard’s knock upon it that there wasn’t even time for an echo!

One minute. One minute and a half. Ann read off the ticking of the second from her busy little wrist watch. And then a knock. A trifle louder than Richard’s usual knock. She swung the door sharply inward, reached forward with white, expectant hands. Hands that fell suddenly to her sides. For the man, revealed by the opening door, was not Richard! The man was decidedly not Richard! For a moment she thought he was, indeed, a stranger. And then came the sound of a voice—a voice that brought with it a throb of memory!

“Well, Ann,” said the voice. “I’d—I’d scarcely know you, girl! You’ve changed—filled out, some, I guess!” (What woman can stand the expression, “filled out”—especially when she is close to thirty—without wincing?)

And Ann, answering, tried to make her voice sound casual, as she stood aside to let her visitor enter.

“SO have you changed,” she said—slowly—“and why wouldn’t you? After—ten years—”

It was Jeremy. Jeremy who had played Schubert’s silver song in the moonlight. Jeremy whose kisses had taught her lips the meaning of romance. Jeremy whose arms had been like bands of steel, holding her close. Jeremy—and she would never have recognized him save for his voice!

For Jeremy showed, plainly, each of the ten years that had gone by. They might—thought Ann, gazing at him, have been measured in pounds. Jeremy, who had been so youthfully slender, so lithe—was stout. No—fat. He, indeed, had filled out. Ann’s eyes—travelling upward, from his broad, sensibly shod feet to his uncovered head—noticed, with a sense of complete unreality, that he was beginning to get bald. There was a pink spot that showed, ever so plainly, through the thinning brown hair. Jeremy—quickly she calculated his years—was in his early thirties. And yet he was



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strangely middle-aged. Strangely settled. Together, and silently, they walked across the small room. Together, like awkward children—left alone in a parlor, and not too sure that the grown-ups weren't watching—they seated themselves upon a divan. On the way to the divan Jeremy had, quite in the manner of one who plans to stay awhile, placed his hat upon the table. It seemed strange, to Ann, that another man's hat should be set upon the table sacred to Richard's photograph and his flowers. She almost said something of the sort and caught herself just in time. For when he spoke, at last, it was with a jerk of one thumb in the direction of Richard's likeness.

"And I suppose," he said abruptly, "that, that's your *Harlequin*?"

Ann gulped. Her wide eyes blinked with a frightened kitten expression. And then—

"You mean?" she queried.

JEREMY had fished into his pocket with a hand that, all at once, was slightly nervous. He brought to light the beginning-to-be frayed page of a popular magazine.

"That's why I came," he said slowly, handing Ann the fragment of printing. "I read this. I knew, at once, that you meant—me. And I came to save you from making—a mistake"

Ann's fingers were curiously numb as she reached for the ill advised child of her brain. Yes—it was "*Columbine's Song*" right enough. What evil fate had prompted her to write such a thing? Her wonderings were interrupted by Jeremy's voice.

"I wouldn't have known you meant me," he was saying, "if you hadn't mentioned the old trysting tree. That made me sure—Oh, Ann—" all at once he was reaching toward her, and Ann realized at the moment that jokes about fat men in love had no foundation of fact. This fat man in love was not amusing. Angrily she put the width of the room between them.

"Jeremy—" she said, "don't! It's all too silly!"

The man had risen from the divan.

"What's silly?" he asked, and there was an aggressive tilt to his square chin.

Ann tried to explain.

"ALL this," she said at last, and vaguely. "You coming here, for instance. And me, writing a sentimental poem. And being engaged—to another man!"

Jeremy laughed. Was there a note of triumph in his laughter?

"Oh," he said, almost airily, "I expected you to be engaged. At least. Why, for all I knew, you might have been married—" lightly his fingers tapped the poem.

"And—" Ann's eyes were even wider than they had been—"if I were married?"

The man's own eyes were wide. As if he, himself, were astonished at his daring.

"I'd rescue you!" he said, quite simply. And even the idea of him as a chubby knight errant was not laughable. Not, at least, to Ann.

"Oh, Jeremy!" she breathed in plaintive accents. How on earth would she explain to him that the poem was just a throwback—that it meant nothing at

all? "Oh, Jeremy!" she half sobbed. And realized, as her voice caught in her throat, that she was sobbing from nervousness. It was bad enough, quite, to have an old lover return—and unexpectedly. It was worse to have him come romantically, with high flung phrases and knightly gestures. Insistent upon rescuing one from a situation that was happily beyond need of rescue.

WHEN Richard called upon the telephone, some twenty minutes later, to tell of an unexpected business matter, that would keep him late at the office, he had no way of knowing the relief that swept—at the sound of his apologetic voice—over Ann's face. It had been a keen problem in her mind—how to get Jeremy away before Richard's arrival.

"Oh, that'll be all right," she answered, almost too sweetly. "I'll see you tomorrow." And then she hung up the receiver and turned to Jeremy—who loomed large upon the sofa. Jeremy who had never stirred from his place at the tinkle of the telephone bell. It was his very solidity, his—his *setness*—that forced Ann into hysterical speech.

"Oh, for goodness' sake," she cried, "let's get away from here! Let's—" inspiration touched her, "let's go out to dinner."

Jeremy rose with something like alacrity.

"That's a good girl," he answered approvingly—"hurry into your hat, and we'll go. Believe me—I can eat right now!" One knew, looking at him, that he could usually eat.

And so it happened that in the space of ten minutes, they were walking together down the wide avenue. The avenue which belonged to Richard, not Jeremy. In the direction of the famous old restaurant of which Jeremy had once read, in a book. But Ann's hand did not rest upon Jeremy's stout arm. In fact, both of her hands were clenched tight in the pockets of her coat.

They were a trifle early for dinner. And, as Jeremy ordered from the suave French waiter, Ann was glad of the hour. Many of her friends dropped in at this same restaurant when the later evening came. It would be—nicer—if she and Jeremy had left before there was a question of any embarrassing introduction.

They ate their soup—a soup rich and pungent—in silence. They waited, still in silence, for their roast. And, as they sat waiting, the orchestra came on to the little balcony from which they dispensed music, and began to tune up. And—a shade idly, his tuning done, the violinist began to play. Softly, half to himself, for the dining room was sparsely settled. At the first note of his song, Ann felt her heart sinking, sinking. This chain of coincidence was growing too strong. In her heart of hearts she heard a strangely familiar voice, repeating a line she had written.

"But I hear a little song, calling through the night!" was the line.

She glanced at Jeremy under heavy lashes, and saw with relief that he was not listening—that he was watching the approach of the waiter.

"It is good food they serve here," he

said. And did not notice that the song was over.

Ann did not want to say it. It was something she didn't want to bring up. But—

"You used to play the violin rather well," she told him, and her voice was soft.

Jeremy laughed and cut into the meat that lay upon his plate—

"So I did," he answered, "but I haven't touched my fiddle for years. I have a radio—now—best one in town. I've gotten three thousand miles on it. Say" his mind was not one to stay too long upon any subject, "how about a side order of some mushrooms under glass?"

IT was when they were beginning dessert that the thing Ann had been fearing happened. A friend came into the restaurant. Not one of the friends that she especially shared with Richard—no, it wasn't as bad as that! A thin little wisp of a girl who always looked starved—and who claimed to admire greatly the quality of Ann's verse. A girl who lived upon the fringe of Bohemia—who, rather, existed there. She hurried to their table—did the thin little girl—and seated herself wearily in the chair that Jeremy drew forward.

"I'm only going to have a salad for supper," she said—raising her large eyes to Jeremy's face. "Do you mind if I stay here, with you? It's—it's so lonely eating by one's self"—her voice was wistful.

Ann, though glad of the interruption, stifled an unwelcoming word. She knew this girl so well. The salad would become, miraculously, a steak and potatoes au gratin. And it would appear on their bill. Not—she stole a glance at her companion—not that that would bother Jeremy. He looked prosperous enough.

She stole a glance at Jeremy! And saw—with amusement—that his eyes were smiling as they rested upon the face of the thin little girl. And then, all at once, she was remembering Jeremy's first word of greeting, to her. A word that might have expressed a vague disappointment.

"You've filled out—" he had said. Just that.

BUT he was speaking again. This time to the girl who was an interloper.

"You're darn right it's lonely, eating without a dinner partner," he said. "I know. And say, a salad's not enough for you. You don't look strong enough to get along on such light fare."

The girl sighed. "Perhaps you're right," she agreed, gently, and drew the waiter's attention to the special steak—"but most men aren't so—so thoughtful. What a—" she sighed again—"what a wonderful husband you'd make! I—I take it you're not married?"

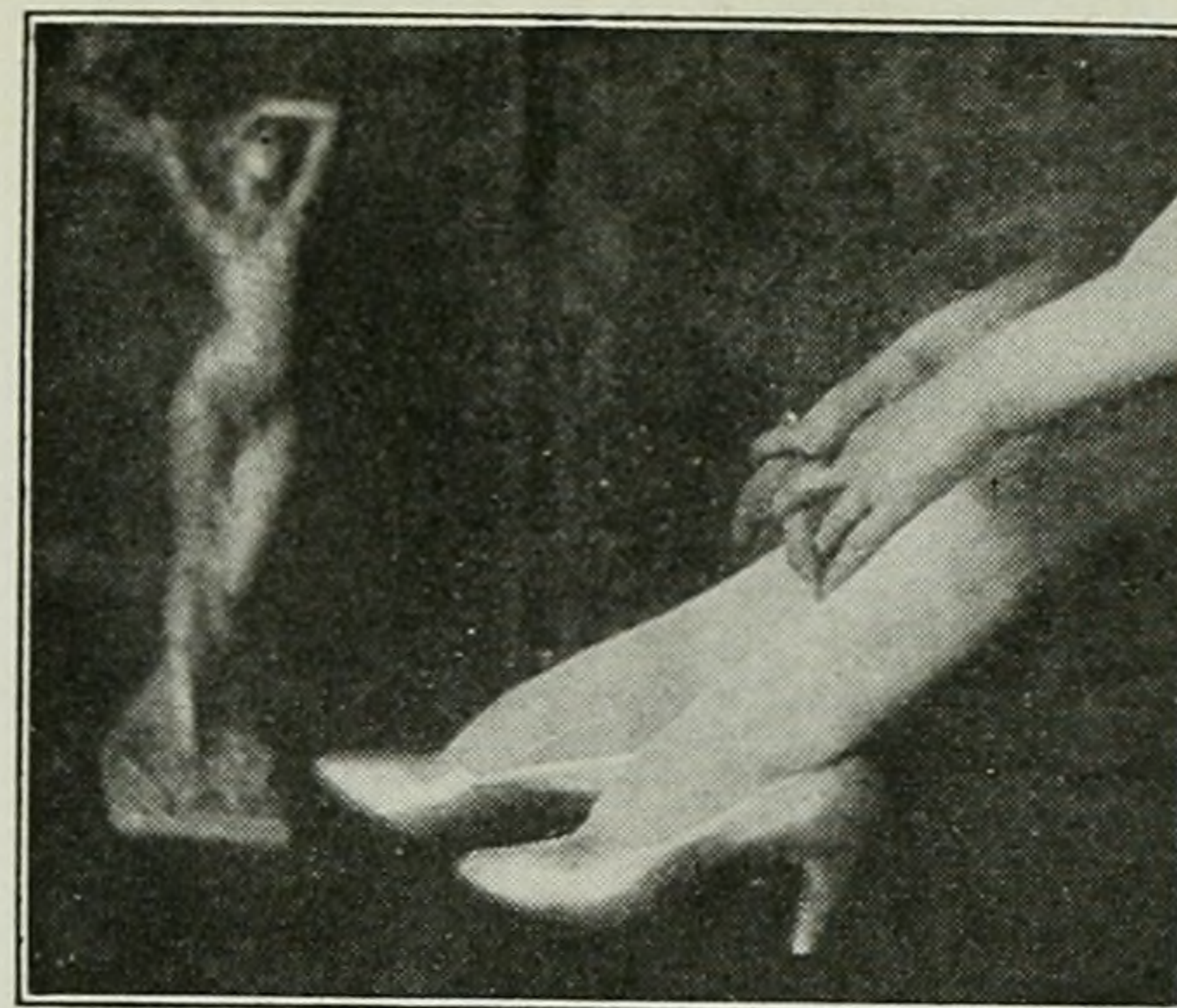
Jeremy was flushing. And Ann, watching the thin little girl, credited her with a real cleverness. The child, she knew, was usually without financial resource. Perhaps the solidness of Jeremy had an appeal for her. Perhaps—

"No, he's not married," she answered almost maliciously—"not—yet!"

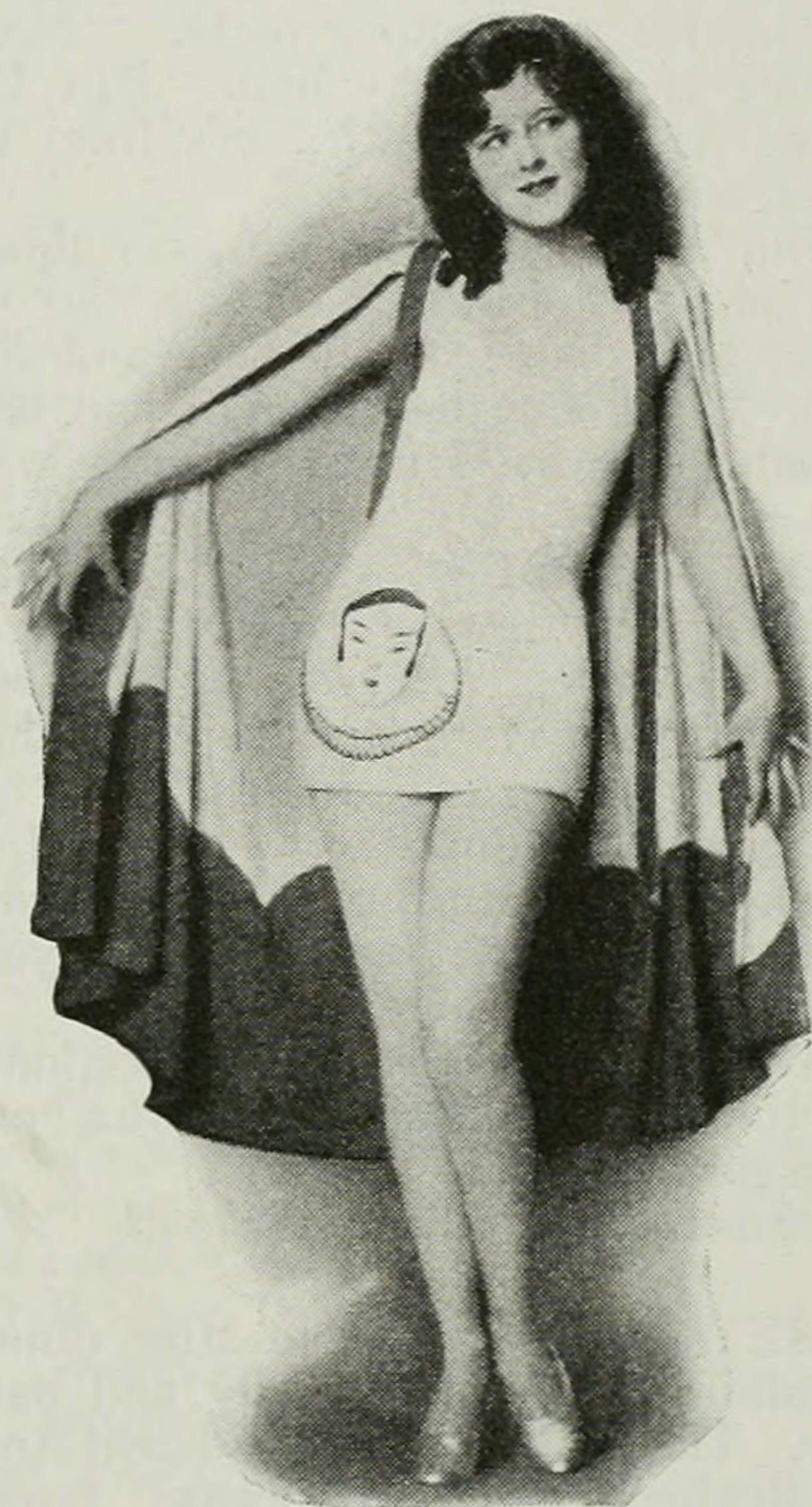
Jeremy shot a glance at her. For one who had travelled miles because of a shred of poetry, his expression bore a strange chill. Or—was it—fear—apprehension?

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But the thin girl was not noticing the exchange of words—or glances. Artlessly she babbled on.

"We're all so happy for Ann," she murmured. "She's going to marry soon, you know. And I hear that the man she's going to marry is—is a dear. Do you know him?"

UNDER cover of the table cloth Ann's hands were clasped together. It had come—a direct question. If Jeremy answered it, as directly, it would mean an exciting story to find its way back to Richard. But Jeremy—this day—was doing the unexpected.

"No," he said, very slowly, with his eyes on his now empty plate. "No, I haven't met the lucky man. But I've known Ann for years. She's from the little town I live in—"

"Oh," the thin girl's face was almost avid as she cut into the steak that the waiter placed in front of her—and suddenly Ann knew that the girl had been actually hungry. Hungry in more ways than one.

"Oh," she said—"I'd love to live in a little town! I'm so—" was there a real sob in her voice? "I'm so tired of cities—I'd love to stay forever in a place where there were houses and gardens."

Jeremy was leaning forward. And, on his eager face, Ann saw the reflection of the slim youth she had known ten years before.

"Would you really?" he questioned. And then, very boyishly—"I have a house and a garden—"

It was the beginning of the end!

THEY sat at the table after dinner, talking. Talking happily and naturally. The ice bands that had held Ann's soul in check had melted away. Jeremy—quite plainly Jeremy had found another Columbine! One who, if she captured him, would never desert the trysting tree or the slightly changed song that he was able to sing! It took Ann's sense of responsibility away—it made her feel curiously free, this thought. When at last they left the hotel, she knew, by the prodigious size of the tip he gave the waiter—that the man was really interested.

They delivered the girl at the doorway of the shabby rooming house in which she lived—after driving in a taxi for many costly hours, through a city park. And as they went on in the taxi, toward her hotel, Ann found that she was laughing. Her chuckle was utterly delicious in its kindness. She didn't ask a question. She didn't have to—Jeremy answered the chuckle!

"After all, Ann," he said ponderously—"we've both changed in ten years . . ."

Ann swept the mirth from her voice before she answered.

"We—have!" she said, at last.

"And," Jeremy's tone was suddenly less ponderous, "and—after all, you don't need me. And hang it, a fellow likes to be needed! Now—that kid we just left. Take her, for instance. She—she's so frail. She doesn't even know how to order a meal. A chap could make her happy in ways that wouldn't begin to satisfy you—"

Ann remembering the look on the girl's face as she viewed the steak, nodded her

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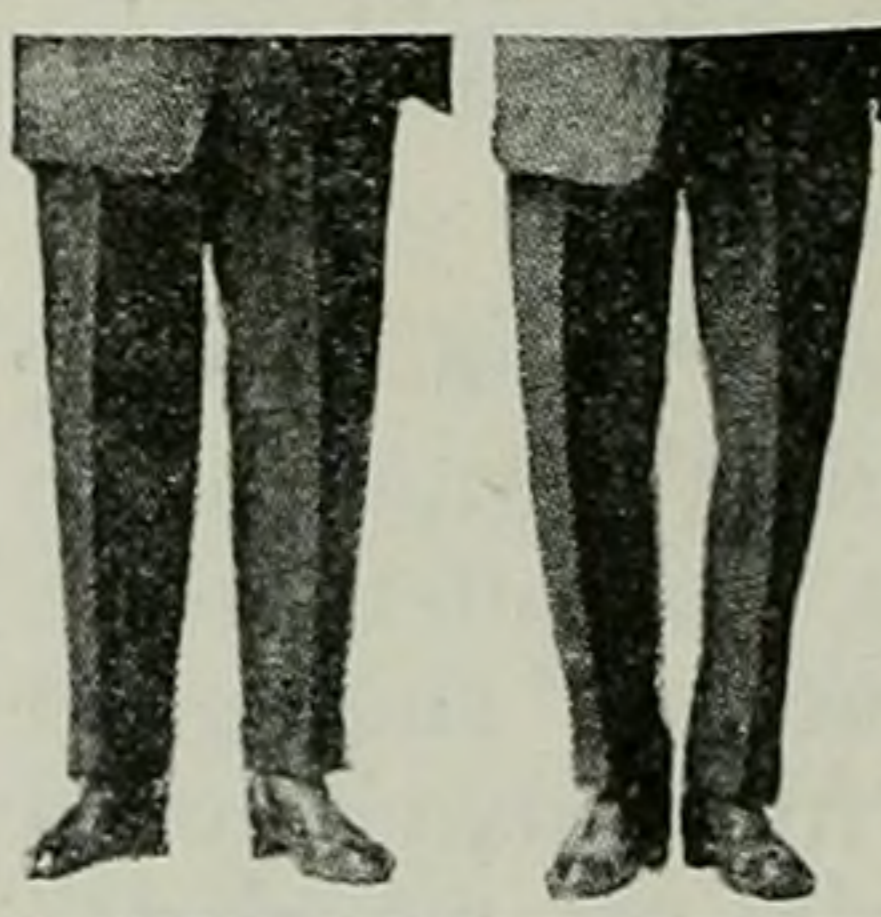
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head slowly. There in the darkness. Her voice was all sympathy when she spoke.

"A chap could—" she said. And then—"Why don't you try it, Jeremy, yourself?"

Anxiously the man turned toward her, in the darkness of the swiftly moving cab. His tone was actually shy when at last he spoke.

"I'd like to—" he told her—"if—you're sure you understand."

Suddenly, swiftly, Ann leaned forward. And kissed the astonished Jeremy upon one plump cheek. It was a kiss that a sister—a mother—might have bestowed.

"You darling!" she said.

Jeremy's answering kiss was brotherly in the extreme.

IT was well after eleven when she entered her room. But Ann was not considering the hour. She tossed her hat and coat aside. Her gloves she flung upon the table. She kissed Richard's photograph (once she had kissed another photograph) and touched one of his flowers with a slim forefinger. And then she went to the telephone and called his number.

It took quite awhile to get the number. But central rang persistently. And then, when Ann had about given up hope, there was a click.

And Richard's voice asked a sleepy question.

"It's—" Ann's answering words held a joyous note—"it's"—even she was ungrammatical!—"me. I was afraid you'd thought I was abrupt, this afternoon, but I had a guest."

As one struggling back from another world, Richard answered.

"I didn't think any such thing," he told her—"I was in the deuce of a hurry myself. Say"—was there an aggrieved note in his voice—"I've been asleep since ten. I was all in—"

Ann's tone had lost some of its exuberance. Yet she persisted.

"But I just wanted you to know—" she told him softly—"that I love you.

That I reckon I've always loved you. That I'll never love anyone else! *You must believe me!*"

Richard's voice came in an almost business-like way over the 'phone.

"Of course, I believe you!" he told her. "And I love you, too—" Nobly he stifled a yawn—but Ann heard the faint hint of it across the wire. "And—" he didn't mean to be unkind in changing the subject, "And now, darling, you must get your beauty sleep. And I think you're the sweetest—" was it another yawn that Ann heard as she put the receiver softly in its place!

OF course—oh! of course! Men aren't Don Juans when they've been wakened from a sound sleep by the loud ringing of a bell. Most men aren't even polite. But it was with a sense of disappointment, of let down, that Ann turned from the telephone. The tears were not far from her eyelids as she seated herself carelessly—for want of something better to do—at her broad desk.

There was white paper on the desk. A pen. All at once Ann was drawing the paper toward her—was dipping the pen into the ink bottle. Dramatizing herself again? But—certainly. There are times when all women dramatize themselves—even when they aren't poets! In the morning?

Well, there were also long manila envelopes upon the desk!

"All day long I waited—" she wrote, and she was being very sorry for herself as she formed the words—"with soul aflame did I wait,

"And then, through the still of the evening,

I heard your voice at the gate!
And your voice—it was like the shadows—
—sombre and dim and gray,
And the flame died out of my waiting heart,
with the words that I could not say!"

Sighing meditatively—and feeling ever so much better—Ann started upon the second verse.



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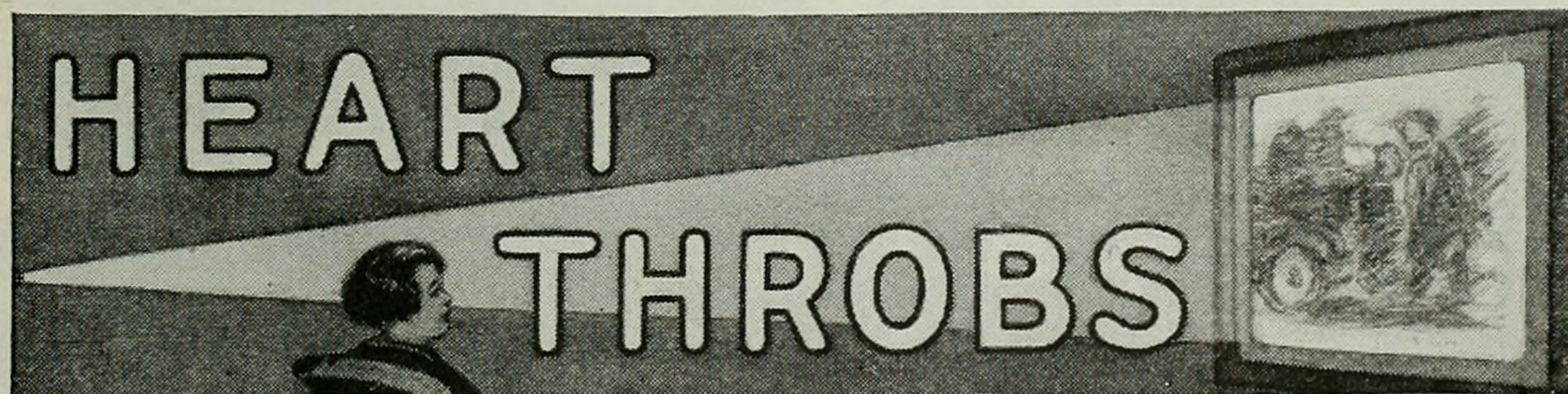
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reation and that was the movies. In fact, I considered the movies one of the necessities. I had to keep sane and fit and the movies filled that requirement.

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M. C.

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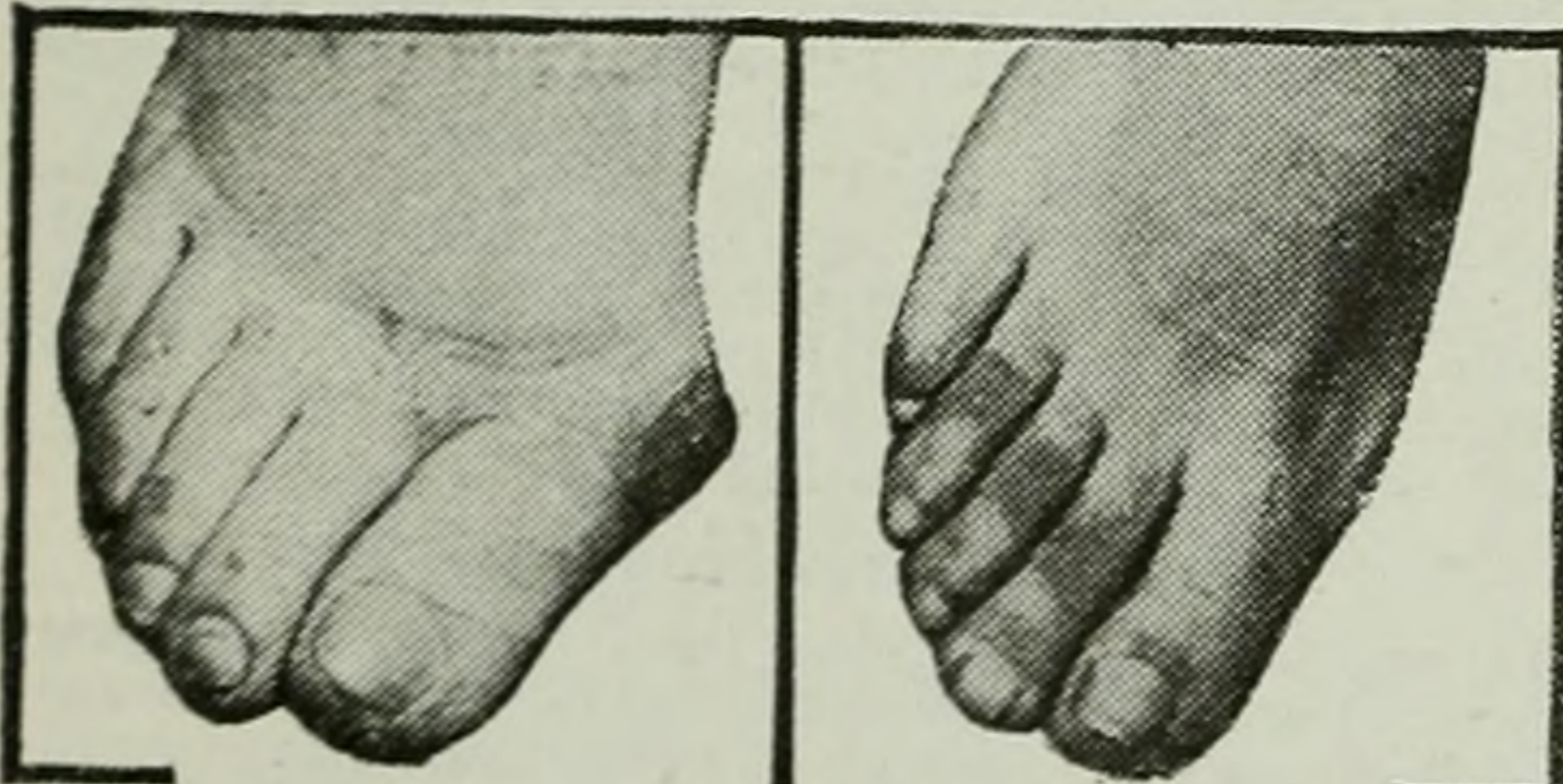
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"RAMONA"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Helen Hunt Jackson. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Ramona*, Dolores Del Rio; *Alessandro*, Warner Baxter; *Felipe*, Roland Drew; *Senora Moreno*, Vera Lewis; *Juan Canito*, Michael Visaroff; *The Shepherd*, Carlos Amor; *Father Salvierderra*, John T. Prince; *Marda*, Mathilde Comont; *Jean*, by Herself.

"LAST COMMAND, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lajos Biro. Continuity by John S. Goodrich. Directed by Joseph Von Sternberg. The cast: *Sergius Alexander*, Emil Jannings; *Natacha*, Evelyn Brent; *Leo*, William Powell; *The Adjutant*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Serge, the Valet*, Michael Visaroff.

"DIVINE WOMAN, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Gladys Unger. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast: *Marianne*, Greta Garbo; *Lucien*, Lars Hanson; *Monsieur Legrande*, Lowell Sherman; *Mme. Pignonier*, Polly Moran; *Mme. Zizi Rouck*, Dorothy Cumming; *Jean Lery*, John Mack Brown; *Gigi*, Cesare Gravina; *Paulette*, Paulette Duval; *Stage Director*, Jean De Briac.

"NOOSE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Willard Mack and H. H. Van Loan. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Nickie Elkins*, Richard Barthelmess; *Buck Gordon*, Montagu Love; *Jim Conley*, Robert O'Connor; *Tommy*, J. Eaton; *Dot*, Lina Basquette; *Phyllis*, Thelma Todd; *Seth McMillan*, Ed. Brady; *Dave*, Fred Warren; *Bill Chase*, Chas. Giblyn; *Mrs. Bancroft*, Alice Joyce; *The Warden*, Wm. Walling; *The Governor*, Robert T. Haines; *Craig*, Ernest Hilliard.

"BEAU SABREUR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percival Christopher Wren. Adapted by Tom J. Geraghty.

Directed by John Waters. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: *Major Henri de Beaujolais*, Gary Cooper; *Mary Vanbrugh*, Evelyn Brent; *Sheikh El Hamel*, Noah Beery; *Bacque*, William Powell; *Buddy*, Roscoe Karns; *Suleiman the Strong*, Mitchell Lewis; *Raoul de Redon*, Arnold Kent; *Dufour*, Raoul Paoli; *Maudie*, Joan Standing; *General de Beaujolais*, Frank Reicher; *Djikki*, Oscar Smith.

"LEOPARD LADY, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Edward Childs Carpenter. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Paula*, Jacqueline Logan; *Caesar*, Alan Hale; *Chris*, Robert Armstrong; *Frau Holweg*, Hedwig Reicher; *Herman Berlitz*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Hector*, Lion Tamer; *Dick Alexander*; *Presner*, William Burt; *Mama Lolita*, Sylvia Ashton; *Austrian Maids*, Kay Deslys and Willie Mae Carson.

"BIG CITY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Tod Browning. Scenario by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Chuck Collins*, Lon Chaney; *Sunshine*, Marceline Day; *Curly*, James Murray; *Helen*, Betty Compson; *Red*, Mathew Betz; *The Arab*, John George; *Tennessee*, Virginia Pearson; *Grogan*, Walter Percival; *O'Hara*, Lew Short; *Blinkie*, Eddie Sturgis.

"DOVE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Adapted from the play by Willard Mack. Directed by Roland West. The cast: *Dolores*, Norma Talmadge; *Don Jose Maria Y Sandoval*, Noah Beery; *Johnny Powell*, Gilbert Roland; *Billy*, Eddie Borden; *Mike*, Harry Myers; *Gomez*, Michael Vavitch; *The Patriot*, Brinsley Shaw; *The Commandante*, Kalla Pasha; *The Commandante's Captain*, Charles Darvas; *Sandoval's Captain*, Michael Dark; *The Drunk*, Walter Daniels.



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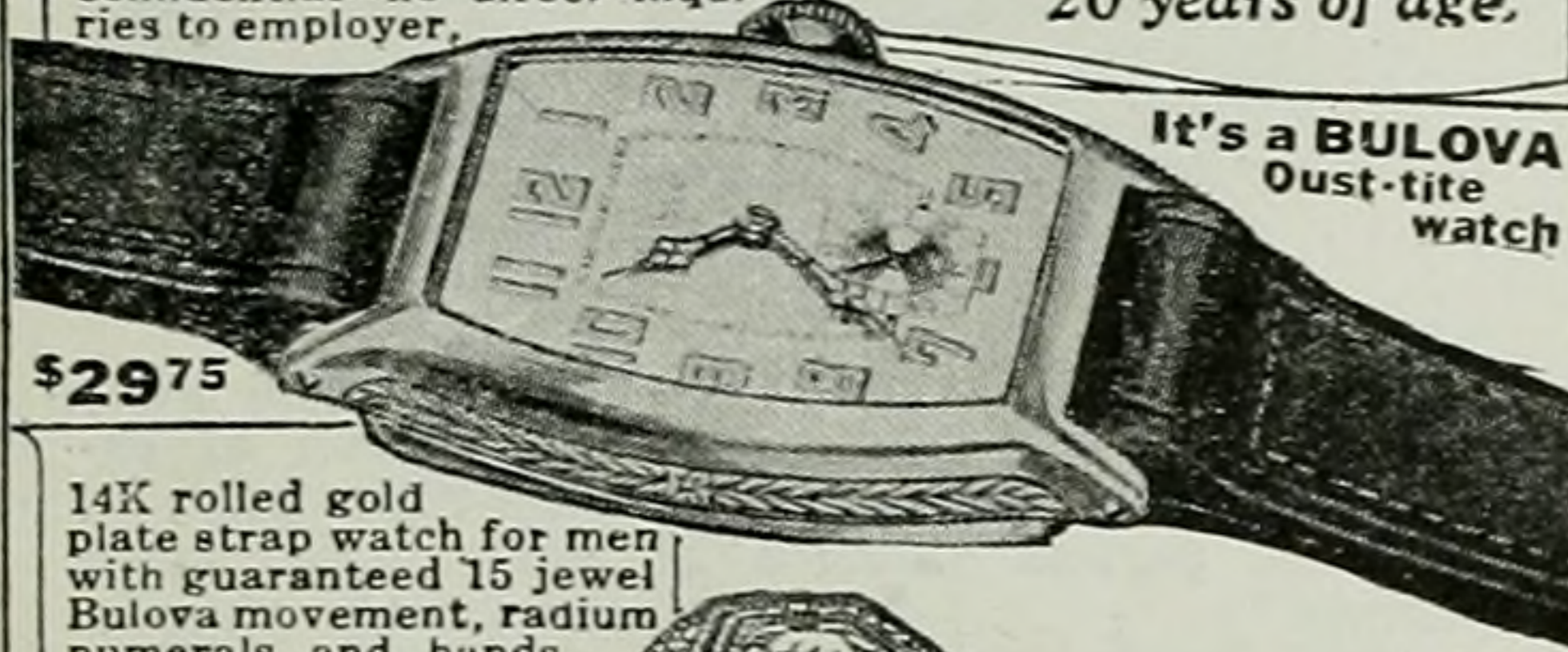
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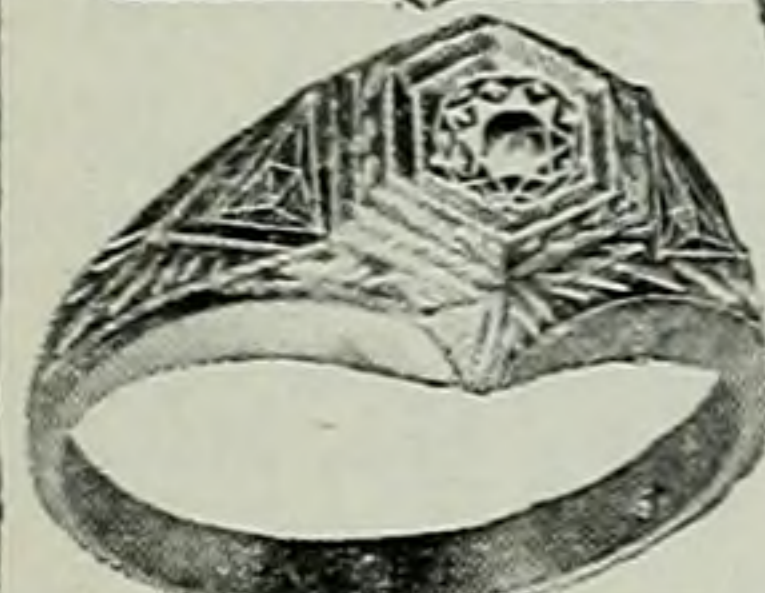
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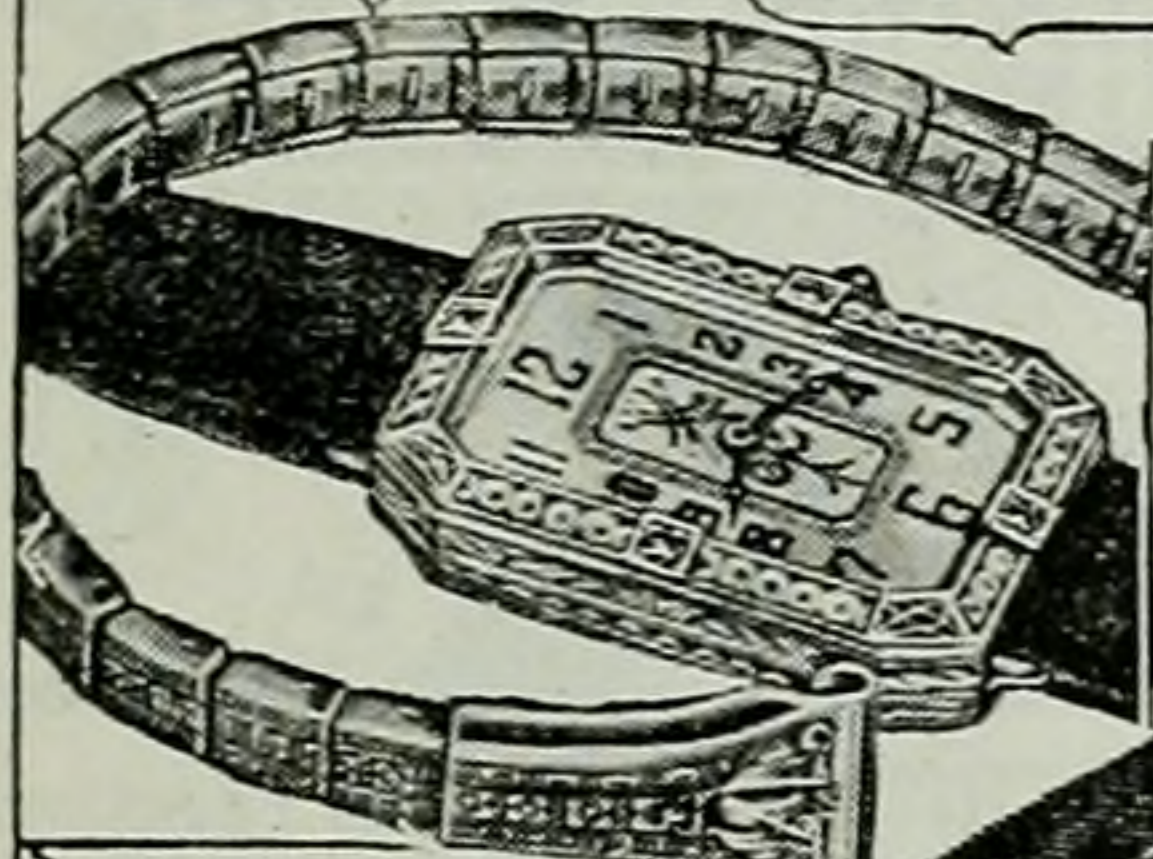
\$45

Engagement ring 18K white gold; blue white diamond. \$1 with order; \$4.40 a mo



\$3950

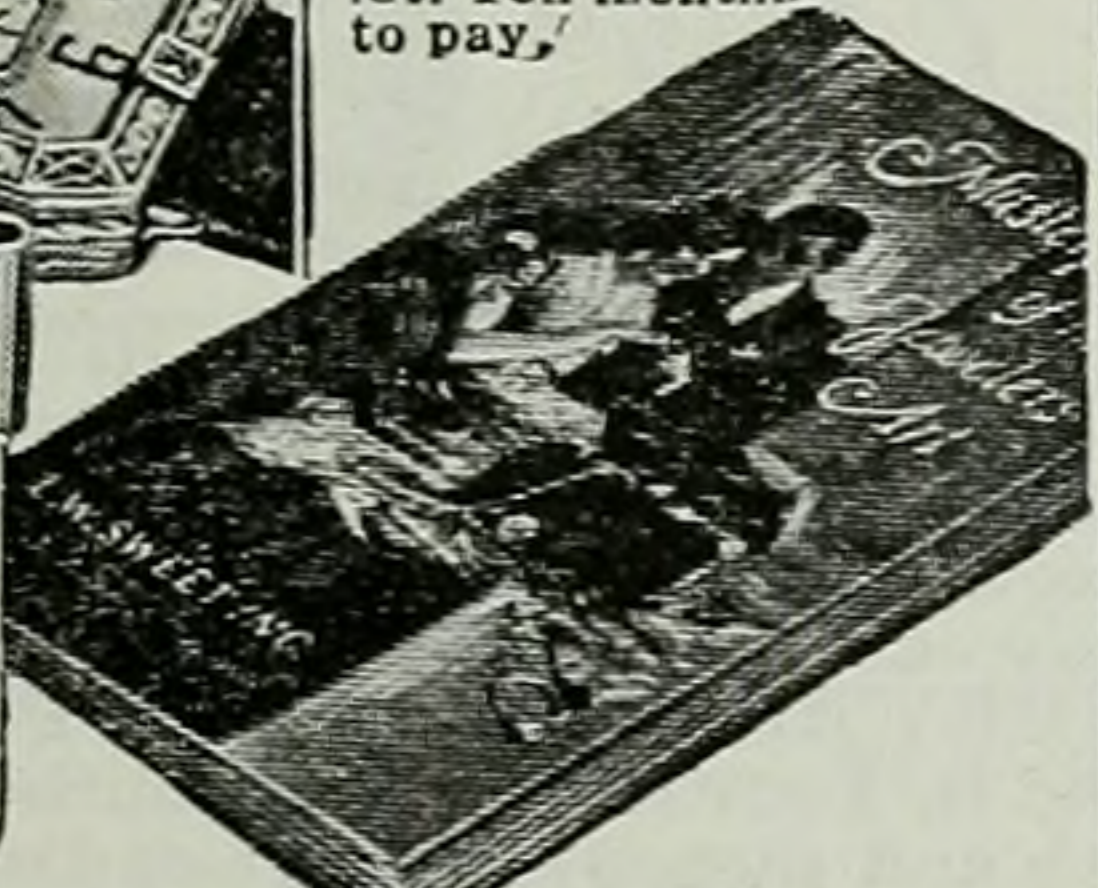
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"WHIP WOMAN, THE" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Forrest Halsey and Leland Hayward. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: *Sari*, Estelle Taylor; *Count Michael Ferenzi*, Antonio Moreno; *The Baron*, Lowell Sherman; *Countess Ferenzi*, Hedda Hopper; *Miss Haldane*, Julianne Johnston; *The Girl*, Loretta Young.

"JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS" — FBO.—From the story by Larry Evans. Adapted by Dorothy Yost. Directed by J. Leo Meehan. Photography by Allan Seigler. The cast: *Margaret Dix*, Virginia Valli; *Tad Dennison*, Frankie Darro; *Brant Dennison*, Orville Caldwell; *Jeb Marks*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Lige Turney*, Johnny Gough.

"ROSE-MARIE" — M.-G.-M. — From the play by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Lucien Hubbard. The cast: *Rose Marie*, Joan Crawford; *Jim Kenyon*, James Murray; *Sergeant Malone*, House Peters; *Etienne Doray*, Creighton Hale; *Black Bastien*, Gibson Gowland; *Lady Jane*, Polly Moran; *Henri*, Lionel Belmore; *Emile*, William Orlamond; *Wanda*, Gertrude Astor; *Jean*, Ralph Yearsley; *Hudson*, Sven Hugo Borg; *Gray*, Harry Gribbon.

"LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood. Scenario by Jeane Towne. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Helen*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Steve*, Jack Mulhall; *Sweeney*, Big Boy Williams; *Ma*, Sylvia Ashton; *Pa*, James Finlayson; *Stivins*, Harvey Clarke; *Mrs. Stivins*, Ethel Wales; *Le Roy*, Reed Howes.

"GATEWAY OF THE MOON" — FOX.—From the story by Clifford Bax. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by John Griffith Wray. The cast: *Toni*, Dolores Del Rio; *Arthur Wyatt*, Walter Pidgeon; *George Gillespie*, Anders Randolph; *Henry Hooker*, Ted McNamara; *Rudolf Gottman*, Adolf Millar; *Jim Mortlake*, Leslie Fenton; *Soriano*, Noble Johnson; *Indiana child*, Virginia LaFonde.

"SPORTING GOODS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by James Forbes. Adapted by Tom Crizer and Ray Harris. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Richard Shelby*, Richard Dix; *Alice Elliot*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Jordan*, Ford Sterling; *Henry Thorpe*, Philip Strange; *Mrs. Elliot*, Myrtle Stedman; *Regan*, Wade Boteler; *Timothy Stanfield*, Claude King; *Mrs. Stanfield*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Reggie*, Lige Conley; *Cyril*, Tom Maguire; *Hotel Manager*, E. H. Calvert.

"LATEST FROM PARIS, THE" — M.-G.-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by A. P. Younger. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Agnes Dolan*, Norma Shearer; *Mr. Littauer*, George Sidney; *Joe Adams*, Ralph Forbes; *Mr. Blogg*, Tenen Holtz; *Bud Dolan*, William Bakewell; *Bert Blevins*, Bert Roach; *Louise Morgan*, Margaret Landis.

"LOVE AND LEARN" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Doris Anderson. Adapted by Florence Ryerson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Nancy Blair*, Esther Ralston; *Anthony Cowles*, Lane Chandler; *Mrs. Ann Blair*, Hedda Hopper; *Robert Blair*, Claude King; *Hansen*, Jack J. Clark; *Jim Riley*, John Trent; *Sergeant Flynn*, Hal Craig; *Rosie*, Helen Lynch; *Jail Matron*, Catherine Parrish; *Martha*, Martha Franklin; *Gardener*, Jerry Mandy;

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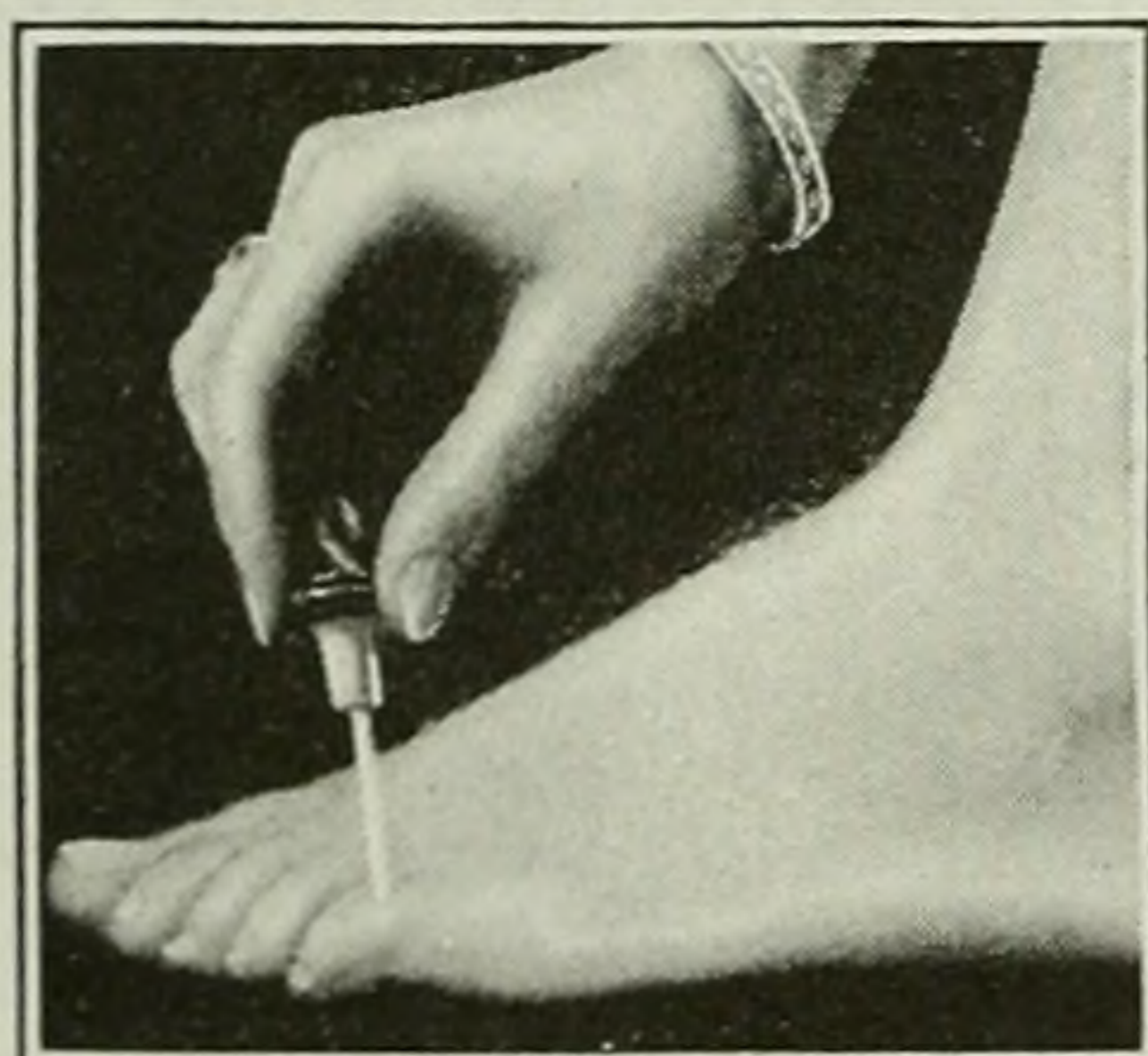
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"TWO FLAMING YOUTHS."—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. Scenario by Percy Heath and Donald Davis. Directed by John Waters. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: Gabby Gilfoil, W. C. Fields; Sheriff Ben Holden, Chester Conklin; Mary Gilfoil, Mary Brian; Tony Holden, Jack Luden; Simeon Trott, George Irving; Madge Malarkey, Cissy Fitzgerald; Slippery Sawtelle, Jimmie Quinn.

"A GIRL IN EVERY PORT"—FOX.—From the story by Howard Hawks. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Spike Madden, Victor McLaglen; Marie, the girl in France, Louise Brooks; Jetta, the girl in Singapore, China, Myrna Loy; Chiquiti, the girl in Buenos Aires, Maria Casajua; The Girl in Bombay, Sally Rand; The Girl in South Sea Islands, Natalie Kingston; Lena, the girl in Holland, Phalba Morgan; Other girl in Holland, Gretel Yoltz; Girls in Panama, Natalie Joyce, Elena Jurado, Dorothy Matthews; Madame Flore, Gladys Brockwell; Salami, Robert Armstrong; Gang Leader, Francis MacDonald; Character in Bombay, William Demarest; Lena's Husband, Felix Valle.

"13 WASHINGTON SQUARE"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Melville W. Brown. The cast: "Deacon" Pyecroft, Jean Hersholt; Mrs. De Peyster, Alice Joyce; Jack De Peyster, George Lewis; Mary Morgan, Helen Foster; Mathilde, ZaSu Pitts; Olivetta, Helen Jerome Eddy; Mrs. Allistair, Julia Swayne Gordon; Mayfair, Jack MacDonald; Sparks, Jerry Gamble.

"TENDERLOIN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Melville Cosman. Scenario by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Michael Curtis. The cast: Rose Shannon, Dolores Costello; Chuck Shannon, Conrad Nagel; The Professor, Mitchell Lewis; Sparrow, Georgie Stone; Lefty, Dan Wolheim; The Mug, Pat Hartigan; Detective Simpson, Fred Kelsey; Cowles, G. Raymond Nye; Aunt Molly, Dorothy Vernon; Bobbie, Evelyn Pierce.

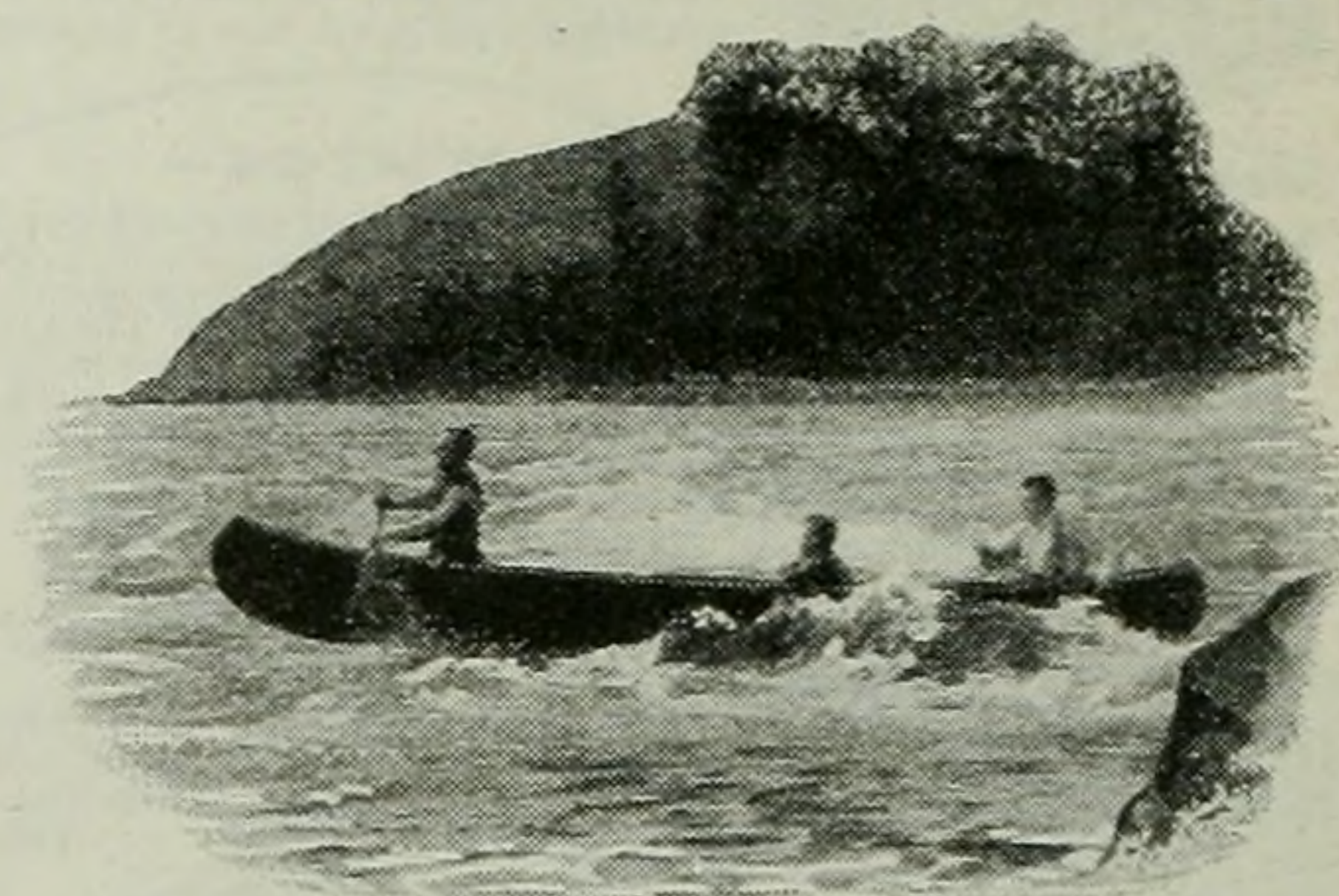
"UNDER THE BLACK EAGLE"—M.G.M.—From the story by Norman Houston. Continuity by Bradley King. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photography by Henry Sartov. The cast: Karl, Ralph Forbes; Margareta, Marceline Day; Hans, Bert Roach; Ulrich, William Fairbanks; The Colonel, Marc MacDermott; Print, "Flash."

"CRIMSON CITY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Anthony Coldewey. Scenario by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Archie Mayo. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: Nan Toy, Myrna Loy; Gregory Kent, John Miljan; Barbara Howells, Leila Hyams; "Dagger" Foo, Matthew Betz; Major Howells, Anders Randolph; Sing Yoy, Sojin; Su, Anna May Wong; Richard Brand, Richard Tucker.

"CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT"—FBO.—From the story by Charles K. Harris. Continuity by Enid Bibbard. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by J. O. Taylor. The cast: Jim Boyd, Ralph Ince; Betty Boyd, Jola Mendez; Betty Boyd (Baby), Lorraine Rivero; Hardy, James Mason; Ike, the Rat, Carl Axzelle; Mrs. Boyd, Helen Jerome Eddy; Tanner, Ole M. Ness; Jack Waring, Bob Seiter; Frank, Frank Mills; Casey, Christian J. Frank.

"COMRADES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by William Gilbert. Continuity by Ruth Todd. Directed by Cliff Wheeler. The cast: Helen Dixon, Helene

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"LAW OF THE RANGE, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Norman Houston. Scenario by Richard Schayer. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by Clyde de Vinna. The cast: *Jim Lockhart*, Tim McCoy; *Betty Dallas*, Joan Crawford; *Solitaire Kid*, Rex Lease; *Mother Lockhart*, Bodil Rosing; *Cohen*, Tenen Holtz.

"CHEER LEADER, THE"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Lee Authmar. Scenario by Jack Casey. Directed by Alvin Nietz. The cast: *Jimmy Grant*, Ralph Graves; *Jean Howard*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Elizabeth Summers*, Shirley Palmer; *Alfred Crandall*, Ralph Emmerson; *Richard Crosby*, Harold Goodwin; *Percival Spervins*, Donald Stuart.

"BRANDED SOMBRERO, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Cherry Wilson. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Starr Hallett*, Buck Jones; *Connie Marsh*, Leila Hyams; *Charles Maggert*, Jack Baston; "Honest" *John Hallett*, Stanton Heck; *Link Jarvis*, Francis Ford; *Rosa*, Josephine Borio; *Hallett*, Leo Kelly.

"LADY OF VICTORIES, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Leon Abrams. Directed by William Neill. The cast: *Josephine*, Agnes Ayres; *Napoleon*, Otto Mattieson; *Talleyrand*, George Irving.

"FORTUNE HUNTER, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Winchell Smith. Scenario by Bryan Foy and Robert Dillon. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Photography by Ed Du Par. The cast: *Nat Duncan*, Syd Chaplin; *Josie Lockwood*, Helene Costello; *Betty Graham*, Clara Horton; *Handsome Harry West*, Duke Martin; *Sam Graham*, Thomas Jefferson; *Blinky Lockwood*, Erville Alderson; *Roland*, Paul Kruger; *Betty Carpenter*, Nora Cecil; *Dry Goods' Store Owner*, Louise Carver; *Sheriff*, Bob Perry; *Waitress*, Babe London.

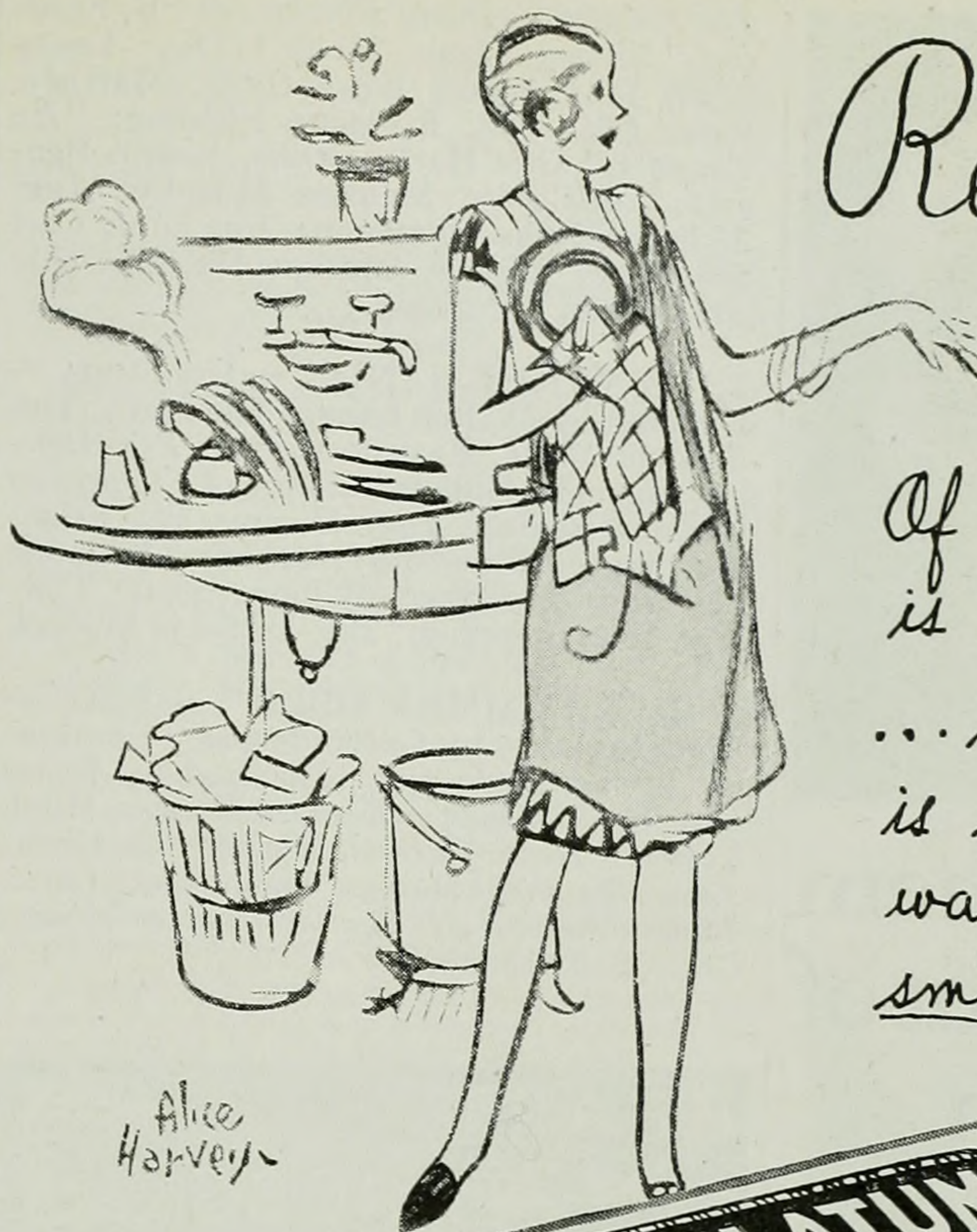
"HUSBANDS FOR RENT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edwin Justin Mayer. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Herbert Willis*, Owen Moore; *Molly Devoe*, Helene Costello; *Doris Knight*, Kathryn Perry; *Hugh Frazer*, John Miljan; *Sir Reginald Knight*, Claude Gillingwater; *Waldo Squibbs*, Arthur Hoyt; *Maid*, Helen Lynch; *Valet*, Hugh Herbert.

"ON YOUR TOES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Earl Snell. Adapted by Earl Snell and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Elliott Beresford*, Reginald Denny; *Mary Sullivan*, Barbara Worth; *Jack Sullivan*, Hayden Stevenson; *Mello*, Frank Hagney; *Grandmother*, Mary Carr; *Mammy*, Gertrude Howard; *Mose*, George West.

"SILK LEGS"—FOX.—From the story by Frederica Sagor. Scenario by Frances Agnew. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Ruth Stevens*, Madge Bellamy; *Phil Barker*, James Hall; *Ezra Fulton*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Mary McGuire*, Maude Fulton; *Mrs. Fulton*, Margaret Seddon.

"LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING"—HAL ROACH—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Clyde Bruckman. Photography by George Stevens. The cast: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy.

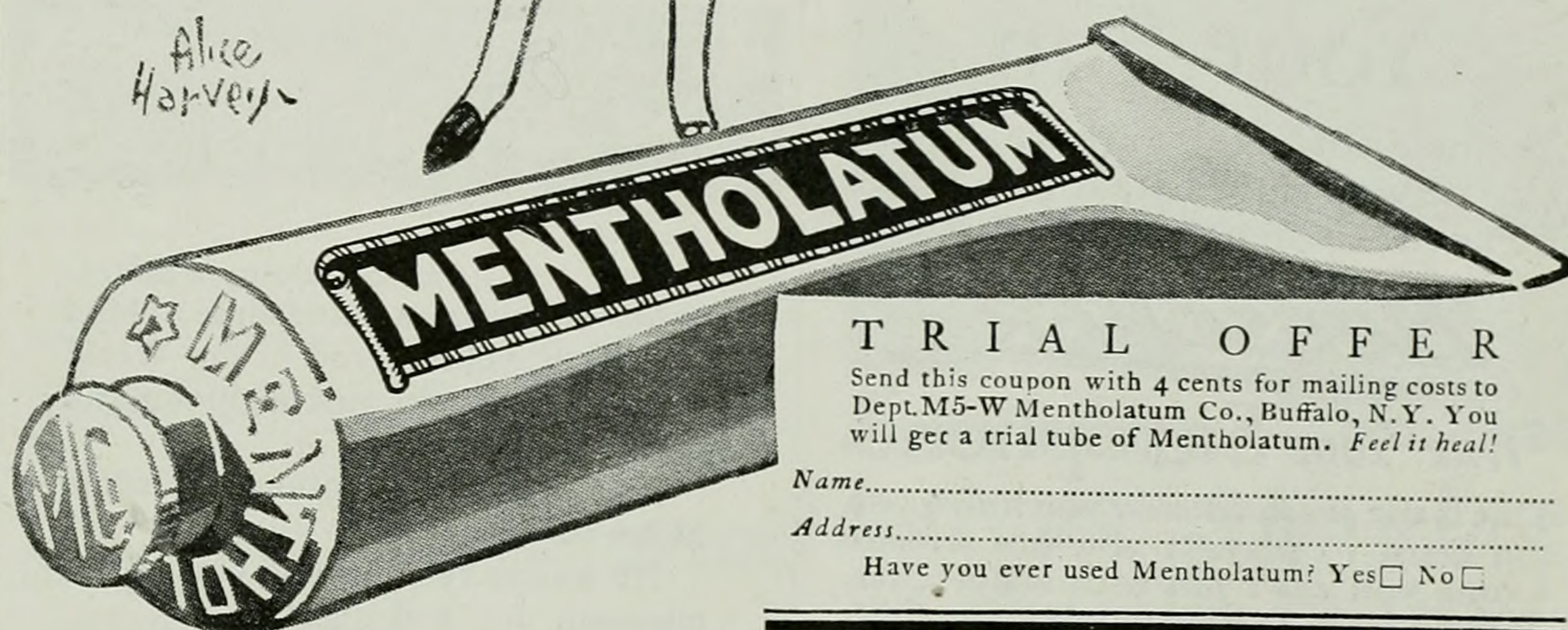
"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harold Bell Wright. Adapted by Marion Jackson. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast:



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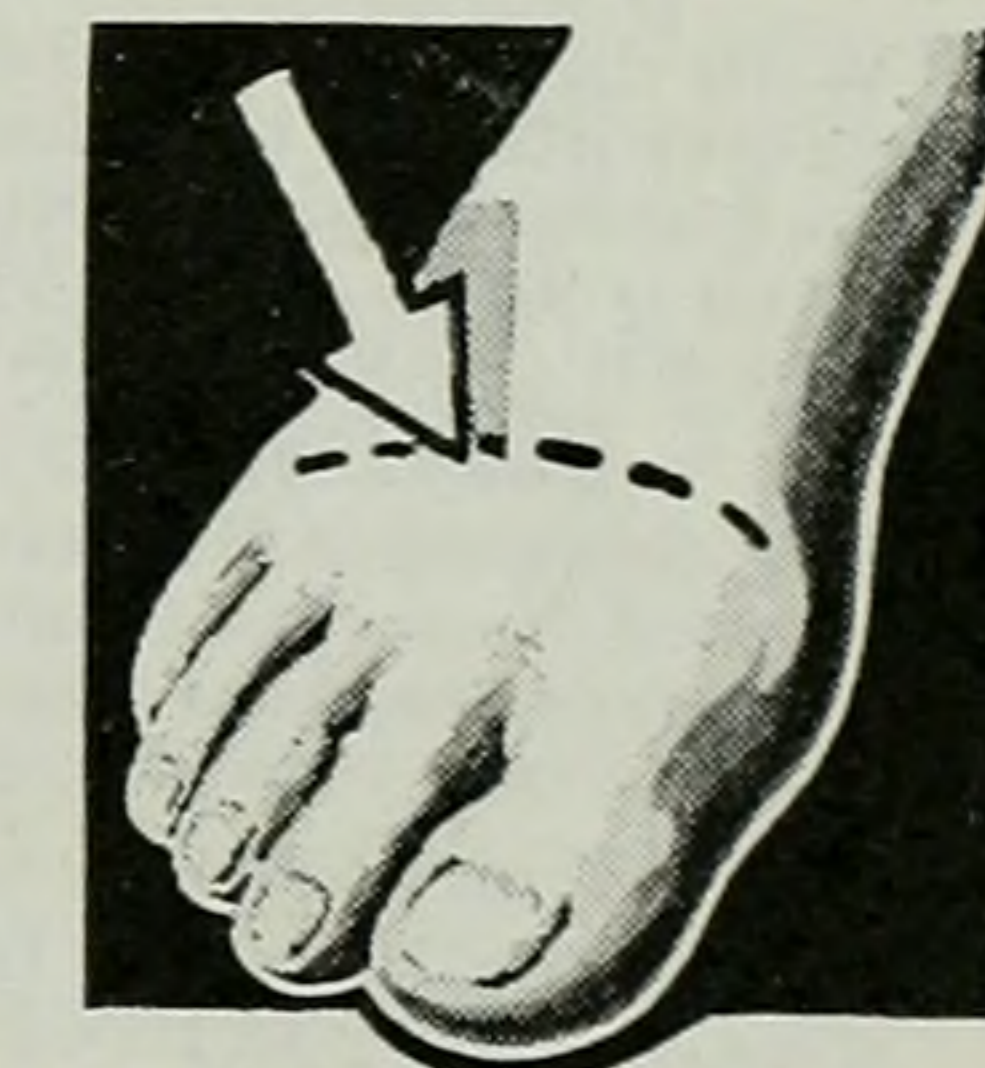
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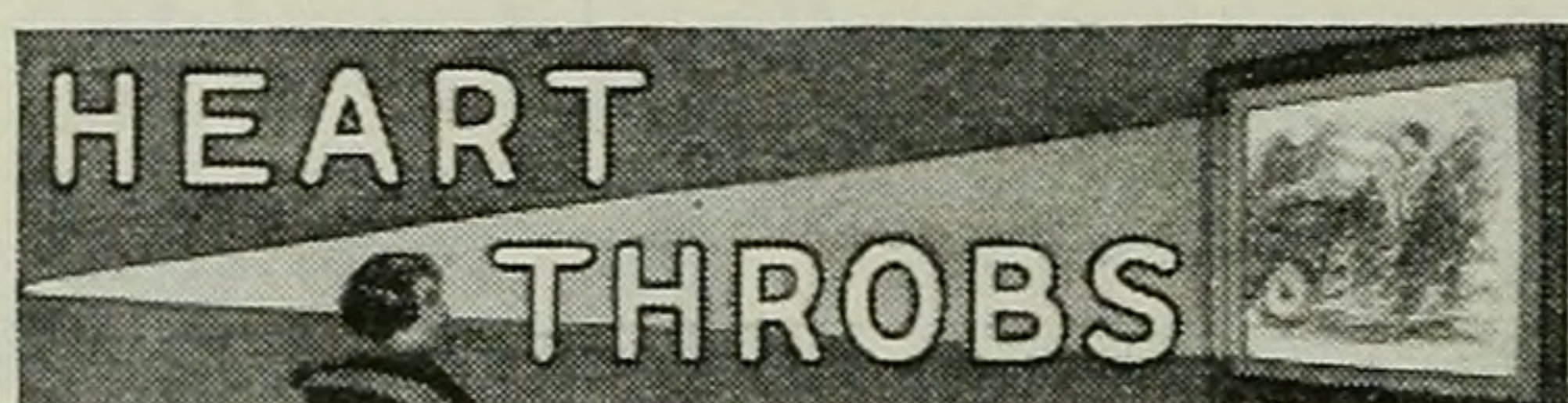
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"BY WHOSE HAND?" — COLUMBIA.— Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Van Suydam Smith*, Ricardo Cortez; *Peg Hewlett*, Eugenia Gilbert; *Sidney*, J. Thornton Baston; *Rollins*, Tom Dugan; *Eli*, Edgar Washington Blue; *Silly McShane*, Lillian Leighton; *Mortimer*, William Scott; *Claridge*, John Stepping; *Tex*, De Sacia Mooers.

"HER SUMMER HERO" — FBO. — From the story by Gertrude Orr. Continuity by Gertrude Orr. Directed by James Dugan. The cast: *Kenneth Holmes*, Hugh Trevor; *Herb Darrow*, Harold Goodwin; *Joan Stanton*, Duane Thompson; *Chris*, James Pierce; *Al Stanton*, Cleve Moore; *Grace*, Sally Blane.



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My only son, a handsome, blond American, volunteered in the World War when he was just eighteen and still at school.

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He was so restless and craved excitement day and night.

Very soon my heart was torn apart; my only child was slowly losing his mind.

I gave up most of my time to him. We motored to Yellowstone and the beautiful Puget Sound country. He was fairly happy while on the go. But my strength soon began to go, and I have had to put him in one of the U. S. Veterans' Hospitals.

We were in Seattle when Rudolph Valentino died. Two of his plays were being shown. My son chose "The Son of the Sheik" and we went to see it. Seated upon my right was an Italian woman, young, animated and evidently very tender-hearted. She had sobbed so long, I grew distressed and touched her arm gently and remarked: "Do you see this handsome young man on my left?"

She dried her eyes, looked at him and said, "Yes, Ma'am, isn't he grand?"

I then said, "Why weep for the dead? We all loved Rudy, but he is at peace. My poor boy faces being shut up behind iron bars where he will fret his broken heart away, because he loves home, the great outdoors and freedom."

She threw her arms about me and sobbed, "I will stop crying and pray for your boy."

May I ask the fans if it would not do more real good to send some cheer to the poor fellows in the U. S. Veterans' Hospitals and help the living, and let our dear Valentino rest in peace?

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story of the Kentucky Derby that is better than most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance by James Murray and an exceptional "bit" by Wesley Barry. (January.)

IRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE—Universal.—What happens when a hard-boiled bachelor meets a sweet young thing. Just a lot of nonsense, snapped up by Norman Kerry and Lois Moran. (January.)

JAWS OF STEEL—Warners.—Rin-Tin-Tin draws a bad one. (December.)

JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners.—Neither a Broadway reputation nor "Mammy" songs on the Vitaphone nor a good story can conceal the painful fact that Al Jolson is no movie actor. (December.)

***JESSE JAMES**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an exciting, sure-fire presentation of the exploits of the distinguished train robber. Don't let the blue-noses interfere with your enjoyment of a corking melodrama. (December.)

JOY GIRL, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden's eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (November.)

LADIES AT EASE—Chadwick.—A bum imitation of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December.)

LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox.—A comedy that starts off like a whirlwind and then collapses. (January.)

LAST MOMENT, THE—Fine Arts.—An independent film, built around the theory that a drowning man sees his whole life pass in review in a few seconds. Terribly overacted. (February.)

LAST WALTZ, THE—UFA-Paramount.—German sentiment that needs music—and a certain *verboten* beverage—to put it over. Willy Fritsch wears uniforms—and how! (December.)

***LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED, THE**—Paramount.—More heart-gripping than "Wings." It's a story of the exploits of a French Flying Squadron. (February.)

LEGIIONNAIRES IN PARIS—FBO.—A burlesque of what happened to the American Legion in Paris last summer. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh. (February.)

LES MISERABLES—Universal.—The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and settings prove that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray in—you'll never guess—another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (October.)

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, A—Rayart.—Simple tear jerker with some sincere acting by Henry B. Walthall. (February.)

LIGHTER THAT FAILED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hal Roach builds a comedy on a gift fad. Little, but oh, my! (February.)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney in a grand murder mystery. Mr. Chaney plays a dual rôle. (February.)

LONE EAGLE, THE—Universal.—Another picture inspired by Lindbergh. Fair, thanks to young Raymond Keane. (December.)

LONESOME LADIES—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic ructions. (October.)

***LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karenina? Not so's you could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo melt the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don't be silly! (November.)

LOVELORN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The tale of two sisters who could have avoided a lot of tragedy by heeding the wisdom of Beatrice Fairfax. Not for the sophisticated. (January.)

LOVE MART, THE—First National.—Pictorially fine romance of old Louisiana, with Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland. (February.)

***LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (September.)

MADAME POMPADOUR—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (October.)

***MAGIC FLAME, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (September.)

MAIN EVENT, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Prize-fight stuff. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That's all. (January.)

MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy MacKaill and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of Down East high-hats who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

MAN'S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (October.)

***MAN, WOMAN AND SIN**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Scandal in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, but Jeanne Eagels is no Greta Garbo. (January.)

***MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the picture. (November.)

***MOCKERY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (October.)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (September.)

MUM'S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reel comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps that deserves your kind attention. (January.)

***MY BEST GIRL**—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played with "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children, of course! (December.)

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—Pathe-De Mille.—The sort of thing that made 'em laugh when girls wore long skirts and high laced shoes. (January.)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (September.)

NEST, THE—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (October.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff has an original twist and Eddie Gribbon, Johnnie Harron and Alice Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warners.—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (September.)

ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warners.—Wherein love saves the championship for a prizefighter. With Monte Blue and Leila Hyams. Not so bad. (December.)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and Theodor von Eltz. (November.)

ON TO RENO—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but Marie Prevost, aided by James Cruze, should do better than this. (December.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Reginald Denny as a man who would *not* be a teacher of aesthetic dancing. We had to laugh! (January.)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount.—Lane Chandler and his horse, "Flash," in one of the best Westerns now leaping across our screens. (January.)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made farce. (December.)

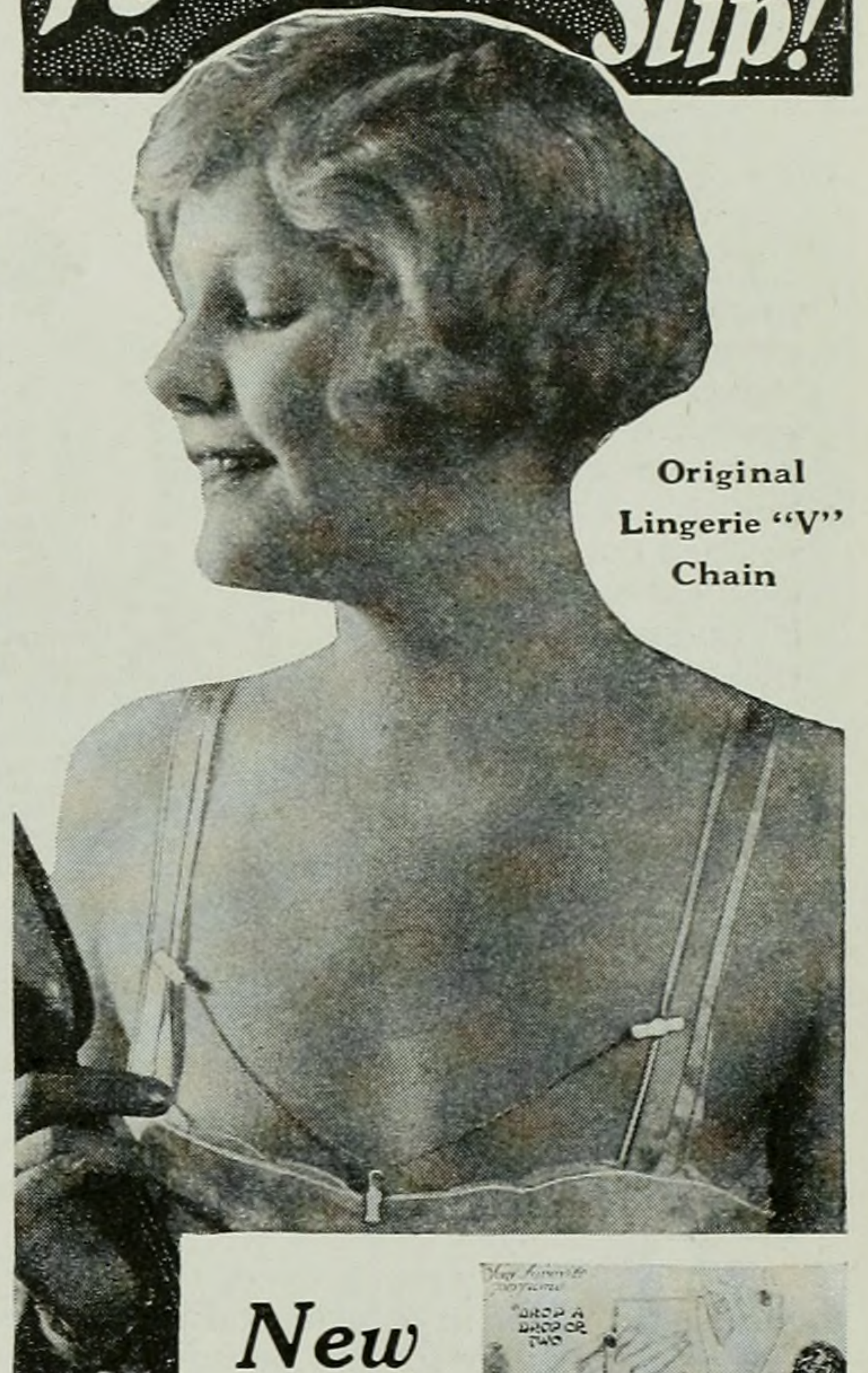
PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A sprightly, charmingly directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (October.)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breathtaking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (October.)

PAINTING THE TOWN—Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (September.)

PAJAMAS—Fox.—Olive Borden as one of those terrible movie society girls that ought to be slapped to sleep. (February.)

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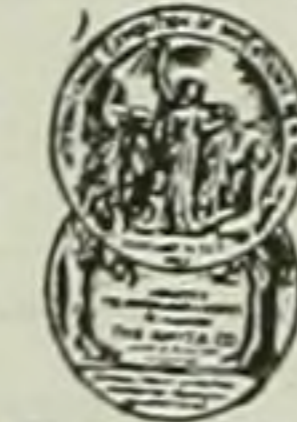
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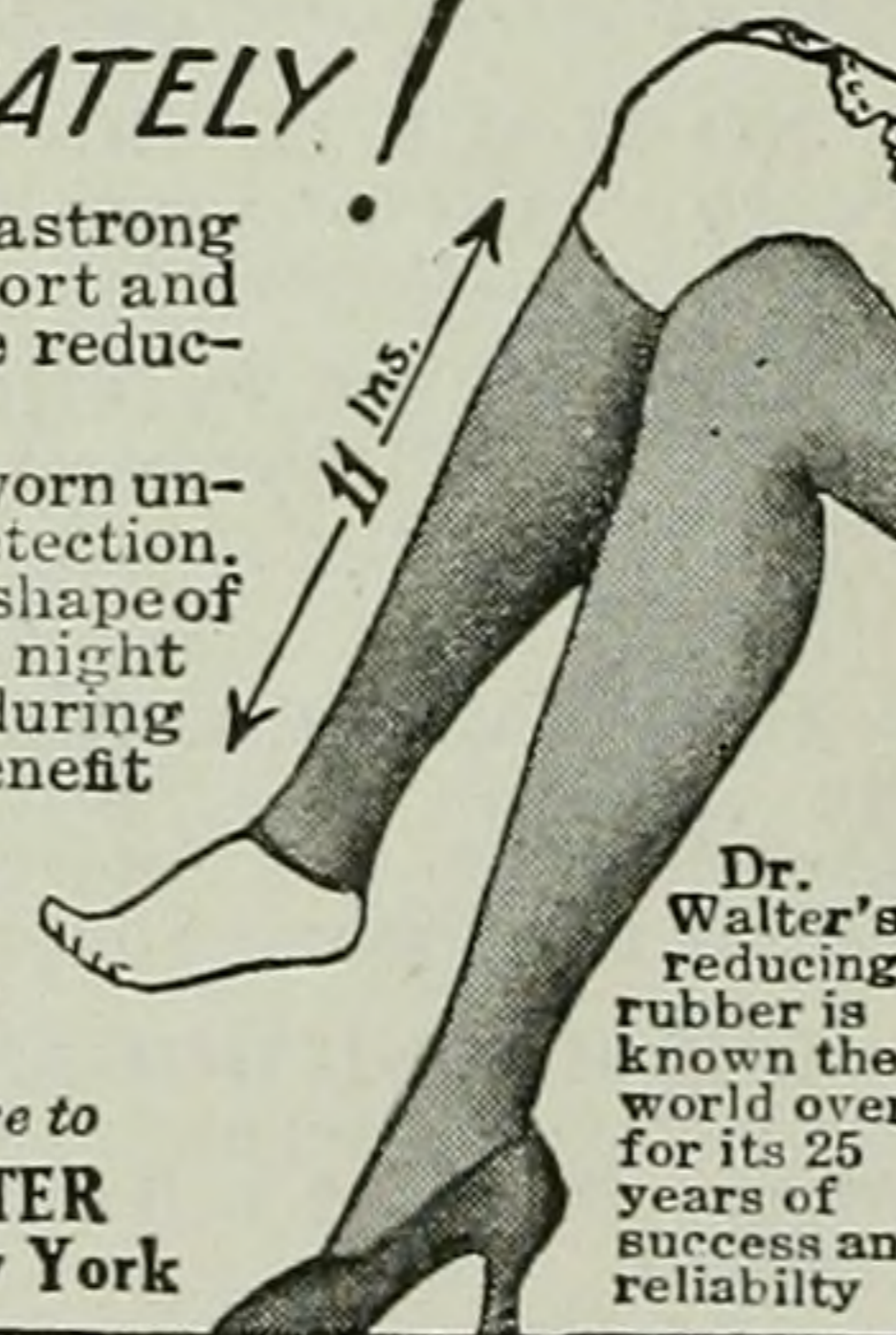
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PARIS OR BUST—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as a boy who knew he was a flyer "because his mother gave his father the air." Anyway, you'll laugh at it. (December.)

***PATENTLEATHER KID, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prizefighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (September.)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathe.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (November.)

POOR NUT, THE—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of over-drawn characterizations. Not so much. (September.)

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling.—Moral: Don't let a man give you a charge account. (February.)

PRICE OF HONOR, THE—Columbia.—An old-time, tear-jerking, heart-stirring melodrama, well presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more widely touted extravaganzas. (December.)

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (September.)

***PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE**—First National.—Not the satire of Erskine's novel, but a movie burlesque of Homer with wise-cracking titles. Maria Corda is a fascinating new type. (January.)

***QUALITY STREET**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. (October.)

RACING ROMEO, THE—FBO.—"Red" Grange in a motor maniac yarn. A weak one. (January.)

RAGTIME—First Division.—Just a lot of celluloid. (January.)

RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard does his version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (October.)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. Okay. (February.)

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—May Robson plays the screen version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. (October.)

RENO DIVORCE—Warners.—Ralph Graves wrote the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was too much for him. A fair film with May McAvoy as its ornamental heroine. (November.)

RITZY—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (September.)

ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Joseph Conrad's novel comes out as an unreal movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

ROLLED STOCKINGS—Paramount.—The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (September.)

***ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Flappers will be more interested in the romantic love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor than they will be in the story. It's a beautiful picture. (November.)

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (September.)

RUNNING WILD—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (September.)

SAILOR IZZY MURPHY—Warners.—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrills and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (November.)

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART, A—Warners.—They have nerve to call this "comedy." Don't do it again, Louise Fazenda! (December.)

SATIN WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preachments—if you care for them. (October.)

SECRET HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A white-washing of that fine play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which proves that you can't make pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

SECRET STUDIO, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (September.)

SERENADE—Paramount.—Holding a stethoscope to the fluttering heart of a musician. One of Adolphe Menjou's best, and brightened by the presence of Kathryn Carver. (February.)

***SHANGHAI BOUND**—Paramount.—Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambunctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (October.)

SHANGHAIED—FBO.—Eat-em-up love story about a sailor and a dance-hall girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

***SHE'S A SHEIK**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is great as a wild Arabian gal who captures her man and tames his proud spirit. A swell evening. (January.)

SHIELD OF HONOR—Universal.—Help yourself, if you like crook stories. (December.)

SHOOTIN' IRONS—Paramount.—Jack Luden and Sally Blane in a jitney story of the great hokum places. (November.)

SILENT HERO, THE—Rayart.—A new dog—one Napoleon Bonaparte—in the same old story. But you'll like Nap. (October.)

SILK STOCKINGS—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (September.)

SILVER SLAVE, THE—Warners.—How mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villain by vamping him herself. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (February.)

SILVER VALLEY—Fox.—Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has IT. (December.)

SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

SINGED—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (September.)

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First National.—Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (October.)

SOFT CUSHIONS—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway gags in a Bagdad harem. A lot of wise-cracking and a real hit by a newcomer—Sue Carol. (November.)

***SORRELL AND SON**—United Artists.—Herbert Brenon has made a touchingly beautiful picture of this story of a father's love for his son. Superbly played by H. B. Warner and a fine cast. (January.)

SPOTLIGHT, THE—Paramount.—How the bucolic Lizzie Stokes became *Roslova*, the Russian star. Nice kidding of our craze for foreign names and temperament. With Esther Ralston. (January.)

SPRING FEVER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines and Joan Crawford in a mildly funny comedy built about the golf mania. (October.)

STAND AND DELIVER—Pathe-De Mille.—Rod La Rocque joins the French Army and goes on a bandit hunt. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (February.)

STRANDED—Sterling.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. . . . It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

***STUDENT PRINCE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of the best love stories ever written. Unfortunately Norma Shearer is mis-cast and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

***SUNRISE**—Fox.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything but talk. Short on story interest but long on beauty. (December.)

***SWIM, GIRL, SWIM**—Paramount.—Credit Bebe Daniels with another personal hit in a story of college life. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (October.)

SYMPHONY, THE—Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Master." Redeemed by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE—UFA.—Proving that when the Germans make a bad one, they can equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings cannot save it. (October.)

TEA FOR THREE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second of the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, neatly and subtly acted. (November.)

TELL IT TO SWEENEY—Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Bancroft in a comedy that is just plain nickelodeon. (November.)

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and such-like, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (September.)

TEXAS STEER, A—First National.—Will Rogers, as star and title-writer, pokes fun at our politicians. A picture that papa will enjoy. (January.)

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE—Universal.—Or the Birth of a Popular Song. A comedy with an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Plante's best. (December.)

THIRTEENTH HOUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and underground passages, Napoleon, the crafty canine, outsmarts the villains. (February.)

THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE—Universal.—A satisfying and well-made picture, with Francis X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson doing fine work. See it. (October.)

THREE'S A CROWD—First National.—Harry Langdon attempts too much in this one. The boy's good, but he's not Chaplin yet. Better luck next time. (October.)

TIGRESS, THE—Columbia.—How much Dorothy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste— (September.)

TIP TOES—British National.—Dorothy Gish in another English picture that is just a filler-in. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (October.)

TOPSY AND EVA—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (September.)

TUMBLING RIVER—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (October.)

TWELVE MILES OUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (September.)

***TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**—United Artists.—Proving that there can be something new in war comedies. Bright! Original! Entertaining! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Fox.—Adapted from John Golden's stage success, it's a nice, amusing story about a modern working girl. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (February.)

***UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**—Universal.—Harriet Beecher Stowe's story re-written to include the Civil War and Sherman's March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

***UNDERWORLD**—Paramount.—Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (September.)

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (September.)

***VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE**—First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree Country, stirring acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (February.)

VERY CONFIDENTIAL—Fox.—The little sales-girl ensnares the heart of society's pet. An old story in new clothes, with Madge Bellamy as the lucky gal. (February.)

WANTED, A COWARD—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (October.)

WEST POINT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines in a gay and amusing comedy of the U. S. Military Academy. Joan Crawford is the girl. (February.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warners.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (September.)

WHITE PANTS WILLIE—First National.—Some snappy celluloid dedicated to the Art of Johnny Hines. (October.)

WILD GEESE—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Martha Ostenso's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

***WIND, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (November.)

***WINGS**—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (September.)

WISE WIFE, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—One of those stories about How to Hold a Husband—if you are interested. (January.)

WIZARD, THE—Fox.—One of Monsieur Leroux's most thrilling mystery yarns enacted by Edmund Lowe and other capable performers. (February.)

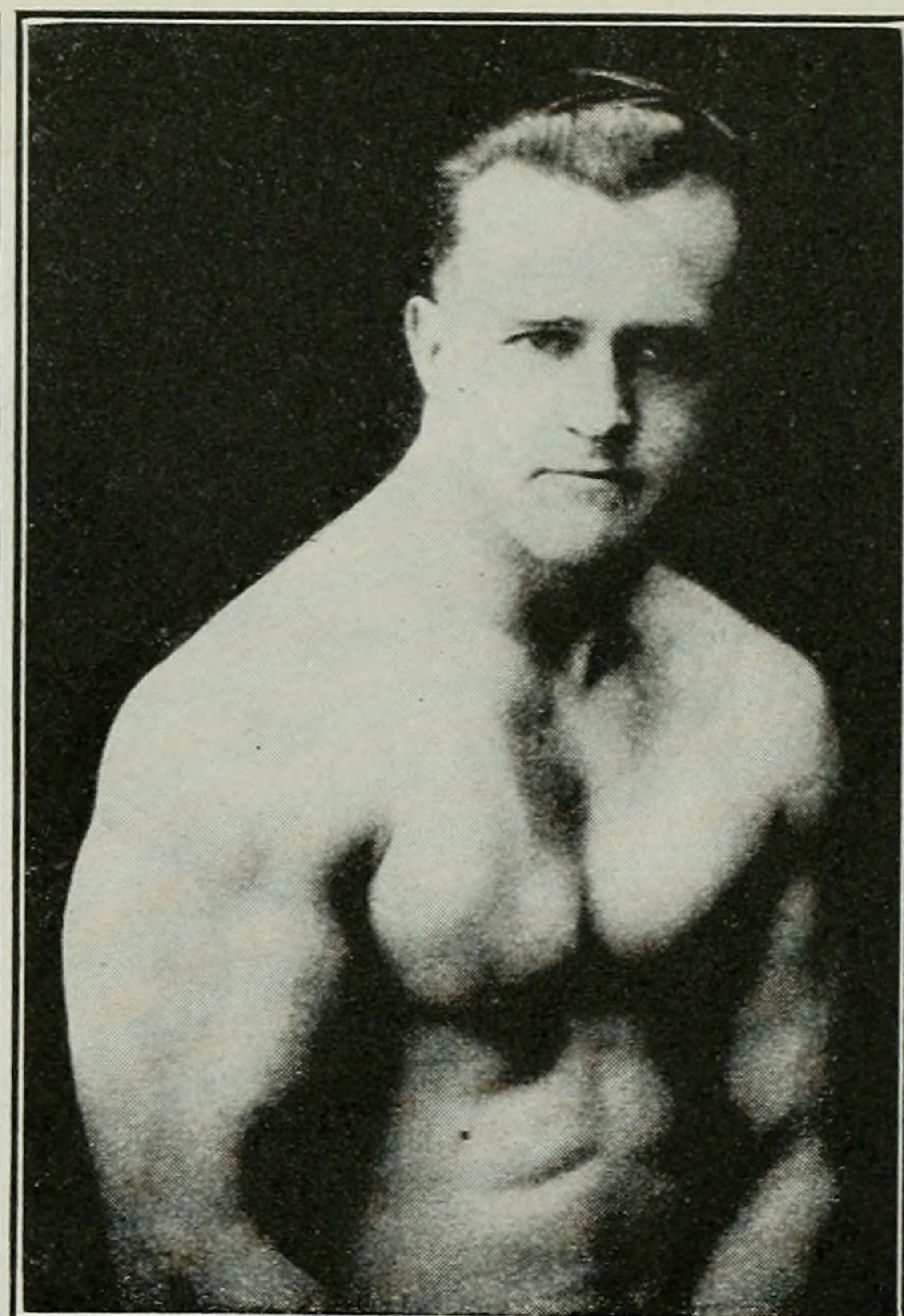
WIZARD OF THE SADDLE, THE—FBO.—Western hokum, made enjoyable by the horsemanship of Buzz Barton, the freckled kid. (February.)

WOLF FANGS—Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from her brutal step-father. Elemental amusement. (February.)

WOMAN WISE—Fox.—Showing the downfall of a hard-boiled bachelor. With Walter Pidgeon and June Collyer. (February.)

WOMEN'S WARES—Tiffany.—Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Elmer Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Longfellow's ballad has been movie-ized, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)



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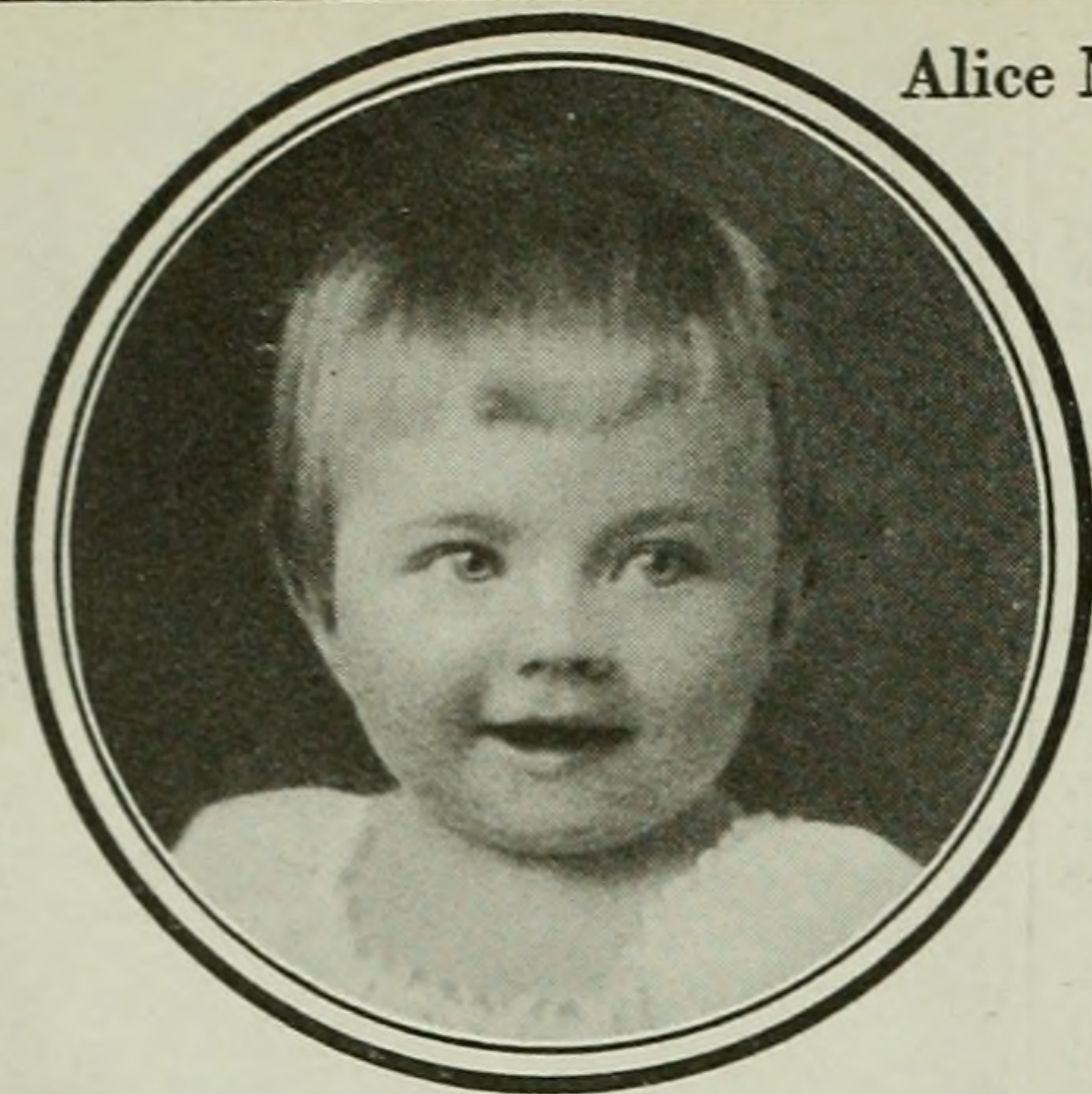
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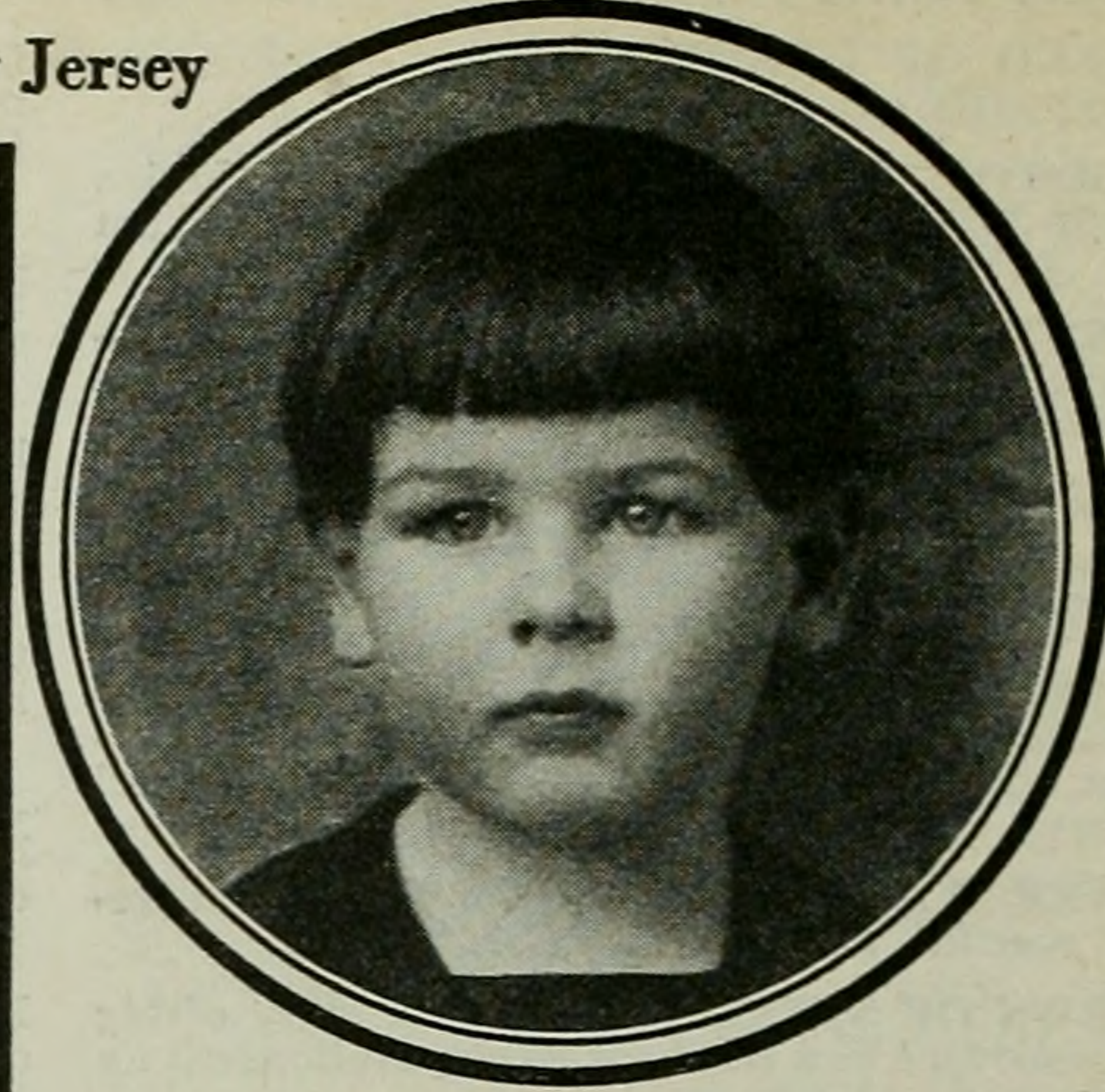
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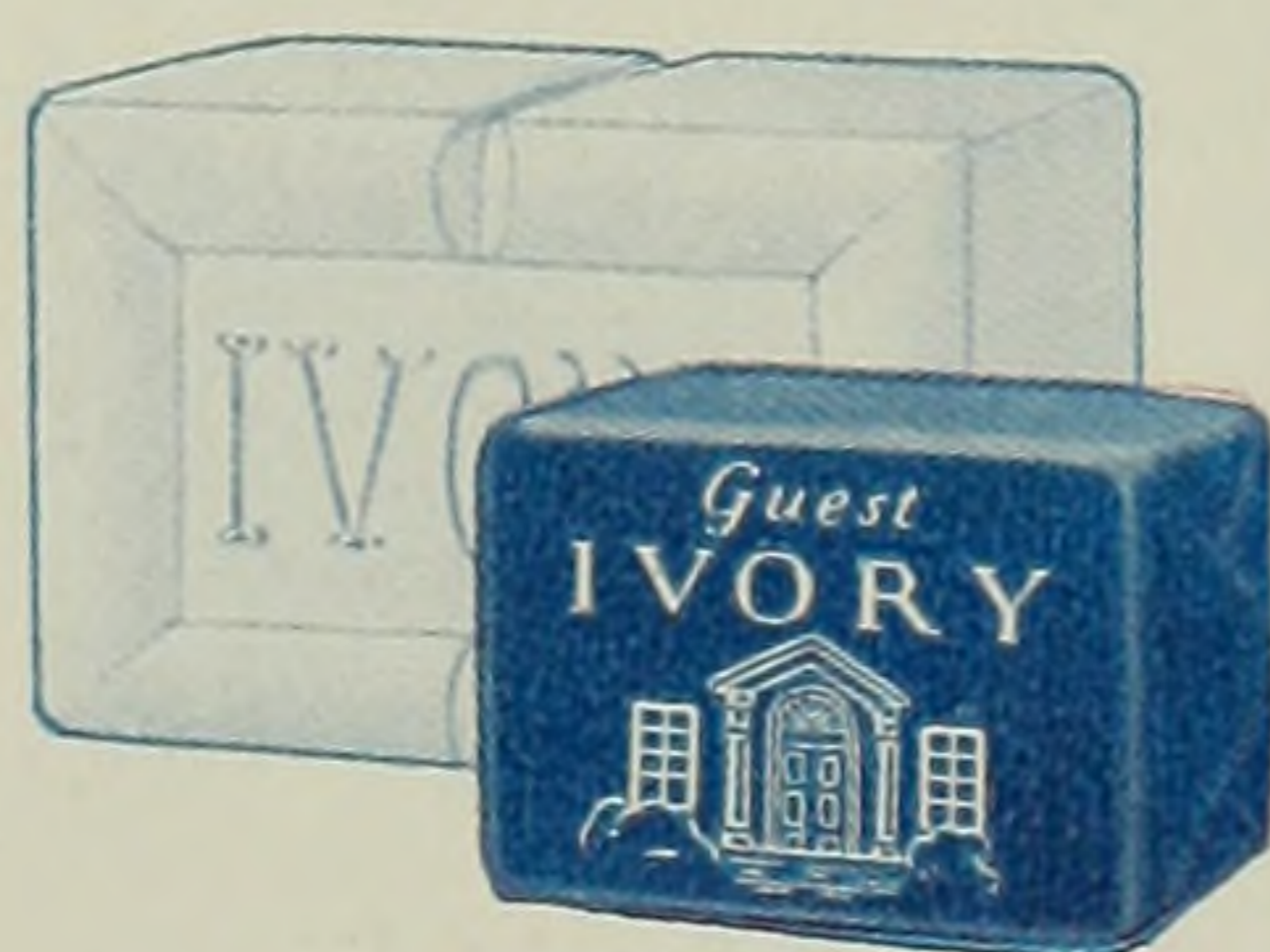
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