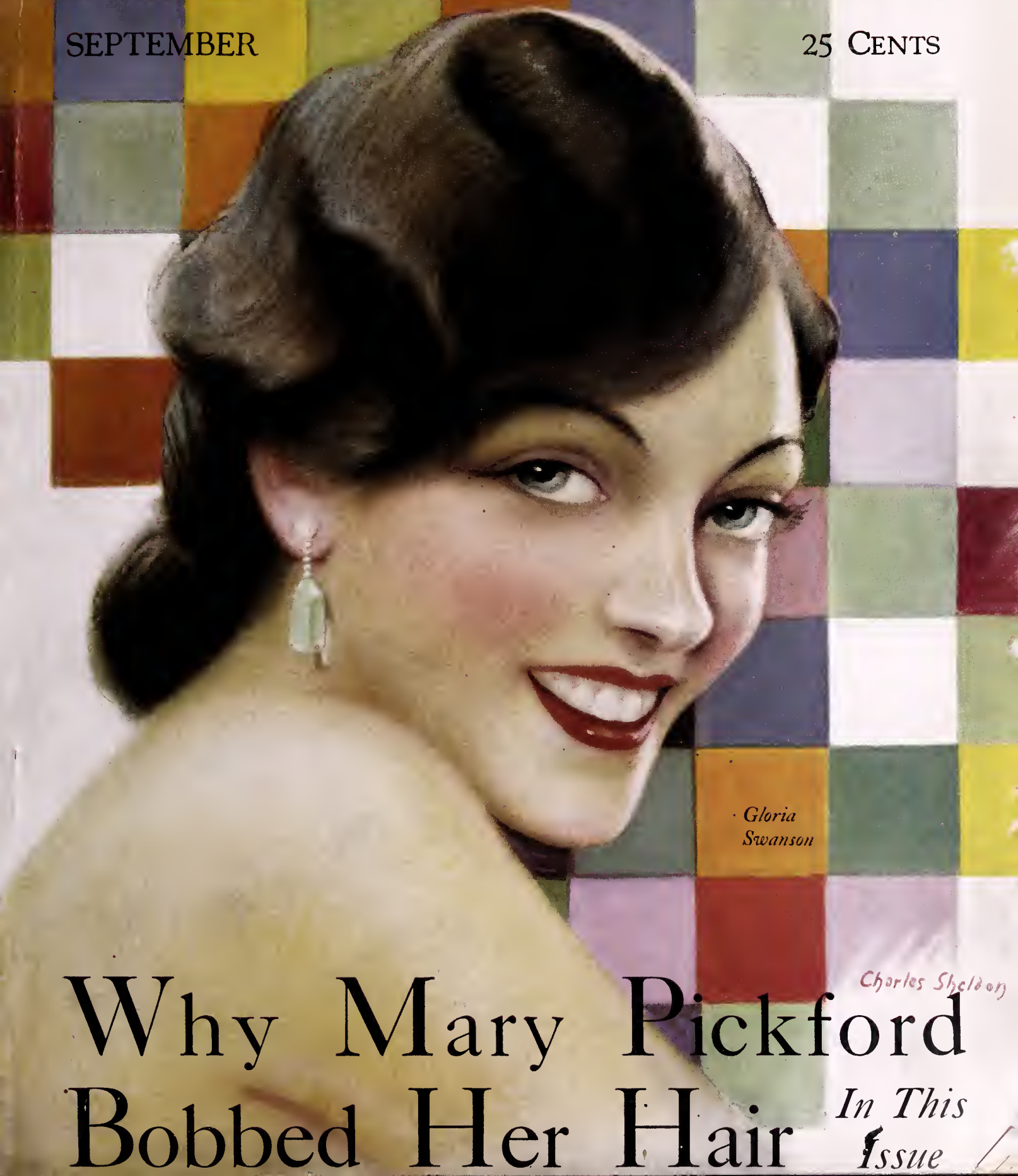


The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY<sup>N.S.F.</sup>

SEPTEMBER

25 CENTS



Gloria Swanson

Charles Sheldon

Why Mary Pickford  
Bobbed Her Hair

In This  
Issue

Hand in Hand with Fashion



"For Gifts That Last  
WHITING & DAVIS CO.  
Consult Your Jeweler"

COLOR photograph illustrates Dresden enameled Costume Bag, silk lined, with pocket and mirror, 24 karat gold-finished frame, four inches wide.

FREE  
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ASK your jeweler to show you our very newest bags of MODERNIST DESIGN. Write us for free portfolio showing twenty-four costume bags in color.

SO SIMPLY fascinating, the way these new Whiting & Davis enameled Costume Bags deftly repeat a color-note with several different costumes, or give a flick of contrast to a simple two-tone gown.

One is tempted even to flaunt them a bit, color is such a feature of the mode this year. The costume jewelry departments are showing them now . . . frames in gold or silver finish . . . for day or evening.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of COSTUME BAGS & Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone

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# THE PROFESSION speaks its mind on troubles of the gums...

*Soft food is the cause of soft gums . . . DENTISTS SAY.. Ipana and massage the logical remedies*

IF you go to your dentist for a few moments' advice upon gum troubles, he will gladly sum up for you the latest findings of the profession.

He could show you lectures, papers and clinical reports by the hundred—the fruit of years of research by distinguished men. But probably he will give you the gist of it all in some such terms as these:

"Gum troubles start right in your dining-room at home. For the food you eat is to blame!

"Before we began to refine our foods to make them delicious, people didn't have much trouble with their gums. The coarse fibre and the natural roughage made plenty of work for the oral apparatus. Mastication kept the blood supply within the gums in lively circulation. Gums were nourished—they remained in normal tone and vigor—firm, sound and healthy.

### How soft food impairs gum health

"But what happens today? If you eat something that needs a little real chewing, you only criticize the cook. You demand tender meats, peeled fruits, soft vegetables, flaky pastries and fluffy puddings. Your gums are robbed of work. Their circulation falters. The tissues grow congested—soft, inflamed and tender.

"Soon you may notice a tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush. That is a signal of danger near at hand—a warning that your gums need immediate care. The logical way to correct or prevent the trouble is to stimulate the gums twice a day through massage. You can do it easily in just a few moments at the time you brush your teeth. Simply brush your gums, too, gently but thoroughly, every square inch of them, inside and out. Stir up



Many dentists recommend gum massage with Ipana as a wise health habit

their sluggish circulation, and they'll soon improve—in color, in firmness and in health." (Summary taken from hundreds of excerpts from authoritative dental papers, lectures and texts.)

And there are thousands of good dentists—among them very possibly your own—who will add:

"The massage alone is good, but massage with Ipana Tooth Paste is better. Use it for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them gently with a little Ipana spread upon your finger tips after you finish brushing your teeth."

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating and healing hemostatic. For years specialists have used ziratol

in treating gums. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in building your gums to sound and sturdy health—the first step in preserving the natural lustre and beauty of your teeth.

### Ipana is worth a 30 days' trial

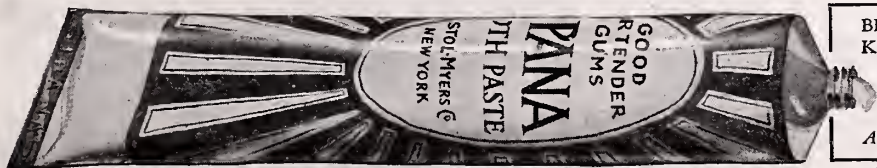
There is a coupon in the corner. It offers you a ten-day trial tube. Use it if you wish. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power.

But ten days can hardly show you Ipana's good effect on your gums. One month is a far fairer trial both to you and to Ipana. Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know all Ipana can do to improve the health and beauty of your mouth.



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"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" Anne Nichols' masterpiece with synchronized music score and sound effects. See and hear Jean Hersholt, Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll singing the beautiful theme song. A sensation! Victor Fleming Production. . . . .



"THE PATRIOT" Ernst Lubitsch Production, starring Emil Jannings. With Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton. Hear the thunderous Russian marches, the charge of the wild Cossacks, the pistol shots, the cries of the innocent! . . . . .



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"LOVES OF AN ACTRESS" Spectacular story of the Parisian stage and boulevards enhanced by synchronized music score and sound effects. Starring Pola Negri, with Nils Asther and all star cast. Rowland V. Lee Production. . . . .

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# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
September  
1928

VOL. XXXIV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 4

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

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

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

**ACROSS TO SINGAPORE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Villainy on the high seas, complicated by Chinese devilry. A rousing melodrama, well played by Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (June.)

**\*ACTRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "Trelawney of the Wells," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of pert, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June.)

**ADORABLE CHEAT, THE**—Chesterfield.—Nickelodeon fare. Lila Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June.)

**AFTER THE STORM**—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with good human situations. Hobart Bosworth, Charles Delaney and Eugenie Gilbert head cast. (June.)

**ALEX THE GREAT**—FBO.—The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "Press his pants with the Flatiron building." With "Skeets" Gallagher. (May.)

**ALMOST HUMAN**—Pathe-De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

**APACHE RAIDER, THE**—Pathe.—Leo Maloney gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May.)

**AVENGING SHADOW, THE**—Pathe.—Introducing a new dog star, Klondike. Klondike has looks, brains and IT. (June.)

**BABY MOTHER, THE**—Plaza.—Humorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dinty. (June.)

**BACHELOR'S PARADISE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat rowdy comedy-drama with a little old-fashioned pie-throwing and an invigorating prize-fight. With Sally O'Neil. (July.)

**BARE KNEES**—Gotham.—Proving that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and Jane Winton. (May.)

**BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE**—Artlee.—An authentic record of two big naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin"—but misses. (May.)

**BEAU BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affections of Lew Cody. Gay, inconsequential comedy. (July.)

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

**\*BELLAMY TRIAL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (August.)

**BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS**—FBO.—The young master gets familiar with the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May.)

**BEYOND THE SIERRAS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

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

**BIG KILLING, THE**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in a Kentucky feud. (August.)

**BIG NOISE, THE**—First National.—Concerning a city election. And just about as interesting. (May.)

**BLACK FEATHER, THE**—Wm. Pizer.—Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "society background." Some of the characters seem a little demented. (May.)

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

**BODY PUNCH, THE**—Universal.—All the makings of a good picture and some ring stuff that will go big with the men. You'll like it. (May.)

**BRANDED MAN, THE**—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why not do your reading at home? (August.)

**BRONCO STOMPER, THE**—Pathe.—It is Don Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this Western. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May.)

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

**BURNING GOLD**—Elbee.—A story of dirty deeds in the oil fields. (August.)

**BURNING UP BROADWAY**—Sterling.—The doings of bootleggers and such, made very dull. Not worth the talents of Helene Costello and Sam Hardy. (June.)

**BUSHRANGER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rousing tunes on the boomerang. (August.)

**BUTTER AND EGG MAN, THE**—First National.—The amusing adventures of a country lad (Jack Mulhall) who becomes an "angel" on Broadway. (August.)

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

**CAME THE DAWN**—Hal Roach-M.-C.-M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some bad moments in a haunted house. A short comedy, but funny. (May.)

**CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard sets the western scenery afire again. A good one. (June.)

**CAUGHT IN THE FOG**—Warners.—The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

**CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Romantic two-timing in Arlesnesque London society. A bit languid but well played by Ramon Novarro, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Anglo-Saxon. (July.)

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

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

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

**CHICKEN A LA KING**—Fox.—More lessons in gold-digging. Funny but rough in spots. With Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling. (August.)

**CHINATOWN CHARLIE**—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the gags and builds up the plot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May.)

**CHORUS KID, THE**—Gotham.—Goofy but amusing story of chorus girl, played by Virginia Browne Faire. (June.)

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

**CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Help! The Czar's daughter is with us again, this time played by Eve Southern. The picture has its good moments. (July.)

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

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

**COP, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Once more the warfare between the cops and crooks. Some good melodrama well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Godless Girl"

"Wings"

"Sorrell and Son"

"The Circus"

"The Patriot"

"Love"

"Abie's Irish Rose"

"The Trail of '98"

"The Patent Leather Kid"

"The Noose"

"Speedy"

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.

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

**BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Starring the Grand Canyon of Colorado. And what a great, big canyon it has grown to be! Nice scenery, but the picture offers little story interest. (May.)

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



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# Brickbats *and* Bouquets



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## The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

### The Monthly Barometer

ONCE more a wave of protest against the craze for favoring European players instead of encouraging American talent. PHOTOPLAY's story, "Two More Imported Love Birds," brought a lot of brickbats. The readers of this magazine want to know if there aren't young players as good as Walter Byron and Lily Damita right out in Hollywood.

Foreign stars of proved ability are seldom panned. Emil Jannings gets a flock of bouquets, although "The Street of Sin" is looked upon as a mis-step. Nils Asther is winning his way to the front. Richard Arlen is getting as many bouquets as "Buddy" Rogers—and that's a heap. And John Gilbert's Life Story in PHOTOPLAY is widely praised.

Since the release of "Sadie Thompson" Gloria Swanson has once more jumped into the ranks of the first favorites, along with Clara Bow and Greta Garbo. "Sorrell and Son," "The Crowd," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "The Legion of the Condemned" are the most popular of the current pictures.

This department is your open forum. Step right up and make your speech.

### \$25.00 Letter

Frankfort, Ky.

Here is a little story that I think you may consider a corking good argument for the movies:

One day recently the ten-year-old son of a prominent physician of our town fell into the river. He went down in fourteen feet of water and came up under a barge. His head struck the barge, knocking him senseless for a few seconds. As soon as he regained his faculties, according to his version of the affair, he remembered having seen Douglas Fairbanks in a picture when, in a similar close place, he began to fight the water with both hands. This the child did and soon reached a wire cable which was tied to the barge. By climbing the wire cable, hand over hand as he had seen Fairbanks do, he soon came to the surface of the water and was drawn up on the barge, little the worse for his experience.

MRS. W. J. HULETTE.

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

### \$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

In no field has the use of motion pictures been developed as it has in the educational field. I am a junior at the University of California and its extensive use in all classes has been brought forcibly to my attention during my two years of college work.

Our dramatics professor often assigned reviews of the latest photoplays containing the best dramatic artists. I am working my way through school, so I had little time or money. It was here that PHOTOPLAY became an integral part of my existence. I read the Shadow Stage up and down until I knew it by heart and then wrote my reviews. The Prof. was wise to those of us that did this little trick, but I imagine he realized the necessity and the ultimate value of the practice, because he never said anything about it.

The climax in the use of photoplays in class work came the week before final examinations. My professor of Folk Customs and Costumes suddenly made the bewildering announcement that there would be included in the final examinations, questions concerning certain photoplays he had recommended during the year which contained authentic folk customs and folk costumes. For the next week I spent every spare moment tearing around to

movie houses with a copy of PHOTOPLAY containing the review of the picture in question in one hand and a note book in the other hand, seeing pictures I should have seen weeks before. Was I glad I had saved back numbers of PHOTOPLAY?

MINA RUUD.

### \$5.00 Letter

Seattle, Wash.

Too much attention is being paid to whether or not an actor or actress will screen well. The question "Can they act?" comes as an after-thought—if at all. Personally I am tired witnessing blank-faced beauties and collar ads romp through what the producers laughingly call a play. What do we care for crows-feet, a wart on the neck or a tooth out of alignment? We, the patient, plodding, ponderous public, all have 'em and it sort of flatters our ego to see others so defiled. Give us realism! Perhaps that is the reason Chaney is so popular. With all his various annexes, amputations or appurtenances, as the case may be, we forget about them in his glorious acting.

If the film companies would spend as much time and money in developing and encouraging the talent they already have in Hollywood and vicinity as they do in conducting screen tests and inane popularity contests among the primary schools in the country, we might look forward to an evening's entertainment. For such precious few pictures as "The Big Parade," "The King of Kings," "Sorrell and Son," "The Patent Leather Kid," and "The Crowd," there are countless asinine excuses. The Wampas kids are cute, but they lack poise and the appeal that the older actors and actresses have.

JANE ADAMS.

### He Wrote Every Word of It

Chicago, Ill.

I must congratulate PHOTOPLAY and John Gilbert on Jack's life story. It is both amusing and interesting, and really sounds as though it were written by Gilbert. It is far superior to the stories of Clara Bow and Greta Garbo. There is a slight suspicion in my mind that this may be due to the fact that Gilbert is so much more interesting than either of those two.

V. KEITH SUTTON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



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*Charlie Chaplin*



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# As We Go *to* PRESS



## *Last Minute News from East and West*

**R**EPORTS have it that John Barrymore is returning to Warners and the Vitaphone. He may do his Hamlet for the sound film. Meanwhile, he has one more United Artists production. It will be the story of an Alpine mountaineer and it will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

**W**ILSON MIZNER sold a story of three ocean gamblers on the ill-fated Titanic to Caddo Productions. He received \$50,000. Now Caddo has decided to shelve the story because of its "lack of love interest." That's the way it goes.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS'** next, a sequel to "The Three Musketeers," will be called "The Man in the Iron Mask" or "For All Eternity." Doug announces that he will not insert any talking sequences.

**R**ALPH SPENCE lays claim to being the highest paid title writer. He gets \$10,000 per picture. And generally he's worth it.

**U**NIVERSAL is to make an all-talkie of "The Shannons of Broadway," the stage hit. By the terms of the contract, filming can not start until February, 1929.

**T**HEY all do, sooner or later. Now Theda Bara is to try a come back, under the management of S. George Ullman, Valentino's faithful manager.

**R**EPORTS that Pola Negri is contemplating a divorce are denied. Pola and Serge Mdvani are still happy, they insist. Pola says she has signed a contract to make two films for a British company for \$200,000. She further declares that she has given up her American contracts. We didn't know she had any. From Deauville comes the news that Serge has just had two large rubies set in the eyes of the serpent-shaped horn on his Rolls Royce.

**B**AYARD VEILLER has been in Hollywood to supervise the plans for Metro-Goldwyn's all talkie production of his stage hit, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Norma Shearer will be starred and production starts in September.

**M**RS. TOM MIX and little Thoma-sina have departed for Paris on their annual Summer jaunt. Mrs. Mix issued the regular divorce denials.

**N**OW Pathe is filming the adventures of Uncle Sam's detachment of Marines with the rebels down in Nicaragua. It will be called "The Leathernecks," and the title rôles will be done by Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Bob Armstrong.

**T**HEY'RE putting "Abie's Irish Rose," which bids fair to make box office records, through the studio paces again. The original cast has been re-assembled and a talkie addition is being made. Incidentally, you'll hear Buddie Rogers' voice in the new sound version.

**W**ILLIAM FARNUM, the veteran actor, has been made defendant in a suit for separate maintenance filed in Los Angeles by his wife, Olive Ann Farnum.

**D. W. GRIFFITH** has added Jetta Goudal to the cast of "The Love Song."

**T**HE Princeton photoplay, co-starring Charlie Rogers and Mary Brian, has been given a new title. It was called "Sophomore." Now it's titled "Varsity." The Rogers-Brian team will be kept together for another picture, to be called "Just Twenty-One." Frank Tuttle will direct again.

**C**ECIL DE MILLE is signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**H**ERBERT BRENON fell from a stage scaffolding during the filming of a scene of Ronald Colman's "The Rescue" and broke his right ankle.

**H**AVING recovered from an operation for appendicitis, Rod La Rocque is going to desert films for the stage temporarily.

**O**H, those talkies! Wallace Beery sings in "Beggars of Life" for the first time since his musical comedy days of long ago.

**F**LORENCE VIDOR is to return from Europe to play opposite Richard Dix in "Unconquered." Dix spent the greater part of August in northern Arizona doing exteriors of "Redskin."

**E**DWIN CAREWE, Dolores Del Rio, Miss Del Rio's mother, and the Carewe staff were to sail for Europe late in August. They planned to return in December.

**W**S. VAN DYKE, the director who completed "White Shadows," is sailing for Capetown, South Africa, with a completely equipped company to do "Trader Horn" in the African interior.



Don't say that Will Hays isn't a high liver. He dwells on the thirty-seventh floor—count 'em—of the Ritz-Tower in New York City. He lives higher than any other New Yorker

CURTISS  
**Baby Ruth**  
 America's Favorite Candy 5¢



**4 O'Clock** -- it's time to know your **BABY RUTH**

Mid-afternoon . . . a desk full of work. No "pep." You know it's Baby Ruth time. The same wholesome goodness that makes Baby Ruth a favorite with sportsmen and athletes will carry you over the mid-afternoon "let-down." Chocolate, nuts, milk and sugar, the finest energy-foods, blended into a delicious confection. The efficient business man keeps a box in his desk. Baby Ruth puts the punch in the end of his day. Because it is so good, Baby Ruth makes any good time better. Millions of sales every day make possible its dollar-a-pound quality at 5c. Look for the sanitary red-and-white wrapper. Treat yourself today. 5c does it, everywhere.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO**

*OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President*



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**MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA'S MILLIONS.**



Francis X. Bushman Jr.

Charles Morton

George Meeker

James Hall

WILLIAM  
**FOX**  
PRESENTS

JOHN  
**FORD**  
PRODUCTION

# FOUR SONS



**BIG AS THE**

**OF HUMANITY**

**I**T'S an amazingly interesting picture, this latest production by the man who made "Mother Machree," "Hangman's House," "3 Bad Men" and "The Iron Horse."

Interesting in that the director has in one picture made a world celebrity of an unknown—an extra girl repulsed and rebuffed for ten years in Hollywood.

They're calling Margaret Mann a sixty-year-old Cinderella. Patiently she worked and waited since 1917 for her big chance.

Opportunity knocked just once—and you should see the old lady grab the ball and run for a touchdown!

Hers is the one outstanding performance of the year! You'll love Margaret Mann.

Keep an eye on these four sons—the stars of tomorrow. Watch for Charles Morton in Murnau's forthcoming "4 Devils."

Discriminating theatre-goers have learned to expect fine films from Fox—pioneer of sound on film—**MOVIETONE**

*Another*



*Masterpiece*





# Pathé glorifies youth and beauty

*Coming Pathe Pictures*

**“ANNAPOLIS”**

with Jeanette Loff and John Mack Brown. Directed by W. Christy Cabanne

**ROD LA ROCQUE**

in

**“LOVE OVER NIGHT”**

with Jeanette Loff, Tom Kennedy and Mary Carr. A Hector Turnbull Production. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

**LEATRICE JOY**

in

**“MAN-MADE WOMEN”**

with H. B. Warner, John Boles and Seena Owen. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

*Coming Pathe Pictures*

**“TENTH AVENUE”**

with **PHYLLIS HAVER**  
Victor Varconi  
and Joseph Schildkraut

A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

**WILLIAM BOYD**

in **“THE COP”**

with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong

A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

*James Cruze, Inc. presents*  
**“THE RED MARK”**

with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dione. Personally directed by James Cruze.

**F**OR the new season Pathe has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathe's stars and players are youthful—comers—typifying today.

There's Lina Basquette, Jeanette Loff, Lili Damita, Nena Quartaro, Sue Carol, Phyllis Haver, Leatrice Joy, Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan.

And William Boyd, George Duryea, Robert Armstrong, Junior Coghlan, Victor Varconi, Joseph Schildkraut, John Mack Brown, Eddie Quillan, Alan Hale.

Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures.  
**PATHE HAS THEM.**







# Come on back behind the Scenes on Broadway!

See how famous hits are made—and remade, in "THE BUTTER-AND-EGG MAN." . . . Back-stage romance and comedy you never dream of when you sit "out front." . . .

It's all there in this brand new First National film hit that tells the hilarious story of a Butter and Egg Man—who-came-back—and came back hard! . . . A worm who turned against the New York wise guys who thought they had "taken" him . . . ONE Broadway sucker who got MORE than an even break.

Rich with racy, unique types of Broadway "insiders" . . . Full of first-time-on-any-screen revelations of the private lives of leading men and misleading ladies . . . So good that you will want to make a special point of seeing it . . . Watch for the date of—

It must be GREAT when famous New York critics say—

"Deliciously funny."

"Its theatre humor is classical."

"A truly exhilarating evening in the theatre."

# The BUTTER and EGG MAN

Presented by Richard A. Rowland  
From Play by George S. Kaufman  
A Richard Wallace Production



with **4**  
**STARS**  
JACK MULHALL  
GRETA NISSEN  
GERTRUDE ASTOR  
SAM HARDY

**THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN**  
A Comedy in Three Acts  
By George S. Kaufman  
with  
**GREGORY KELLY**  
Characterized by the first appearance of MIDDLEMISS  
JOSEPH W. MOORE . . . . . ROSE . . . JOHN A. HUFFERT  
JACK MULHALL . . . . . PAGE FOLLOWS

**IT RAN 7 MONTHS ON BROADWAY!**  
PROGRAM CONTAINS  
**BETWEEN THE LITTLE CIGARETTES**  
Little Cigarettes  
Taste Mighty  
Real Cigar Quality.

15¢  
Package of Ten

One of the  
**31** Famous Plays and Stories  
you will see in  
**FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1928-29**

They take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"



Whatever you do, says Miss Van Wyck, learn to listen intelligently

**D**EAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:  
Just at this season of the year I always seem all "wrong." My clothes are faded and shabby and lack smartness. My hair seems faded, too—probably from the high, hot sun, for I spend many of the summer days on the beach. And my skin has been tanned so much (and I must admit that the aforementioned sun adds freckles to my every other trouble!) that I look horrid in evening frocks, and stupid in street clothes.

Does every girl, I wonder, have as much trouble as I at this "between" season? Just now—when summer is past and winter hasn't yet begun—is the most trying time of all, I think. And it is in this time that a great many nice things are starting—dances and parties and house party plans. Oh, I often think that a girl's whole winter depends upon how she looks at the beginning of autumn. If she is dowdy she's left out. And if she looks well, she's included.

What is the best way to go about the matter of a general making over? I'd like to know—for I want to be ready for a gay winter, and, I'm afraid, it won't be a gay winter, at all, unless I do something. ELEANORA.

**Y**OU are a wise girl, Eleanora, to recognize the advisability of a personal house-cleaning during the early autumn months. Although the violet rays of the sun are extremely beneficial to one's health—the violent rays can harm both the hair and the skin. And it is a clever young woman who takes steps in time to repair that harm. I have seen prairie women, who must needs be in the sun all day, look old at thirty!

First of all, the skin. It should be treated to the best of bleaching, tissue building and astringent creams upon the market. The bleach will take care, gently, of the tan and freckles. The tissue builder will create firm, new surfaces, and the astringent will give freshness to the whole complexion. Choose a slightly lighter shade of powder, for autumn wear, than that which you used during the summer.

And then, your hair. It should be brushed nightly, with a good tonic. And the rays of the summer sun often dry the hair—in that

## Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

ON

# Girls' Problems

### "Autumn Freshening"

Is This Month's Problem

**A**ND by that I do not mean a middle-aged seeking after beauty! I mean, instead, a seasonal, personal house-cleaning—a getting ready for the winter—which is the time of the most important work, and the most significant play. Use this period of the year for taking a charm inventory.

You know, don't you, that I always stand ready to help you individually on any of the problems that concern your beauty, health, or happiness? Letters enclosing stamped, addressed envelopes I will always answer by return mail. Those without postage will be answered in the columns of PHOTOPLAY.

For information regarding the care of the skin, send a stamped envelope. And my booklet on sane reducing methods will be sent to you on receipt of ten cents. CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

case use an oil tonic twice a week. And once every ten days, at least, shampoo the hair with a hot oil shampoo. And put a bit of lemon into the rinsing water.

About the clothes. Of course, Eleanora, the wardrobe would seem shabby with the coming of autumn. And rightly so. And, equally of course, it should be replenished. One woman—a great author, almost as famous for her perfect grooming as for her fine books—gives up two weeks, every fall, to getting her frocks ready for the winter.

First of all, pack away the still good summery things. They will come in very nicely, next year! The faded ones, perhaps, can be dipped in one of the splendid quick tinting preparations—the shabby ones can be made over. If, however, some things are too shabby or faded for further wear, dispose of them. Hoarding useless garments is a miserly habit.

Next, after the clothing has been packed away, get out those things which were left from last winter. You will see, at a glance, which ones are worthy of salvaging. A fresh vestee, a bit of fur, a smart belt or flower will often work wonders. Go over the possibilities carefully, and pass on to the best part of the whole thing—the new garments.

Personally, Eleanora, I think that it is always best to make a list of what you really need. So many street frocks? A coat? An evening dress? You'll be able to tell at once. And then plan, with utter fairness, just how much money and time you can afford to spend for them.

A few months ago—in July—I wrote an article on "Choosing Your Type." Did you read it? I hope so, for that reading will help

you now. It is quite necessary to know one's type before one buys. A good way to know what your type should wear is to look through the lists of the motion picture stars, for the one most like your own self. Then go conscientiously to the pictures in which that star appears and get, for yourself, the same sort of dresses in which she is prettiest. Motion picture women are the most *chic* women in the world, I think. You will do well to follow their lead.

**D**ON'T be afraid of the unusual fashion—if it suits you. Only know where to draw the line between the original and the bizarre. And, if you can afford to have only a few clothes, it is a good plan to choose them in different tones of the same color. In this way you can economize on hats and shoes and accessories. But if your wardrobe need not be limited, go as far as you like in color range.

In going to the shops, remember that you are a *person*. And that the money you have to spend is *your money*. Remember that you need not be awed by clever sales talk. Buy what you want when you want it. Be firm when you do not want a thing.

Do not buy the first frock that meets with your semi-approval. A half-hearted choice is usually wrong, when the question of clothes is involved. You are always happiest in the things that are utterly right. And you will know, instinctively, when they are right.

Last of all—and I add this trifle of advice although you did not ask for it, Eleanora—remember that not only skin and hair and clothing are shabby at the autumn season.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



ESSENCE  
FACE POWDER  
COMPACTE - TALC  
SACHET - SOAP  
EAU DE TOILETTE  
HAIR LOTION  
BRILLANTINE  
POUDRE APRES LE BAIN  
(Dusting Powder)

¼ oz. - ½ oz. - 1 oz. - 2 oz.

# L'ORIGAN COTY

INCOMPARABLE FRAGRANCE

*The lovely exquisiteness of woman—the subtle, sophisticated elegance that sets her apart and above in the spell of her soft inflexible power—Parfum L'ORIGAN is the very essence of her charm. In two ounce flacons for the luxurious toilette table. One ounce and one half ounce for convenience in travelling and adorable quarter ounce sizes for the bewitching mystery of a lady's purse.*

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



*A lovely, youthful skin—is there anything that can give a woman greater charm?*

# What Woman does not know . . .

*she is a thousand times more lovable when her skin is soft, smooth, clear ?*

**W**HAT WOMAN needs to be told the advantages of a lovely skin?

What woman does not know that she is a thousand times more attractive when her skin is radiant with youth and freshness!

Can one really make one's skin over?—This is a question that comes often, comes wistfully, from women who are discouraged because of some chronic fault in their complexion. They look in the glass and see their skin pale, nondescript—perhaps, even, afflicted with blackheads or blemishes—and wonder if it is possible for such a skin ever to become really charming and attractive.

**IT IS POSSIBLE!**—You can make your skin over! Thousands of women are actually doing it. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its

place. You can give this new skin, as it forms, the habit of health—of beauty!

Begin, today, to care for your skin in the way skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.



If you have a smooth, naturally good complexion—use the treatment for normal skins given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's.

If you are troubled with blemishes, blackheads, oily skin, or any similar defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. In a week or ten days you will notice an improvement in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Begin, tonight, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch!"

**NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2217 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2217 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1928, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

You, too, can have "a skin you love to touch"



Ruth Harriet Louise

# NEW PICTURES

ON the screen Greta Garbo is a fragile, helpless siren in flowing chiffons. Off the screen she is an excellent tennis player in flannels and a sweater. Miss Garbo is the originator of the most popular current bob, with the hair worn long and loose at the sides and touching the shoulders.



Bachrach

*A*NOTHER shoulder length bob, worn by Olive Borden. Olive's hair once was long and heavy, but she sacrificed it to play in "Gang War," an underworld melodrama. Olive wears her hair off her ears and caught in a cluster at the back of the neck. She calls it a "compromise bob." Who says that short hair is a thing of the past? Never have so many distinguished tresses fallen under the scissors.



Ball

**C**AN a rich girl afford to be a movie star? Consider the case of Sue Carol. Sue's salary is \$250 a week. Douglas MacLean, to whom she is under contract, receives \$1,500 a week for her services. All of Sue's small share, plus her personal income, must be spent for the incidental expenses that go with screen popularity. So although Sue is one of the best of the newcomers, she never has cleared any money from her screen work.



Carsey

**T**HE reincarnation of Romney's Emma Hamilton. In "The Divine Lady" First National has given Corinne Griffith the greatest picture of her career. As *Lady Hamilton* she will play a woman whose beauty and spirit changed the course of English history. Corinne's resemblance to Lord Nelson's "dear Emma" is remarkable. "The Divine Lady" will be one of the most interesting of the new Fall productions.





**A**TERRIBLE injustice has been done to Eva von Berne. Upon Eva's arrival from Vienna, the report went 'round that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had promised to furnish Eva with free beer. What Eva really receives is free champagne. These foreigners have a way with them. The American stars, no matter how beautiful, popular or gifted, can't even persuade the producers to keep them in ginger-ale or soda pop.



Carsey

**J**ACK MULHALL—just a local boy from Wappingers Falls, N. Y., who has made good. Mr. Mulhall's light comedies, with Dorothy Mackaill as his attractive co-star, have been among the most consistently popular of the year. Readers have complained that PHOTOPLAY has neglected their Jack. Here, with apologies and with pleasure, is the very newest photograph of Mr. Mulhall.

# The Gossard Line of Beauty



## *Lovely Natural Curves Broadcasts Paris—*

AND The Gossard Line of Beauty answers it with the new Cunningham-form brassiere. This exquisite little garment cups the bust to uplifted lines—the modern fashion dictate. Diagonal draw strings placed in the center front permit each individual to adjust it to her figure—and the narrow elastic insert at the back, where it hooks, holds it comfortably to the body. Following the natural lines of the body, it emphasizes and supports their beauty. Simply ask to see the new Gossard Cunningham-form brassieres—they come in crepe de chine, georgette lined with net, silk tricot, and net.

*Model 955 is shown here, made of crepe de chine. The shaped garter belt, made of satin and trimmed with lace, is model 59, \$2.00.*

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco,  
Dallas, Atlanta, Toronto, London, Sydney, Buenos Aires

# Famous Beauty Schools

choose Lux suds as gentlest  
to the hands . . . *advise Lux*

*for dishes*

A lesson in "the perfect manicure" as given with Lux at the famous Schools of Cosmeticians in 12 cities\*



*Try this beauty treatment in your own kitchen! In washing dishes, use the pure, rich suds these famous beauty schools choose as most gentle to the hands.*

**R**ECENTLY, different soaps were experimented with by the National Schools of Cosmeticians to find the very best for use in manicuring.

As a result of these tests, Lux was officially chosen—because its sparkling, gentle suds were found most soothing to the hands!

Mrs. Pearl Ecker Hubbell, Dean of these Schools and famous beauty expert, said, after these tests—

"I have issued instructions to our 12 schools that they are to begin at once to use Lux in

manicuring and to let it be known to all of the students and all of the patrons who come into the schools.

"In caring for the hands, there is great danger in using soaps irritating to the sensitive skin of the hands.

"Lux suds cleanse so gently that they soothe the skin and keep the hands beautifully white and smooth."

## *A Beauty Hint to Wives*

"For women in their homes, who must protect their hands in doing housework and dishes," Mrs. Hubbell adds, "I can think of no better beauty aid than the use of Lux."

New York Philadelphia Detroit Cincinnati  
Chicago Minneapolis Memphis St. Louis  
Dallas Denver Portland Los Angeles

*Try Lux for Dishes Today!*  
See how nice your hands look afterwards! No wife—no girl—need dread the task now. Lux gives lovely hands for less than a cent a day!



# PHOTOPLAY

September, 1928

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

*By James R. Quirk*

**M**AY I presume, as an ardent picture fan, to utter a word of warning to producers and directors in connection with sound pictures: that they do not permit themselves to get the impression that ear entertainment, in motion picture houses, is as essential as eye entertainment—yet.

With all due credit to the sound and talking pictures already made it cannot be denied that as motion picture productions they are of inferior quality.

**T**HIS is not criticism. Every year the technique of motion pictures brings new developments. The two-year-old picture, while it may retain its full emotional value, is technically as belated as women's fashions of equal age.

It would be regrettable indeed if, in the effort to perfect the technique of sound, there should be any retardment of the motion picture art.

**T**HE sound picture is mechanically well advanced. It will come into its own just as the motion picture has, with time, and study and experimentation. If the producing companies rush pell-mell into it, in a frantic effort to apply sound to every picture they produce, it may result in a surfeit of mediocrity.

**T**HE motion picture itself will always be the foundation of this form of entertainment. Sound effects, music and voice should be added



only as fast as technicians are developed to handle them skillfully and discriminatingly.

Good cooks do not dump the ingredients of a fine cake into the bowl all at once. They stir each one in separately to avoid curdling and lumping.

**P**LEASE do not give us a curdle of sight and sound. We are getting along fairly well with the silent screen and will be patient.

But, if all the producers become panic-stricken through fear of competition and rush desperately into production of talking pictures, some of them are going to have as much chance as babies in a milling mob.

**T**O expect even a good director of motion pictures to make fine sound pictures today is like asking the first violinist of an orchestra to play his own instrument with one hand and the drums and traps with the other.

**A**DOLPH ZUKOR, the wise little man who built the big company, sat back and said nothing during a conference of his executives in which plans for talking picture production were being discussed. He said nothing, but he missed not a single word.

Finally, one of the more enthusiastic members of his organization turned to him for an expression of opinion.

Zukor took a puff of his cigar and a long look out over the golf course.

"Well," he said slowly, "none of us knows much about it yet. But that was a great fable about the hare and the tortoise."

JUST for the benefit of historians, I want to record the first talking picture gag. They are saying that a certain producer ordered a retake of a dialogue scene because he couldn't hear the "k" in "swimming."

The pioneer joke of the silent drama was told of the Stern Brothers who are said to have indignantly exclaimed, "Our comedies are not to be laughed at!"

SEVERAL readers have written me to ask if Jack Gilbert was really the author of the life story which has been running in PHOTOPLAY under his name and which is concluded in this issue.

Gilbert wrote every word of it. There was

no "ghost" writer. No one helped him. He needed no assistance.

THIS editorial note, however, is not injected here to emphasize the authenticity of Jack's authorship. It is to call attention to his literary ability.

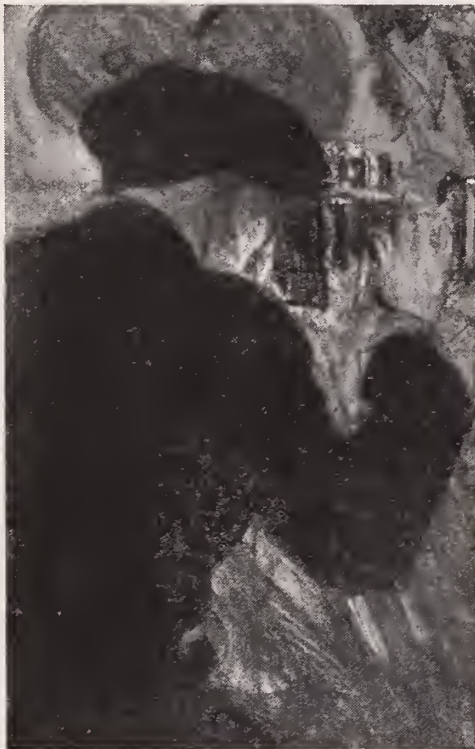
Probably you have noted Gilbert's shrewd selection and handling of his material, his flowing style of expression. That marks him as a good workman in words.

It is interesting to note that Gilbert's ambition is to be a writer. He realizes that a star's career is short-lived—two or more years—with luck, five. With oblivion, perhaps, lurking just beyond.

I would not be at all surprised if in ten years he would turn out to be a successful novelist, his closeups long forgotten.

Stranger things have happened.

## *The Studio Murder Mystery*



The greatest mystery story of recent years, a story that will keep you awake at night. And the most thrilling and amazing novel ever written about a movie studio.

**\$3,000 IN PRIZES  
FOR SOLUTIONS**

Who killed Dwight Hardell — and WHY? Can you solve the mystery that threatened the very existence of a great studio? Watch the October PHOTOPLAY for the first chapter of this remarkable story and full details of the mystery contest.

**BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE**



CHARLES CHAPLIN brings the old tramp costume up to date. This, in fact, is a hobo's Suppressed Desire as revealed by a dream sequence in "City Lights." And it is Mr. Chaplin's satirical reminder that the tramp and the ornamental officer are both members of the Loafers' Club.



**T**HE bob that created a new personality for Mary Pickford. Her hair is left rather long at the back of the neck. To Mary her bob means a new beginning in pictures, an adventure into unknown fields. Because Mary stood at the crossing of the artistic roads, she sacrificed the symbol of her little girl past, to be free to progress as a mature artist.



# Why Mary Pickford Bobbed *Her* Hair

*A Remarkable Insight into the Love that Existed Between Mary and Her Mother*

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**M**ARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair. Behind that newspaper headline lies a great romantic drama.

It is the story of a mother love so great that it turned to gold everything it touched. Of a daughter's love so utter that it dominated completely the greatest career in screen history.

Of the founding by two women of an American tradition.

And now it has become the story of a woman's determination to surmount her own stupendous personal popularity and become truly great.

The last act is still to be written. As long as her mother lived, Mary Pickford would not bob her hair. It wasn't only that Mary's mother loved those curls as every mother loves the golden curls of her baby. That for many years she never allowed any hand but her own to comb and roll them and prepare their beauty.

To Charlotte Pickford, those curls were the symbol of the wonderful child and artistic genius she had given to the world. They represented Mary's greatness. They were the actual crown of the Pickford sovereignty over all the peoples of the earth who love motion pictures.

**H**OW nearly right she was is proven by the fact that there is now talk of placing them in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., along with Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis" and other national prizes.

So, though she knew that she had outgrown her curls, though she knew that the world had passed by the time when "America's sweetheart" wore curls, though she knew that her progress as an artist was blocked and her development as a star hindered, Mary Pickford went on wearing her curls.

She would have worn them until they turned gray rather than cause her mother one moment's unhappiness or regret during the last years of her life.

It wasn't fear of her public that kept Mary from taking this drastic step.

Mary Pickford is too courageous for that, she has too deep a belief in the power of the fine thing. Mary Pickford is an artist. As an artist, she would have been willing to gamble on the public's understanding, their appreciation, their love for her. Even from the standpoint of the box office, and Mary Pickford has keen box office judgment, she must have seen the

inevitability of the result—that if she went on too far and too long with the outgrown curls and the outgrown Pickford tradition the public would continue to love her, but would cease to go and see her pictures.

**N**O, it was love of her mother and care for that mother's happiness and the habit of bowing to her judgment in everything connected with her work that stayed Mary's hand and that made her attempts to at least do up her curls if she couldn't cut them, half hearted and feeble and therefore doomed to failure.

And, tragically enough, Charlotte Pickford's intense mother love blinded her usually shrewd eyes.

She wanted to keep her wonderful child and so she held Mary back, held her to the things that had made her famous instead of lending her the strength and wisdom and vision to make the break from little girl parts into grown-up parts.

If, when Mary was past thirty, when an entirely new generation had evolved an entirely new type of girl, when Mary herself had grown beyond playing children and the world at large found such parts and such a personality as

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 128 ]



As long as her mother lived, Mary Pickford kept her golden curls. To Charlotte Pickford they represented Mary's greatness. Now, with her bobbed hair she will portray a new "sweetheart"



Every ambitious girl who is struggling for success against odds should read this story of Joan Crawford's brave fight

"To any woman, if she be honest with herself and her Creator, Life is a series of men—men who have influenced her growth, her career, her ambitions. Whatever we feel toward the man of the moment, it is he who is our very life and soul!"

WRITE my Life Story?

But how can any woman write her Life Story?

A woman's life is not a matter of "I was born here" or "I was educated there!" It is a matter of thoughts, longings, temptations succumbed to, or temptations repudiated. It is a series of sorrows which have carried her to the depths of woeful despair; it is a series of joys which have wafted her to such heights that the very clouds in their mystic, colorful glories have seemed to float in the heavens *beneath* her!

And to any woman, if she be honest with herself and her Creator, Life is a series of men—men who have influenced her growth, her career, her ambitions. Men! We may hate them; we may love them. But whatever we feel toward the man of the moment, it is *he* who is the very life and soul of a woman during that period when he dwells in her thoughts with her.

How, then, are we to write the Life of Woman?

There is only one Life Story I know which has been written honestly, without apology, by a woman. That is by Isadora Duncan. And it was not printed until after she was buried. After we are dead, what does it matter?

PHOTOPLAY has asked for my Life Story? It is an honor and I appreciate it. They wish me to write it in the first person. I have argued, I have said "No," I have tried half-way measures. So now I say to you, who are to read it, I have succumbed after weeks of meditation. I have consented to write it as I have felt it, for to me life *is* feeling. But with



Joan Crawford, at the age of nine, with her mother. At this early age, Joan was waiting on tables and washing dishes to help pay for her meager schooling

# The Story of a Dancing Girl

As told to  
Ruth Biery

By Joan Crawford

certain reservations. Everything that you will read in these pages is the truth as far as I know; but not all of the truth is printed.

Why should I camouflage about it?

There are certain memories buried deep within woman that she cannot drag out even though she wills it. The innermost corner of a woman's soul is a dark, dank, secret prison. Sometimes in the night she may awaken and feel a ray of light penetrating the walls of that prison. A memory awakens! She turns over, writhes in torture at the suggestion of it. She arises, turns on the light, gets a book, a bit of sewing. Anything to shut out that light which, through her subconsciousness, has penetrated her memory-prison. She pushes it back, refuses to listen; finally eradicates all thought of it!

Why should she listen? She is living; she is happy. Why should buried secrets be allowed to stalk, like ghosts, beside the road of Life with her? To every woman I say: Never allow the past to molest the present. Your life is your own: Live it.

I do not remember anything about being born. That was an event into which I was not taken into consideration. I am glad that it happened, although there have been many times when I wished it had not happened. I know nothing about my first father. I say *first* because I do remember a father. He was not my own but I did not know it.

My earliest memories circle around this man whom I thought was my father. At this time I was called Lucille Cassin. His name was Henry Cassin. He owned a theater in Lawton, Oklahoma.

It is to this theater as much as to my innate nature that I owe the birth of my desire to become a dancer. Night after night, I would slip down to the show with my father and stand in the wings watching [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



Miss Crawford at the door of her Hollywood home. From a childhood as cheerless as any depicted by Charles Dickens, Joan has grown into one of the most fascinating women of the movies. Her frank story will be an inspiration to girls who, like Joan, want "to make something of themselves"

# Beauty is More



Henry Clive is a famous artist and one of America's experts on beauty. His father was Dr. Henry O'Hara, a foremost surgeon in Australia. Clive's magazine covers are popular throughout the world

*Henry Clive really needs no introduction to PHOTOPLAY readers. His magazine covers have made him famous throughout America.*

*Mr. Clive went to Hollywood to select a "Golden Girl" for Flo Ziegfeld's Follies. He has remained a long time in Hollywood, studying the celebrated beauties and working with Chaplin as art director. His reactions to beauty, as it is interpreted in 1928, will be of tremendous interest to women everywhere.*

*Mr. Clive is at present doing the covers of Smart Set.*

THERE was a knock on my apartment door—my studio apartment in the heart of Hollywood.

I was alone; it was late afternoon, and I was just putting the finishing touches on one of those pretty-girl heads that you see on Smart Set's covers, when that knock sounded. . . .

"Come in!" I called.

I heard the door open—and close again. I didn't look up; thought it was probably the Filipino boy, with another sheaf of letters from those girls who wanted to be models. I was wrong, for after a moment's silence, there came a soft feminine voice—

"Please—are YOU Henry Clive, the artist? . . ."

She was a pretty little thing—blonde and blue-eyed. You see hundreds of her on Hollywood Boulevard in a few blocks' walk. She didn't wait for me to answer.

"I know you're looking for a beautiful blonde," she rattled, "and I think—that is, I wish you'd pick me. I read in the papers that you're out here to find what you call the Golden Girl and . . ."

She was pretty, certainly, but she had no more distinction

You may have a beautiful face and figure, says this authority on beauty, but you're a shell without personality and common sense

than a bean. And beauty!—really, it's pathetic how they confuse prettiness with beauty, these dozen-a-block dazlers. I tried to put her off easily. . . .

"Have you ever done any modeling?" I asked.

"Well, no—but I've worked in the pictures," she said.

"I'm awfully busy just now," I started.

She interrupted:

"But please, Mister Clive, won't you give me a chance? Maybe if you'd let me take my hat off—fix up my hair—isn't there some place . . .?"

## SAYS HENRY CLIVE:

"Beauty means not only superficial beauty, not only beauty that is evident on just a glance at face and form, but also beauty of mind, beauty of voice, beauty of character. It means, too, beauty of carriage, bearing, poise.

"There isn't a voice that can't be modulated and bettered. Liquor won't do any voice much good, either.

"Since time dawned, men have admired the curves of the feminine figure. Logic would be for women to retain those curves. But do they? They do NOT. They try to make their figures as un-female as possible.

"Nature did a beautiful job on woman's face—but woman seems to think Nature was a piker! There are too many girls who hide their beauty under too much make-up."

# Than Skin Deep

By  
*Henry Clive*

As told to  
**Harry Lang**

I motioned her to the dressing room, supposing that the quickest way out of it would be to humor her, and then make it plain to her that she just wasn't the type I could use.

So she stepped into the dressing room and I went back to my easel.

In a few moments there was a hesitant little cough.

"Er—will you look now, please. . . ?"

I looked. And there she stood without a stitch of clothing, save for a little pair of black patent-leather pumps on her feet!

"NOW don't you think I'm beautiful?" she begged.

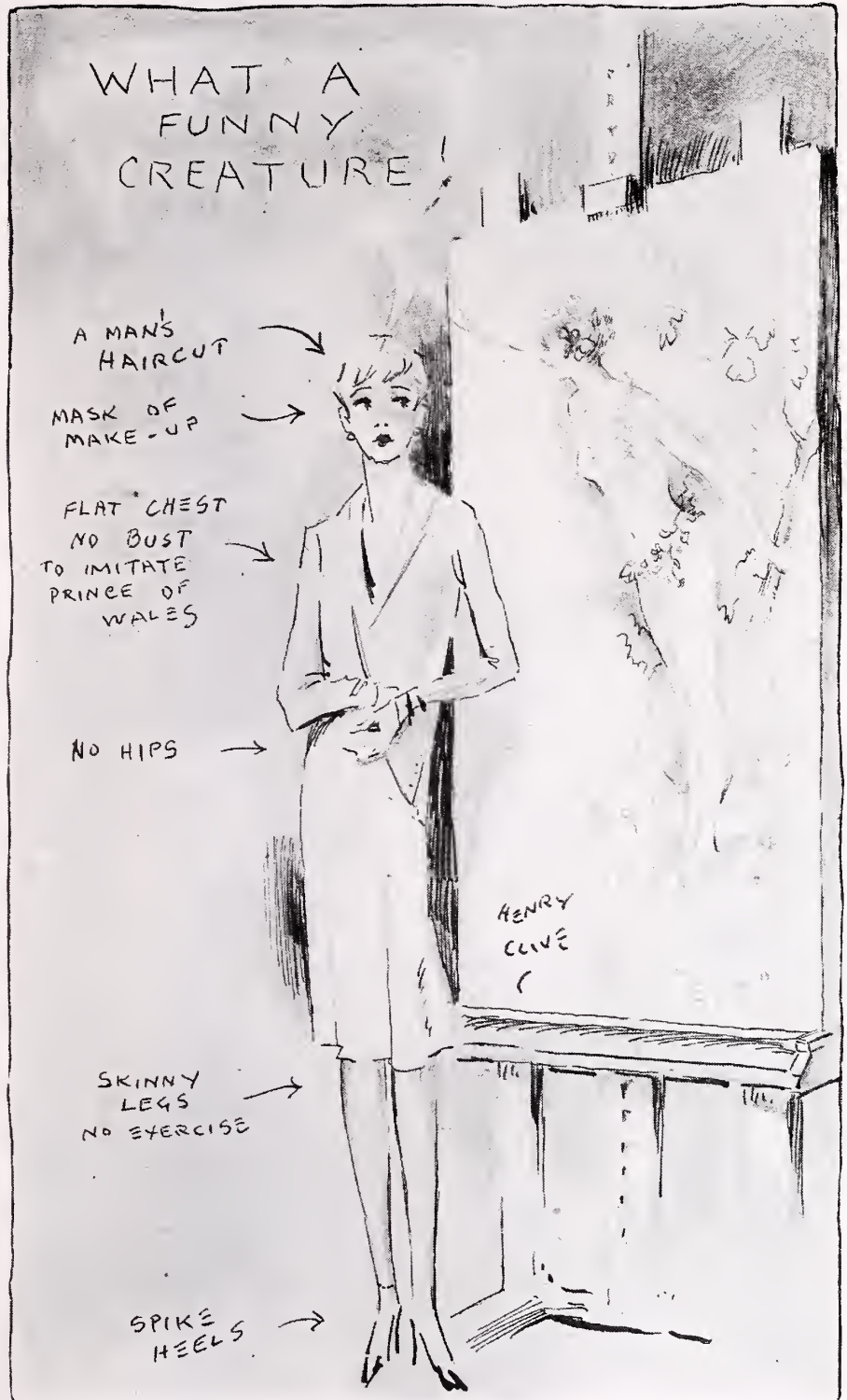
IT wasn't easy for me to break the child's heart. I could see that at that moment her supreme ambition was for me to accept her as a model. But I could also see that as a model she'd never, never do—any more than the thousands of others like her. And that the very best thing I could do for her would be not to "stall her along" and try to let her down easily, but to tell her the truth.

And so, although I really felt like laughing, I mustered all my sternness and ordered her to get back into her clothes quicker than she had gotten out of them. And when she had, I told her things.

I told her the things I am now going to tell you; the things I want to tell every one of these "modern" girls who have gotten off the true trail in women's ages-old quest for beauty and who have become all bogged down in a morass of false ideas and ideals.

FEMININE beauty is my stock in trade. I am constantly on the quest for it. In that quest I have observed literally thousands of girls—tall girls and small girls; blondes, brunettes, red-heads—girls of every complexion and type. Many of them were professional models. Many of them were girls of the stage and screen. But by far the majority of them were just girls from shops, from business, from factories or from home—girls who honestly believed they had the beauty of face and form that would qualify them to pose as artists' models.

Now I'll tell you something: I looked at those girls not alone with the eyes of an artist in quest of beauty, but also with the eyes of a trained anatomist looking for physical perfection. Many people know me as the artist; few people know that in my youth I was educated to be a surgeon. My father was Dr. Henry O'Hara, one of the foremost surgeons in Australia. He wanted me to follow in his footsteps and until I was a young man all my studies were bent [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 118 ]



Women do everything they can to rob themselves of their natural beauty, says Henry Clive. A bad make-up, imitation of masculine physique and high heels play their parts in wrecking the modern girl's basic attractiveness. No wonder Eve laughs at her



# Pictures OR Football?

By  
*Dick Hyland*

*Just as this article was going to press, Dick Hyland wired to say that he had given up the debate: Pictures versus Football, and that he conceded the victory to Miss Daniels. Bebe had just been back in the hospital again, this time suffering from a sudden attack of influenza due to overwork in bad weather. She's well again now, but Dick Hyland declares she wins her argument. When you read this article you will concede her victory, too.*

**H**OLLYWOOD for the last few weeks has been listening in on an argument.

It's still going on.

Bebe Daniels, the screen's greatest girl athlete, and I got into a row about whether it was more dangerous to play football or act in motion pictures? In which could you collect the greatest amount of honorable injuries?

Bebe has been doing stunts in pictures since 1914. I played my first game of football in 1914. We started even when fourteen years old.

And the argument came about when I called on Bebe in the hospital after her last smash-up.

"Shush! No, you can't come in. She's asleep." The severe white-uniformed nurse was adamant. "You will disturb her. Cause a relapse."

"I will not. You couldn't kill her with an axe."

"What's all that talking in the hall?" Miss Daniels herself joined the conversation. It became more interesting. "Come on in here and let me in on it."

We went in and I raised the nurse five behind her back. She was a mean looking nurse.

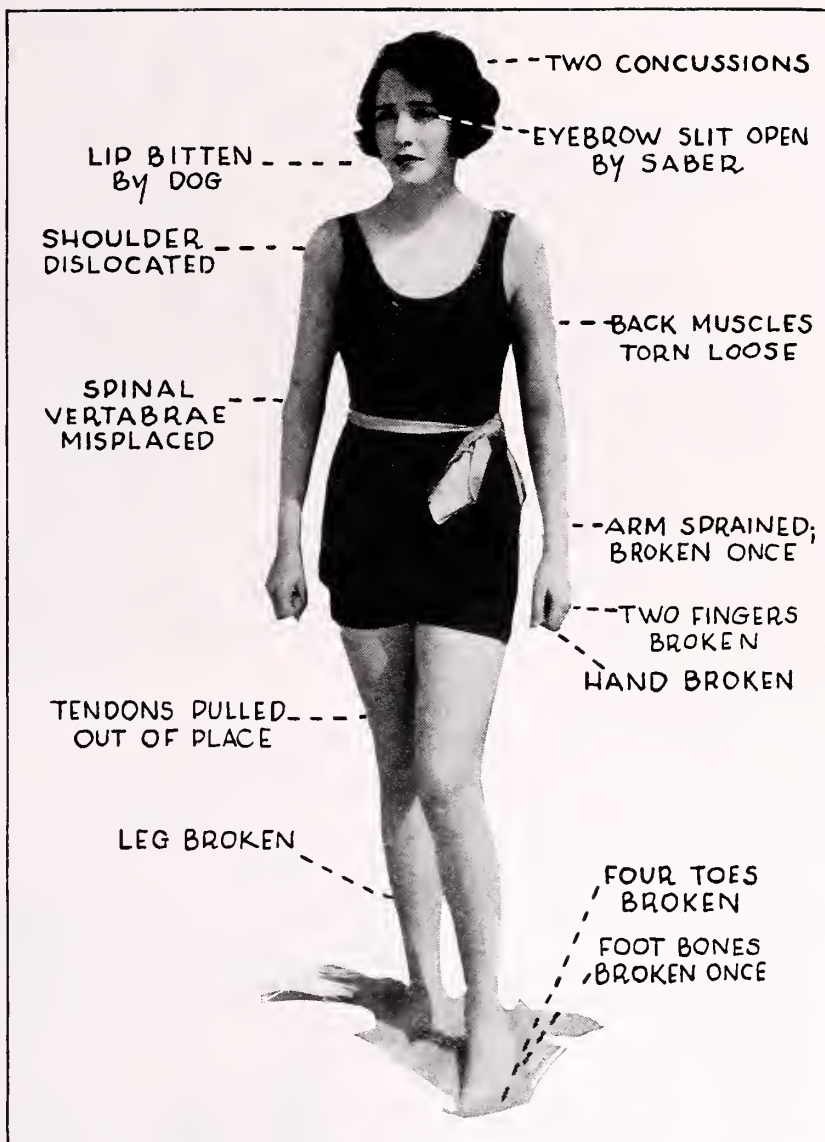
"Hello, Bebe! How long are you in the hospital for this time?"

"Hello, Dick. Dunno. The doc says two weeks. They caught me with my back turned this time."

"Come to think of it, Bebe," I said, "this is happening too often. You take as much of a beating in pictures as I do in football."

Bebe Daniels has encountered more accidents than most of the other stars. Her fractures and sprains prove that a movie favorite's life is not the easy career it is painted so frequently. Concussions are always just around the corner

Which is the  
Most  
DANGEROUS  
to LIFE  
or LIMB?



"As much!" she scoffed. "More!"  
Now it wasn't what she said as much as the way she said it. She got the idea across to me that she considered football a cream-puff affair compared to the movies. No one likes to have their pet sport disparaged. But to have football implied in the same thought with cream-puffs was too much.

"BEBE," I said, "this last accident is more serious than I at first thought. Your mind is affected. Has a psychiatrist seen you yet?"

She attempted to sit up in bed and couldn't make it.

"Psychi—say, you never did get over that Alabama game and this proves it. Why—"

"Miss Daniels," the ogre of a nurse interrupted. "I really must exercise my professional rights." And so on and so forth. I left.

A month later I saw Bebe at her summer home at Santa Monica beach.

She had been partially correct on her two weeks guess.

They let her out at the end of a fortnight but made her return to the hospital for a week after that and sleep there. Worked on pictures during the days—slept in the hospital during the nights.

"And did you ever do that in football?" she asked.

"Well, no," I was forced to answer. "But you see coaches are not as bossed by the box office as producers are."

"How are we going to compare smashes?" Bebe asked.

"You tell one and then I'll tell one," I answered.

"Well," she replied, "almost my first accident was when I worked for what was then known as Bison pictures. I splintered my leg. Nice little broken leg to start with."

"Pooh!" I said, "I've had one too."

"Yeh? Well, I'll bet mine had more splinters than yours. Did you ever have a dog bite your face while playing football? I did and here's the scar." She showed me a white line on her upper lip.

"WHEN Harold Lloyd and I were making fifty-two pictures a year, before either of us were very well known, I was in trouble all the time. They put me on a buggy horse one time and he threw me higher than a kite. I landed on the pavement on my chin. Score one fractured jaw for me. They had to take eight stitches on the inside of my mouth and they did it with a local anesthetic. One hour and thirty-five minutes on the operating table."

"That's pretty good," I was forced to admit, "but while you got a fractured jaw some southern gentleman mistook my head for the football in the Stanford-Alabama game and you can score one fractured skull and one concussion of the brain for me."

"Just one?" Bebe inquired politely. "I've had two so I'm

Not counting various illnesses, due to exposure in all kinds of weather and in all degrees of water, here is a chart of Bebe Daniels' enforced lay-offs from Kleig light close-ups. Bebe Daniels has had enough broken legs, arms, concussions, dislocations and pulled tendons to last a whole football squad for an entire season

ahead of you there also." I was beginning to feel that the game was being won by the home team and we were playing in the Daniels' back yard.

"ONE of them was in 'Brewster's Millions,'" she continued. "I was riding a bicycle behind a big motor truck the camera was mounted on. The truck driver had a heavy foot and speeded up. I yelled at him to slow down as I could not pump that fast. He did. With all four brakes. I crashed into the rear of the big thing and everyone had a holiday for a couple of weeks.

"Another one was in New York. I was practicing some stunts on a horse for a picture. They put the wrong bit in my horse's mouth and he started tearing up Central Park. He left me and the Park about the same time and I did as nice a dive onto the pavement as Aileen Riggin ever did into the water. One concussion, muscles in back torn, two vertebrae in spine hurt, all scored for pictures. When I came to in the hospital I found another man still there who had been hurt by the same horse."

"Pretty good," I admitted, "but three tacklers hit me from three different directions at the same time in a Rugby game once and you can score five cracked ribs, three vertebrae knocked out of place, and a dislocated shoulder for football."

"Pooh!" Bebe said, "and tish! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

# As Our Foreign Friends See Us



Just a real nice American family having a few friends in for the evening  
(According to the scenario writers.)



# Jack Gilbert *Writes* His Own Story

By  
*Jack Gilbert*

Reel Four—Our hero is “discovered” by Elinor Glyn and the long awaited success comes

**M**Y first opportunity to really direct pictures came when Associated Producers was formed. Thomas H. Ince, George Loan Tucker, Allan Dwan, Mack Sennett, Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur allied to make their own productions. Tourneur agreed to supply twelve pictures a year to the new organization, four of which he was to direct himself. Clarence Brown was to make four and the remaining number were assigned to me.

Brown and I were receiving the same salary—two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Under the new arrangement, both of us were to be raised to four hundred a week, with an additional ten per cent of the profits from all twelve pictures.

I decided that a personality would not only add a glamour to my own productions, but dollars to my percentage. I searched for a girl whom I could develop and star. From among the extras on “The White Circle” set I found an eager child named Violet Rose. I gave her a test which Tourneur saw and approved, so we signed her up for two years and I changed her name to Barbara Bedford. Then I set about looking for a story.

Mr. James R. Quirk,  
Editor of Photoplay,

221 W. 57th St.,  
New York, New York.

Dear Jim:

It is finished and I hope you are pleased. If I have been too honest—that is my credo. If I have torn some of the imaginary veils of grandeur from the shoulders of a movie luminary—you will forgive me, if the fans will not. I have done my best.

Mizpah,

## JACK GILBERT ANALYZES HIS PICTURES

“‘The Big Parade’ concluded my career in pictures. I never expect such an experience to occur to me again.

“Other efforts have followed—

“‘La Boheme.’ Artistic but never believable.

“‘Bardelys the Magnificent.’ Applesauce, with Gilbert contributing most of the sauce.

“‘Flesh and the Devil.’ Important for me because of my meeting with a glamorous person named Garbo.

“‘The Show.’ Nothing to be proud of.

“‘Love.’ A cheap interpretation of Tolstoy’s story.

“‘Man, Woman and Sin.’ What a title! Could have been great but wasn’t.”

I was a very happy man. Not only because my future seemed secure, but another and more important promise had been made. Leatrice had consented to be my wife as soon as I could gain my freedom.

From the East came Jules Brulatour and his fiance, Hope Hampton. Brulatour was a multi-millionaire, the distributor of Eastman film and the financial backer of Tourneur. He

was unhappy because the French director was leaving and urged him to remain, prophesying the downfall of Associated Producers. Maurice was adamant in his decision to produce independently.

He did consent, however, to direct one picture starring Hope Hampton, if Brulatour would obtain his release from Paramount for two other films which were contracted for, Jules agreed. I wrote the scenario, and directed the picture. It was called “The Bait.”

Miss Hampton’s

# “I want to destroy forever the ac-

acting was something to be improved upon. She was self-conscious and had no knowledge of timing, but such were my efforts that after two weeks had gone by, Brulatour was bidding for my future services. I laughed at his offers. Nothing could persuade me to leave Tourneur.

**BRULATOUR'S** reputation was that he got what he wanted. He offered me five hundred a week to direct for him. I was grateful, but refused. His next offer was seven hundred and fifty. My head began to swim. I sought advice from Leatrice. We were anxious to be together and we knew that my acceptance meant working in New York. Besides, I did not particularly care to direct a star, so once more I turned the proposition down. This touched Brulatour's pride. His mind was made up. Within a week I had capitulated. A conference with Tourneur resulted in my release from his contract, and a new six year agreement with Brulatour was drawn up and signed.

My salary was one thousand dollars a week with ten per cent of the profits of my pictures the first year; and for the next five years, fifteen hundred a week and fifty per cent—one-half of the profits.

Two pictures were to be made starring Hope Hampton; then I was to have my own producing organization. Need I describe my emotions? No director in motion pictures had ever possessed such a contract. Bad luck seemed to have shaken my shoulders. I was twenty-three years old and “the world was my oyster!”

Before I left Tourneur, I adapted, at his request, the scenario of Cooper's “Last of the Mohicans.” When I handed him the completed script he accepted it without a word and abruptly turned away. He never forgave me for leaving him. We did not say goodby. The next day I started East.

**WHAT** a picture I made! It was unbelievably horrible. The story was awful. I wrote it! I was responsible for the direction. It was ghastly! The cutting was incalculably bewildering. I did it! It is inconceivable that the thing could have been so bad. There were many reasons. First and foremost among them—I was in love. Terribly in love and lonely. Second—Brulatour was in love. Agonizingly in love and not lonely. Rather I should say he was suspicious. Third—I had no more right at that time to undertake the making of a motion picture than I now have of assuming charge of the Standard Oil Company. With Tourneur to run to for advice I was a thoroughly capable director. Alone, I was a mess.

I longed for Leatrice and California and begged Brulatour to give me a vacation, but that old fox said, “No, we must start another picture immediately.”



My loneliness became unendurable. I had collected sixteen weeks salary which left a balance of thirty-six thousand dollars due on my first year. I offered to sell my contract to Jules for twenty-five thousand. He refused, and insisted that I prepare another story.

A few miserable days dragged by, and I again confronted Brulatour with a proposition offering my agreement for twenty thousand dollars. I was furious when he refused and stormed out of his office. What a lamb I was. I knew nothing of the fact that my boss was just as anxious to be rid of me as I was to leave him. I arrived at a decision. To hell with this town and to hell with this thousand dollars a week. I tore the contract to pieces and scattered it all over Brulatour's office. Then I boarded the Twentieth Century Limited for California. At last I was free! Brulatour might offer me a million dollars to remain, but I would follow my heart. He might sue me, but let him sue. What could he get?

Some time later, I discovered that on the very afternoon which I had chosen to tear up my contract, Brulatour had

# cepted character of the film hero''



*Drawing  
by*

Everett Shinn

Before his untimely death, I was with Rudolph Valentino on many parties. Rudy possessed a quality which I nor any other star will ever attain. Valentino seemed born to the purple. He was a prince of gallantry, and a gift of royal bearing made him the hero lover of all time

I accepted a part at the Fox Studios in a picture called "Shame," which Emmett Flynn directed. When the picture was finished, I was offered a three year starring contract by the same studio. After much deliberation I accepted. And—I was an actor once more.

OF my two and a half years with Fox I have little to relate—except that I was unhappy most of the time. My pictures were cheaply made and badly done. When I begged for such stories as the "Seventh Heaven" and "The Sea Hawk" I was adjudged insane and temperamental.

"Cameo Kirby" was the only fine thing I was associated with at the studio. The management was not at fault particularly, but their policy at that time was to make as many pictures in as short a time as possible and profit on the quantity. But such a condition was not conducive to happiness nor to intensity of purpose.

I drank much more than was good for me and was convinced that all opportunities for a brilliant or even mildly successful career were gone. Leatrice was becoming more and more successful

while I seemed slipping into oblivion. Then some good friends began to supply the ambition and courage which I had lost.

Kenneth Hawks, now, curiously enough, a supervisor at Fox, cornered me and said things that sent me home in a different mood than I had known in months. He had just seen "Cameo Kirby" and was almost angry in his admonition of my remaining longer where I was.

Then Howard Hawks, Ken's brother, took me to task. I was as good as "so-and-so" and better than "such-and-such," and the thing to do was get out and grasp the success which was awaiting me.

Even this encouragement did not cheer me to any great extent. I accepted it all gratefully with a "grain of salt." Praise of my efforts could not convince me that the future held any great reward for my acting.

Paul Bern urged me to get with an organization which could further my career, and told me that he had heard Irving Thalberg, then a producer [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

consulted his attorney regarding the possibility of buying me off for ten thousand dollars.

Arriving in Hollywood I spent a glorious week recovering from my recent and horrible experience. Then the necessity of work confronted me. I "cast my flies" here and there for a job directing. To my amazement no one would take me seriously. I doubted all the statements of my agent when he said, "I can get you a great part to play, but no one believes you can direct."

WHAT was I up against now? My struggle for a year and a half to stop acting had apparently gone for nothing. I would not act. I was rotten on the screen. No one could force me to act. I would direct one reel westerns or dog pictures, but no more grease paint.

The deadlock ensued and I endured, but finally discovered that I would soon be broke. Most of my salary had been spent on long distance telephone calls from New York to Hollywood. Before I knew it, I was broke!

# Around *the*

## Howard Greer designs for Lilyan



Half the secret of success is to start the day right. Any gown will look its best if worn over this fitted combination suit of white antique filet and hand embroidery. Mr. Greer of Hollywood makes clothes for American women. Notice, please, the trim, snug lines so hard to find in French lingerie, even though you may be willing to pay a breath-taking price



For luncheon at the beach or the country club, what could be better than this sports ensemble? The quilted coat is of pink kasha. Its trimming of white ermine gives it a touch of elegance not usually associated with sports clothes. The coat is worn over a dress of pink crepe and kasha. This costume is called the Schuyler Road and it is a de luxe model only to be worn when one is merely an ornamental onlooker at sport events

For the afternoon, Miss Tashman literally puts on the Ritz. That is the name of this black satin street dress. It is set off by a double King Fox scarf. And, incidentally, single fox scarfs are now an indication either of indifference to fashion or bleak, grim poverty. With Paris going frantic on sports clothes, Mr. Greer pauses to design a street dress that doesn't look as though its owner had just walked off the golf links



# Clock

Special Photographs by  
Russell Ball

a sartorially perfect day  
Tashman

What to wear with the evening gown? Miss Tashman finds the answer in "Dorothy," a rose taffeta wrap. It has a shirred bodice and shoulders, caterpillar effect. Half concealed in the neck ruff are pearled camellias. The skirt is wide and flaring with a narrow fringed hem. When Miss Tashman steps out to a Hollywood film premiere in this costume, the crowd in front of the theater sets up a loud hurrah



"And so to bed," in a negligee-nightgown made of black lace. The nightgown is worn with a matching coat of chiffon. But one doesn't sleep in the coat, even on the coldest nights. This boudoir costume represents Mr. Greer's revolt against the pajama suit which, he believes, is lacking in feminine charm



Any woman who couldn't be happy in this evening gown is just an old crosspatch. Mr. Greer calls it "Laco di Como," which means Lake Como. It (the gown, not the lake) is made of three shades of rose chiffon and is embroidered in silver and pearl. The skirt dips in the back almost touching the floor. The gown is one of the many reasons why Lilyan Tashman is known as the best dressed woman in Hollywood—and why she gets those ritzy rôles

# The STARS That The Patriot

By Margaret E. Sangster

**A**LWAYS we see them—the stars that never were. And, almost always, we wonder about them. The extras who show the unexpected flash of high genius. The members of the mob—who never seem to rise above the mob.

Often we wonder why they do not ascend to the heights, these extras. For some of them have in their grasp the thing called "IT." Some of them have that intense—and intensive—magnetism that goes into the making of success upon the screen—that is, almost, the keynote of success and its symbol!

Some of them, also, have the true flair for acting. Unmistakable, breath-taking. And, recognizing it, we watch through picture after picture—half expecting to see again a face that we have only glimpsed before. To see again some face in its proper setting—to watch some spirit unleashed and given its real chance.

**T**HAT woman, for instance, who moves like a jungle creature through a tiny section of one flaring reel. That slim, amazingly lovely girl, with the mouth that is half sullen and half wistful. *Of whom does she remind you?* And that boy whose eyes are sad—the one who limps, ever so slightly. Can't you see him cast as the hero of the post-war novel that set the book lovers of a nation to talking?

And—speaking of post-war novels. Of pre-war novels. And of the war, itself . . .

We are tired of the war—yes! That is what the magazine editors, and the critics, and the directors tell us when we come to them with stories or with plays laid in those turbulent years between 1914 and 1918. We are tired of the war—bored with it. We don't want to hear of it again, ever! And yet—when some epic of the war does appear upon the printed page, when some battle scene flares across the silver sheet, we read it avidly—we watch it with eager eyes. And those of us who toiled through the mud of the Argonne draw shaking hands across damp foreheads. And those of us who knew sorrow-drenched Paris try to brush away the mist that will obstruct our view. . . .



You remember the success of that great pageant of the world war—and of all wars? The one that ran, for three straight years, in a certain large motion picture theater? A film with its cast splendidly chosen—its drama carefully sustained. And you remember that most tense moment of all—when a shivering little band of peasants was lined up before an alien firing squad? It was the second peasant from the left who caught the eye—who held the attention. There was such mute agony on his drawn, tired face—such utter, overwhelming despair. One felt, when he fell forward heavily in the dust, that the firing squad had been a real one—equipped to do deadly work!

# Never Were

In the ranks of Hollywood's extras may be found the real drama of the movies. Here is the story of a Central American refugee who faced a mimic firing squad and seared his bit into celluloid. Fame was his—but he never knew

Illustrated by  
R. Van Buren



Pasquale was quite unconscious of the grinding of a camera. Was quite deaf to the calling voice of the man who directed the scene. He took his place, against the wall, in a way that was utterly mechanical. Remember the peasant who was the second from the left? The gaunt, dark little man? The director shouted an order. And it was then that Pasquale made his great dramatic appeal. It was then that he had his great moment

the doors of a casting office. His English was too meager—his need was too great. His explanation would, at best, have read like fiction—like a story out of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings."

Only this—he had come. Winding a tortuous way along a trail that might end, anywhere, in disaster. By pack mule and motor car—on tramp steamer and in freight train—he had made the journey. A man looking wearily ahead to a land that was not a land of promise. A man afraid to look back into a past that held only the agony of broken hopes!

**H**E had been snatched—inarticulate, bewildered, almost ill—from a little prison. Infested with rats and rumors, with fever and with fear. The next dawn had been set for his execution—for he was a rebel and only a successful rebel is hailed as a hero! He was making his peace with God—what he thought to be his final peace—in the dark of the midnight when a creaking at his cell door, a whispered summons, gave him his liberty. Almost before he knew it he was out upon the street—a blanket muffled about his face, his feet scarcely daring to hurry.

"If they catch you—no matter how far you may travel—" so his deliverer told him—"it will be death. But that—you know. . . . We will carry you across the border—and you will be given what money we have, and our prayers will follow you. But that is all. You must—" the voice was rife with warning—"you must seek your own safety!"

And so it had gone. Silently, surely, Pasquale was smuggled across a barrier. Money—not much!—was pressed into his thin hand. A blessing was breathed into his ear. And he was on his way to—God knows where.

A man who might have been called, had his patriotism flourished, his country's saviour. A man who, now, would only be known as an exile.

He started out. Upon a journey that might have ended at any door—in any city. The [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

And one wondered—reading motion picture news, searching mob scene after mob scene—why the man never appeared again to duplicate the amazing thing that he had done with what might have been a shallow, commonplace moment.

For he would have duplicated his success—but surely! For he had, if acting counts, the aforementioned flair of genius! He would have duplicated his success, if—

**H**OW he came to Hollywood, Pasquale himself could not have answered. For he didn't quite know—wasn't quite able to trace—the path that led from a Central American revolution to



How to turn a plain pipe into a pipe of peace. Paint a picture of the wife or girl friend on the bowl in oils. This sentimental notion, worthy of the Nineties, is demonstrated by Robert Armstrong

# Gossip The

By Cal



Here is the Mystery Baby, Mae Murray's son, with his father, David Mdivani. Even in this photograph, stolen through a telephoto lens, you can see a resemblance to Mae. The boy is sixteen months old. And maybe Hollywood isn't worked up over it!

International Newsreel

**A**FTER all, it takes Mae Murray to put over a swift one on Hollywood, and the rest of the world, too.

In the case of the Mystery Baby it was David Mdivani who let the cat out of the bag or, rather, the child out of the crib.

Mdivani announced that Mae was the mother of a sixteen months old son, born in Los Angeles during the first part of 1927. The advent of the heir was kept a secret because "it might interfere with Mae's career and because in Europe," again according to Mdivani, "we do not publish such things to the world."

Live and learn.

In my dumb way I always thought Europeans, from royalty down, boasted of such achievements; and that the "babies interfere with a career" legend went out with bustles and side-combs.

**M**AE was *en route* from New York to Los Angeles on the day that her husband broke the delicate news and when reporters met her upon her arrival, she politely intimated that it was none of anybody's business. And she refused to give any further information as to the place and date of the boy's birth.

The baby lives in Mae's home, guarded by a Japanese nurse. Mamma will shortly embark on a vaudeville tour, leaving Hollywood to unravel the best mystery story of the year.

And what, oh what, does Auntie Pola think of all this?

**W**HEN Doug and Mary left Europe for America, they sailed from Naples, Doug bringing along the usual hangers-on and derelicts he picks up in Europe. As Frank Case, that famous Algonquinist, once remarked upon seeing Doug show a group of visitors through the studio: "There goes Doug with a string of empties."

**I**T'S a job to keep up with these Hollywood heart affairs. Now Ben Lyon is giving Lupe Velez the grand rush. And rush is a mild word for the man who would keep up with Lupe.

However, Marion Nixon, who has been seen with Ben Lyon

at the various places-to-go for nearly a year, doesn't look heart-broken. She always has her pick of the boys.

**A**ND there's "Skeets" Gallagher and Pauline Garon. You saw "Skeets" in "The Racket." Now that they approach the "we're engaged" state, Pauline starts working on a vaudeville sketch which will take her all over the country. This coupling of romance and careers is no joking proposition!

**T**HE day after Alice White finally broke her engagement to aviator Dick Grace and announced that she had renounced men in favor of her career, she turned her attention to Walter Byron, Vilma Banky's new leading man.

**P**OOOR Michael Curtiz, the director, is in wrong with his bosses. Michael was foolish enough to boast that "Noah's Ark" would cost only \$500,000 but would look like a million. The Warner Brothers rose to proclaim that the picture would cost at least a million and a half.

It's sad but true that in this business many producers would rather have a picture cost a million and look like thirty cents than cost thirty cents and look like a million.



# of All Studios

York

For the first time in four years, Lottie Pickford looks into a motion picture camera. Lottie returned from Honolulu about the time that Mary arrived in Hollywood from Europe. Lottie, who is divorced from Allan Forrest, has retired from the screen



P & A



The old-fashioned hair ribbon — of all things! — is brought up to date. Anita Page wears a ribbon to hide the fact that her hair is growing out. It covers up those annoying stray hairs at the back of her head

"I thank you," she answered. Fifteen extras who had been holding their breath gasped.

They had read again and again that Miss Garbo would not take still pictures, that her temperament would not allow her to be stopped.

That she never thanked anybody! Which is all you can believe about what is said of these "temperamental" artists.

**G**RETA NISSEN has never met Greta Garbo! Two countrywomen who have stared at each other across the Montmartre tables with homesick longing without once having someone offer to introduce them.

And they say there are no conventions in the Film City!

**A** MYSTERIOUS stranger called upon Richard Arlen the other night.

"I have information about you," he began in a threatening tone. "It should be worth a lot of money to you to keep it quiet. YOU ARE THE FATHER OF A CHILD!"

Dick laughed.

"Sure I am! A little girl, seven, by a former marriage. Not more than four hundred thousand people beside yourself know this startling fact. I am mighty proud of this little daughter and often take her to the studio. But I tell you what I'll do. If you can get any reputable paper to carry the story of this amazing discovery of yours—I'll pay you fifty dollars!"

Then he bowed the stranger out.

Screen actors are frequently prey to this sort of attack, but, unfortunately, not all of them meet it with such aplomb.

**A** PUBLICITY man stopped Greta Garbo as she came off the set.

"Will you pose for some 'still' pictures, please, Miss Garbo?"

"Certainly."

And when he had finished, "Thank you, Miss Garbo."

**L**ITTLE Harry Perry, Jr., has been raised on film phrases. His father is the film's famous air cinematographer, having presided over the shooting of "Wings," and for the last eight or ten months acted as camera genie of "Hell's Angels."

The boy was watching the goldfish in the Beverly Hills park recently.

"Daddy, I know what a goldfish is."

"What is it?"

"A sardine in greasepaint."

**A** SERIO-COMIC incident following a tragic event. A Hollywood physician asked a woman for a small payment on her bill.

"I'd be glad to, doctor, but I can't on account of Rudolph Valentino."

The doctor was mystified, and said so.

"Well, it's this way," replied the woman. "I bought the lot adjoining his in Forest Lawn Cemetery, thinking I could sell it at a profit."

"And then, when he died, he was buried in the Hollywood Cemetery."



Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland spent their vacation in Honolulu, chaperoned by Norma's mother. But if you think that kept Hollywood from chirping about it, you don't know your film colony



"The Grand Old Man of the Movies" visits the Paramount Studio and is welcomed by Richard Arlen. PHOTOPLAY is glad to say that Theodore Roberts, for two years crippled by rheumatism, is well again

**R**ONALD COLMAN tells this one: An author had written and sold to motion pictures a brilliant story called "The Optimist."  
 "Yeh, it's a darned good story," said the producer, "but we gotta change the title."  
 "I thought it was a fine title," demurred the writer.  
 "'Snot that. It's the public. Of course, you and me would know that an 'optimist' was a fellow where you go to have your eyes tested, but the public don't."

**A**DD to Mr. Noah Webster's tome, Joseph von Sternberg's definition of a supervisor:  
 "A supervisor is a person who keeps a Gentile from being artistic."

**A**BIT of humor overheard on the broad estate of Estelle Taylor:  
 Franc Dillon, one of the fond parents of the Beverly Hills Little Theater movement, is talking to Kenneth Harlan:  
 "Will you appear in one of our plays, Kenneth?"  
 "Sure," he answers, largely. And, as an afterthought, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put on my act for you!"  
 He had just been signed to do a talkie sketch for Vitaphone. Marie Prevost, at his side, turns in time to hear Kenneth's proposal:  
 "Which act?"

**T**ALKING with Doug, Jr., the other day.  
 "Is there any way to kill that rumor that Helene Costello and I are going back together?" he queried. "I am all wrapped up in Billie and I want the world to know it."  
 And "Billie" is what he calls Joan Crawford.

**M**ERNA KENNEDY is ambitious. She says she will not marry until she is sure that her man will be known as "the husband of Merna Kennedy!"  
 Probably this is her revenge toward men in general for having been publicized as "the leading lady for Charlie Chaplin!"  
 But we wonder what Jimmy Hall, the boy-friend, thinks of this ultimatum.

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN was giving a dinner party at the Russian Eagle in honor of Lily Damita. Seven gentlemen and Lily were present.

Suddenly smoke filled the room. The restaurant was burning. Someone grabbed Lily and rushed her through an open window.

Now the argument is: Which man really saved Lily Damita? Those claiming the honor include: Charlie Chaplin, Harry D'Arrast, John Monk Saunders, Harry Crocker, the Marquis De La Falaise and Count Jean Dilimur.  
 Evidently Lily has her own ideas on the matter. Anyway, she has been seen most frequently since the fire escorted by Harry D'Arrast. And every lady favors a hero.

**W**HEN American people try to air their French on Lily Damita, she looks innocent and answers, "Oh, talk to mamma. She speaks only ze French; I speak only ze Engleesh in dees country." Friends tell us that "dammit" and "what to Hell" are two of her favorite English expressions.

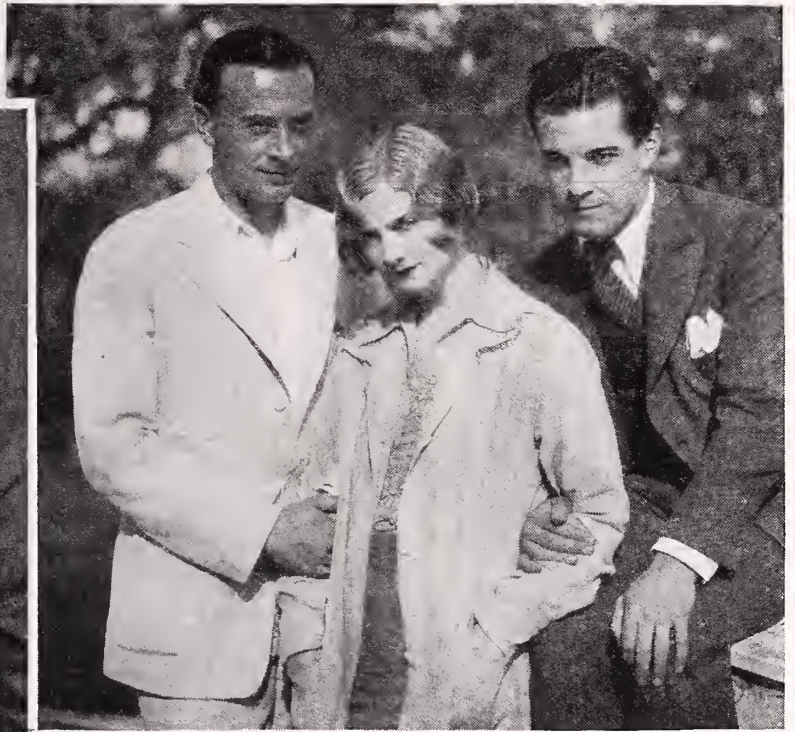
**A**LOW bow to King Vidor who returned from Europe without dragging a big foreign "discovery" in his wake. In fact, King says that there is plenty of talent in Hollywood and there is no need to import stars with fancy names and accents.  
 King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor went to Europe solely for fun and a vacation. Their little daughter, who had the tentative title of Joyce, is now called Antonia.

**I**N spite of the much publicized trip of Dolores Del Rio and Edwin Carewe around the world, a little bird from within the studio whispers that, for the first few days they worked on "Revenge," the director and his leading lady were not speaking!  
 Talking of these two, no one seems to be able to find out whether the United States government is going to recognize the Carewe or Del Rio Mexican divorces. Not that it matters.

**M**ARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan decided they couldn't live together. Marie secured an interlocutory decree. Now they are being seen everywhere together and it is doubtful if the final papers will ever be signed.



Stealing the cop's stuff by concealing cigarettes in the hat. John Mack Brown holds the package in place with an elastic band. A bulky cigarette case can spoil the lines of a snappy suit



Three of Rex Ingram's discoveries hold a confab in Nice, France. The handsome bronze gentleman is Ivan Petrovitch. The blonde is Alice Terry. And of course you recognize our own Ramon Novarro

Viola Dana and "Lefty" Flynn severed their matrimonial knot about the same time as Marie and Kenneth. Now, they, too, are domiciling under the same roof.

Doris Dean and Roscoe Arbuckle tried living apart, but all indications point to their re-union.

**BILLY JOY**, brother of Leatrice, told us last month of the Scotchman who wouldn't let his boy go to school because he had to pay attention.

Now he informs us about the Scotchman who quit going to his lodge because he had to give the password.

**THE** popular place for the movie-ites to vacation these days is Honolulu. Alan Dwan started the vogue in the dear old bygone days. Then Colleen Moore and John McCormick rejuvenated it early this season. Esther Ralston followed their lead and also Chester Conklin, whose drooping mustache was mistaken for a grass skirt on the beach at Waikiki. Others who answered the irresistible call of Ukuleleland include Laura La Plante, Eddie Sloman, Helene Costello, Kenneth Harlan and Clyde Cook. Buster Collier is at present harking to the call, as is Louise Fazenda.

The latest to leave the celluloid shore were Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland. Mother Talmadge also went along, and a hitherto unheard-of uncle. Zest was added to their departure by the naive announcement in a Los Angeles paper which set forth specifically—and why, Hollywood wants to know,—that Mr. Roland would occupy a stateroom with the uncle.

Next November, Lita Gray Chaplin and Roy D'Arcy are making the trip to Honolulu, accompanied by Mrs. Chaplin's mother, so we are told. We are also informed that Roy and Lita are not announcing impending nuptials for the very good reason that one of the prospectives is not free.

**GARY COOPER** paid New York a short visit and as a result a beautiful blonde from a night club has given up her job and has gone to Hollywood to get into the movies. She is

leaving behind her a rich boy friend who got the gate when Gary appeared on this scene.

And just to prove that Gary cares in a big way, the blonde is showing the following telegram to all her friends:

"I shall hope to see you in Hollywood. There are things I can never forget and which I know you won't forget. Yours, Gary."

What could be more to the point? And wonder what Evelyn Brent thinks about these days.

**A** WELL-KNOWN director stood outside the hospital door which separated him from his equally well-known motion picture star wife.

Finally, after endless hours of perspiration and floor-walking, a doctor appeared from within the sanctum sanctorum.

"What is it, doc?" the director managed to stutter.

"A fine girl. She—"

"Thank God!" The director wiped his brow. "Thank God, doc. She'll never have to go through this!"

**EVA VON BERNE**, the seventeen year old girl whom Norma Shearer discovered in Vienna, is a lovely youngster with a face of rare wistfulness. But her first job in movie-land is to lose ten pounds from the adolescent, roly-poly figure. Which reminds us of Vilma Banky when she first arrived in this country.

**A**ND this bit of information about Fraulein von Berne is passed on to you more as a scientific fact than as gossip. When Eva left New York for Los Angeles she carried with her a pair of black silk stockings. For why? Because Eva's legs are a trifle plump and black silk stockings are slenderizing. Eva was instructed to don the dark stockings just before she faced the photographers at the train in Los Angeles.

**LOUISE BROOKS** is famous in Hollywood as a gal who must have her sleep. Twelve hours a day keeps the doctor away, is her motto.

Recently Louise was sojourning in a hotel room in Jacumba, California, which opened upon the dancing pavilion. On location for "Beggars of Life," not for pleasure.

It was the first night and the band played mercilessly—while the natives danced.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]

# Why Athletes

The famous "fastest human," who to stardom in vain, tells how and why celebrities flop

**C**ELEBRITIES are not sell-outs in the cinema. No hero from another field of endeavor has proved a successful star in motion pictures. Few of these celebrities have made money out of the movies and none of them has established a permanent niche in filmland.

Even such operatic stars as Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Lina Cavalieri; great idols and famous beauties, could not become permanent picture heroines, though they entered into films with a tremendous following. With pulchritude and ability to recommend them and countless thousands of fans to boost them, it seems incredible that they should have been surpassed by unknown girls of mediocre and unproved worth. Yet such was the case.

Some may say the rea-



Charley Paddock with Babe Ruth. The Sultan of Swat managed to get more money out of pictures than any other athlete. And he did it with a picture, "Babe Comes Home," that never made money for anyone except Babe. He got \$30,000, thanks to his shrewd manager

son they did not succeed was because they were singers and their voices were lost on the screen, so that those who had loved them in opera and concert work were not interested when they could see but could not hear them. This sounds like a plausible theory. But it cannot account for the similar failure of Dempsey, Tunney and Leonard; of Ruth and Tilden and Grange; of Ederle and Kahanamoku. The public had the opportunity to watch these celebrities do on the screen what they had been doing before limited audiences. It was also possible to make boxing, baseball, tennis, football and swimming far more dramatic in pictures than in real life. Yet again the public was not interested.

Fay Lanphier, winner of Atlantic City's national beauty contest, thought she was to star in "The American Venus." But two players then comparatively unknown—Esther Ralston and Louise Brooks—ran away with the film

Douglas Fairbanks seemed to answer the whole problem of the celebrity when he asked a college boy, "Are you indispensable to motion pictures?"

Fairbanks has taken many young college graduates into his corporation "on probation." They have come to him asking for a job, their only recommendation a college diploma. Douglas has patiently talked to them about pictures, painted the glorious future for artists of the screen and has pointed out to them that there are many fields connected with the art besides the business of acting. He has offered them a job for three months at fair pay and has told them in that length of time to study the industry and his own particular plant and to find a position for themselves where they could prove indispensable.

"For," Fairbanks says to them, "there are many loopholes in this new business, loopholes where money is lost and art is sacrificed. Stop those holes, save that art. Make yourself indispensable!"

**A**T the end of three months, if the college man has failed, Douglas shakes hands with him and they part as friends. But it is surprising the number of young men who have succeeded in making themselves "indispensable."

It seems to me that each celebrity could well ask that question, "Are you indispensable to motion pictures?" And if they were honest with themselves, the answer would be a negative one.

For pictures is a business like any other, which has to be



# Fail in Pictures

has tried sprinting  
why the sport celeb-  
in the films

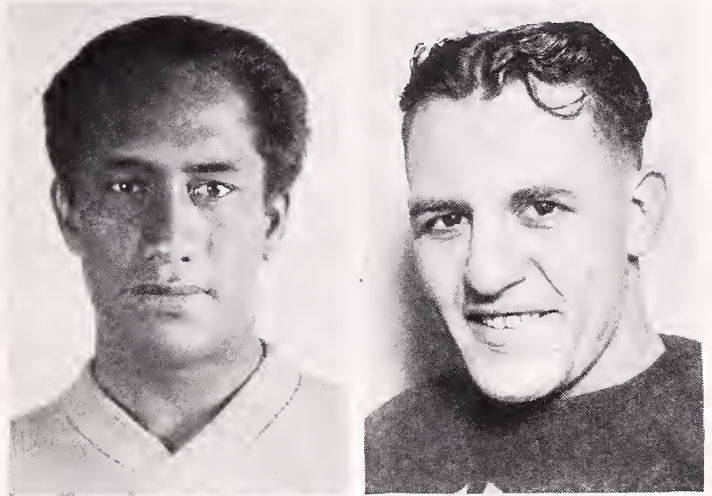
*By Charley Paddock*

studied and mastered. Acting is an art and not a heaven-born gift that comes without labor. People go to the theater to be entertained, to laugh and to cry and those who make them do it are bound to be masters of their profession, just as the celebrities have proved conquerors in their fields of endeavor.

FOR many months following the summer of 1926 the most famous woman in the world was not Mary Pickford or Mary Garden. The honors were unquestionably the property of Gertrude Ederle, the greatest swimmer in all the world, the conqueror of the English Channel. "Trudie" had won an undying place in the affections of the American people. The day after she had set a new world's record, making faster time than any man who had preceded her and when she stood out as the only woman who had been successful in that supreme test, the world and all that was in it was hers. She could have named her own terms in vaudeville.

"Trudie" went to Germany instead. Days passed and weeks. Her record was broken by first a German and then a Frenchman. Another woman swam the channel. Still Trudie received a tremendous ovation when she reached New York and she signed a worth while vaudeville contract. She went on the "road."

Bebe Daniels was about to make a swim-



Duke Kahanamoku, who was international amateur swimming champion, tried hard to get over on the screen. He worked as an extra and even achieved bits—but that was all

Red Grange made a tidy sum on "One Minute to Play" and then lost it all on "The Motor Maniac." Audiences were interested in one film and then forgot Red

ming picture for Paramount. It was to be the story of a little girl in college who won her man by swimming and, in the course of college events, got herself entangled in a channel race which she thought she had won. The executives, together with Miss Daniels, decided that the picture could be greatly strengthened by adding Gertrude Ederle to the cast. She would not be the star, nor even the second woman lead. But she would have an opportunity to show her swimming stroke and she would get a marvelous "break" in publicity.

THERE was no saying what the latter would lead to. Miss Ederle might screen well. Her part might be a stepping stone to cinema greatness. This was her chance. "Trudie" seized it. She left her vaudeville tour. All told she spent at least two months on the trip to Hollywood. Her actual work lasted less than a week. Her footage in the picture, aside from her swimming scenes, did not occupy much more space than that of a glorified extra. Her name was all that was wanted. For that name Gertrude Ederle received, after her expenses were deducted, in the neighborhood of \$2500, or about \$200 a week for the time she had consumed. Less money than a talented dress-maker or a fairly successful bond salesman. Yet she was the most famous woman in the world, and the greatest feminine swimmer of all time.

Like most champions Gertrude Ederle gambled when she accepted that proposition, gambled with the future. She hoped that this might lead to stardom, for it appeared that she would have a running start from the boost her name would give her.

Yet this was not the case. The public was interested in Gertrude Ederle the swimmer and not in Gertrude Ederle the actress. If she was to succeed in filmdom she would have to start at the beginning, learn the art of acting and take her chance with those countless others who one day had been [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



Gertrude Ederle and Bebe Daniels in "Swim, Girl, Swim." Trudy hoped to succeed in pictures but she soon discovered that the public was interested in Ederle the swimmer and not in Ederle the actress. Miss Ederle lost money in her film venture and gained nothing



FOUR WALLS—M.-G.-M.

THE best of the season's crop of underworld offerings. Bill Nigh, with a nifty piece of directing, harks back to "Humoresque" without becoming a carbon-copy. He gives a Jewish gangster a four-year "stretch," brings him back, lets him win his crook maiden and sends 'em both straight, after nearly crashing 'em into the pen again. For getting down to earth with the practical sort of love-making that folks like, our hat is off to John Gilbert and Joan Crawford. John certainly takes that gel in hand, and, boy, how she likes to be taken! Vera Gordon serves a brand of mother-interest that will hit home because she never becomes super-sentimental or maudlin. And let's not forget Carmel Meyers. Carmel slicks her hair back and gives us a person so plain that we have to look twice to recognize her.



POWER—Pathe

THIS picture is classed as one of the best of the month for no particular reason except that it keeps you laughing throughout.

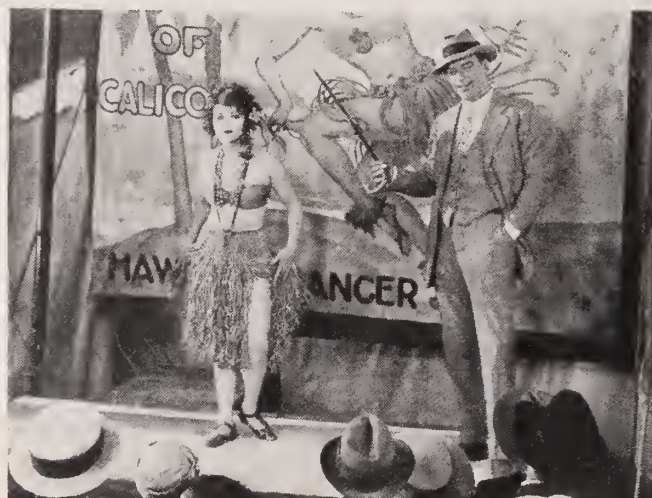
Bill Boyd again appears as a humanly humorous smart aleck, which seems to be the type the public demands of him. This time Boyd and Alan Hale are teamed as "two-fisted workers on both dams and feminine hearts." They swing back and forth over the highest dam in the world, without the bat of an eye, but when the girl "looking for 'clucks' with loose jack" comes to town, they fall like weaklings and are both duped by the same gold-digger.

Jacqueline Logan very capably plays this girl of "Quaker mien and crafty heart." There are thrilling fights and near-accidents, but the picture is essentially a comedy.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



THE BARKER—First National

IF THEY would give us more pictures like this, the silent drama would not have to fear the competition of the "talkies." However, "The Barker" is now having some incidental sound applied. You will hear Milton Sills' ballyhoo and persuasive call of the midway.

"The Barker" has a simple story which encompasses all of the elemental emotions in the everyday struggles of a colorful, intensely human group of carnival troupers.

Nifty Miller is a barker who crowds 'em in to see his sweetheart-hula dancer. His passion for her is second only to his love for his boy. When that lad jumps his law studies to troupe with his father, her jealousy starts a miniature revolution among the seasoned old-timers. The complications which result blend pathos and humor in a masterful manner.

You will see as perfect a set of troupers as any circus ever boasted. Milton Sills, as the barker; Betty Compton, as his temperamental sweetheart; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the son and Dorothy Mackaill as the boy's sweetheart fit their parts as naturally as though they had been carnival followers for years. There is no choice for a "best performance."

Director George Fitzmaurice was called to New York to talk "new contract" when the First National powers-that-be saw the picture. No wonder! He has created a picture of human-life rather than circus-life.

You cannot afford to miss the humanness and the humor of this production.

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BARKER                      THE WOMAN DISPUTED  
FOUR WALLS                      POWER  
FORGOTTEN FACES                CRAIG'S WIFE

## The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "Four Walls"  
Milton Sills in "The Barker"  
Dorothy Mackaill in "The Barker"  
Greta Garbo in "The Mysterious Lady"  
Betty Compson in "The Barker"  
Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Disputed"  
Irene Rich in "Craig's Wife"  
Warner Baxter in "Craig's Wife"  
Joan Crawford in "Four Walls"  
Arnold Kent in "The Woman Disputed"  
Clive Brook in "Forgotten Faces"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 135*



**FORGOTTEN FACES—Paramount**

IF THIS picture is a *sample* of Paramount's all-star program we are willing to take the full serving. A great array of talent is shown in this: Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Baclanova, Fred Kohler and Jack Luden.

Yes, it's underworld. But an entirely different type of story, dealing with the sacrifice and regeneration of a life-termer to save his daughter from ruin.

If you enjoyed Clive Brook as *Rolls Royce* of "Underworld," you will love his superb performance in this as *Heliotrope Harry*, when he is everything from the dapper crook to butler in his own daughter's home. Slightly less important is Baclanova, the "fiery blonde Russian."

If you like fast-moving drama, with startling denouement, watch for "Forgotten Faces."



**THE WOMAN DISPUTED—United Artists**

A DYNAMIC drama in which Norma Talmadge exalts a Magdalen to the level of a patriotic saint. She gives a picturesque, yet powerful characterization of a *demi-mondaine*; it is undoubtedly Miss Talmadge's greatest contribution to the screen. She plays with subtlety, delicacy, and restraint in a part which could so easily be morbid and maudlin.

One *Mary Ann Wagner*, an Austrian girl, is unjustly accused of murder. Two fashionable young army officers, a Russian and an Austrian, befriend her. She drops the life she has been forced into, and eagerly accepts the work they find for her. Both officers fall in love with the girl, and their life-long friendship turns to bitter hate. Russia declares war on Austria, and the three part.

The men go to their respective regiments, and *Mary Ann* to the fields with her countrywomen. She is regenerated through her love for the Austrian officer and her country. When the Russians seize Lemberg, her home, the unsuccessful lover, commanding the invading army, demands her embraces for the lives of many Austrians sentenced to death. The ensuing climax and denouement is drama of the greatest poignancy, powerfully handled by Miss Talmadge.

Arnold Kent gives a magnificent characterization of *Nicolai Tourgenov*, the Russian, and Gilbert Roland, as *Paul von Hartmann*, the Austrian, registers another personal conquest. A gorgeous production, smoothly directed—and a distinct triumph for every member of the cast.



**CRAIG'S WIFE—Pathe**

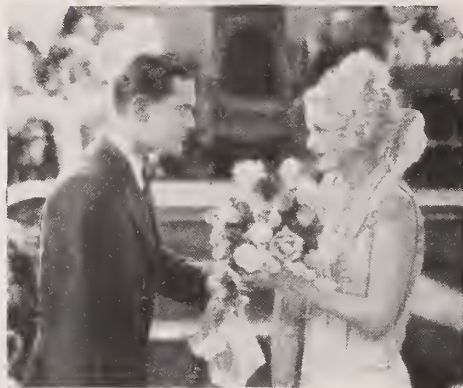
WILLIAM DE MILLE gives a brilliant picturization of a Broadway success, completely avoiding spectacular melodrama and forced situations. It starts quietly enough, but with a sure, smooth tempo, builds to a tensely dramatic finish. The director has surpassed himself in his unique power to portray the intrinsic drama of the ordinary human frailties.

Irene Rich, as a woman who married wisely, but too well, has a rare opportunity to show her gift for intimate characterization.

Warner Baxter plays the rôle of the politely henpecked gentleman with marvelous sympathy and restraint. A simple story, yet its handling makes it drama of the highest order.

# PHOTOPLAY Inaugurates Its New Special

**HEART TO HEART—**  
First National



**T**HIS is one of those rare comedies. It is the last co-starring picture of Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes for First National. Louise Fazenda and Lucien Littlefield draw honors for the rib-ticklers. The scene is one of those little towns where an angular spinster matches her tongue against the weekly newspaper. A real princess comes to visit! But—more of the story would spoil the treat in store for you. Don't miss it.

**THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES—**  
United Artists



**A** LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT drama, not as belligerent as the title implies, but human, sophisticated and worth while. Jean Hersholt as a business mogul greatly distresses a happy family by becoming entangled with a gold-digging blonde, Phyllis Haver. Don Alvarado is good as the power behind the blonde, and Belle Bennett adds suspense to suicide as the distraught wife. Worth your while.

**THE MYSTERIOUS LADY—**  
M.-G.-M.



**T**HE first reel lays on the Garbo slinking sinuousness with lavish hand. She will win no lady friends with that! And men don't want their "It" served so obviously, either. Otherwise the picture is okay. Fred Niblo gives us a gripping story of war intrigue. Garbo is a great spy as well as a great lover, and Conrad Nagel proves Madame Glyn was right when she said he had IT. So see it.

**THE WHIP—**  
First National



**D**OROTHY MACKAIL'S first independent starring vehicle is a beautiful production depicting the sportsman-life of the English gentleman. But, despite the beauty of fox hunts, the excitement of Ascot races and a thrilling battle between Ralph Forbes and Lowell Sherman, it misses being a big picture through slow movement and jerky interludes. However, it is worth seeing.

**LADIES OF THE MOB—**  
Paramount



**T**HE IT girl turns dramatic. Clara Bow steps right into stark melodrama with a fistful of firearms and proves by her fine handling of this tense rôle that she has been "holding out" on us. The author of this story is a life term in a California prison, and creates a vivid picture of gunmen and their "molls"—not cheerful but strangely sympathetic. You will scold yourself a long time if you fail to see Clara in this.

**JUST MARRIED—**  
Paramount



**A** CATCH-ME-IF-YOU-CAN stateroom farce, from Ann Nichols' play, beautifully acted, directed, and titled. It concerns the pre and post marital complications of six young things aboard a transatlantic liner, and they certainly do rock the boat. Ruth Taylor is pleasing enough as a synthetic heroine, but James Hall has turned out to be a super-comedian. Sophisticated comedy with the lid off.



# Department Devoted to Sound Film Reviews

**WHILE  
THE CITY  
SLEEPS—  
M.-G.-M.**



**N**OW and then Lon Chaney tosses his make-up kit over the fence and acts like a human being. He appears "as is" in this picture, which shows crook stuff at its highest tempo, dwarfing "The Big City" to the size of a newsreel, and proving that an occasional straight rôle is fine balance for big character actors. He gives a remarkable characterization of a tough dick. A well-knit story, exceptionally cast and directed.

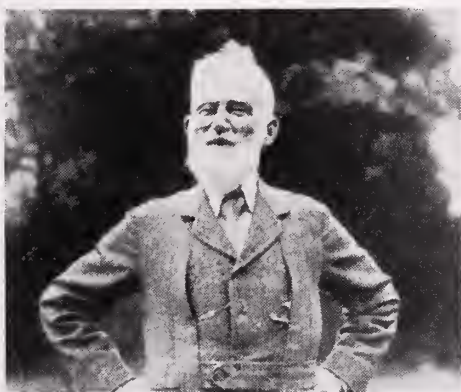
**LOVE OVER  
NIGHT—  
Pathe**



**A**NOTHER mystery-comedy, which Rod La Rocque plays with such seriousness that it is uproariously funny. Jeanette Loff is again his leading woman. The picture is filled with comedy business, much of which is provided by Tom Kennedy, who plays a dumb but persistent detective. Some of the situations are excruciatingly funny and the entire picture is splendid entertainment.

## Sound Pictures

**GEORGE  
BERNARD  
SHAW—  
Fox Movietone**



**T**HIS picture is the wow of the talkies and the most talked about release of the season. It is the first time that Bernard Shaw ever has talked directly and face to face! Although over seventy years old, Shaw is built like an athlete. He moves as gracefully as Jack Dempsey. And he has so much sex appeal that he leaves the gals limp.

The all-too-short reel opens in Shaw's garden with birds singing—tweet, tweet—in the distance. Then Shaw appears and you hear his footsteps—scrunch, scrunch—on the path. He walks close to the camera and goes into his monologue. The high spot is his imitation of Mussolini. Be sure to see this reel, even if you have to travel to the next town to do it.

### **THE FAMILY PICNIC—Fox Movietone**

**T**HIS is the first picture done all in Movietone, with dialogue, squawking children and all the bedlam of modern life. The story—if any—tells the adventure of a terrible family out for a horrible picnic. As a pleasure jaunt, it is just one long agony. And you laugh because you remember some such ghastly party. The reel proves that natural lines, without any attempt to be literary or dramatic, are effective just because they are natural. And ordinary noises—a stalled engine or the honking of horns—are funny because they are so completely true to life.

So see this picture, just as a novelty and just to find out what Movietone can do.

**THE LION  
AND THE  
MOUSE—  
Warner  
Vitaphone**



**T**HIS old Charles Klein melodrama is spotted with dialogue. It is not an all-talkie, since it preceded "Lights of New York" from the Warner Vitaphonic plant.

The story is old-fashioned, reeking of another dramatic day. *Ready Money Rider*, the powerful plutocrat, wrecks an honest judge because of a judicial decision. The story deals with the romance between the son and daughter of these two enemies. The dialogue, since it was lifted from the creaky old play, reeks of mothballs. However, Alec Francis, as the judge, and Lionel Barrymore, as the millionaire, do excellently with their lines, particularly Mr. Francis. May McAvoy and Willie Collier, Jr., come out of the affair with far less honors. You will probably find it highly interesting.

### **LIGHTS OF NEW YORK—Warner Vitaphone**

**A**NNOUNCED as the first all-talkie, this melodrama of Manhattan night life aroused a lot of attention from the New York critics. The Warners originally intended this to be a short talkie subject, then they got enthusiastic and enlarged it to seven feature reels. It's full of murder and attempted crime.

The cast, headed by Helene Costello, Wheeler Oakman, Cullen Landis and Gladys Brockwell, struggles hard with the pioneer problems of sound filming. None of the players emerge with particular glory. Sound films will have to work out a better technique to advance—and, of course, they will. This film, however, is a landmark of the sound movie.

[Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 111]



**I**N the light that lies in a woman's eyes is the principal charm of the face, according to Preston Duncan. In this futuristic portrait of Myrna Loy, the photographer has subordinated her other features by lines and shadows to bring out the beauty of her eyes. And, incidentally, if Myrna were the wage-slave of a company which would give her better stories, she'd be recognized as one of the most seductive actresses on the screen.

# Hollywood Finds Its VOICE

By Herb Howe

San Diego, Calif.

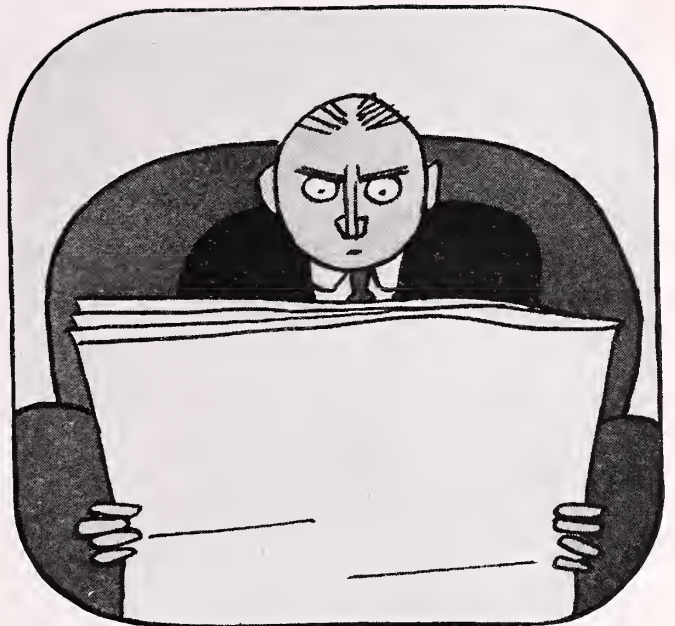
**D**EAR JIM: Here I am all set to hop off for Mexico from the same field Lindy started from. I'm going to see if I can get a job in pictures down there. No chance for an American up here; all they want is Mexicans in Hollywood. I've always heard of Mexico's vast natural resources, but I didn't know what these consisted of until I met Dolores, Lupe, Raquel and the other sparklers.

I'm always more at home among foreigners anyhow. Possibly because as a child I was stolen by gypsies. You have to like foreigners to get along in Hollywood. After residing there off and on for the past eight years I've all but forgotten my native tongue, as some of my faithful readers have noted.

Next to Italians I think I prefer Russians. The latter don't need to feel hurt for being rated second. I never lived in Russia, whereas I lived long enough in Italy and Sicily to be made an honorary member of the Black Hand. That was before Mussolini chased them all over to Chicago. I've never been back since. There are things I don't like about Mussolini; he goes too far.

When the Russian Eagle opened in Hollywood I went cosacking out to dip borsch with General Lodijensky. The General and his wife came to this country as refugees and made a fortune with their Russian Eagle restaurant in New York. Recently the General has been doing fine work in pictures. "The Last Command," in which he appeared, is the story of his life. He calls Gloria Swanson "Mammy" and tells you what Joe Schenck eats.

Corinne Griffith was there in a party with consort Walter



Herb learns of the natural resources of Mexico and starts for New York by way of Mexico City. Hollywood is getting to be no place for Americans

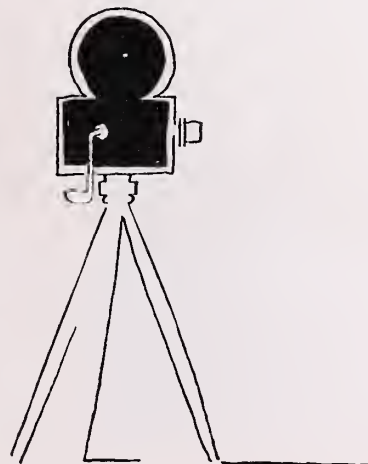
Morosco, Antonio Moreno and Daisy, Marie Dressler and others. Corinne smiled and I moved into the party. Bill Haines happened to be in line with the smile and also moved in.

People criticise Corinne because she seldom smiles in her pictures. She has to train herself not to.

**J**UST a glance from Corinne and a gentleman forgets himself; Ja smile and he recalls that Nietzsche said the secret of a joyous life is to live dangerously—and he moves right over.

Corinne started scolding me again because I don't write books and plays like everyone else does who has learned the touch system. So on Mother's Day I sent her flowers.

The Russians know how to be informal without being noisy: soft lights, soft carpets and soft music. The orchestra played "La Marseillaise" and Count Segurula, the opera singer who was dining at a nearby table, burst into song. The Count is making good in pictures, too. He is able to sing and keep a monocle in his eye at the same time, and this calls for facial control. When he had finished, Marie Dressler, Walter Morosco and I sang, "Here's to Good Old Yale, Drink Her Down, Drink Her Down," and we did not do badly at all considering that none of us had ever been to Yale for more than a semester, unless it be Marie. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Herb to Olga, waitress at the Russian Eagle: "There's a lot of Russian royalty in Hollywood."

Olga to Herb: "Yes, more than there was in Russia."

Olga is a lady. The duchesses are all in pictures



# \$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

## RULES OF CONTEST

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

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

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to com-

pete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

**Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement**

## SUGGESTIONS

Just to aid you in getting your solutions under way, PHOTOPLAY will tell you the name of one of the players in the first set of cut-face pictures, which appeared in the June issue. This player is Harry Crocker. Since this actor has appeared but rarely in films, PHOTOPLAY feels that his inclusion may have been a little unfair to contestants. All the others included in the contest are well known players.

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection

with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures.

These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

*A*N interesting informal photograph of the real Lillian Gish. Miss Gish is now in Austria working under the tutelage of Max Reinhardt. Like other far-seeing stars, she is studying voice culture under European specialists, with a view to making a talking picture. Technically one of the screen's best pantomimists, all of Lillian's childhood training was on the speaking stage.



Monroe



*1 AND 2*

The hair went to school in two great foreign towns,  
 The eyes with "Don Juan" walked away;  
 The mouth has a father who acted so well  
 He was king of the screen's yesterday.  
 The hair to a fighter is happily wed,  
 The eyes have a sister who acts;  
 The mouth charmed the star of the greatest war film—  
 Can you put together these facts?

*3 AND 4*

The hair was superb in a Barrymore film,  
 The eyes knew the midnight sun's gleam—  
 The mouth has a mind that is brilliant and fine,  
 And she's lovely as any man's dream!  
 The hair is light brown—it is tinted with gold,  
 The eyes were an Englishman's wife,  
 The mouth—though she's been on the screen for some time—  
 Now does the best work of her life.

*RESUME*

Two of them are married, two dodge Cupid's wiles,  
 Three of them were born in the States,  
 And one of them starred in a famous Glyn play  
 Which dealt with a changing of mates.  
 Two of them are fair—and two much more brunette,  
 \*And this is the end—have you got them right yet?



1 AND 2

The hair, of dark brown, in Atlanta was born,  
 The eyes have a daughter and wife;  
 The mouth, too, has married a lovely blonde girl,  
 We hope that he's settled for life.  
 The hair was a star for the old Vitagraph,  
 The eyes are dark blue—very dark—  
 The mouth has such chuckles and laughs up his sleeve,  
 That each play that he does is a lark!

3 AND 4

The hair has known footlights since he was a tot,  
 The eyes are a native of Spain;  
 The mouth weighs one-sixty—he's quite six feet tall—  
 He's a chap that they call "right as rain!"  
 The hair played a number of juvenile leads,  
 The eyes were, for years, on the stage;  
 The mouth is as popular, now, as he was  
 When the movies wrote down their first page.

RESUME (5)

Three of them ore morried—one's rumored about,  
 But no one can capture the lad!  
 And three ore great lovers (just screen stuff, of course),  
 And one oll life's lougher has had.  
 They oll have dark hair—three ore perfect brunettes,  
 And oll ore the sort that no woman forgets!



Carsey

ON the opposite page you will find Richard Barthelmess' Plea for Privacy. Dick thinks that the public's interest in a movie personality should end with his shadow self. He doesn't believe that stars should be on public view for twenty-four hours like a six-day bicycle racer or a marathon dancer. Read the Anti-Publicity Plank of Mr. Barthelmess' platform.



# A Plea *for* Privacy

Richard Barthelmess tells why he wants to keep his domestic life separated from his professional career

By  
*Helen  
Louise  
Walker*

**W**HEN Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay had been divorced only a short time, Dick, in some bitterness, made these predictions:

1. That if he ever married again it would be a woman outside of the profession.
2. That if he married again, he would keep his domestic life completely separated from his professional existence.
3. That the public should never be allowed to interfere with his private affairs.

The first prediction came true recently when Dick married Mrs. Jessica Sargent, a New York society woman. Now Dick is in the process of trying to keep his other promises to himself.

He met Mrs. Sargent on a trip to Paris. But it was not until he met her again in Hollywood at a party given by John Colton that they became engaged. Dick's little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, was about to return to her mother for six months and Dick had planned a vacation trip to Honolulu.

Wedding plans were quickly made. The pair were married in Reno, and Dick's vacation trip became a honeymoon.

Now for the second prediction.

Dick was a lonely figure before his marriage. He is one of the anomalies of the industry. It is one of fate's freaks when an aloof, withdrawn lad, a young man of inherent reticence, is thrust, by fluke of circumstance and accident of ability, into a flood of limelight which really frightens him.

Fame is considered one of the rewards of accomplishment. To Barthelmess it is one of the greatest penalties. And he fears, from experience, the things it can do to him.

"It isn't as if we were really important," he told me. "Nothing will ever convince me that I am actually important to anyone in the world outside of my dependents and the few people besides who are fond of me. We aren't celebrities. We are curiosities.

"Well then—since we are not important—is it fair that this thing—this artificial sort of prominence—should be allowed to interfere with our lives outside the studio?

"I am a wage earner. As such I have a duty to my customers. If my product is satisfactory I succeed in this duty. If it is not—I'll soon find it out!

"But I insist that my life outside the studio should be my own affair!"

I gather that Dick feels that marriage between two members of the profession is almost doomed at the outset because of the constant surveillance to which they are subjected. There are the old problems of two careers in one family, of course. But I think it is outside interference that he fears the most. "If both members of a family are engaged in public careers, there is no escape for them," he has said. "If they would not make us public figures— But they do. We become symbols of something or other and people demand that we set examples. I maintain that it is not a part of our job.

"The thing makes prisoners of us. We cannot go to public places without attracting attention. We must be constantly on our guard to avoid offending somebody. Our homes, then, become sanctuaries—the only places where we can be ourselves. I will not have my home invaded by the glare of publicity!"

**H**E means it. He will not allow any pictures to be made of himself and his bride for publication. He will give out no interviews about his marriage. Few people in the picture colony have met Mrs. Barthelmess. And it is certain that the pair will not appear at any public functions where she will be, as it were, on display. Dick is trying to make his predictions come true.

"The thing comes from the fact that the public confuses us with our products," he explains. "It is funny. No one confuses a watch-maker with the watches he makes. Nor an artist with the pictures he paints. Nor even a novelist with the characters he creates.

"But people do confuse a screen actor with the characters he portrays upon the screen. They imbue him with the attributes of the people he seems to be, from time to time, in pictures.

"It is not Barthelmess in whom they are interested. It is the man he seemed to be when they saw him in a picture.

"They liked the character. He was surrounded with glamour. For all they know, the real Barthelmess might be a man who would beat little children for fun. But they don't consider that. They think I am the man they saw in the theater upon the screen.

"I have never approved of personal publicity—accounts of a screen actor in his private life—an attempt to make a colorful, glamorous character of the man. That is the thing [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



P&A

When Dick Barthelmess married Mrs. Jessica Sargent he made a vow that his home would never be invaded by publicity. "Two people," he says, "cannot live in the public eye constantly and keep their perspective on life."

How real are those screen love scenes? How sincere are movie kisses? Read this amusing short story about two "Great Lovers"—and an ex-wife



# Eggs and ONIONS

By  
Katherine  
Albert

"A LETTUCE salad, a chicken sandwich and a very large order of nice, fresh, spring onions!"

A studio waitress is not in the habit of expressing amazement. She usually looks like an actor with the other expression. Therefore, the waitress who received this order simply allowed her pencil to hesitate for the fraction of a second above the yellow slip.

When the order arrived the beautiful, blonde star pushed the sandwich and the salad away in a disinterested manner and drew the plate of onions to her. Her little white teeth bit into them and she munched them down to the bright green stems. Her eyes looked as radiant as if she had been sipping champagne. She ate them all, even the smallest, most dejected looking one on the plate, called for her check and paid her bill with the air of one whose day had been a complete success.

She arrived on the set a few minutes later and, opening the large make-up case that never left her side, powdered her nose and smoothed the rouge on her lips.

A man, whom you could recognize at once as a director, be-

cause he did not wear puttees nor carry a megaphone, came over to her and pulled up a chair beside hers.

"Now, Felicite, as soon as Andy gets here . . ."

She glanced at her watch. "Not here yet?" And then—complacently—"I'm on time."

The director did not answer, but went right on. If you did not already know that he was a director, this habit would indicate it.

"We are going to do the big love scenes. He comes into the room and you've been waiting for him. Gee, but you're glad to see him!"

"I am, am I?"

"And you say, 'Darling, I knew you'd come back.'"

A gay voice from the other side of the set echoed across the stage. "Here I am," the voice chirped.

The director jumped from his chair. "All right, Andy, you and Felicite on the set!"

The action was rehearsed. The cameras cranked.

Felicite sat beneath the lights with her lovely hands folded

He clasped her in his arms. Arms about each other, he helped her to the couch. They sank down on it together and he kissed her little mouth with passion and tenderness. "Oh, how beautiful," murmured the visitor from Iowa. "That was fine," said the director

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin



Felicite opened her blue eyes as wide as the lids would permit. "Why, what is the matter, Andy?"

"You little wench!"

"Quiet, dear," she said sweetly, "visitors on the set."

"Oh, hell!" muttered Andy, and with just provocation.

THAT was just the trouble with these co-starring teams. You always had to have half the team a woman, and women always took mean advantages. Onions in a love scene! Of all the dirty tricks! Couldn't she have eaten onions when she was between pictures? Onions in a love scene! As if trying to steal all his good scenes wasn't enough. Why, she upstaged him so that when they began a piece of action in the middle of the room they both had their backs to the wall by the time it was finished. And then the joint interviews! She always wormed her way into the writer's good graces and made supposedly subtle but all too obvious remarks about him. She told everyone he was a lovely fellow and then turned around and said something nasty. She just wanted to annoy him. For no good reason, either. He had always been nice to her. It was just because they were co-starred that she hated him so much.

She sat chatting with a newspaper man. He could hear her low, insincere voice.

"Oh, I adore working with Mr. Wheaton," she said. "He's so generous in scenes. Gives the other fellow the break, you know. He excels in comedy situations because he's naturally so funny, but there is something not quite sincere about his love scenes. That, I imagine, is due to the fact that he's such a great, big strong heman that he seems timid in front of the camera."

Andrew Wheaton timid in front of the camera! He'd be damned if he'd sit by and let her say it. He walked over to the pair with these stinging words on the tip of his tongue, "Timid in front of the camera, hell! Who could make love to a woman who ate onions?" But she didn't let him say it. Instead, she smiled that insincere smile and said, "Oh, Andy, dear, I want you to meet Mr. Haines of *The Call*."

"Pleased to meet you," he mumbled. He had to protect his interests.

She couldn't grab all the newspaper space, so he drew up a chair and sat down.

"I'd like to tell you something about the picture, Haines. I've a minute between scenes. Won't you come over in my dressing room for a drink?"

He'd show her. Could always get a newspaper man on your side in that way.

Her eyes flashed fire.

"Don't leave me, Andy, dear," she said softly. "Don't take him away, Mr. Haines. I can't bear to have him leave me because . . . because . . ."

He could actually see her thinking of something mean to say about him, something that would keep them both there so that he couldn't be alone with the reporter and "sell" himself.

"It's because we're engaged to be married!"

THE studio was thrown into a state of excitement the next morning when the papers arrived. The feud between the co-stars had been going on for the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

in her lap. The door of the set opened and Andy, tall, handsome and dark, came in the door. Felicite jumped to her feet and rushed forward.

"Darling," she breathed, "I knew you'd come."

He clasped her in his arms. She nestled on his shoulder. Arms about each other, he helped her to the couch. They sank down on it together and he kissed her little mouth with passion and tenderness. They looked into each other's eyes. They murmured sweet nothings. They kissed again.

"Cut!" said the director.

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured a visitor from Iowa, who happened to be on the set.

"That was fine," said the director. "Just once more that way, please."

Andy looked at Felicite.

"You would!" The fires of passion that had been in his eyes turned into the ashes of disgust. "You would, Felicite Bancroft! You're just the type!"

# New Amateur

Second film competition starts  
October 1—Russell Ervin, winner  
in first contest, gets five-year  
contract with William Fox

**I**N announcing the inauguration of its second amateur movie contest, PHOTOPLAY is happy to tell its readers of the real climax of its first contest. Russell T. Ervin, Jr., winner of the 35-millimeter division prize of the contest, has just been given a five-year contract by the William Fox Company. Thus Mr. Ervin, an enthusiastic amateur for fifteen years, has become an important worker in the professional field, with all the unlimited possibilities of Hollywood ahead of him.

Four prizes of \$500 were offered in PHOTOPLAY's first amateur movie contest, Mr. Ervin, who made his film with the co-opera-

tion of the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, capturing the award for the best picture submitted in standard film measurement. Mr. Ervin's contribution was "And How!" a one-reel drama told expertly, ably, and plus a remarkable economy.

The signing of Mr. Ervin came as a result of a showing of the prize film at the home of James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY. The production was presented "cold" to a large and distinguished gathering of motion picture and literary folk. Among Mr. Quirk's guests were George Jean Nathan, the famous critic; Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Fox Company; Walter Wanger, general production manager of Paramount-Famous-Lasky; Richard Rowland, general manager of First National Pictures; Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America; Monta Bell, the director; Roy Howard, president and publisher of *The New York Telegram*, and Donald Ogden Stewart, the humorist.

**M**R. ERVIN'S film proved to be the surprise of the evening. Everyone was enthusiastic about it, Mr. Rowland, Mr. Wanger and Mr. Sheehan being moved to the point of wanting to engage the amateur prize winner. Mr. Sheehan acted quickest, however, and two days later Mr. Ervin was signed to a five-year contract. He left for the Fox coast studios on July 11th and will have an important position in the Fox Movietone department under Ben Jackson.

Mr. Ervin is thirty years old and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He holds an electrical engineering degree and has been interested in amateur movies since 1913. In the intervening years he has built three cameras, two projectors and a number of lights in order to carry on his amateur experiments. That the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges has attracted so much attention in the amateur field has been largely due to Mr. Ervin's enthusiasm and his ability to organize.

Meanwhile, since amateur movie making is, after all, not very remunerative, Mr. Ervin advanced to the post of assistant to the consulting engineer of the Servel Company in New York City. He resigned this position to accept the Fox contract. Mr. Ervin has made his home at 164 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

Mr. Ervin wrote the story and continuity of the prize film "And How!" directed and photographed the production and edited it. The production was sponsored by the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, the leading rôles being played by Alfred Fontana, Beatrice Traendly, and Margaret Ervin, Mr. Ervin's sister. Mr. Ervin used a De Brie, a De Vry and an Eyemo during the course of the prize production.

"And How!" has received other honors. One was a special presentation as a feature of the program shown under the auspices of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures in the auditorium of the Engineering Society in New York City on July 10.

King Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, have returned from Europe after filming France and Italy with their Eyemo. Vidor is building an experimental studio where he will make his own home movies

**I**N heralding its second contest, PHOTOPLAY makes an important and highly interesting announcement.



P. & A. Photos

# Movie Contest

By  
*Frederick James  
Smith*

The winning films in PHOTOPLAY's second contest will be shown to all the foremost motion picture executives in New York and Los Angeles following the final decision of the board of judges. This means that one or more lucky amateurs will follow Mr. Ervin's footsteps into the realm of professional picture making.

Such authorities as Henry Mencken, Robert Flaherty and George Jean Nathan believe that the motion picture of the future will evolve from the amateur movie enthusiast of today. There is no question but that the professional photoplay must call upon the amateur. The great difficulty has been to provide a bridge to span the gap between the amateur movie experimenter and the professional studio. PHOTOPLAY's contest is that bridge.

WHEN PHOTOPLAY announced its first contest, there was no way to ascertain or to measure the enthusiasm of the movie amateur. There was no definite way to feel out the reaction of the professional movie producer to the maker of home or club movies. PHOTOPLAY's contest was a pioneer adventure.

Whatever doubts PHOTOPLAY had in regard to its contest were dispelled by the nation-wide interest in the competition. Today PHOTOPLAY feels that its first amateur movie contest—the first conducted by any publication anywhere in the world—is the greatest and most far-reaching thing it has sponsored in its whole history.

PHOTOPLAY is now assured of the interest of the Hollywood and New York motion picture executives in the makers of amateur movies. All of the professional film leaders will view the principal contest films of PHOTOPLAY's new competition. So a substantial reward, fame and the key to Hollywood await you.

You have heard of beauty and personality contests. There never has been a practical way for the earnest technical worker to get a chance in motion pictures. PHOTOPLAY's contest provides the open sesame. And, in providing the opportunities for worthy amateurs, PHOTOPLAY feels that it is doing a big thing for motion pictures.

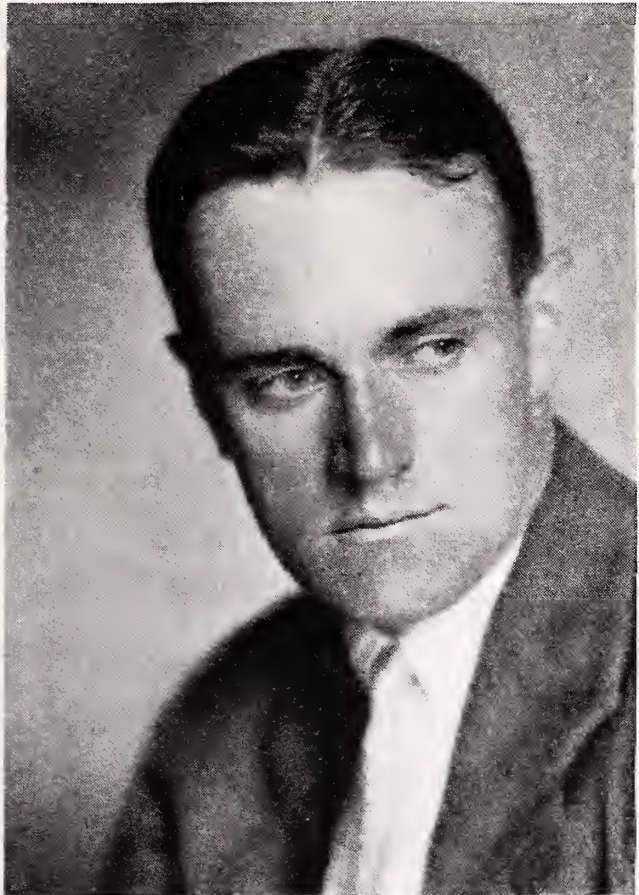
THUS, in launching its second contest, PHOTOPLAY has high hopes.

The contest will open on October 1st and will close at midnight of March 31st. This will allow amateurs six whole months to shoot, edit and submit their contest films.

This year, the rules will differ radically from those of last year. In conducting its first contest, PHOTOPLAY has weighed carefully the many problems of such a contest. This year PHOTOPLAY feels that it will have an almost perfect set of rules, fair to every amateur, whether an independent worker or a member of an organization, whether the owner of a small outfit or the possessor of elaborate equipment.

These rules will be announced in detail in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY, on all news-stands on September 15th.

There will be a distinguished jury of judges to pass upon the contest films and PHOTOPLAY again will have the co-operation of the Amateur Cinema League in its conduct of the com-



Nicholas Muray

**Russell T. Ervin, Jr., the thirty-year-old winner of PHOTOPLAY's pioneer amateur movie contest, has been given a five-year contract by Winfield Sheehan, general manager for William Fox Productions**

petition. The full list of judges will be announced in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY.

MOVIE amateurs will be interested in the experiences of a professional director, and a highly successful director at that, in the realm of amateur cinematography. King Vidor, the maker of "The Big Parade" and other notable films, has just been making a vacation tour of the Continent with his wife, Eleanor Boardman.

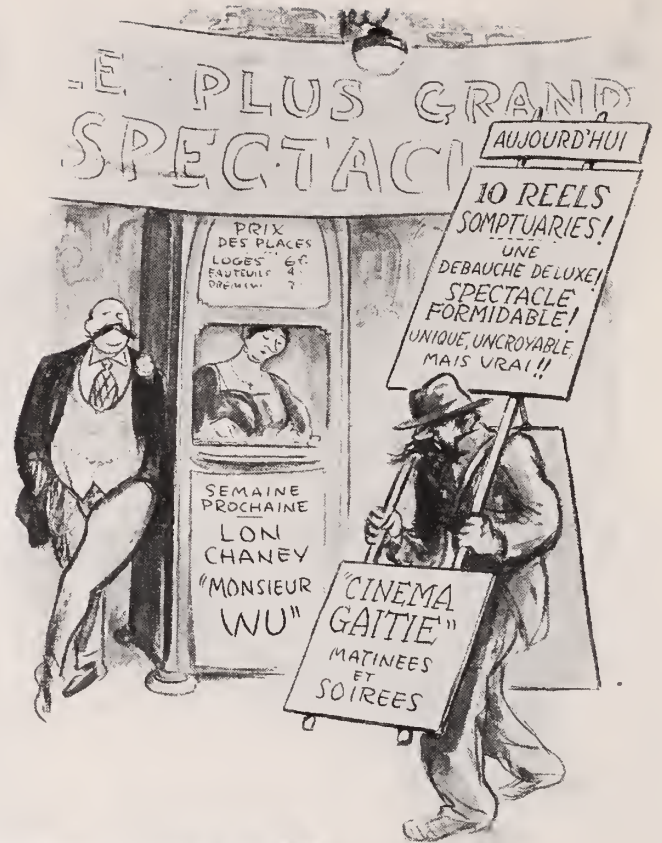
Mr. Vidor took along an Eyemo and shot film all over France and Italy. "I did not take a single scenic shot of well known buildings or scenes," said Mr. Vidor upon his return. "I did not go after the usual postcard stuff. I tried only to get the feeling of the country. I filmed the peasants at work in the fields, the gendarmes on their posts in Paris, the gondoliers on the Grand Canal of Venice. I tried for characteristic oddities. I noticed that all the gondoliers, at a certain part of their poling movement, lifted their right feet in an odd way. I shot that."

Mr. Vidor says he had a lot of fun and gained a lot of experience with his amateur camera. There is a possibility that his film may be released as part of the short subject program of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Anyway, the Vidors are so enthusiastic that they have now decided to build a miniature studio adjoining their new residence in Beverly Hills. Here King Vidor intends to experiment to his heart's content.

Mr. Vidor encountered no diffi- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

# Paris Fashions in Movie Theaters

Some hot doings  
in the French  
Cinema Houses  
reported to PHOTOPLAY  
by Ken Chamberlain



The adjectives are French, but the spirit is Broadway. *Monsieur*, the owner, waits complacently knowing that the "debauche de luxe" will pack 'em in, in Paris as well as Iowa. *Madame*, his wife, is the cashier. Try to fool her!

The neighborhood movie, where the audience visits, smokes and makes love. Disapproval of the film is shown by kissing the back of the hand; violent dislike, by stamping. Eskimo pies are called "Nanooks"

Big de luxe stage show. No prologues, no jazz bands, no dancers. But the audience can be lifted to the heights of delight by a good, rousing operatic selection



# Fathering a Film Star

Keeping up with a movie daughter is a job for a consulting engineer and a Hercules

By  
*Tom J. Geraghty*

**T**IME was when quite a few folks knew me and cordially addressed me as "Tom." That was when I rode in the back seat of our family car. But now I am generally introduced to strangers as "Carmelita's father."

I don't mind it a bit; in fact, I love it. But I don't quite fancy being a hundred per cent movie father.

I can't keep up with Carmelita any more than a rabbit . . . or keep track of her, either. I can't realize she has grown up and that she is a young lady. (I guess all fathers pull this alibi.)

But, honestly, she was always more like "a movie mother" to me than a daughter. That is, she told me where to head in and where to get off.

This understanding between us started when she was four years old. We were living in Rushville, Indiana, and Carmelita was cast for the part of Mrs. Tom Thumb in a "Tom Thumb Wedding" at a church Christmas entertainment.

She was dressed at home with décolleté shoulders and a long dress. (She has never worn so long a dress since.) Her hair was done up like an adult's and she looked terribly cute and old-fashioned. I drove her to the church with a horse and sleigh, bundled up in a buffalo robe.

Planting her in the dressing room of the church hall, I kissed her and told her I knew she was going to be wonderful and that I would go out front to applaud her, and everything.

Instead of thanking me, she burst right out with a big temperament number, stamped her foot, and declared if I went into the hall "she wouldn't play." I insisted that this wasn't nice and scolded her a little; then she began to purse up her lips and sob.

**S**O I compromised with her . . . I didn't go in. I sat in the sleigh, half frozen to death.

While I waited, I found some solace recalling an incident when we had a run-in some three years before. Carmelita was about one then. My wife played the pipe organ in a church (got ten dollars a month, too), and Friday nights I was always elected to stay home and take care of the baby.

Besides being employed then as a packer in a cigar factory, I was at work on the Great American Drama, which I called, "Murder Is Awful." Carmelita was a very orderly and quiet baby, nearly always, except when her mother would leave; then

she would start howling like an orphan coyote with a broken leg.

I had about four Friday nights of this before I learned how to quiet her. Necessity is the mother of invention . . . so, right there I originated my first "gag." I scraped some "stickum" off a piece of fly paper and put it on the tips of Carmelita's tiny fingers. I then got a small feather from a pillow and handed her the feather. She would pick the feather off one hand and then back on the other. Over and over again, she repeated this performance, while I returned to my writing. She finally wore herself out and, tilting over on the pillow, fell asleep.

I drowsed off, too.

When my wife returned, she found us both asleep and found the feather sticking on the end of Carmelita's nose.

It was then and there that my wife invented the Movietone with the high-powered amplifier.

\* \* \*

**I**N New York, where I was a reporter on the New York Herald, I often took Carmelita on assignments. When she was ten years old, she had "covered" several murder trials . . . a dozen big fires and catastrophes . . . the opening of innumerable plays . . . etc., etc., and carried a police card to get her through "all lines." We got along very well during this period and had very few serious misunderstandings. However, she always won her point.

**L**ATER, when I had gone into motion pictures and Carmelita was graduated from the Hollywood High School, and subsequently from a private school, she wanted to work in a studio. We had then moved back to New York, after six years in California.

I didn't approve of this at all, and more especially because I held an executive position at the studio. I won this argument, at least for the time being.

Two days later, I was walking through the studio and stopped on the Elsie Ferguson set, where John S. Robertson was directing. I saw Carmelita sitting there as big as life in a chair, upon which her name was painted. I asked her: "How come?" and she said:

"Oh, I'm not working in pictures . . . I'm just the script girl for Mr. Robertson."

She continued at this work for nearly a year . . . and that was that.

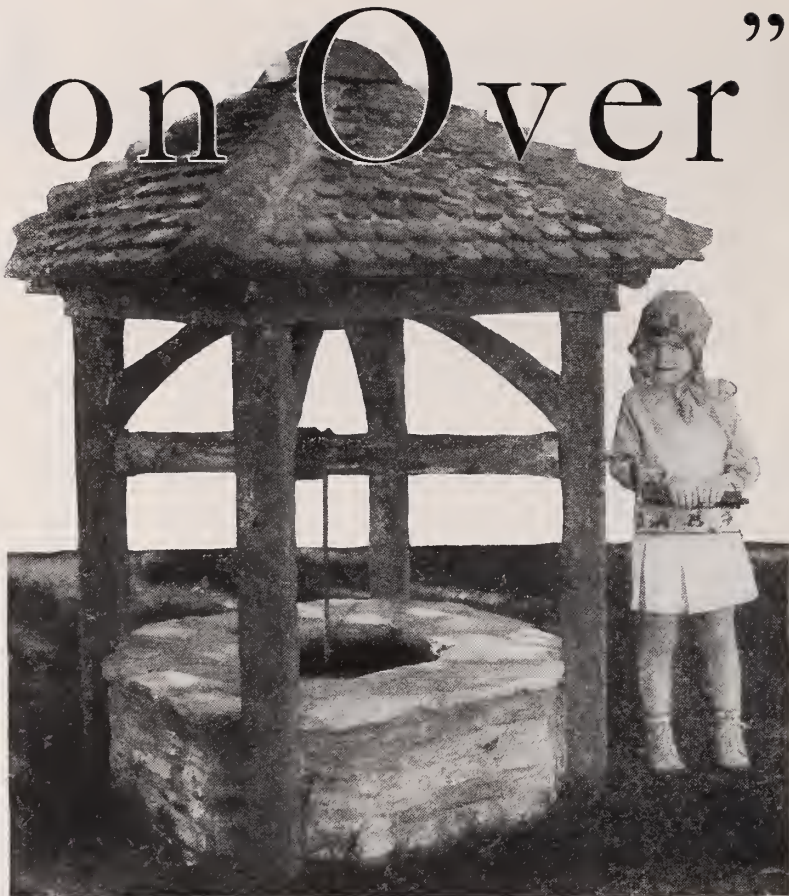
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



Does Carmelita Geraghty take orders from her dad? Here is Tom trying to tell Carmelita how to do a Helen Wills. Note daughter's expression. No, Tom does not get away with it

# “Come on Over”

Papa Lloyd's birthday gift to little Gloria is a country estate in miniature, with everything but a golf course and polo field



Gloria and her wishing well. There is real water in the well and a real old oaken bucket. And what has Gloria to wish for? She probably wishes she were out in a nice dirty gutter, making mud pies. And with plenty of other kids to play with



The little house, with its thatched roof and carved timber, jumped straight from an English fairy story. Inside is a bed room, a living room and a kitchen, all furnished. There is an electric stove that will cook lamb chops and spinach and a chimney large enough to accommodate the ample figure of Santa Claus

The watch tower and the slide, constructed of wood and concrete. Nearby is a sandpile of the whitest sand. And there is also a stable for Gloria's pony and cart. The playground is part of Harold Lloyd's estate in Beverly Hills and it is completely separated from the rest of the property by a stone wall







Madame Glyn and Miss Ahrens in a charming corner of the beautiful suite at the Ritz Towers in New York, specially decorated for Madame Glyn

# The "No" Woman

Guarding a celebrity from gabbers and grafters.  
Told by Elinor Glyn's secretary

**T**O be secretary to Madame Elinor Glyn—the world-famed novelist, scenario writer and idol of love-lorn youth—is quite—oh! quite a different matter from being just a secretary.

Madame is famous. Madame is powerful. Madame is sought after. And for this reason there is a horde of predatory tradespeople seeking in devious ways to "arrive" through Madame Glyn — to obtain profits and publicity from her patronage.

Here is where I, as Madame Glyn's Confidential Secretary, find my most important job—acting as Cerberus to guard her from the hundreds who come bearing gifts to me as bait for the trap they are setting to catch Madame Glyn's business. I am the despised go-between who says, "No, no!" to the mob clamoring outside for a slice of the famous author who is my beloved chief.

I have been offered fur coats, automobiles, radios, diamonds, imported frocks, exquisite lingerie, opportunities of being done in oil, done in clay, done in marble and done in general, et al., ad lib. I've had "propositions" involving hotel suites, Oriental rugs, patent vibrating machines, check protectors, calculating and transcribing machines and even a yacht!—WITH STRINGS!

I have been tempted, baited and lured as few women have.

By  
Gertine  
Ahrens

Men of all types are continually setting traps for me—waiting to ensnare me—trying to compromise me.

I have been informed in harmlessly honeyed tones and in threatening blackmail manner that every woman has her price; that if one particular article did not "hit me between the eyes" another would; that one day I would fall and fall hard. Yet, in spite of having player pianos, Chinese gardens, emerald miniatures, jade lamps and aeroplanes dangling in never ending succession before my frankly admiring and longing eyes, the apparatus within me commonly termed "conscience" remains clear.

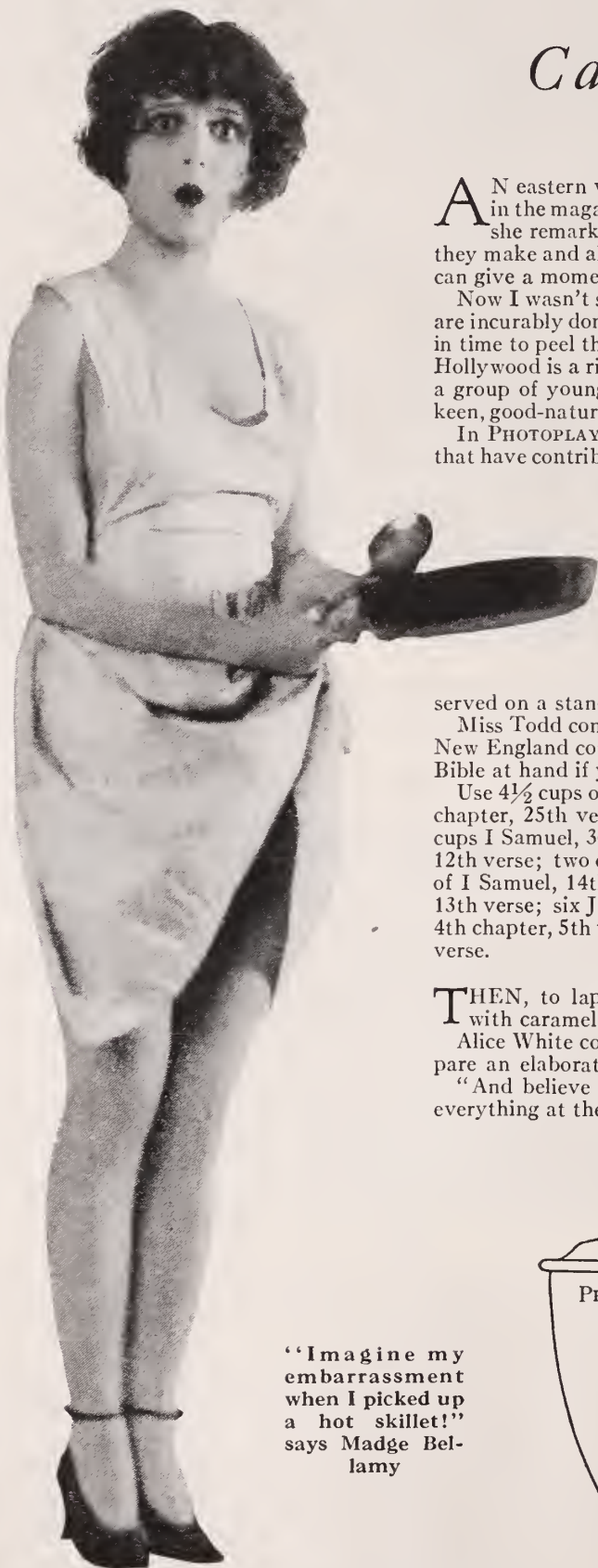
To preserve Madame for the public which, out of love, curiosity and desire, would unwittingly destroy her, it is necessary to refuse a large portion of those who crave, beg, demand and insist on interviews for various reasons. I write "NO!" to little girls all over the country who are saving their pennies to journey to New York just for the privilege of five minutes with Madame Glyn, the one and only motion picture godmother whose word they will take as final on screen subjects.

People swarm around a vivid personality as moths seek a flame. Not a day passes but Madame Glyn receives a mail heavily laden with requests. I have yet to hear her personally refuse a worthy one, if it is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

# Star Hints *for the*

By

*Carolyn Van Wyck*



“Imagine my embarrassment when I picked up a hot skillet!” says Madge Bellamy

AN eastern visitor was making a tour of the studios recently. “I read in the magazines that these stars really have their domestic moments,” she remarked. “But I can’t quite believe that. With all the money they make and all the pleasures that are open to them, I can’t see how they can give a moment to such things.”

Now I wasn’t so foolish as to try to tell the doubting tourist that all stars are incurably domestic; that all the beautiful girls rush home from the studio in time to peel the potatoes for dinner. But I did remind her that, after all, Hollywood is a rich and socially active small town. And wherever you find a group of young and social women, you also find beautiful homes and a keen, good-natured rivalry in giving attractive dinner and luncheon parties.

In PHOTOPLAY’S Cook Book you will find one hundred and fifty recipes that have contributed to the success of these parties. Some of the recipes for informal luncheon and supper dishes are the concoctions of the stars themselves; others were furnished by their cooks. But all of them were selected and arranged with thought and genuine interest.

Some of the younger girls who make no special claims to being domestic have their cooking hobbies. Thelma Todd, for instance, likes to bake cakes. And because she found that icing a cake was a messy business she bought herself a cake standard which makes the job much easier. A cake, too, has a dressed up air when

served on a standard.

Miss Todd comes from Massachusetts and she makes one cake that has a New England conscience. It is called Scripture Cake and you must have a Bible at hand if you want to follow the recipe. Here it is:

Use  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cups of I Kings, 4th chapter, 22nd verse; one cup of Judges, 5th chapter, 25th verse; two cups of Jeremiah, 6th chapter, 20th verse; two cups I Samuel, 30th chapter, 12th verse; two cups of Nahum, 3rd chapter, 12th verse; two cups of Numbers, 17th chapter, 8th verse; two tablespoons of I Samuel, 14th chapter, 25th verse; a pinch of Leviticus, 2nd chapter, 13th verse; six Jeremiah, 17th chapter, 11th verse; two teaspoons of Amos, 4th chapter, 5th verse. Season to taste, with II Chronicles, 9th chapter, 9th verse.

THEN, to lapse into plain English, bake in a moderate oven and serve with caramel sauce. Check this up with your Bible.

Alice White confesses that while she might be stumped if she had to prepare an elaborate meal, she just adores to make mayonnaise.

“And believe me,” she says, “it is always good. My secret is to have everything at the freezing point and keep it that way. My mayonnaise

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY’S COOK BOOK, containing 150 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.

# Kitchen

bowl fits into another which is filled with cracked ice, so the dressing never gets oily. You should do the same for whipped cream, for that matter."

Dorothy Sebastian is a good amateur dress-maker. So she has invented a tie-around kitchen apron of silk-lined rubber and ornamented with bright-colored designs. She also wears it at the studio to protect her costumes when she is putting on her make-up or having her hair dressed.

"I hate regular aprons," she explained. "They are always getting soiled. When my rubber apron is dirty, all I have to do is to sponge it off and it always looks bright and new. The usual kitchen apron doesn't cover you all over and I, for one, am always dropping something on the part of me that isn't covered. My invention covers my dress even more completely than a smock."

Marceline Day's pet kitchen hint comes from England.

"I had a friend from England visiting me," she explained. "She was surprised to find that we furnished no protection for the hands of our servants. In her country they use lemons to cut the grease and keep the hands white, and oatmeal and rosewater to soften the skin. So I hunted up two tobacco jars and a fish bowl, painted little flowers on them and labelled them. The converted fish bowl is filled with quarters of lemons and the oatmeal and rosewater are kept in the tobacco jars. These little aids to beauty are kept handy in the kitchen. And I find that I mess around the kitchen much oftener myself since I know my hands will be protected."

Doris Kenyon always keeps flowers in her kitchen because she finds that the servants like them. This is entirely practical in California where flowers are cheap. In the East, where cut flowers in winter are a luxury, the housewife may put a hardy, compact-growing plant in her sunny kitchen window. Miss Kenyon, too, found that her cook book was always getting messy so she bought a standard to uphold it while it is in use.

Clara Bow says that she doesn't spend much time in her kitchen. In fact she never gave it a thought until she had to wait for ten minutes, one busy morning, while the cook squeezed her orange juice. She went into the kitchen and found that the cook was using a small, hurt-your-hand squeezer. So



Many a woman has sprained her wrist squeezing oranges. Clara Bow installed this contrivance in her kitchen to save time and dispositions

on the way back from the studio that evening, Clara dashed in a store and bought a modern orange squeezer—a contraption that makes squeezing oranges positively fun.

"The last time I went into the kitchen," Madge Bellamy said, "I burnt my hands. I grabbed a hot skillet with my apron. I didn't know where the cook kept the holders. So I bought her a holder container, so that the holders are always hanging plainly on hooks."

Lois Moran has discovered that the way to keep servants is to give them all the modern kitchen conveniences. You can't expect efficiency in the kitchen, if the cook is struggling with out-of-date equipment.

Lois is particularly proud of her kitchen sink. It is one of the new divided sinks. You wash the dishes on one side and rinse them on the other. And so you can throw away the greasy dish-pan.

Mary Brian decided that she wanted to make her kitchen as colorful and attractive as the rest of the house, so one day, in a burst of ambition, she dipped the handles of all the pans in enamel. The experiment was not entirely successful, so she is going to buy some of the new colored pans that have been introduced recently.



Thelma Todd is from Massachusetts. Her "Scripture Cake" has a New England conscience. Read the recipe on the opposite page

# The WETS

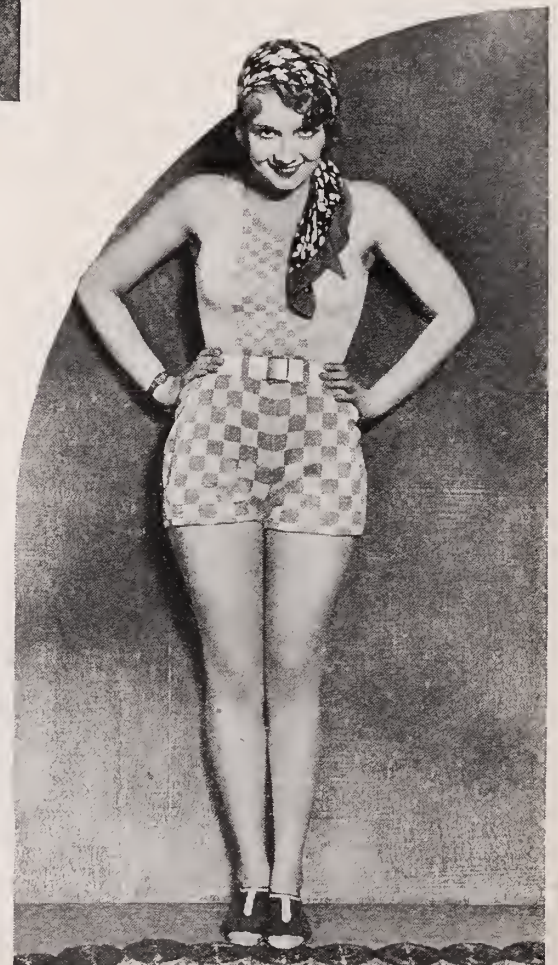
A Collection  
for the beach  
before



When Patricia Avery, the Christie mermaid, goes into deep water she wears the jersey suit at the upper left. The sandals are made of rubber and won't hold the sand. The bag on her arm is the suit-holder. At the immediate left is Patricia making a dive for publicity. The hat and parasol are woven of raffia. The rest of the outfit explains itself



At your left Vera Reynolds is wearing a suit that may be launched in any ocean. It's a white Bradley with red polka dots here and there. Belt, cap and moccasins are also red and white. It's a suit made for the most strenuous swimming



Anita Page (right) dons another Bradley model and dares the surf to do its worst. The suit has gray and light blue checks and is worn with a white fabric belt. Anita prefers a silk handkerchief, tied pirate style, to a rubber cap

# *and the* D R Y S

of Bathing Suits—Some and others for swimming the camera

At the upper right is Alice White all dressed up for a First National bathing beauty parade. If it rains, she's out of luck. The suit is beach broadcloth with a design of autumn leaves. The bag is a combination suit carrier and pillow. To your immediate right is Alice as she really looks in close proximity to the ocean



The geese on Lilyan Tashman's bathing suit (right) are ornamental, not symbolic. Lilyan doesn't make a goose of herself when she wears this outfit, designed by Howard Greer, to the beach. The suit is knitted jersey and the coat and hat are handblocked linen

When Miss Page wants to swim in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers for M.-G.-M. she wears the suit at the left. It is cobweb black lace over flesh-colored georgette and — hold everything — ornamented with imitation pearl four-leaf clovers





# Love *in* Exile

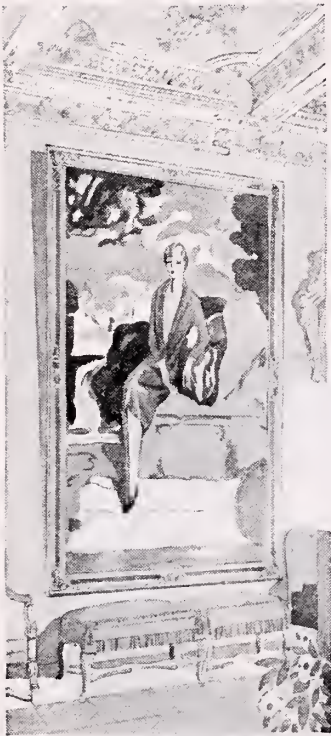
Or the devastating effect of the California climate on two Russian refugees

When Baclanova came to this country with the Moscow Art Theater, she left her husband, Valdemar Zoppi, back in Russia. But Olga, although separated, never thought of divorce until she went to Hollywood and became a movie star. Now, in order to establish her social position, she has started proceedings in Moscow against Mr. Zoppi. A Soviet divorce is even easier than a Mexican decree. And why is Nicholas Soussanin's picture on this page? Mr. Soussanin is also a Russian and one of the neatest Menjou-ish villains on the screen. For four years Mr. Soussanin has been very lonely 'way there in Hollywood. Then along came Baclanova—Happy villain! Happy vamp! But not so happy Mr. Zoppi



TODAY A SMART INTERNATIONAL GROUP

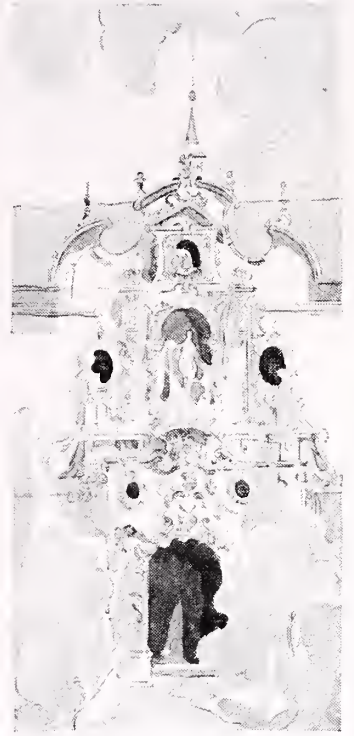
*Sets the Standard of Beauty  
and Chic for  
the Whole World*



*This interesting interpretation of Mrs. Hammond's patrician blonde beauty and personal charm hangs in one of the salons of her home in Madrid*



MRS. OGDEN H. HAMMOND was born Margarita McClure, daughter of the late David McClure of the old New York family. Before joining the diplomatic set of Madrid Mrs. Hammond's social activities centered around life in New York and Newport



*This picturesque Spanish renaissance doorway is typical of the romantic appeal of Madrid where Mrs. Hammond at present has her home*

NOW in Newport; tomorrow in Paris—yesterday Nice, Madrid, the Riviera . . . Society today is international. Its members, fascinating, lovely, born to the purple of a dozen different lands, are at home wherever life is chic and colorful.

They have set a new standard of beauty and chic for the world—one not English, American, French or Spanish, but completely cosmopolitan, blending the most distinguished characteristics of half a dozen nations.

There is no more distinguished or beautiful member of this important group than our own Mrs. OGDEN H. HAMMOND. Highly endowed by nature and background—she shares her husband's high diplomatic post with a graciousness and tact that have won her the affectionate title, "Ambadressess to Spain."

With fair hair, bright as though dipped in sunlight, deep blue eyes, and skin as delicate as a pink lotus blossom—she is a perfect example of the true golden blonde. And of all the qualities that contribute to this perfection—she prizes most her lovely skin.

"A smooth, perfectly cared-for skin," she

declares, "is one of the requisites which chic uncompromisingly demands."

"And I believe tremendously in Pond's Creams," she continues. "More than superficially restorative—they are soothing, and re-



*In these lovely containers of clear, cool green, Mrs. Hammond keeps her Pond's preparations.*

freshing. The Skin Freshener is delicious! Its stimulating quality just right. And the Tissues are exactly what one needs to remove the cream—soft, yet firm—perfect in texture."

Use the four Pond's preparations daily this way: First apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Its purifying oils cleanse to the very depths of your pores. Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—firm, caressing, absorbent, wipe away all dirt and oil.

Next a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener—to tone, firm and invigorate. Last—the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a pearly luster and finish.

**INTRODUCTORY OFFER:** *Mail coupon with 10c for all four preparations.*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J  
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# What was *the* Best Picture



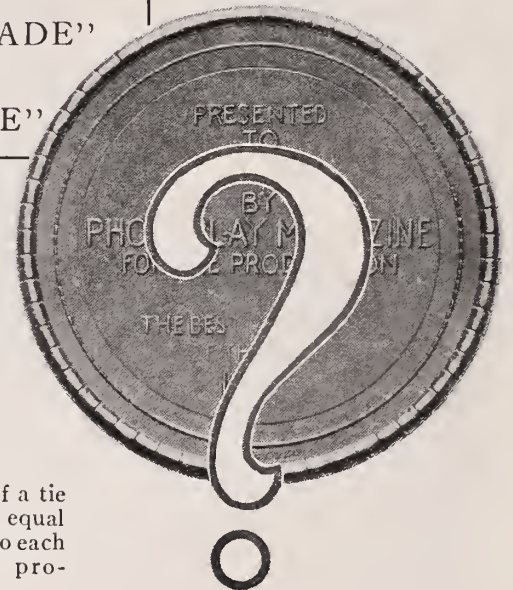
*Vote for the  
Picture  
You Think  
Should Win!*

## *Winners of Photoplay Medal*

- 1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"

*of*  
**1927?**

**Eighth Annual  
Gold Medal  
Award**



**H**AVE you cast your ballot for the best motion picture of 1927?

Voting for PHOTOPLAY'S eighth annual gold medal award has been under way for some months and will terminate on October 1st. Your ballot will not count if received after the closing date.

Back in 1921 PHOTOPLAY announced that a gold medal would be awarded each year for the picture which, in the opinion of its readers, would come the nearest to the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography. And, of course, revealing the highest and finest spirit behind its production.

This gold medal award is the only prize going to motion picture makers direct from the film fans of America. It presents not the minority opinion of critics or self-appointed authorities, but is the decision of the great mass of movie lovers of this country.

Thus you are urged to vote again this year. In no other way can you definitely and directly do your bit to improve pictures. The prize you take part in awarding goes to the producer. It means that you appreciate his efforts to put the best on the screens of America and it will encourage him, as well as his fellow producers, to make greater endeavors.

In the case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will go to each of the lucky producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

You may vote on any film released between January 1, 1927, and December 31, 1927. A list of important pictures released generally during this period is presented on this page. It is offered for your guidance.

## Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

|                      |                               |                           |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Annie Laurie         | <i>It</i>                     | <i>Rough Riders</i>       |
| Barbed Wire          | Jesse James                   | Senorita                  |
| Cabaret              | Kid Brother                   | <i>Service for Ladies</i> |
| Camille              | King of Kings                 | <i>Seventh Heaven</i>     |
| Captain Salvation    | Love of Sunya                 | Show                      |
| Cat and the Canary   | Magic Flame                   | Slide, Kelly, Slide       |
| Chang                | Metropolis                    | Sorrell and Son           |
| Cradle Snatchers     | Mockery                       | Stark Love                |
| Cruiser Potemkin     | Monkey Talks                  | Student Prince            |
| Fair Co-Ed           | My Best Girl                  | Tell It to the Marines    |
| Fire Brigade         | Night of Love                 | Twelve Miles Out          |
| Flesh and the Devil  | Patent Leather Kid            | Two Arabian Knights       |
| Garden of Allah      | Private Life of Helen of Troy | Underworld                |
| Gorilla              | Quality Street                | Way of All Flesh          |
| Hard Boiled Haggerty | Resurrection                  | What Price Glory          |
| Hotel Imperial       | Rookies                       | When a Man Loves Wings    |
| Hula                 |                               |                           |

## Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





# Beauty Wins—Beauty Keeps

The secret of keeping beauty lies in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, as millions know who follow this simple daily rule:

*In Paris, too,  
It's now Palmolive*

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

**B**EAUTY is not mere regularity of features, or a shade of hair. It is an ensemble in which a good complexion plays a vital part.

Many otherwise unattractive girls have "lovely eyes," or "a good nose." And many girls are called beautiful whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely skin.

To be *really* pretty one must keep her natural charm. For even though you use powder and rouge, *naturalness* is your aim. And no beauty can seem natural that has not the base of a naturally lovely skin.

Those authorities who know the most of dermatology—of skin culture—will tell you "washing the face for beauty" is Nature's surest rule.

*Wash with lather of these famed  
beauty oils—daily*

The soothing, cleansing oils of olive and palm, as embodied in the famous beauty soap, Palmolive, are recommended, if natural beauty is what you seek.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove

accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

*Do this for one week, then note results*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

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.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



3913

Retail  
Price

**10c** Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

**KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION**



**"We can get seats for that picture across the street"  
 "I'D RATHER STAND ON LINE AND SEE THIS  
 METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER PICTURE —  
 THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD."**



**JOHN GILBERT**  
in  
**"The Cossacks"**



**MARION DAVIES**  
in  
**"Her Cardboard  
 Lover"**



**JOHN GILBERT**  
in  
**"Four Walls"**

**ISN'T IT  
 THE  
 TRUTH!**

**YOU'RE** always sure  
**OF** seeing  
**THE** biggest stars  
**THE** finest stories  
**WHEN** your theatre  
**SHOWS** you  
**M-G-M** pictures



**WILLIAM HAINES**  
in  
**"Telling the World"**



**WHITE SHADOWS  
 IN THE SOUTH SEAS  
 WITH  
 MONTE BLUE and  
 RAQUEL TORRES**



**LEO'S  
 QUESTION  
 CONTEST**

Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two \$50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.



**LEO'S QUESTIONS**

- 1 Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.
- 2 What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?
- 3 Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.
- 4 Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.
- 5 What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes?

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

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

Winners of Contest of June, 1928  
 MRS. JOHN D. JESK, 214 E. 51st Street, New York City  
 CHARLES CHURCHILL, P. O. Box 316  
 Carson City, Nevada

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

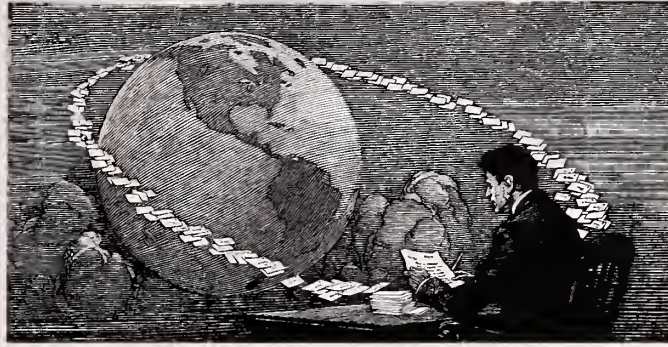
**"More Stars than there are in Heaven"**



# 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.

**MOVIETONE FAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—George Bernard Shaw is married. He has blue eyes and white hair. Those whiskers are real.

**ANNE C., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Walter Pidgeon is Walter Pidgeon's real name. Isn't it a bird? Walter is a free-lance, which means that he works hither and yon as opportunity arises. He is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. And a widower.

**"SPIRIT OF SCRANTON."**—The "e" in Venus is long, while the "e" in Venice is short. So you are right in the argument. Betty Bronson is five feet, three and a half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Mary Astor is neither blonde nor brunette; she has auburn hair.

**R. E. P., LOUELEN, KY.**—Victor Varconi is thirty-two years old and was born in Hungary. Jack Luden is twenty-six. If you want a picture of Mr. Varconi write to the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

**V. S., HOBART, OKLA.**—Nils Asther's first picture was "Topsy and Eva." He is twenty-six years old and his address is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Billie Love made her screen debut in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Roland Drew is twenty-seven years old and his next picture will be "Lady Raffles."

**I. H., JEFFERSON, WIS.**—We have no record of Mary Carr's age. But Junior Coghlan does not mind letting you know that he was born March 15th, 1916. Gilbert Roland's real name is Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso. Laugh that off! Lionel Barrymore is forty-five years old.

**M. MCK.**—Vilma Banky is twenty-five years old. She has blond hair and gray eyes; five feet, six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. And, by way of contrast, Dolores Del Rio has black hair and brown eyes. She is one and a half inches shorter than Vilma, but they are the same weight.

**J. N., ALICE, TEXAS.**—Small towns are no surprise to me. I am a small town boy myself. The adorable Mr. Dix was thirty-three years old in July. He has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Born in St. Paul, Minn., and an American. Esther Ralston is twenty-five years old. Both Mr. Dix and Miss Ralston receive their mail at the Paramount-Famous Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Your hand-writing tells me that you are impetuous.

**E. D. M., FORT WORTH, TEX.**—One of your questions is barred because it's a clue to the cut-puzzle contest. However, I can tell you that Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899. Esther Ralston is another New Englander; she is a native of Bar Harbor, Me. And Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., and weighs 90 pounds.

**LUCILE P., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.**—So far as I know Charles Farrell doesn't make phonograph records. It must be another Charlie. Ralph Forbes is an Englishman and twenty-six years old.

**M. L. C., PITMAN, N. Y.**—Bebe Daniels works at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Phyllis Haver at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Charles Farrell's newest film is "Red Dance."

**THELMA, SPRINGDALE, ARK.**—Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Reagan in private life; she has two daughters. Her latest picture is "The Noose." It's pronounced Rod La Rock. And Ramon is Ray-moan. In Novarro, the accent is on the middle syllable. Ramon's newest is "Gold Braid."

## HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Mary Pickford was the *Divine Vision* in "The Gaucho," although her name did not appear on the screen or in the program casts.

Clive Brook is thirty-seven years old and married.

Lon Chaney is forty-five years old. And he, too, is married.

Clara Bow was twenty-three years old on July 29th.

James Hall has blue green eyes and brown hair. His address is the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. She has brown hair and brown eyes. Married to Irvin Willat, the director.

Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old. He was born at Onset Bay, Mass. Write to him at the Fox Studios, 1401 Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars receive thousands of such requests and cannot afford to comply with them, unless you do your share.

**BUBBLES, ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Joan Crawford had pink hair for a while, but I hear she grew tired of it and is going to let it go back to its natural brown. Dorothy Mackaill is married to Lothar Mendez. May McAvoy is single. Write to Sue Carol at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Letters to Alice White should be addressed to the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

**I. V., MONTE VISTA, CALIF.**—Richard Barthelmess' first wife was Mary Hay. They were divorced and he is now married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent. Dick is an only child. And his next picture is "Out of the Ruins." Now for the Novarro family: Ramon has five brothers and five sisters. He was born in Durango, Mexico, of Spanish parentage. And not engaged to marry anyone, so far as I know. Jack Mulhall played with Dorothy Mackaill in "The Crystal Cup," and Jason Robards appeared with Dolores Costello in "The Heart of Maryland." Sure you are inquisitive. But what would I do for a living if all girls should lose their curiosity?

**J. W., GREENSBORO, GA.**—Lina Basquette's first name is pronounced Lee-na. And the Clive in Clive Brook is Cl-eye-ve. Richard Dix is a bachelor and so is William Haines. And that is Haines' real name. May McAvoy is a brunette by nature but she is sometimes a blonde in films. And the famous Pickford curls are now tucked away in Mary's bureau drawer.

**G. P., AURORA, ILL.**—Mary Philbin was born in Chicago, June 14, 1903. Donald Reed played opposite Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice."

**NINA R., HUNTSVILLE, ALA.**—Leslie Fenton played the part of the officer who shouted "What Price Glory?" in the trench scene of the picture. Malcolm McGregor is married to a non-professional. His next film is "The Girl on the Barge."

**PEGGY OF WASHINGTON**—Thanks for the flattering salutation. Here's the information about your collegian friends. Eddie Phillips was born in Philadelphia in 1900. Dorothy Gulliver was born Sept. 6, 1908. She has three brothers and three sisters. George Lewis has a mother and father and two brothers. Lots of interest in the families of the stars this month.

**MISS BILLIE, DORCHESTER, MASS.**—Alma Rubens and Edmund Lowe played the leading rôles in "East Lynn." In "Richard the Lion-Hearted," John Bowers played *Sir Kenneth* and Marguerite de la Motte was *Lady Edith*. Write to Greta Garbo at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Maybe you will have better luck if you send your letter to the studio.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

Fates willed that it should end at the casting director's door, in one of the greatest studios of Hollywood!

THEY were casting, that day, for the peasant bit in the war picture. And it happened—as it so often happens—that most of the extra men who trooped forward to the barred window of the casting office were smug, well fed young fellows. Sleek of hair, sleek of eye—owning dress suits. Able, if necessary, to do a trifle of the tango—able to hold a cocktail glass as a young man about town is expected to hold one. The casting director, nervously scanning their faces, tried to visualize them in peasant blouses and in sabots.

Tried to imagine them facing a firing squad. And failed.

"My God," he said frantically to his assistant, "they belong in a dance hall! Not in the mud of Flanders. There isn't one face that is built for tragedy. Not one face among them. If only—" he paused suddenly, and his eyes brightened. For he had seen Pasquale.

Pasquale! He was not one of the crowd besieging the casting office. He was merely a passer-by. He was not looking for employment—he still had a few dollars in his shabby pocket. True, he had gone without food, he had slept under hedges, to keep those few last dollars intact. He was soul weary and hungry and tired and unshaved. But he was not seeking employment. He was merely trying to keep in the background of things—to avoid notice whenever possible. He had been sidling

around the edge of the crowd when the eyes of the casting director caught his hunted gaze. At the director's shout in a language that he did not understand, he started, suddenly, to run.

"If they catch you, *no molter how far you travel . . .*" So his liberators had said.

He started, suddenly, to run. But the director's shout had called attention to him.

"Hey, you—" the director was calling—"come back here! Hey! Don't run off. I need you. Say, somebody—" he was appealing to the waiting youths—the ones of the sleek eyes, the sleek hair—"hold that little dark feller. I need him!"

Hands darted out. Young bodies blocked his path. Pasquale, frightened, apprehensive, almost nauseated with dread, tried to duck—to creep under a raised arm. But they were wary of his movements. Two husky boys, glad of the chance to gain attention, propelled him forward. Shoved him into the casting director's wee office.

Perhaps the casting director tried to make his voice gentle.

But dealing all day long, all week long, all year long, with types, does not tend to make the tone exactly cooing.

"Why'd you try to run off—" asked the casting director—and one can understand the question—"Why'd you try to get away? Most men'd give their shirts for the chance I'm going to give you. Why, I'll pay you double what I'm going to pay the rest. Just because you're a homely little guy that looks foreign—"

Pasquale stared into the big, harassed face of the director, and saw a man stolid, unemotional, determined. He glanced down at the casting director's desk. And saw, lying there, a heap of bayonets—bayonets that were, in time, to be meted out to the extras. He looked furtively over his shoulder, and saw the barred window of the casting director's office—and barred windows are disconcerting to men who have lately been in prison. Just as bayonets are suggestive to would-be patriots who have been engaged in smuggling firearms into small Central American countries.

The whole, horrible meaning of the thing—it came over Pasquale in a flash. This man—he was a government agent. This office—it was a government office. Somewhere, somehow, that last fatal shipment of guns (for a shipment of guns had been Pasquale's undoing) had been intercepted.

He—he was caught! Miles from his own land—he was. But he was not safe.

He was caught. Else why had a crowd, a hungry, wolfish crowd, turned upon him? Why had he been haled into this jail-like room? He broke, suddenly, into excited, tremulous Spanish.

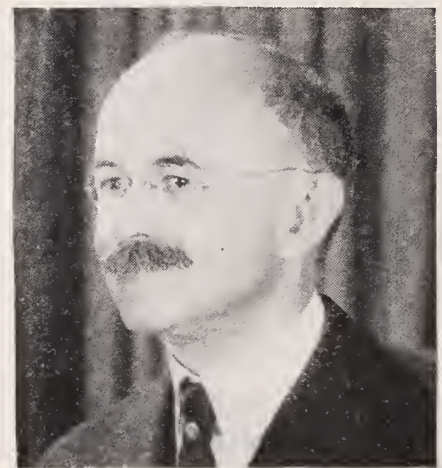
THE casting director, listening, turned to the assistant who lounged over near the window. The assistant was a reedy chap who smoked slim cigarettes which he held in slim, stained fingers.

The casting director laughed. He did not

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 127 ]

## Is Hollywood *Emotionally* Unbalanced?

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the world's outstanding authority on domestic relations and author of the sensational "Companionate Marriage," has written an article for the October PHOTOPLAY which will be talked about all over America. Judge Lindsey will give you his frank analysis of Hollywood—"the emotional frontier of the world." Be sure to read this striking feature in PHOTOPLAY for October.



Judge Ben B. Lindsey



# Left to themselves they'll just forget it

Always busy—this lovable, sometimes troublesome family of yours . . . And one important matter that they'll usually neglect is—their hair. For men are careless about their hair until it begins to thin, and children never think about their hair at all.

So usually, it is mother who must see to it that they care for this precious possession *now*, in time to start health habits that will *keep* the scalp healthy.

And there is no finer, or simpler, way to keep the family's hair (and your own) healthy, strong, attractive, than to provide a Packer soap for regular use: Packer's Tar Soap, or Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.

We make each of these soaps for just one purpose—to *foster the health of the scalp*. And we believe we know a great deal about making soaps for the hair. We should—we have been studying the

hair and its care for 55 years. In these Packer soaps we use pure, sweet glycerine, imported olive oil and pine tar from the pine woods where the very air

crackles with health. Each is the very finest and costliest of its kind. So these soaps insure for your hair and scalp gentle and effective aid in maintaining healthy conditions. They leave your hair lustrous and alive.

Try any one of these Packer soaps! Lather! Mountains of lather! The quickest, snowiest lather you ever massaged into a welcoming scalp. Now rinse! Did lather ever whisk itself away so instantly? Now doesn't your scalp feel clean and vital—all aglow with health? Read the offer below and start your own and your family's hair off to healthier, better hair-habits now!



# 3

## Packer Shampoos

### Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

A golden liquid of imported olive oil, bland coconut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling. Faintly perfumed.

### Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

A liquid soap containing the soothing benefits of olive and coconut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar. Quick to lather—quick to rinse.

### Packer's Tar Soap

Doctors long ago learned that one of nature's most effective remedies is pure pine tar. So skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective pleasant way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal box.



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



All the pretty wives in Hollywood aren't in pictures. Mrs. Clive Brook, formerly Mildred Evelyn of the London stage, is the Estelle Taylor type. But she prefers to stay home and keep house for Clive and their two children

Louise stood it ten minutes, then went to the window and called the band master.

"How much do you take in here?" she demanded.

"Ten dollars—on good nights," was the answer.

"I'll give you fifteen if you'll fold up your horns and beat it," Louise waved the bills before him.

Without a word, the leader reached for the bills, served a short order of "Home, Sweet Home" and the orchestra hurriedly departed.

**A** WELL-KNOWN Hollywood producer with a "realism" complex sent to Moscow at great cost for some Russian saddles. Imagine his embarrassment when they arrived in the Cinema Capital conspicuously stamped on the back, "Made in America."

**R**UTH TAYLOR was walking down Hollywood boulevard. A girl stopped her.

"Ruth Taylor! Don't you recognize me? I used to sit next to you in high school. Don't you remember?"

Ruth didn't remember anything about it but she didn't say so. She conversed several moments.

"If I hadn't, just think of what bad publicity it would have been? Whether she sat next to me or not she would have told all her friends I was too stuck up to talk with her."

**W**E asked Mary Duncan's press agent how Mary's engagement to the English theatrical producer was progressing.

"Oh, I got to soft pedal that," he answered. "The publicity is interfering with her other romances." Why, Mary!

**A**ND Carl Laemmle, Jr., took Lois Moran to the opening of "Prince Fazil!" What a line *that* started. It is the first time in nearly three years that he has been seen with anyone but Alice Day.

Of course, they do say that Papa Laemmle has put an end to that combination.

**W**HILE Janet Gaynor was in New York, the long distance wires were kept busy by Charlie Farrell. Yet he took Virginia Valli to the Hollywood opening of "Prince Fazil." Friends continue to watch this duplex romance and wonder.

**W**E are told that Jackie Coogan plans to place his military academy uniform in the seclusion of mothballs during the summer vacation while he goes forth to tour one of the big picture-house circuits (Balaban and Katz). We understand he is to take his dad along to give the act sex appeal and that they expect to start from Detroit July 21st, covering the North. The main idea of the tour is to remind the customers that Jackie is still alive; also to pick up a little family pin money.

It is reported the stipend will be \$6000 a week—just the price of another school uniform for Jackie!

**A**N elderly lady, among the extras at First National, saw Billie Dove going toward Stage One the other day and remarked:

"What kind of picture is Miss Dove making?" "Oh," another extra answered, "a nautical story, I believe."

"My, my," returned the old lady in a hushed voice, "I do hope it isn't *too* bad!"

**A** NEWSPAPER reporter telephoned the United Artist publicity department for the birthplace of John Barrymore. It was not listed.

He telephoned the actor directly.

"A friend of mine who is a magazine editor wants to know where you were born, Mr. Barrymore."

"Yes? What is it for?"

"An article he is writing."

"Yes? What is the article about?"

"Why, about you, Mr. Barrymore."

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 90 ]



Mrs. Neil Hamilton looks like Gloria Swanson, but she never has been on either stage or screen. The Hamiltons have a summer cottage at Malibu Ranch

# “Flatter your Hands”

says **BILLIE BURKE**

This famous stage beauty . . . New York's smartest set . . . all these gay, clever women use this New Cutex Liquid Polish

**H**OW do they keep their busy, capable hands exquisite and pretty when they use them for so much interesting active work?

Women who combine a career and a brilliant social life tell us the answer is quite simple. Just the New Cutex Liquid Polish which protects the nails so they cannot look grubby no matter what you do.

Applied once a week it gives new personality to the hands. Its lovely brilliance lasts day after day in spite of wear or water. Stains and dirt that usually discolor and roughen the nails disappear when you wash your hands. Your fingertips remain shining—exquisitely chic—for a whole week!



Miss Ivy Maddison

**“Riding-togs Require Impeccable Nails”**  
says *New York horsewoman*

“To keep my nails in condition,” says Miss Ivy Maddison, well-known New York horsewoman and winner at many smart Horse Shows, “I always use a liquid polish—the New Cutex kind—which withstands perspiration and washing. It's very natural-looking, perfectly sporting, and, in my opinion, the nicest possible finish for any sportswoman's hands.”



Miss Burke's expressive hands

**Billie Burke keeps her hands lovely with the New Cutex Liquid Polish**

At a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country home, she is just the golden haired merry young woman who married Florenz Ziegfeld, whose plays assemble the most beautiful women in America.

“I love the stage,” says Billie Burke, “but I also love simple country things—gardens, woods, tramps—dogs. What terrible things it does to my hands!

*The New Liquid Polish*



**“Chez Ninon”**  
advises this polish

Mrs. Nona McAdoo Cowles, New York and Washington society woman, presides over the smart little Madison Avenue shop “Chez Ninon.”

“Of course, I use Cutex Liquid Polish,” she says. “It's so thoroughly becoming—makes the whole hand look prettier and better groomed—gives a clever touch of sparkle.”



“I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and is so flattering. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations—the Cuticle Cream—and the Remover. My friends say, ‘What lovely half-moons you have!’”

Give your hands personality with this new Polish. With Polish Remover 50c; without Remover, 35c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

*Special introductory offer—for 6c*

Send 6c and coupon below for sample of New Cutex Liquid Polish. (If in Canada, address Dept. Q-9, Post Office Box No. 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. Q-9,  
114 West 17th St., New York



Myrna Loy  
Warner Bros.



Vera Reynolds



Lillian Rich



Flora Bramley



Gwen Lee  
M. G. M.

“Smooth skin the greatest charm” say famous directors



Sue Carol

WHAT CHARM radiantly smooth skin gives a girl—you know it the instant the close-up is flashed on the screen!

Smooth skin is more important for loveliness than anything else, motion picture directors say.

To keep their skin lovely under

the cruel lights of the close-up, screen stars guard it very carefully. *Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.* There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. Order some of this white, fragrant soap today.



Virginia Lee Corbin



Agnes Ayres



Leila Hyams  
Warner Bros.

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap



Julanne Johnston



Betty Blythe

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms



Carmelita Geraghty



Jetta Goudal



Louise Fazenda  
Warner Bros.



Helen Jerome Eddy



Georgia Hale



Louise Dresser

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





Alice Day



June Collyer  
Fox Films



Audrey Ferris  
Warner Bros.



Sally Eilers  
Sennett-Pathé De Mille



Madge Bellamy  
Fox Films

# A few of the host of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap—



Anne Cornwall  
Christie-Paramount



Natalie Kingston



Marjorie Daw

*Lois Moran, Mary Philbin, Maria Corda, Renée Adore, Billie Dove, Anna Q. Nilson, Bob Luther, Babe Danils, Prinnieuffit, Marion Davies, Irene Rich, Louise Brooks, Mary Brian, Janet Gaynor, Ruth Taylor, Phyllis Haver, Dorothy Mackbill, Felta Nissen, Mary Astor, Betty Bronson, May Melvay, Eleanor Boardman, Vera Reynolds, Emma Kennedy, Betty Compson, Jacqueline Logan, Olive Borden, W. Southern, Bessie Love, Leatrice Joy, Alda Gray, Dorothy Sebastian*



Dorothy Gulliver  
Universal



Marceline Day  
M. G. M.



Dorothy Dwan



Josephine Dunn  
M. G. M.



Priscilla Dean



Enid Bennett



Viola Dana

# 10¢

# Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Wallace Beery travels free in "Beggars of Life." This scene on top of a freight car is being filmed in Cariso Gorge, and if Wallace Beery makes one false step he takes a fall of more than 900 feet. And the rocks are not made of plush

**W**ALLACE BEERY followed a shirt-sleeved, perspiring porter up the stairs of the hotel in Jacumba, California, a stone's throw from the Mexican border, where they were filming "Beggars of Life," watched him deposit the bags and gave him the customary tip for his service.

A few moments later Beery saw his porter drive away in the tonneau of a handsome car piloted by a liveried chauffeur. Upon inquiry, he discovered that he had presented Bert L. Vaughn, millionaire owner of the hotel and most of that part of the country, with a quarter!

**A**ILEEN PRINGLE cares for her own hair and manicures her own nails. She refuses to go near a beauty parlor. "The buzz-buzz of the women talking drives me crazy!" she explained.

**P**OLLY MORAN, the character actress, should have her make-up box photographed for a publicity picture!

It once held cigars in place of darkened powder puffs.

And it's autographed by practically every star in the industry.

**B**Y the way, Billy Haines is taking Polly Moran places. Hollywood thought it was a gag. Probably it is. But it's a gag which is lasting.

**A**N Australian Teddy Bear is Clara Bow's latest. She paid \$750 for it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

"Yes? Will you see it before it is printed?"

"Why, I don't know."

"Who will see it?"

"Why—why—say, Mr. Barrymore have you any objections to telling where you were born?"

"Oh, certainly not. It happened in Philadelphia."

"Thank you. We'll try to keep your shame a secret." Click went the reporter's receiver.

Which is the only time on record that John Barrymore didn't have the last word in a matter.

**W**ITH a rattle of shots and a series of wild yells, Buster Keaton, pursued by 200

Chinese extras, burst into the Casino at Monte Carlo the other day.

Director Robert Z. Leonard, filming a scene for Marion Davies' "Her Cardboard Lover," with 400 extras on the set, stared in amazement as his unexpected visitors raced before the camera. Keaton raced around between the extras and ended by diving for shelter between Leonard's legs.

"Can you speak Chinese, Bob?" he croaked hoarsely.

"For gawd's sake then tell these Chinks the scene is over. They can't distinguish one set from another and the whole gang's been chasing me all over the studio." Keaton had been filming a shot for "The Camera-man" on the other side of the M.-G.-M. lot.

**Taking moving close-ups with a specially constructed camera that travels on a track for "War in the Dark."**

Greta Garbo stands at the head of the table and Fred Niblo, the director, is at the extreme right, back of the cameraman





## Step in *before* you step out

MAYBE a person can be a social success without the help of soap and water, but he is working against heavy odds.

Wise people do not rely entirely on interesting talk and pleasing manners.

They also enlist soap and water—with clean linen as a matter of course.

They want to look right and feel right. They want to know they're *clean*, clean through.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

# Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



Above: It might be part of the gardens of the Villa D'Esti in Italy, but it's the Hollywood home of Richard Dix. How does he remain a bachelor in such romantic surroundings?

Right: Pola Negri's farewell scene in America, from "The Woman from Moscow." Are they playing "Good-bye Forever" or "Auf Wiederseh'n?"

Yet, that was cheap, considering the seller reduced it from two thousand—the price he asked of the oil king, Doheny.

It's a queer pet, almost extinct in its native country. Only four are known to have been brought to this country.

Clara had to install a eucalyptus tree in her yard so as to provide a cradle for it. It sleeps with its claws entwined around a limb of that one specific tree.

And it eats eucalyptus leaves and the comb from honey.

Because the bear can die from only one disease—loneliness—Mal St. Clair is purchasing the mate for it.

**R**AOUL WALSH needed an impressive looking judge for his picture "Me, Gangster."

He called on Wilson Mizner, the New York wit and Hollywood scenario writer.

"You've stood before the bar so many times, Bill, and been dismissed for lack of sufficient evidence that you must know how a judge does it. Now show us!"

For once Mizner was without an answer. He played it.

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON stayed out of pictures for nearly six months waiting for the right type of dramatic part to be offered. She was determined not to take anything for which she did not think herself fitted.

Word reached her at a camp, high in the Sierra Nevadas, that she had been chosen to play in "Craig's Wife" at De Mille's, to star in two productions at FBO and to have the lead in "Ned McCobb's Daughter"—all rôles she had desired. The next morning, the last day of her vacation, she went horseback riding. A rabbit scuttled across the path. The horse reared. Anna glanced down the three thousand foot embankment to one side then tumbled deliberately to the other.

Four days she lay in a mountain shack without doctors or nurses or even telephone communication. Then, for nine hours, she rode in an automobile which crawled down the rut-pitted road, without uttering more than a slight groan.

At the Santa Monica hospital it took three doctors to keep her from walking from the car to the inspection room.

The newspapers said that her ankle was fractured.

The other day we visited Anna. Strong ropes attached to a framework above her bed held her in position. Her hip had been broken.

Yet the only thing she would talk about was the fact that the producers were holding up her two starring pictures and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" until she would be able to play them!

**A**FRIEND visiting Donald Reed at First National asked what rôle he was playing in Billie Dove's new picture, "His Wife's Affair."

"Oh," explained Donald, "I'm the affair!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



## “We’ve enjoyed the evening so much”

BUT what did they say on their way home? Even the most sympathetic of your friends have a way of comparing notes afterwards. The clothes you wore, the furnishings of the room, the food you served—each comes in for its share of the inevitable post-party conversation.

There is a way of keeping informed in those little things that catalogue your degree of smartness. It is through reading the advertisements, those messengers that bring news of the precise purchase to make. Advertisements lay before you the latest notes in dress. They illustrate the newest decorative treatments for the home. They furnish you with unique and tempting recipes for the table.

They advise you what to buy, how much it will cost, and where you can get it. They point out the pathway to saving pennies. They indicate the correct surroundings of a modern home.



*Read the advertisements—they are a  
valuable guide to current usage*



## This "Party-Going Age" - and Sal Hepatica

OUR late evening hours and our high tension days, our rich foods and our disregard for the simplest rules of health often cause us to wake up in the mornings with a headache or a coated tongue, an unpleasant taste in the mouth or an upset digestion.

If it ever should be your lot to experience these unfortunate conditions you can very promptly help yourself—by taking Sal Hepatica.

For there's nothing like Sal Hepatica to set you up. Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly—usually within 30 minutes. It sweeps away accumulated wastes and the poisons they breed.

Sal Hepatica is very similar to the famous health waters of Europe. It contains the same salines as these wonderful waters and it acts in the same way—giving the system a thorough washing out and freshening you, mind and body.

Like these beneficial continental waters, Sal Hepatica quickly dispatches all the disagreeable effects of our unwise habits of living. And even colds, auto-intoxication, biliousness and rheumatism are greatly relieved by this simple and effective measure.

When you pour Sal Hepatica into a glass of water, it bubbles up into a pleasing, effervescent drink. It has none of the wry, bitter taste of "salts." But it has a lot of snap and a bracing tang that will please you.

It's remarkable what Sal Hepatica can do for you when you feel dragged down and listless. When you have dined not wisely but too well—let your awakening thought be of Sal Hepatica. Start the day physically fit and in good spirits—take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

# Sal Hepatica

*The Sparkling Effervescent Saline*

©1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N. Y.

## Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

THE newest trick in getting a divorce is to file suit under your own name—which in many cases is not your screen name. This little dodge throws inquisitive reporters off the track.

Instead of going to Reno, Anita Stewart filed suit in Los Angeles under the name of Anna May Brennan which happens to be her real monicker. Her husband is known as Rudolph Cameron but his real name is Brennan.

When Anita's decree becomes final, she probably will marry James Converse who is not only rich but very well connected socially.

THERE are hints, too, of another divorce that was awarded in Paris last winter to a famous movie producer and picture star which was granted under a name unfamiliar to the public and hence slipped by unnoticed.

THE first engagement rumor for Mary Brian!

"Biff" Hoffman, next year's captain of the Stanford football team, is the lucky fellow.

Which reminds us of how "Biff" met Mary.

When Stanford played Alabama at the Rose Tournament in Pasadena, Richard Hyland told the boys to choose any unmarried screen star and he'd secure her for the after-the-game banquet.

"Biff" said he'd be too tired; not to bother about a dame for him. He'd only drop in for a moment.

Herb Fleischaker, scion of the San Francisco millions, asked for Mary Brian.

Biff "dropped in," took one look at Mary and removed her from Herb's side with a mastery born only from love at first sight, they say.

Now he wants to make it his life job—keeping other men from Mary.

LAURA LA PLANTE was dashing madly for work at Universal City. Her car turned turtle. The actress was unhurt but the car was demolished.

First National officials heard of the accident and telephoned madly to Universal.

"For God's sake keep it out of the papers!"

they pleaded. "Bill Seiter is directing a picture for us and he's on location in San Francisco. If he hears his wife's turned over he'll take an aeroplane for Hollywood and we'll lose three days on production!"

LYLAN TASHMAN is one social leader of Hollywood who doesn't play bridge.

"It's so grand to be the only woman who doesn't play. There's always somebody attractive around and you can have sole claim to him!" is her explanation for not learning the game.

TOM J. GERAGHTY, celebrated scenarist, claims to have completed a new invention. He calls it the "Smellatone," a very simple device, he says, easily attachable to any style motion picture projecting machine.

"Where the Movietone satisfies the sense of sight and hearing," says Tom, "my contraption appeals to a third sense—that of smell.

"For example, in our tests and demonstrations, when I introduce a Reformer, the theater is filled with a bad breath, foul as sewer gas.

"For gangster stories, we use exploded gunpowder, while real warfare and conferences are symbolized by poison gas.

"At weddings we resort to the fragrance of the orange blossom. And, if old jokes and gags are used, our device automatically projects the odor of moth balls."

THE boy-friend of one of Corinne Griffith's Texas admirers came to Hollywood under orders from his gal, not to return until he had been photographed on Miss Griffith's front porch. Odd request, to say the least!

In due time, the lad went to the star's home, got permission from the maid to have his picture taken on the porch, then returned to his love in Texas.

But the lass from the Lone Star State refused to believe it was Miss Griffith's front porch. Argument ensued, and finally the boy-friend waxed indignant and broke their engage-



Miles out at sea, but with all the equipment of a studio. Thomas Meighan and his company spent many days on an ocean liner, going no place in particular, but filming scenes for "The Mating Call." Meighan is being directed by his old pal, James Cruze

ment. Then the girl sent the picture to Miss Griffith in a fan letter for identification. Corinne gladly identified it, and as a result everything was serene once more in Texas.

**MARY NASH**, famed in stage "speakies," and knowing very few film celebrities, visited Clara Bow's set the other day while the alluring little red-head was working on "The Fleet's In." Mary had never seen Clara on the screen. Being a friend of Mal St. Clair, director of the opus, she occupied the guest-of-honor chair next to the camera. Two hundred extras were doing their stuff in a dance hall scene.

In the midst of the scene, Miss Nash leaned toward St. Clair and remarked, "There's a girl that's screen material! What's wrong with you, director? Don't you know talent when you see it?"

"Where—which one—point her out!" This from the eager Mr. St. Clair.

"That cute little thing with lots of red hair!" This from Miss Nash.

"You're right," Mal agreed. "We'll call her over and ask her who she is."

It was, of course, the original "IT."

**WHAT Glenn Tryon** wants to know is: "Why doesn't someone cross a carrier pigeon with a parrot so it can really deliver its message!"

**CHARLES RAY** says he hasn't deserted the screen at all. He says he is simply playing on the stage to acquire vocal training so that he can have the jump on the rest of the boys when the talking movies really get going.

**LUPE VELEZ** was dancing at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel.

She noticed a beautiful girl sitting at one of the tables.

She rushed over in her strictly Lupe manner and exclaimed:

"You're the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Take off your hat!"

The girl drew back—Lupe promptly removed the stranger's hat.

Everyone held his breath!

But nothing happened.

It was Mary Nolan and it was not the first time that the former Imogene Wilson had been publicly admired.

**OLGA BACLANOVA** celebrated her new contract with Paramount by purchasing a high-powered, high-priced automobile. One of the "show affairs" of a local automobile display, mind you.

I guess it doesn't make any difference whether they come from Russia or Milwaukee, they all celebrate the same way when they get their first big break in the movies.

**AIN'T** science grand! The laryngeal stroboscope has found its way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. This is not an epidemic, it is a camera. And Professor W. R. MacDonald of the University of California, who operates it, is using it to photograph the voices of the movie stars who have talking picture ambitions. This diminutive camera is so small it would fit on the end of a lead pencil. It consists of two minute discs which revolve at a known speed, and which bear tiny holes. When these holes are opposite each other, a photograph is taken on a tiny film behind them. The player desiring the test, gargles the camera, so to speak, and while it is in his throat, it makes a movie of the movement of the vocal cords, thus recording his voice-placement. Now ain't that grand?

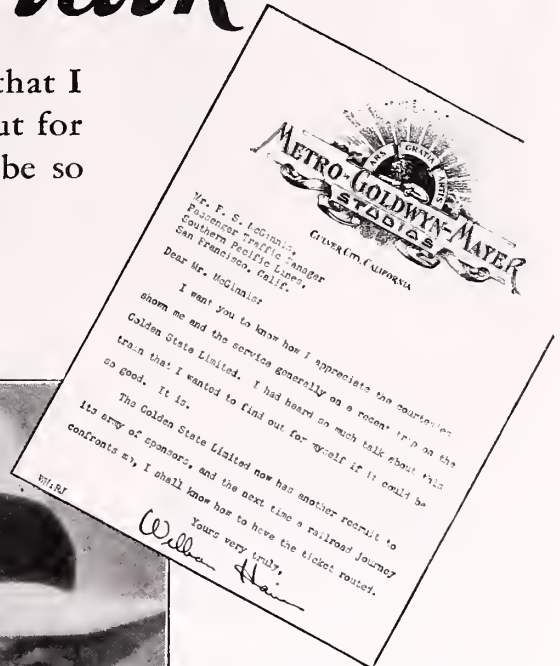
If a writer would spend a week on Hollywood Boulevard watching the movie celebrities, he'd get enough material for a book of short stories.

We spent thirty minutes.

Mrs. Frances Howard Goldwyn tripped out

# "I had heard so much talk-

about this train that I wanted to find out for myself if it could be so good."



William Haines, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has dubbed himself "another recruit to the army of sponsors" for "Golden State Limited." His letter makes you too want to experience the thrill of being a passenger on this remarkable train.

It is the careful completeness in appointment and service detail that wins praise from the "Golden State's" famous guests. Between Los Angeles and Chicago in 61¼ hours—there is no faster or finer train.

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Norma Shearer's sister-in-law gets married and here is a gathering of the Thalberg-Weingarten clans. In the back row is Irving Thalberg, brother of the bride and husband of Norma; William Thalberg, father of the bride; E. F. Weingarten, father of the groom; and last—as always—Lawrence Weingarten, the groom. In the front row you see Mildred Weingarten, the groom's sister, and Mrs. Weingarten, the mother. The bride, Sylvia Thalberg, is in the center, and next comes her mother and then her sister-in-law, Norma Shearer

of a hardware store with an unwrapped dust pan and stepped into a big town car.

Jane Winton and Husband Charlie Kenyon loitered before a music-store window. They examined a thousand dollar victrola. A salesman standing just within could not restrain his excitement. They entered. Ten minutes later they exited—carrying a package of phonograph needles.

Charlie Chaplin entered Henry's for luncheon. We followed. Charlie sat at a table surrounded on three sides by tables of tourists. One tourist loudly ordered corn beef and cabbage, French rolls, salads—Charlie ordered a salad and sandwich.

"Hey, waiter!" The tourist recalled his man. "Change my order to salad and sandwich."

We watched them serve eight salads and sandwiches all of the same vintage.

**A**CERTAIN publication carried the news that a telegram had notified them that Cecil De Mille was heading toward Honolulu on his yacht "The Seaward" with a print of "The Godless Girl" which he would preview for the natives.

Another paper stated that the boat had been seen in the Panama Canal and rumored that it was heading for New York where "C. B." would go into a huddle with producers about supposed-to-be-plans for an amalgamation or at least working-together arrangements.

In truth, Cecil B. is having his first vacation in years. He is on his yacht. But he's at the Tuna Club in Catalina. These reports were telephoned him each night by his secretary in Culver City.

**I**T is rumored in Hollywood that Carl Laemmle is going to do a Universal special called, "All the Nephews Were Valiant."

**N**ICK GRINDE, newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, who is shortly to direct Tim McCoy in "Morgan's Last Raid," is so popular with assistant directors at the studios that there is always a scramble to see which one will work with him on a picture.

The reason is that Nick was an assistant for ten years before he was promoted to directorship about a year ago, and, knowing all the troubles of an assistant, never "kicks" when accidents occur.

"I got roasted by directors too many times myself to roast an assistant for anything now," he asserts. Assistants are all laying bets as to how long this will last if Nick keeps on directing.

**T**WO hundred extras stood on the set of "Heart to Heart" at First National, waiting for Mary Astor to finish a scene.

Director William Beaudine took up his megaphone and called, "I want an expert motorman capable of piloting a car through a traffic jam."

Five men stepped forward. Beaudine chose the one who offered cards proving he was a motorman, a locomotive engineer and an elevator operator.

Just one more proof that you can pick out an experienced man for every job from these I-want-to-be-movie-actors.

**C**HARLIE FARRELL is known to be wild about any kind of animal.

The other day he was playing with a coyote on the set of "The Backwash," his next picture.

Suddenly, Mr. Coyote up and bit a good hunk out of Charlie's right check. He was rushed to the Beverly Hills hospital.

It will be several weeks before they can shoot anything but long shots with Charlie.



**DONALD REED** and Paul Lukas, two ardent First Nationalists who play the principal rôles opposite Billie Dove in "His Wife's Affair," have invented a game of chance all their own.

The two players confront each other, adopt a grave and expressionless mien and, as a signal, each thrusts out his right hand. The game is to guess whether one's opponent will thrust out his hand with the fingers opened or closed, and anticipate him.

If you are the one attempting to match the other's movement, you must, in order to win, duplicate his actions.

However foolish the game may sound on paper, the two inventors of it have been trading dimes back and forth ever since production on the picture started.

They both expect to have enough money to buy a "Quickie" by the time the production is over.

**BOB ARMSTRONG** is jubilant over the fact that there does come a time of retaliation even in stage-boxing. During 1500 performances of "Is Zat So," Bob took a knock-out from Jack Perry.

During the filming of "Celebrity," Bob was entitled to floor the same Perry. He did it so realistically that Perry came up calling for three aspirins. Bob explained the force was to make the scene realistic. But Perry tells another story.

**IT** seems that Indians do not shave. They pluck their whiskers, same as the Chinese. And the sensation is similar to that which one achieves by hitting himself in the head with a hammer; you like to do it because it feels so good when you stop. Imagine the surprise of 500 Navajo Indians, moved by Fred Thomson to his Arizona location, when they discovered 500 motion picture soldiers of the Kit Carson era pulling their long beards out by the handful at nightfall when the day's shooting was done. The Injuns didn't know, of course, that the beards were made of crepe hair.

They merely thought that the white man is heap much braver than the red man, and that maybe the pen is mightier than the sword!

**COLLEEN MOORE** has been lunching at a restaurant in Burbank, and the proprietor has formed the habit of seating her at a table next to the front window. It didn't take long for the citizens of Burbank to discover this and crowds began to collect on the sidewalk outside the window every day.

"Now I know just how the animals in the zoo feel at feeding time," remarked Colleen. "And I have had all the sensations of a lady demonstrator in a downtown show window."

**MARY BRIAN** was describing a scene in a war picture.

"Then those big things came along — You know, those — those — They plow down fences and trees and people. Oh, what do you call them?"

"Thanks!" James Hall interceded.

"You're welcome," answered Mary with an innocent but bewildered expression.

**ELSIE JANIS** has purchased a home two doors from Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in Beverly Hills. Which makes an even dozen movie-folk who live within two blocks on Linden Drive of that Hollywood suburb.

The others are Lon Chaney, Aileen Percy, Benjamin Glazier, Eddie Maddux, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Aitken Carewe, Director George Archainbaud and Producer E. M. Asher.

Which has complicated party-giving as no hostess dares entertain without inviting the entire colony.

Every other woman on the street would know about it!



## Make This Convincing Beauty Bath Test On Your Hands Now



—INSTANTLY YOUR SKIN  
FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH  
AS A ROSE PETAL

**H**ERE is a remarkable test. It will prove to you in less than a MINUTE that your skin can feel smooth as a baby's.

Simply swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying you are aware of a soothing softness—your skin feels smooth as the down of a rose petal.

**T**HIS test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisibly thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

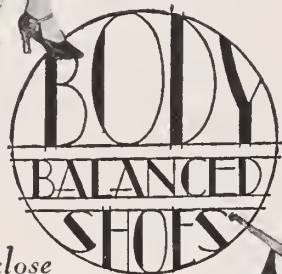
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A close  
shot of



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THE height of something or other is when a  
well-known title writer from the Fox  
studios stands up and eulogizes for thirty  
minutes Uncle Carl Laemmle of Universal.  
Yet the other boys at the Wampas meeting  
insist that not another fellow present had  
been imbibing.

A MAGAZINE writer was chatting with  
Lilyan Tashman. "I want to tell you about  
a girl I interviewed the other day. If you guess  
who she is—don't say anything. She didn't  
have a thought in her head—"

"Oh, I couldn't guess, now!" Lilyan inter-  
rupted. "There's too many of exactly the  
same type in this city."

And we all know that Lilyan is one who  
speaks the truth as she sees it.

FILM players continue to live up to the old  
stage law: "The show must go on."

Raquel Torres, one of the new contract  
players at M.-G.-M., has just revealed how  
truly she has lived up to the idea.

Six months ago, Miss Torres was engaged to  
play the leading feminine rôle in "White  
Shadows of the South Seas." As her mother  
died when she was a year old, her father came  
to the studio and made the arrangements.

And just the other day, W. S. Van Dyke,  
who directed the picture, happened to speak to  
Miss Torres about her father.



### Barbara La Marr and "Sonny Boy"

PHOTOPLAY has received one of the finest  
tributes ever paid to a motion picture star.  
It is a letter from the Hope Cottage Associa-  
tion, of Dallas, Texas, and it throws a new and  
beautiful light on the character of Barbara La  
Marr. Here is the letter:

"I have been reading with quite a bit of  
interest the recent articles in PHOTOPLAY MAG-  
AZINE about Barbara La Marr and her 'Sonny  
Boy,' the six months old baby she saw for the  
first time and fell in love with at Hope Cottage,  
a temporary home for dependent babies, in  
1923.

"It was a wonderful thing for her to do. This  
beautiful young woman with an admiring  
world at her feet, was not satisfied with the  
ever-changing spotlight of fame. Her woman's  
heart yearned for the greatest blessing that can  
come into the life of a normal woman—that of  
motherhood. She planned big and noble  
things for her new little son. Her ambition for  
him was as high as the blue sky, never dream-  
ing that she would leave him so soon to be  
reared by friends of her choosing who will

follow out her plan for his future welfare. His  
adoption by Mrs. Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts)  
has the unanimous approval of Hope Cottage  
Association.

"I feel, in justice to the memory of Barbara  
La Marr, that a brief statement of facts con-  
cerning the baby's parentage will come in  
nicely at this time and will clear up a lot of  
wrong impressions. Little Marvin, as he was  
called at Hope Cottage, was born at one of our  
local hospitals, July 28th, 1922. He was sent  
to Hope Cottage when only a few hours old—  
the young mother passed out of his life at that  
time. His birth is on record in the Vital  
Statistics Office, this city. His parents were  
residents of Dallas.

"Trusting that you will give this letter space  
in your magazine, for the sake of the beautiful  
Barbara La Marr, who will ever be remembered  
as one of the most admired and popular motion  
picture stars of her time.

"Very truly yours,  
"Emma Wylie Ballard,  
"Executive Secretary."

"My father is dead," she said simply. "He died the night before I left for Tahiti."

Although her father was her only relative aside from her sister, the actress made the entire trip and never mentioned his death to Van Dyke or anyone else. Because, she said, "Mr. Van Dyke was worried about the picture. Why should I bring my griefs to him also?"

**N**OW we learn that Sam Goldwyn has opened negotiations with two foreign composers to come to Hollywood to make Movietone scores for "The Rescue" and "The Awakening," maintaining that "talkies" are to bring the best musical talent of the world to the film city.

Naturally, we expect Sam to go to Europe for his musicians!

The Goldwyn sets are already a modern tower of Babel. We found fifteen nationalities jabbling at one another!

First, we noticed a cunning youngster of nine years worshipping at the shrine of Miss Banky. His father told us that he is none other than Raphael Mundstock, the "Jackie Coogan" of German movies. He has been in this country four weeks. Daddy brought him over for an introduction to Mr. Goldwyn. It was a successful introduction.

**N**EXT we encountered six officers of six different armies who had fought either with or at each other during the world fracas. A Finnish captain, a Swedish artillery captain, a German aviation captain, an American artillery captain, a Turkish infantry lieutenant and General Wiatshelav Savitsky, of the personal bodyguard of the late Czar of Russia.

Then, of course, there was the Hungarian Vilma Banky, the Parisienne Lily Damita, the English Colman and Byron; the Spanish assistant director, and the Polish producer, Sam Goldwyn, in person.

And sandwiched in between, Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian swimmer; Sojin, the Japanese character actor, and a full-blooded Bulgarian make-up artist.

**P**ERHAPS the man with the most troubles at a motion picture studio is the purchasing agent. He has to be ready at a moment's notice to buy any conceivable article—know exactly where to get it quickest and cheapest, and therefore be a sort of walking trade catalogue.

Sol Clark, purchasing agent at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, in one day had to locate and buy an old musical score of "La Tosca" printed in Italian for "War in the Dark," twenty Civil War saddles for "Morgan's Last Raid," a gyrosopic compass and sonic sounder for "Gold Braid," and six ounces of gold dust for "The Tide of Empire." On the side, he had to purchase 100,000 feet of lumber, a ton of assorted iron castings, and the boiler-head of a locomotive for a set showing the interior of an engine cab.

**F**RED NIBLO tells of a conversation between two extra girls that he heard while directing Banky and Colman.

The first actress said: "My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture."

The other inquired, "How does it look?"

"I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet."

**W**ALTER BYRON, the English importation for Vilma Banky, doesn't understand why Hollywood is so excited about the threat that Movietone will draw the center of the motion picture industry back to New York City. He says he has been told it's because there are better voices to be found in New York City.

"But I never heard so many raspy voices as in New York City. They must come from riding on those elevated trains, don't you think? The soft California climate does so much more for one's vocal instruments! I



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*This will relieve it*

**W**HEN your skin gets hot and sun-scorched—smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It will quickly relieve, "take out the heat," make your skin soft and fresh again. Hinds Cream has always done that.

But here's good news—Hinds Cream also prevents sun-scorch. The trick is to pat on Hinds Cream and powder before going out into the sun. Then your skin won't sun-scorch. It can't. Because Hinds Cream, with

powder over it, protects the skin from severe sunburn, from redness and blister—from all weathering, in fact. Keeps it smooth and young and lovely.

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*A woman  
tells why*

# MEN

lose their  
Hair



**M**UST a man lose his hair before fifty? Is there no hope? Read what a famous beauty expert says: "Men abuse their hair. They wear tight hats. They do not brush and massage their hair enough every day—worst of all—they try every 'cure-all' that comes along.

*My advice to men is this:*

1. Brush your hair thoroughly several times a day. Loosen the scalp by daily massage with the finger tips.
2. Stick to one good crude oil shampoo like Taroleum—and to one good reputable hair tonic like Wildroot.

"**F**OLLOW these two rules and you'll keep your hair ten years longer at least."

Use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water to wet your hair every morning—and you'll never have dandruff. Ask your barber for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo and Wildroot Hair Tonic. He has them. At all drug stores too.

# WILDROOT

HAIR  
TONIC

TAROLEUM  
SHAMPOO



Authors have no heart. When Tristram Tupper wrote "The River," he included a crow as one of his characters. So Frank Borzage, who is filming the novel, had to find a trained crow and, oddly enough, no one seemed to have one around the house. So he hired an animal expert to find an intelligent crow and train it. The lucky crow's name is Oscar, and you see him here perched on Mary Duncan's arm while Charles Farrell swaps gossip with him

think this will be the right place to make talkies!"

**T**HIRTY years ago . . . Their names in big red letters on the old New York Academy of Music billboards—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," played with an all-star cast.

He was the leading man and she was the leading lady.

"I will never forget you!" he sobbed in one of the big moments of the drama.

"Nor I you!" she replied, brushing away a tear.

The other day . . . On the "War in the Dark" set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, two old players met—an old station attendant and a lady selling flowers.

"Lillian Yeaman Titus, I've never forgotten you!" he said tenderly.

"Nor I you, Mortimer Snow!" she replied.

**I**N front of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios stands a set of scales, so that players may weigh themselves and see what the diet and exercise situation is.

In the rear of the establishment is a similar set of scales.

Low Cody tells this:

"A pretty extra-girl stepped up to the scales in front of the place and carefully weighed herself.

"She pondered a bit, then went back to the other scales and carefully weighed there as well.

"I don't know what to do about this," she remarked, "I weigh 123 in the front and 125 in the back!"

**A**ND now the term "supervisor" is in such disrepute that only the assistant producers of dog pictures are called supervisors.

Even the dogs have been heard to growl.

**W**E haven't told you about Harold Lloyd's dogs, because they are such aristocrats their names are difficult to spell, but he has the finest Danes to be found in any one kennel in the world! Recently when he added another famous Dane, Illo von der Rhone, a German-bred dog qualified to whip anything of its class in the United States, we simply had to go out to the new estate to look him over. What do you think we saw? Sixty-five massive canines! No wonder he calls them his "thundering herd."

**L**ILY DAMITA, Sam Goldwyn's new woman for Ronald Colman, sat on the edge of a table at a tea in her honor, surrounded by hordes of men. Hollywood men just naturally gravitate toward this young lady.

"I speak five of de languages," she boasted.

"Do you speak Yiddish?" a Jewish boy pressed anxiously forward.

"Non! But I haf coom to a goot place to learn it," was the frank answer.

**S**NAPPY come-back gleaned from the estimable Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer playground.

Johnny Mack Brown on seeing Dorothy Sebastian: "Hello, Dodo!"

Dorothy, with twinkling glance: "Do I look as extinct as that?"

**T**HE gal-friends certainly do bother James Hall. First it was Joan Crawford and then—and yet—Merna Kennedy. Recently Margaret Breen arrived in Los Angeles to play the lead in a stage play. She seemed to think that she was still engaged to Jimmy. Until she met Merna Kennedy.

And now Jimmy is worrying for fear that all this publicity about women may hurt his fan following.

Well, James, it didn't hurt Rudolph Valentino.

# Jack Gilbert Writes His Own Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

for Louis B. Mayer, say of Fox, regarding me, "They don't know what they've got."

Before long the stimulating influence of all this reassurance inspired me with a confidence which I had long thought dead.

Then one night I met young Thalberg and over many glasses, discussed future and profits. A great company was about to be formed. Metro and Goldwyn and Mayer were to unite forces and make pictures under one banner. It would be a great chance for a growing boy. I went home with goose-flesh all over me and cold chills running up and down my spine. Perhaps?—No! Why not? No!—No use. Don't be a fool! All right I won't! But look at your face!

Well, what of it? Perhaps my physical deficiencies would be overcome by my capacity for feeling. Let's try! I will!

WHEN Fox offered me a new two year contract I refused to sign it. When they informed me that they purchased "The Man Who Came Back" and "The Man Without a Country," I still refused to sign. When I was told that if I did not sign, the aforementioned stories would be given to someone else, I still shook my head.

A few weeks later after consistent begging I was released from my contract. The next day I signed for five years with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A couple of days after that—on a Sunday—Irving Thalberg took me to the Ambassador



Jefferson, Wis.

I am eighteen years old and I have been motherless for the last four years.

It's pretty hard to grow up and go straight with no mother to help you over the hard spots. So when I am lonesome and blue, I go to the movies. I can't tell you how much I appreciate them.

I've worked hard and I am getting ahead. I've also helped bring up my little brothers and sisters. The problems that come to every growing girl are presented before me in the movies.

I try to learn something worth while from every picture I see.

I see pictures of good girls and profit by them and I avoid the mistakes the bad girls make. I study the dresses and copy them, because I have no mother to help me choose my clothes. I watch the pictures of homes and of the interiors of rooms to help me when I have a home of my own.

I was born in Germany and when I see pictures of people's lives in foreign countries, I thank my lucky stars that I am in America. Over there the people cannot better themselves by working and saving.

Here there are opportunities for everyone.

E. H. K.

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THE modern woman knows one goal above all others—to keep her youth. And whether her Junes are coming or going, she finds Manon Lescaut Face Powder uniquely suited to this vital outdoor age when every woman is young.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocrée, Mauve, Peaches\* Powder, Peaches-and-Cream\* Powder

An ideal rouge for every occasion—Ashes of Roses\*, medium



# MANON LESCAUT\* FACE POWDER

BOURJOIS INC. PARIS AND NEW YORK

\* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



## Does Your Mirror say "Powder" or "Beauty"

*If only powder didn't SHOW! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvellous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness . . . to have your mirror say "beauty", and not "powder."*

WELL, THEN, PRINCESS PAT *does* give just beauty . . . without the slightest hint of "powder appearance" . . . and your intelligence will recognize the reasons. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky, powdery appearance. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says powder. And it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the customary chalky appearance.

These ingredients are banished in Princess Pat. Precious Almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness, there is softness. The very feel of Princess Pat is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it *transforms* the skin. It merges, blends, becomes as the very skin itself made perfect. Rub it on well, for permanence.

Now then! After you have powdered, what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually, yet surely. Usual powders become "patchy" and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the Almond in Princess Pat has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by Almond. Thus the distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer dislodged, nor beauty marred. Wonderful? Yes, of course.

And think! This same characteristic of Princess Pat, giving untold appearance beauty, likewise assures you a fine textured, healthy skin. The oil glands are not sealed—never choked. Consequently they do not become distended. If already distended, Princess Pat Powder gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without powder appearance that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat to begin with . . . for make-up beauty that always passes for supreme natural loveliness. Indeed your mirror never says "powder."

Of course, though, the added virtue of *improved skin texture* is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

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.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Hotel to meet Elinor Glyn. When the introduction took place my mood was a complex one of both self-consciousness and scorn. I was not at all certain of what I would hear—nor what I would say. Mrs. Glyn discussed a book of hers which Irving wanted to produce with me. The name of the story was "His Hour."

I left Mrs. Glyn with the distinct impression that I had met a great lady and a charming person.

"HIS Hour" was produced. King Vidor directed it. The picture was a success. I was amazed to discover that nice things were said about my work. Amazed—then gratified—then fearful. It was just luck. I was sure of that.

Then I was cast to play in "He Who Gets Slapped." When I read the script I was thunder-struck at discovering that my part consisted of about twenty scenes. Any one of fifty men could have played the part. What was the angle? What were they trying to do with me? Were they dissatisfied with my work? That was it. They were sorry they had signed me.

I rushed to Thalberg. My eyes were flooded with angry tears. "Look here," I cried, "if you want to get rid of me you don't have to give me rotten parts to do. I'll leave today and it won't cost you a penny!"

My young friend sat back in his chair and gazed at me in astonishment. I went on with my harangue blurring out my independence of him and all that he represented. Irving awaited my silence. "Are you stark staring mad?" he inquired.

From his sincerity of expression and tone I gathered that my conception of things might be wrong.

He went on, "This part, small as it is, will do you more good than anything you have ever done."

The production was started and almost finished—when another milestone of my life was passed. Leatrice divorced me. The fault was ninety-nine and nine-tenths mine. I think nothing further need be said about that.

When the picture "He Who Gets Slapped" was released, greater praise from critics was

showered on me than had ever before been my good fortune to receive. A love scene played with Norma Shearer, who is now Mrs. Thalberg, was piece-de-resistance for the pen of all dramatic reviewers for weeks to follow. I decided somebody must be wrong and it might as well be me, but the decision was of short duration.

I was selected to play *Jeff Dwyer* in "Wife of the Centaur." Cyril Hume had written a great story and all that remained for King Vidor and me to do was to interpret it in terms of human beings on celluloid. From my experience as a director, I had retained my own ideas as to how certain emotions should be expressed. King won out nine-tenths of the time, much against my will. When the picture was presented to the public more flattering phrases were written describing my performance.

Now, believe me or not, as you wish, but I speak the truth, I was completely astonished at the turn of events. I recognized, thank Heaven, that there were things under the sun of which I was ignorant. I determined to study, and I applied myself diligently to a course in the greatest medium of expression that the world has ever known, the motion picture.

THALBERG wanted me to play *Danilo* in "The Merry Widow." Von Stroheim, the director, wanted Norman Kerry to play *Danilo*. Thalberg's wish was law. Von Stroheim sent for me one day and offered his hand. With guttural Austrian accent he formally explained, "Gilbert, I am forced to use you in my picture. I do not want you, but the decision was not in my hands."

"I assure you that I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable."

If you have ever sensed humiliation, you may be able to understand my reaction to the foregoing speech. I guaranteed Stroheim that I would do my best to please him, and hated him in my heart.

Throughout the first week of the picture Von kept his promise. During the second week he became a tyrant. At the beginning of the third week, I walked out. A fifteen minute session on the set, had resulted in my



Getting engaged for the camera is no easy job. Director John McCarthy is trying to get a close-up of the engagement ring that Lawrence Grey has just slipped on Eleanor Boardman's finger. In order to get a diamond that would photograph expensively, Metro-Goldwyn had a stone especially cut to catch the light rays. You'll see the ring in "Diamond Handcuffs"

telling him where he could put "The Merry Widow" and what he could do with *Danilo*.

I went to my dressing room and tore off my uniform. Von followed and apologized. Whereupon we had a drink. I apologized to Von and we had another drink. Then we had a drink and I returned to the set. That disagreement cemented a relationship which for my part will never end.

Von Stroheim is not only one of my dearest friends, and I have few friends, but he retains my admiration and respect for being the greatest director we have and the greatest expressionist in motion pictures.

"THE Merry Widow" was finished, and its eventful success is motion picture history. I became a famous personage. Everywhere I went I heard whispers and gasps, in acknowledgement of my presence. "There's John Gilbert." "Look, it's John." "Hello, Jack." "Oh—John!"

The whole thing became too fantastic for me to comprehend. Acting, that very thing which I had been fighting and ridiculing for seven years had brought me success, riches, and renown. I was a great motion picture star. Well, I'll be damned!

Before his untimely death I was with Rudolph Valentino on many parties and soirees. In the midst of my fame, I have studied Rudy carefully, envying the ease with which he wore his crown. He possessed a quality which I nor any other star will ever attain. Valentino seemed born to the purple. Where so many of us become self-conscious before adulation, Rudy accepted it as his rightful, princely heritage, and justly so. He was a prince, of gallantry, and beyond all his many other attributes of artistry, comeliness and charm, a gift of royal bearing lent glamour to his being, which made him the hero lover of all time.

Salute!

"The Big Parade!" A thrill when I wrote the words. "The Big Parade!" As a preface to my remarks pertaining to this great film, permit me to become maudlin. No love has ever enthralled me as did the making of this picture. No achievement will ever excite me so much. No reward will ever be so great as having been a part of "The Big Parade." It was the high point of my career. All that has followed is balderdash.

Vidor did not want me to play *Jim Apperson*. He said I was too sophisticated, and that I was hard to handle. Poor King. I had given him so much trouble during "The Wife of the Centaur" that he had reasonable cause for complaint, but what he did not know, was that I had been purged in the fires of wisdom and experience. Again Thalberg won out. A grand battle could have waged had I knocked the chip off my director's shoulder on the day he said, "Anything you have to say, say now, in Irving's presence, and keep your mouth shut after we start the picture."

MY reply to King was, "In the two pictures which we made together, everything which I said would be bad, was good; and those things which you declared would be good, were good. I will never question your judgment again." And I never did.

The day came for starting the picture. It was to be my first starring vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A little six-reel movie of the war, but something more behind it. Thalberg was the first to sense an underlying greatness in our story, which imbued Vidor and the rest of us with a knowledge of our responsibility. The camera was set up; Slim, Bull and Jim, caked with mud, were to plunge into a water-filled shell hole to escape an enemy's fire. It was the first scene to be photographed. As I was adjusting my gas mask, King approached, his hand outstretched. Through a grin, he uttered prophetic words, the ultimate aspiration for movie makers, "Grauman's Egyptian, baby."

I wrung his fingers, and wet eyed, gulped, "Grauman's Egyptian, baby."

## "A delicate subject —but these girls must be told"

—a dean of women says



Unfortunately, this delicate subject is seldom discussed. If it were, many women could avoid a social stigma that comes with woman's oldest hygienic problem

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant worry. Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

### Kotex now completely deodorizes\*

In the past ten years women have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through Kotex. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, amazingly ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

### Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your own special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

### Deodorizes . . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
- 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered: no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
- 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
- 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes



## Instant relief for eyes irritated by Sports

When you return from golf, tennis, swimming, motoring or other outdoor activities with eyes that are hot, strained and bloodshot, apply a few drops of cooling, soothing *Murine*. It instantly relieves the tired, burning feeling, and soon ends the bloodshot condition.

Men find *Murine* invaluable for clearing up their eyes in the morning and refreshing them during business. Women use it to impart new beauty to their eyes. A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs only 60c. Get acquainted with its benefits.

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# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



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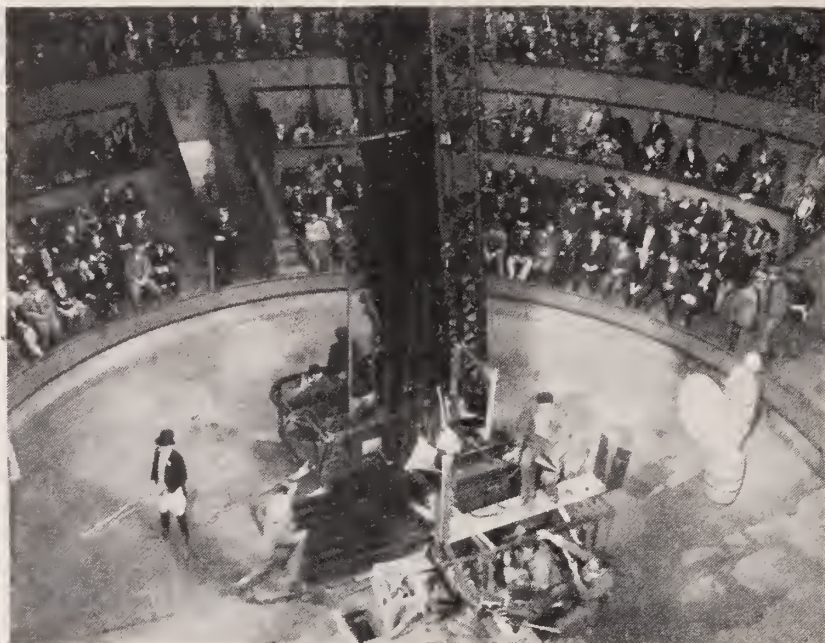
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See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

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This huge machine is called the Go-Devil and was invented by F. W. Murnau for use in "The Four Devils." It is a big arm which swings in all directions and carries the director, cameras and cameramen, enabling them to photograph scenes from every possible angle. The machine weighs twenty tons and is operated by a two hundred horse-power motor. It is capable of traveling at a speed of forty miles an hour

We started "The Big Parade."

Have any of you ever gone through an experience at school, or at college, or while in love, or while on a farm, or in the mountains, or exploring, or on a boat, or somewhere which has been so filled with happiness and work and harmony and well directed effort that you never hope or dream of such a thing re-occurring? If you have, you will understand just how I feel about "The Big Parade." It can never happen again. Sequence after sequence was good. We knew it. There was no doubt in our minds, nor any display of ego. We simply knew we were photographing honest action.

The chewing gum episode—with little Renee Adoree. Only a suggestion was offered in the script and no one really knew what would happen. Cameras started and away we went. Minute after minute after minute; impromptu; inspired; both Renee and me, guided by some unseen power, expressing beauty. And when the film was exhausted, old Pop Vidor, age thirty-four, murmuring, "I'll be damned if I ever saw a scene as good as that."

AND so we thundered along, with interludes (misquoting Frank Vreeland) "of rosebuds growing all over everything." Moment after moment of just going in and doing it. The shell hole sequence with the German soldier boy. The only thing known about it being, "Jim offers him a cigarette," and when it was over, Pop's question, "Do you think you slapped him too many times?"

And my hysterical reply, "God, no, I felt it." And King, "If you felt it, it's right."

When a picture is finished there is usually a let-down of excitement, but no such thing occurred with the completion of "The Big Parade." Our enthusiasm became greater, and then we heard the electrifying news that Sid Grauman had booked the picture for his Egyptian Theater!

A war dance in my dressing room, performed by King and me followed this information.

On the great night of the opening, Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Norma Shearer and myself made a foursome, and petrified with fear, yet consumed with hope, we sat and

watched the unreeling of our greatest effort. Thalberg was home, confined to his bed with illness, but every few minutes one of us would sneak to a telephone and let him know how the film was being received.

NEED I remark that the picture was a success? I was drunk with the fulfillment of a dream. When Metro-Goldwyn leased the Astor Theater in New York, for the exhibition of our epic, I went east to be present at the opening, carrying "The Big Parade" with me in my compartment on the train. The film was encased in three heavy steel boxes which I guarded with an ever watchful eye and with such vigilance that Richard Dix who accompanied me, was moved to ridicule.

All I said, was, "Wait till you see what's inside those boxes."

On the afternoon of the day the picture opened, I met Leatrice, who was vacationing in the east. In spite of our divorce we were still great friends, and I begged her to accompany me that night. She sensed the excitement which had prevented my eating or sleeping for three days and sweetly agreed to join me. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson completed our party and I rushed to my hotel to dress.

When we drove up to the theater the crowds roared and cheered as they saw me assist Leatrice from the cab. I was trembling from head to foot. The theater was jammed with the first night crowd of stars and critics. The orchestra burst forth, then died away. The house lights were dimmed and the picture flashed on the screen. Voices gradually became silent, and the most thrilling moment of my life began. I ceased to exist for this world. I grew numb, and riveting my eyes on the screen, sat as if dead for two hours. A title flashed before me: "The End." Amid cheers and applause and thunderous acclamation I remained rigid. It was over. Yet I could not get my limbs to move, nor my brain to function. Not until all the people had left the theater was I capable of rising from my seat. Even then I could hardly move. Torn pieces of linen were scattered all over my clothing. Leatrice told me I had ripped two handkerchiefs to shreds.



Hundreds of people were still milling about the front of the theater when we made our exit. Police reserves had to escort us to our car. We were driven to a cafe to join a party given by Marcus Loew. As we stepped from the cab a flashlight exploded. Leatrice and Richard were caught and photographed arm in arm. The picture was supposed to have included only Leatrice and me.

WE rushed into the cafe and found our table. Marcus, bless him, saw my pitiable exhaustion, and produced a flask. Congratulations were showered upon me.

How I longed for King and Irving to be present to share in this triumph. I suggested to Leatrice that we sneak away and be alone. She was willing, so we made our excuses, and slipped off to a tiny night club, where we danced and talked till dawn. Then I took her home. When I returned to my hotel, I sent for the morning newspapers, and got drunk all over again, reading the reviews of the picture. No such adjectives had ever been used to describe a movie. I sat for hours crying and thrilling to the printed phrases. Then I staggered to bed and slept around the clock.

I had sounded the depths and reached the peak of emotional excitement. I never expect such an experience to occur to me again. And so I say, and please understand, that I have concluded my career in pictures. Other efforts followed, but the thrill that accompanied the creation of my great character makes all subsequent achievement appear dull and earthly in comparison.

"La Boheme." Artistic and delicate, but never believable.

"Bardelys, The Magnificent." Applesauce. With one, John Gilbert, contributing most of the sauce.

"Flesh and the Devil." Mildly exciting because of its brazen display of sex lure, but only important for me because of my meeting with a glorious person named Garbo.

"The Show." Nothing whatever to be proud of. I wanted to do "Lilliom," but was denied the privilege of making that fine story. "The Show" was its illegitimate spew. I was rotten in it.

"Twelve Miles Out." A story of bootlegging, with lovable Ernest Torrence to lift it with humor and conflict.

"Love." A cheap interpretation of Tolstoi's story, which, though containing some memorable moments, is at best a sob sister's love tale. A Russian "East Lynne."

"Man, Woman and Sin." My God, what a title! It could have been great, but it wasn't. I have my own private reasons for its failure, which I am not permitted at this time to disclose.

And so it goes on. And so I go on.

FOR all that has happened, the result of thirteen years of striving, I am deeply grateful, and still, slightly dazed.

The other day I was walking down Hill Street in Los Angeles, when I was accosted by a policeman. I beamed as I recognized Bob Stewart, from "bushwa" days at Inceville. We chatted a while, then Bob asked me what I was doing. I informed him that I had just finished a picture. He was astonished, "My God, still in that game?" I acknowledged my stupidity at still bucking the movies for a living. "You're a fool for punishment," he sympathized. "Better get out before they lick you," and patting my shoulder, he swung along on his beat. Such is fame. I gazed after him, envious of his oblivion to everything except his job, his home, and the central station.

Occasionally I take a long afternoon drive up the beach beyond Santa Monica. Where the buildings and stages and western streets of Inceville used to be, are now the red flags and orange placards of a new subdivision, called Castellamare. My stomach sickens as I turn my eyes seaward and hurriedly pass this hideous destruction of what was once my glorious playground. One piece of movie statuary

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remains; high up on a hill, the weatherbeaten legs and torso of a plaster horse which once ornamented the square before a great set representing the German Kaiser's palace. A state of depression invariably follows my return from this drive, and lingers with me for hours.

Valentino's house, inhabited by his brother, is just across the hill from my home. On dark nights when Rudy's great Dane howls, I shudder a little, and wonder.

Letters published in magazines, characterizing me as being hateful, cowardly, egotistical, selfish, inartistic, ungrateful, ugly, colorless and insipid do not contribute greatly to my happiness. Neither do such misguided epistles disturb me to any great extent. The best way to get back at my bad acting, is by not going to see my pictures. Don't you agree?

Too, when seventeen critics praise my performance to the skies, and seventeen others equally, or more intelligent, condemn, with such descriptive terms as stupid, tiresome, uninspired, lacking in all personality and originality, I am more convinced than ever that act-

ing is too fleeting an expression for the critic to pass just comment upon. Being an actor is like being a sunset. Darkness quickly follows to make way for dawn and a new sunset.

My ambition is to produce my own pictures. Perhaps I will come a cropper as I did with "Brulatur." Perhaps not. Time will tell. But one thing that I am determined to attempt is to destroy for all time the accepted character of the motion picture hero. My leading light will be a man, no better nor any worse than myself, possessing all my faults, my frailties and my virtues, if any. With somewhere, latent perhaps, but ever present, a determination to struggle onward, and upward, toward honesty.

THE END

*Jack Gilbert's Life Story appeared in the June, July, August and September issues of PHOTOPLAY. Readers who wish to obtain copies of any or all of these issues may do so by sending 25 cents for each copy desired to PHOTOPLAY, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

## Winners and Solutions of July Nutty Biographies

THE winners of the July Nutty Biographies of Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman were as follows: Mrs. John D. Leonard, 1326 Oregon Street, Chickasha, Okla., won the first prize of \$200 for her clever solution. It was in scenario form, with suggestions for Technicolor and Movietone scenes. The second prize was awarded to Vera M. Murney of Clinton, Iowa, for her artistic arrangement of the correct answers. Grace Sheller, 1925 South 17th Street, Omaha, Neb., won the third prize of \$50.

The two prizes of \$25 were won by Mrs. John D. Jesk, 214 East 51st Street, New York, and Mabel Millspaugh, 120 West 4th Street, Anderson, Indiana.

The winners of the ten \$10 prizes were: Miss Irene Tate, 420 Orchard St., New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Ethel G. Warwick, 909 W. Jefferson, Sandusky, Ohio; Myrtle Gage, 2749 Green Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.; Lucille Young, Jacksboro, Texas; Mrs. H. A. Johnson, 1808 Evelyn Ave., Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Wilfred Zartman, 634 North Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio; Frank White, 2924 Magnolia Ave., Beaumont, Texas; Marcella Johnson, 1002 Washington St., Evanston, Ill.; Leone M. Foulk, 10 Pleasant, S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. H. A. Luttmer, Cornelius Apts., Seattle, Wash.

Here are the correct solutions for the Nutty Biographies for July. The picture captioned Greta Garbo was the comedy face of Polly Moran. And Greta was not discovered in Budapest by Samuel Goldwyn. That was Vilma Banky. Miss Garbo comes from Stockholm and was signed for American movies by Louis B. Mayer.

The landlady's son told Aunt Hezekiah a fine collection of fibs. Miss Garbo works at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in Culver City, not at Universal. She did play in "Flesh and the Devil" and she is fascinating, but she is Swedish not Hungarian. And she is still Swedish because she is not married to D. W. Griffith, or any other American. Some of the scenes of Griffith's "Hearts of the World" were filmed in France, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, but Greta was in Sweden at the time. She was too young to be a war nurse and anyway, Sweden was a neutral country. And the Hungarians fought with the Austrians and Germans against the Allied forces.

Once again, it was Vilma Banky who was discovered in Budapest by Mr. Goldwyn. Aunt Hezekiah has Vilma and Greta mixed up all through her Nutty Biography.

Greta Garbo made two pictures in Europe under the direction of Mauritz Stiller and Griffith had nothing to say about her career. He didn't even know her. So naturally he wasn't surprised when she became a movie star. Her first American film was "The Torrent" but she was—and still is—under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Off the screen, Greta is not lively but she likes to be alone and avoids parties. John Gilbert is her favorite leading man and not Lon Chaney. D. W. Griffith directed Mary Philbin in "Drums of Love." It was "Love"—without the drums—that was adapted from Tolstoi's novel "Anna Karenina" and it was directed by Edmund Goulding. And if Otto takes Aunt Hezekiah to the studio to watch Greta Garbo work he probably won't get on the set, because Greta doesn't like visitors hanging around when she is acting.

The Nutty Biography of Ronald Colman was particularly goofy. The picture was of Harry Langdon and if it makes Aunt Hezekiah think of moonlight and roses, she has a good imagination. It is Ramon Novarro who is studying to be an opera singer, but he doesn't go around airing his voice in apartment house courts. It was Ramon, too, who was the hero of that story about retiring to a monastery. A good story, but unfortunately not based on facts.

Mr. Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, and he was playing on the New York stage when he was signed to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." But, again, it was Ramon Novarro who had the title rôle of "Ben-Hur." "Ben-Hur" is a story of Rome and Jerusalem during the life of Christ; "Romola" is the Italian story.

Ronald hasn't bright red hair; he has black hair, brown eyes and is five feet, eleven inches tall. And he is not married to Vilma Banky, who is the wife of Rod La Rocque, but separated from Thelma Raye. Mr. Colman and Miss Banky were co-stars but now they make pictures independently, because it was impossible to find stories suitable for both of them. Miss Banky was born in Hungary, not San Antonio, Texas. She is not a singer and has never appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House and neither Ronald nor Vilma has musical ambitions.

Mr. Colman uses his real name on the screen and is by no means "the nightingale of Beverly Hills." His address is the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif., in care of Samuel Goldwyn.

# Fathering a Film Star

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

We all moved back to Hollywood again and from there I was transferred to London to take charge of production in the Famous Players' studio.

During this time, my good friend, Charlie Chaplin, came to visit in England. I met him when the boat docked at Southampton and rode with him, by train and automobile, on his triumphal return to his native London.

Several times during this highly exciting and nerve-racking entry, I was puzzled when Charlie, apropos of nothing at all, confided to me:

"I have a test of a girl I want you to see."

Naturally, at first, I was polite but as Charlie kept repeating about the test, I frankly told him I wasn't interested.

I STOPPED that night with him in his suite at the Ritz, and the very first thing in the morning he asked his valet to dig out a reel of film from his luggage. This he handed to me and said:

"There's the test I made of that girl . . . you must see it."

Again I told him I wasn't interested in a test of anyone in America, as it was simply ridiculous and silly to think about even considering anyone so far away.

I had lunch and dinner with him and we walked late in the night over the streets of London, as he pointed out many places familiar and dear to him.

Returning to the hotel, he again handed me the can of film and said:

"You must take that along."

I pretended to take it, and after bidding him goodnight, purposely left the can on a table in the parlor.

The next day, I had lunch with him again and he reminded me that I had forgotten the film. A dozen times during the day, he cautioned me about taking it along and had the valet put it with my overcoat and hat.

I left the film again.

But the next morning, shortly after I arrived at the studio, a Rolls-Royce drove up and a chauffeur got out, carrying the can of film into the studio to me.

I WAS becoming annoyed now, and an assistant asked me what I wanted done with it. I told him I didn't care.

Later that afternoon, I was looking at some of our daily "rushes" in the studio projecting room. When I had finished, the operator called through the opening and said that there was another reel there . . . did I want to see that? I told him surely I did . . . not knowing that it was the one Chaplin was trying to foist upon me.

The lights went out and the film was projected upon the screen. The first few feet were of a beautiful castle. Then, in the background, the lone figure of a girl came walking out and down to foreground . . . and then jumped to a close up.

It was Carmelita!

She was smiling and she spoke directly to me, saying (as a title popped out on the screen):

"Hello, Papa!"

She looked at me and smiled . . . threw me a kiss . . . and started to walk away . . . then stopped, and, turning around again, said:

"I hope you're not mad at me for being in this picture."

The next instant, Doug Fairbanks came popping out alongside of Carmelita, and, pointing his finger towards me, said:

"Say, we all think Carmelita ought to be in pictures . . . what's the matter with you?"

Then Mary Pickford walked out . . . put

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her arm around Carmelita . . . and told me the same thing.

The all-star cast was completed when Chaplin bounced out and began clowning around. Then suddenly Carmelita was standing there alone, and she leaned forward and said:

"Really, do you mind if I go in pictures, Papa?"

When the picture faded out, I was choking with little sobs and my eyes were truly wet with tears. I was so darned lonesome I ran the picture five or six times that afternoon and evening and had a good cry all alone.

\* \* \*

**H**ERE was the companion situation to the old Irish wheeze:

"Is O'Toole good for a drink?"

"Did he have it?"

"He did!"

"He is."

And so it was with Carmelita. . . . Could she go in the movies?

She was!

I am not so keen about the average movie father or mother . . . but Carmelita has certainly been a good movie mother to me. And my only contribution as a "movie father" has been in the rôle of a "consulting engineer." Having seen many stars come into prominence,

and not a few fade out, my general advice included:

First of all, keep physically fit.

(For this good counsel I had to pay bills for horseback riding, tennis, golf, massage, dancing, swimming, and plaster off the ceiling following violent calisthenics.)

Keep mentally alert through good books and interesting companions.

(The overhead on this advice also cost a pretty penny.)

Keep good hours, consistently, and be sensible about diet.

(I must confess I saved a little money here.)

**D**RESS well and cultivate an easy poise, if possible.

(Here we go "in the red" again.)

See every motion picture possible . . . study all the best actresses on both the screen and stage.

(This is very stimulating, but also runs into heavy dough.)

Going Polonius one better, I have seriously preached all my life that the greatest virtue is toleration . . . to be tolerant of everybody and everything.

It brings a big return in life . . . a happy disposition, many loyal friends, a good stomach and liver, a cheerful philosophy and continued youth.



Dirty political influences are at work in pictures. Look at this, Mayor Walker! Snookums is photographed shaking hands with Minnie, the elephant. The elephant is the symbol of the Republican party. Hist, hist! it's a plot

## New Amateur Movie Contest

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

culties abroad, although he had trouble in Italy in getting 35-millimeter film in short lengths suitable for the Eyemo.

Frequently he had to utilize makeshift dark rooms to thread in such odd pieces as he could purchase.

SOME interesting new amateur accessories are now on the market, available to home movie makers. For instance, there is a new audible footage meter, now adaptable to the Filmo and the Victor and shortly usable with the Cine-Kodak. Heretofore, amateurs have had to guess at the length of shots, since the footage dial is out of sight when the machine is in operation. The new audible footage meter clicks off the footage and the amateur is exact in his shots. The meter is easily adjustable.

Sets of vignetting masks are now supplied for the Filmo. With these you can shoot heart-shaped pictures, pictures apparently made through key holes and via binoculars, etc.

There are clover-leaf masks for country shots and so on. This opens up a new way the amateur can copy professional cinematography.

You now can buy specially built cabinets to house your camera, your projector, your splicer and the rest of your equipment. And, of course, your loose reels. These come in desk and console models.

## Pictures or Football?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Are you counting little things like cracked ribs? Did you ever have your dress catch fire in the middle of a game?"

"Dress, Bebe? What do you think football is, a masquerade ball?"

"Some of the games I've seen look like one. Anyway, when I was doing 'Monsieur Beaucaire' I wore a crinoline dress it took me twenty minutes to hook myself into. Folds and folds of it. Hoops.

"A page boy in the picture was following me with a flaming torch until he got his feet signals mixed and fell against me with that torch.

"The whole dress caught on fire.

"ABOUT two weeks before that Martha Mansfield had been burned to death in just such an accident.

"I started to run for the hose and as I did so I heard the director say, 'My God! Martha Mansfield!'

"I stopped running and rolled on the floor trying to put out those darn flames. Poor Martha had kept on running and fanned the flames beyond control. They finally smothered the fire with coats and things but believe me, Dick, you have never spent moments like that on a gridiron."

"No? Ever wait to catch a punt when you knew two ends were going to hit you in the tummy the moment you did?"

"And did you ever play for over an hour in the cold and wet when you felt so brittle you were sure you were going to crack apart like a pretzel when some one tackled you hard?"

"I can imagine it," she said. "It must be something like the feeling you get when you play a scene for over an hour in ice water up to your neck and you know if you don't look

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happy and warm the picture will be a flop and you'll lose your job.”

My only answer to that one was that feeling don't count much anyway.

“No,” the screen's girl athlete answered, “but three weeks in a hospital do.

“I was lucky on that last one it was only three weeks.

“A whole set built on a truck was swiped off the truck by an oak tree branch as the truck was driven under the tree. I went through two panes of glass, flopped nine feet to the pavement from a truck going twenty miles an hour, and landed under a mess of two by fours and sun arc lamps.

“One five-hundred pound lamp lit close enough to me to scrape the hat off my head.

“Score torn back muscles, misplaced vertebrae, and a nice little case of auto-intoxication from shock.

“Couldn't eat for a week.”

“BEBE,” I asked, “can I count three broken ankles, innumerable sprains, two broken wrists, eight broken fingers, torn muscles galore, and one nose broken four times, besides a mouthful of teeth loosened up by cleated shoes?”

“You can if you want me to score a lot of little two bit things like them I'll have to rack my memory to remember. I didn't intend to count little ones.”

And the Judges, Bebe's mother, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and Charles Furthman, the pirate of Santa Monica Bay, called it a draw until after lunch.

What say you?



Here is one comic that Mack Sennett overlooked. William Haines plays a slapstick comedian in Marion Davies' new picture, “Show People.” And this is the way our handsome hero looks when he goes goofy

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# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

## FLEETWING—Fox

A ROMANTIC story of Araby. There is much ado about the capture of a famous wild horse, *Fleetwing*. The hero captures the horse and a beautiful slave girl from a rival tribe. He falls in love with the girl and is forced to fight his own tribesmen to keep her. Barry Norton is not our idea of a desert sheik, but the story is entertaining and there are some truly beautiful photographic shots of the sand hills.

## A SHIP COMES IN—Pathe-De Mille

A LESSON in Americanism. It is the simple story of humble immigrants whose patriotism and love for their adopted country endure through sorrow and injustice. It is too bad this theme has been done so repeatedly, as it grows stale with re-telling. Nevertheless, if you enjoy good acting, you'll like it. Rudolph Schildkraut, as the lovable immigrant, gives an excellent portrayal, and Louise Dresser, who plays opposite him, does some fine work.

## NO OTHER WOMAN—Fox

WE'D like to know why they had to dig this one up. It is one of Dolores Del Rio's first pictures, made and shelved about two years ago. Dolores hadn't learned much about the art of acting then, nor, apparently, had the rest of the cast. Lou Tellegen's amateurish efforts at direction are largely responsible for the results, but the story itself is an absurdity. Too bad it was not left in the vault.

## PAINTED POST—Fox

IF you are a real Tom Mix fan nothing but the sight of your hero and Tony matters. Then this is for you; otherwise, stay home and cultivate your garden. Being Tom's last picture for Fox, the studio gave him the old rubber-stamp plot: hold-up, kidnapping, bandit chase, spectacular rescue. There's one thrilling moment when Tom and Tony tip over a windmill to gain entrance into the bandits' quarters—that's all. Natalie Kingston is wasted on the heroine's rôle.

## FANGS OF FATE—Pathe

RIN-TIN-TIN doesn't need to worry about Klondike, a rival canine star, entering his box-office for some time. Klondike is a beautiful dog but not an actor as yet, and this present story gives him small opportunities. It's a dull affair about an attempt to steal an oil invention; Klondike finds the missing plans and exposes the villain. Old stuff, with a romance between Arnold Gray and Kathleen Collins which doesn't help it any.

## HEART TROUBLE—First National

IF this is shown in an open-all-night theater near some midnight mission where you pay fifteen cents for the privilege of slumber—buy a ticket. It won't keep you awake a moment. But if you wish to enjoy a "movie," stay away. Just a lot of silly gags, no story and enough inane situations to spell the exit of Harry Langdon. It was his cue to give us a good picture. He didn't.

## GREASED LIGHTNING—Universal

A DULL horse opera with the standardized formula. A cowboy hero, a wide-eyed blonde who dumbly lets herself be kidnapped along with the hero's horse, by the dastardly villain. Our hero starts out to recapture, single-handed, his livestock, including said

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blonde. . . . When we woke up, the heroine was tearfully kissing a slight bruise sustained by the hero and the villain was slinking away into the brush. This sort of thing just can't go on.

**SAY IT WITH SABLES—Columbia**

MARGARET LIVINGSTON in a cynical and highly improbable story of a gold-digger who applies the touch system to two generations of a wealthy family. She's a striking "Hello gimme—goodbye, send me" gal, but plays a rather unsympathetic rôle. Because a misguided gentleman throws her over, she adds insult to injury, years later, by cradle-snatching his son. As melodrama must have a moral, the "gimme girl" gets hers. Helene Chadwick does some nice trouping.

**THE FIGHTING REDHEAD—FBO**

BUZZ BARTON, wideawake juvenile Western star, sure knows his pinto. The villain robs a bank and turns the evidence back on the handsome young cowboy who's in love with the sheriff's daughter. But Buzz gets the low-down, frees the boy, knocks out the heavy, and pulls the most spectacular rescue a kid hero has ever made. Pretty large order, but he eats it up and yells for more. Don't let the kids miss it.

**THE DEVIL'S TRADEMARK—FBO**

IN a big production, this plot would be dangerous propaganda. Being an inconsequential picture, it's merely aggravating. A father prays that his son will go crook so they can work together; of course the old man reforms, but the subject is insulting to an intelligent audience. And it's the height of absurdity when they trot Belle Bennett out in a rôle twenty times too small for her. Just so much high-powered bunk!

**THE TRAIL OF COURAGE—FBO**

THIS is supposed to be a very epic cactus topic, with a family's wrongs righted by a leaping gallant in chaps. It's supposed to make you gasp, and thrill, and shout "Bravo!" and leave you worn out by the supernatural antics of the hero. It's supposed to be good, but Wallace Fox only creates for himself one

of those embarrassing moments that any director may have. Poor man! Even his best friends won't tell him.

**THE BROKEN MASK—Anchor**

ONE of those gay little revenge stories: the villain disfigures his successful rival's face. But the lady fools him. Love is blind, and she marries her carved boy-friend anyway. Despite the theme's primitive ugliness, it is a colorful, imaginative picture, with enough suspense to keep you gasping. Cullen Landis is appealingly dramatic as a boy whom Fate gives a raw deal, and Barbara Bedford, as his lifelong sweetheart, is fascinating.

**CODE OF THE SCARLET—First National**

A FORCEFUL Northwest Mounted story, with Ken Maynard wearing the scarlet coat. It's a more-than-gentle reminder that the slogan "Get Your Man" was not originated by flappers. Fortunately for Ken, he gets a better break on stories than any other Western star. All of his pictures this year have been consistently good, with new plots and daring action. It's about the best entertainment of its kind, if you're in the mood for outdoor stuff.

**HIS RISE TO FAME—Excellent**

TAKE one overdone night club, a slightly passé chorine, one sap hero, a hard-boiled pugilist, pep it up with a prize-ring finish, add a drop of syrupy romance. Shake well. The result is "His Rise to Fame." George Walsh is a young gentleman who takes his acting too seriously.

**THE MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS—Rayart**

THE sort of thing which pops out of a small studio now and then to give independent producers a new lease on life. It's a secret service melodrama, with all the unnatural elements and the sinister thrill of a new Arabian Nights tale, yet the subject is modern and timely. Washington Secret Service operatives match wits with pacifist agents in a petty continental monarchy. Cornelius Keefe is striking as the dashing young American intelligence officer.



Three chairs for Eddie Nugent! The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player takes his morning exercise and the photographer asks him to hold that pose for a still picture



**GREEN GRASS WIDOWS—Tiffany-Stahl**

JOHN STAHL managed to get Walter Hagen off the course long enough to star him in a picture, but the story is impossible. It's bound to be when the world professional golf champion defaults in a match to a young chap whose college career depends on the tournament purse. Nice sentiment, but it just isn't done. Hagen makes the sporting gesture for Gertrude Olmstead and Johnnie Harron, undergraduate sweethearts. Swell stuff for the golf-goofy.

**THE COWBOY KID—Fox**

DO you remember the first movies? How a brave, handsome lad rescued the fair damsel from a dozen bad bandits, *single handed*? How he performed more miracles in ten minutes than the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table were allowed in a lifetime? Well, Rex Bell, Fox's much-heralded new Western hero, is that lad reincarnated and this is his second picture. If you do not wish to develop the children's imagination, let them see it.

**THE LITTLE WILD GIRL—Hercules**

IT'S rather a jolt to see the demure Lila Lee cast as a small town's wild girl. And Cullen Landis is amazingly tailored for a tall timber hero, but is otherwise adequate. There are all the usual frontier props and atmosphere, but the plot is terribly dumb. Some Canadian backwoods yokels, who aren't frightfully broadminded, try to run a nice but stage-struck girl out of town for visiting the city. Can such things be?

**TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor**

EVEN an all-star cast won't keep you from recognizing this as a direct offspring of "Behind the Front." The only thing that saves it is the mild kick injected by Wesley Barry and Waite Boteler, two boob dough-boys. They fall for a coy Verdun damsel who turns out to be a man spy. Gareth Hughes does a fair job of stealing Julian Eltinge's stuff. What a mean pair of eyes that baby turns loose!

**DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS—Anchor**

ANOTHER war comedy. Danny O'Shea gives a sparkling characterization of a hot-heeled dance hall sheik whose life ambition is winning dance contests. When the war starts, his sweetie (Pauline Garon) quits him cold and joins the Red Cross. To Danny, the row in France is just a conspiracy to keep him from his sweetheart, so he joins the army to find her. A small production, but good gags and hot titles make you howl.

**THE GATE CRASHER—Universal**

ONE of those in-between comedies with a few hilarious moments to relieve the gags which make you wonder who ever thought they might seem funny! Too bad, for Glen Tryon is an able funster and deserves consistent stories. Patsy Ruth Miller gives able support. The story wobble-waggles about a hick detective who discovers a jewel thief without use of either rhyme or reason. A good excuse to stay home for an evening.

**PROWLERS OF THE SEA—Tiffany-Stahl**

SHOULD an officer neglect his duty for a woman? When the woman is Carmel Meyers, garbed in Cuban mantilla and filmy lace, there is only one answer to this question. Ricardo Cortez makes it and gets into all of the difficulties which come to an enamoured, neglectful commander. George Fawcett, the begrizzled general, chances to have a tender heart for the young lover, however. An exceptionally well acted, interesting and above-the-average program picture.



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No need to use methods or preparations which encourage heavier growth.

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Under-arm cleanliness



Hair-free legs

**DEL-A-TONE**  
Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

### GANG WAR—FBO

OLIVE BORDEN and Jack Pickford (now in the hospital) are teamed for romance in this likeable crook melodrama. This is Olive's first appearance with bobbed hair, which may account for her new abandon and better acting. Eddie Gribbon, erstwhile comedian, turns dramatic and gives us thrills instead of laughs as he plays leader of one of the bootleg gangs. He and Jack are cast as rivals, but what chance has a fighter against a "sobbing saxophone singer"? Good entertainment.

### THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National

MARSHALL NEILAN brings to the films another romantic drama of circus life that will delight all ages. The circus atmosphere is not realistic but actual, for the picture is made with Barnes' Circus. Lloyd Hughes has a circus cowboy rôle and Mary Astor the feminine replica, but the romantic complications originate prior to this, when the college girl deserts wealth to pursue the man of her choice. Heart interest and Neilan comedy assured. What better?

### STOP THAT MAN—Universal

NOW here is a comedy! No wonder Arthur Lake got the coveted *Harold Teen* rôle. Warner Richard and Eddie Gribbon are stern policemen, afflicted with a kid brother (*Arthur*) who would rather be a cop than eat. He grabs a uniform and makes a fatal public appearance. He meets Barbara Kent and falls hard. From then on, he gets absolutely convulsive trying to bluff the girl and at the same time duck his brothers. A riot of fun.

### SKIRTS—M.-G.-M.

THE next time Sid Chaplin makes a picture, he'd better stay on American soil until it's finished. This alleged comedy, with its mother-in-law plot dripping moth-balls, has all the earmarks of an English sense of humor, than which there is nothing whicker. Sid has admirably lived down his native British influences by his famous super-comedies, but there's bound to be a throw-back sometime, and this is it. Good titles, but you can read at home.

### POLLY OF THE MOVIES—First Division

THIS is a "quickie" made with little money and little time. It is amusing, light entertainment. A slim story about an ugly girl who has a passion for the movies which only Hollywood can conquer. A small town boy friend lends a helping hand to the movie city. The treatment is novel and the work of Jason Robards makes you wonder why we don't see

more of him in the movies. Worth neighborhood-theater prices.

### HOT NEWS—Paramount

FOR sure-fire entertainment, see Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton in this picture, playing hide and seek around the spike bonnet of the Statue of Liberty. This is Bebe at her best, making the impossible seem easy of accomplishment. It's another story of the motion picture news reel. It sets a fast pace at the start and keeps it up until the end. Maybe not an authentic portrayal, but with such laughs and thrills, we should worry!

### BABY CYCLONE—M.-G.-M.

THE stage play by this name was a bright comedy, but the picture cannot be called a mirth-provoker. Splendid material is wasted when Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Robert Armstrong and Gwen Lee support Cyclone, the Pekinese, through five reels—even if he is a marvelous dog. It's like watching the antics of your friend's boy, when you want the friend to talk with you. Cody and Armstrong do have an excellent intoxicated sequence, but the picture is mediocre.

### OBEY YOUR HUSBAND—Anchor

DOROTHY DWAN and Gaston Glass are attractive in the romantic rôles of this production, and a fair program picture is the result. Following a midnight elopement, the young husband finds he must work every night. So his pleasure-loving wife, who must be entertained every minute, starts raising hanky-panky with hubby's bank account at a gambling joint. From then on, everything happens but a flood and an earthquake, but none of it means a thing.

### THE SPEED CHAMPION—Rayart

SMALL town stuff in all its hick glory. The grocery boy knocks out a visiting pug and gets an offer of overnight success from a by-standing fight-promoter. Without any difficulty, the kid blacks one champ's eye after another and, oddly enough, goes back to the sticks for his biggest fight. There he finds his girl, does a little face lifting on his arrival, and pays the mortgage on pop's grocery. Isn't that just *too* original?

### UNDRESSED—Sterling

NOT an amorous expose, as the title would lead you to believe. It's nothing in the world but a harangue on parents who misunderstand their children and treat them like morons. A young lady pays off a bridge debt by posing for a cad artist. When she refuses to give in, he attempts compromise by re-doing her portrait into a nude. Not exactly good enough for players like Virginia Brown Faire, Hedda Hopper and David Torrence.

## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Sometimes there are other matters, of almost equal importance, to be considered. Manners and mannerisms and conversation may need a general refurbishing, after the summer holiday. Don't neglect—during your period of preparation for the winter—to renew these things.

Read a chapter in the most comprehensive book of etiquette and, also, read some of the novels about which people in the "know" are talking.

Clothes and complexions and hair will carry you a long way, Eleanora. They will grant you an entrée to the good times and the gayety that are planned in the autumn. But you will always need more than appearance to make you a social success after the entrée is gained!

An ability to talk pleasantly and easily—and to listen when other people talk. To

listen *intelligently*. A sense of the fitness of things—an adaptability and a poise. They also have their place. It isn't necessary to be the life of the party—as so many girls think. Not any more than it is necessary to wear the best clothes or be the most dazzling beauty.

But, just as it *is* necessary to make the most of yourself in the matter of hair and complexion and clothes, so it is necessary to make the most of your brain and, above all, of your personality!

LEONA M.:

Do not worry too much about the young man's apparent lack of interest. He is probably staying away from you to make you interested! He is being clever. Be equally clever, yourself.

## Hollywood Finds Its Voice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

My waitress had one of those incredible bee-stung lips such as only Russian girls have. That gave me an idea for a song: Oh To Be A Bée In Russia! I asked her if she was the escaped Grand Duchess Tatiana.

"No," said she, "I am the one who is not Tatiana."

And, subtly smiling, she went for my borsch.

On her return I remarked that there was a lot of Russian royalty in Hollywood.

"Yes," she said, "more than there was in Russia."

America produces everything on a larger scale, I remarked with pardonable pride.

Her name is Olga, Jim, if you ever happen out there. She's not a duchess but a lady. "All the waitresses are ladies," General Lodijensky remarked.

The duchesses only go into pictures.

ANOTHER good reason for leaving Hollywood is the invasion of the talking picture. Everyone is frantically studying English. I don't mean just the foreign stars either. Heretofore the elite of us never studied anything but French. We didn't know there was such a thing as an irregular verb in English, if indeed a verb at all. A pretty *fixe* we are all in *maintenant, ne c'est pas?*

Then too there is the matter of enunciation and of articulation. Everyone who hopes to be anyone is stalking about reciting *Marc Antony's* Funeral Oration or *Portia's* Speech of Mercy just as we did for practice in High School oratory.

And one must cultivate a pleasing voice, or at least one that matches one's pictorial personality, like the perfume or the cigarette. Old Golds can't do the work alone. Indeed if cigarettes worked the wonders claimed for them we'd all have voices like the Japanese sweet-singing crickets.

Some say it's gin that offsets the operatic effect of the cigarette, but this doubtless is propaganda put forth by the drys. Bootleggers should advertise. It's the only way to get a square deal. Besides, I, for one, never can remember a telephone number.

One of my girl friend stars asked hopefully if I didn't think talking pictures would put Garbo and Del Rio out of the running. *Au contraire*, an accent is always an asset. *Nazimova* was tutored to perfect English by Dick Barthelmess' mother but *Alla* always saved up a little accent for a rainy day, and a net profit it gives her. What's true for *Alla* is equally true for my pupil, *Bull Montana*, although *Bull* relies a bit too heavily on his accent. However, as for voice, I can assure you that you will be able to hear *Bull* from any part of the house.

I MET one of the Warner boys at lunch in the Come-On-Inn. He urged me to visit their new Hollywood theater and hear and see "Glorious Betsy."

"The theater is beautiful, and the prologue is great," he said. "The picture is not much—we made that."

Young *Buster Collier* made a speech from the screen inviting us to see "The Lion and the Mouse" the next week. I know *Buster*. He has a sincerely fine personality. But I wasn't prepared for the booming voice he let forth. Either he has been reciting *Marc's* Funeral Oration too much or is smoking the wrong kind of cigarettes. Later on in the evening we were equally rocked by *Conrad Nagel's* detonations.

But this will all be remedied. The talking picture is in the pioneer novelty stage just where the movie was when we marvelled at

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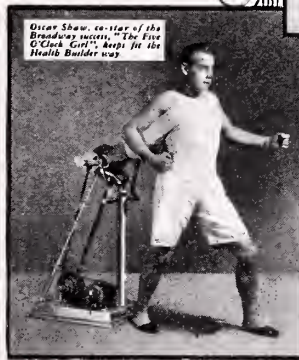
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seeing a train move and a gentleman kick another with accuracy.

Mary Duncan, Willis Goldbeck and Elizabeth Goldbeck had dinner with me just before I left. Miss Duncan is a girl with a voice—Sirens and seraphs! If you heard her get her man in "The Shanghai Gesture" you know the hystericalizing effect. It reminds me of Aimee McPherson's. It makes a man either rush up and confess his sins or start committing more.

Mary is playing the title rôle in "The Four Devils."

Speaking of talking picture hits, my old pal Mussolini (Let bygones be bygones, Benito) proved such a boxoffice attraction in the movie-tone that F. B. O. has been negotiating with him to do the story of his life.

Maybe I can sign up Calles while in Mexico. He'll soon be through with his presidential job and in view of the way all his people are going over on the screen he ought to be our next big bet. Some general will succeed him as president providing all the Mexicans haven't gone to Hollywood by that time. From present indications it looks as though the general and I would have the country all to ourselves. I don't mind so long as the *tequila* and the *frijoles* hold out.

*Viva Mexico y Mexicanas!*  
Herb.

P. S. I'll be in New York to pose as a Mexican "find" as soon as I've mastered the pronunciation of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. By that time talking pictures certainly will be pertinent, if ever.

## Eggs and Onions

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

last three pictures. Directors had to be offered large sums of money to work with them. Cutters despaired of ever pleasing them. Camera men jumped up and down on their hats. Publicity men trembled for fear the story of their hatred would "break" in the papers and magazines. And now they were engaged to be married! The studio shrugged its shoulders. Actors were a strange bunch.

Andy read the papers in bed, over his morning coffee, and he could murmur nothing but "Well, I'll be damned!" in his negro valet, who busied himself with his bath.

After all, what could he, Andy, have done yesterday? He was a gentleman, if nothing else, and when Felicite sprung the gag on the reporter, there was nothing to do but sit there and simper—yes, simper—like a blithering idiot while she told how she had fallen in love with him when she first saw him on the screen, years and years ago, when she was just a child (a child, his eye, she was every bit as old as he was). And he had sat by and listened to all this and grinned like a chump and had been shaken hands with by the reporter as he hurried off the set to write the big scoop he had just gotten.

And what about Julie! Good Lord, what would Julie say?

Julie was his wife—er—he meant his ex-wife, but he could call her his wife if he wanted to call her that. He had never approved of the silly divorce. He had been as good to her as he could be. There was no other woman ever. He had been true to her and when he said good-bye after the divorce was over, he had told her that he would never love anyone else again, and she had laughed. Why had she left him? For such a silly reason. She had said that she just simply couldn't live with an actor for another minute. That was all! There had never been a quarrel. And he always loved her. Perhaps at this very minute she was reading of his engagement to Felicite Bancroft. Felicite meant happiness or something, didn't it? What a name for HER to choose. Fanny Blinks—she had been.

**JULIE**—his wife—his ex-wife—his wife, damn it! Reading that nonsense about his being engaged to a girl whom he actively hated. And she was believing it and remembering about his telling her that he would never love another woman.

He reached for the 'phone by his bed. Julie's maid's voice was calm. "Mrs. Wheaton is out."

Bet that was a lie. Julie might at least have answered the 'phone, given him a chance to explain. Out—out at that hour of the morning! Why, she never thought of going out then. She was always up early, but she was seeing that his house was in order, looking after the servants, watching his fan mail. What a mess the house had become since she had left. And for what a reason she had got the divorce

—she just couldn't be married to an actor, and he was a gentleman and wouldn't stop her.

He was greeted at the studio entrance by the gateman. "Want to congratulate you, Mr. Wheaton. Miss Bancroft is sure a nice girl."

And he had to smile—actually smile—but he couldn't save his soul muster up a word of thanks.

**HE** was stopped as he crossed the lawn by a prop boy who insisted upon shaking hands with him and beaming upon him. The publicity man was at his shop to tell him that he wished him happiness. Congratulations echoed and reverberated over the lot like a director saying "no" to a supervisor. What a silly farce it was, thought Andy. He just couldn't go through with it much longer.

His own set was buzzing with it. When he came on the various groups that had been congregated together they jumped aside and pretended to be busy about something important. The director walked toward him with the stride of a screen star's mother and held out both hands.

"Well, old man," he said in a hearty voice, "you two are great actors. Here I thought all along you were sore with each other and now . . . Well, I was mighty pleased when I read the story in the paper this morning."

"But I . . ."

And then Felicite arrived, cool, a trifle gay, and just as insincere as ever. She actually floated to him and laid a possessive hand on his shoulder.

"Have you a good morning kiss for me?" she purred, and there was nothing for him to do but to kiss the silly cat.

He tried to see her alone for a minute and explain to her that although he had to be a gentleman and acknowledge an engagement that she had announced, she must give the thing up, and she, herself, could say what she thought best. Make him out any sort of a fool, if she chose, but release him and keep him a gentleman. That she must do. However, Felicite was not to be seen alone, that was certain. Not even for a moment.

Reporters came out. They had their pictures taken together and every time he tried to whisper to her she pretended to be deaf and surrounded herself with people.

Andrew Wheaton had spent unpleasant days. The day that Julie left him was one, but never had anything quite as tragic as this occurred.

He was just in the midst of a scene with Felicite. He had to kiss her, while everyone looked smug and self-satisfied, when suddenly he heard a commotion on one end of the set. A familiar voice rang out, "I guess I will see him. I guess I'll come in if I like."

He looked up and saw Julie, a very hot and bothered Julie, making her way toward him.

He jumped from the couch (he and Felicite seemed to be constantly doing things on couches

in their scenes) and shoved director and camera men aside until he came face to face with his wife—er—his ex-wife.

They didn't say a word and all the people on the set (there were always so many people on sets) stood by open-mouthed. But Andy didn't care. There was Julie, his Julie, the only woman he had ever loved or ever would love.

He waited for her to speak. She did, like this:

"Andy Wheaton, it's all a lie, just a silly lie. You're not going to be married to that . . . to that . . . why, I won't let you . . . You're my . . ."

And then she began to cry, and when Julie cried, he felt as if he hadn't gotten any fan mail for a week. It was as if the heavens wept.

"My wife!" he said to her, softly.

"No, I'm not your wife. I really haven't any rights, but, Andy, when I saw that in the paper, I realized how much I loved you, and you're just not going to marry . . ."

"But I am," he burst out. "I'm going to marry you tonight—no, right now, this minute. We're going to marry right now, aren't we?"

And Julie looked bewildered and murmured. "I was all wrong. I want to be married to an actor. They get to be a habit."

He put his arms around her and started to lead her off the set when Julie stopped him.

"Wait a minute! I've got something to do." She strode toward Felicite. "And as for you, thinking you could break up Andy and me, it's disgraceful. You should know better. You're just a little . . . a little . . ."

"Onion eater," supplied Andy, with as much malice as his voice ever bore.

And with that the two left the set. The director sank to his chair. "Don't bother to try to bring them back," he said, hopelessly. "It won't do any good. He wouldn't work any more today anyhow. We'll just have to cancel the call."

Then everybody looked at Felicite. "Can you beat it?" she stormed. "Her talking to me like that when I'm the little gal that brought 'em back together again?" She turned to the director.

"Come on, Bob, let's don't cancel the call. Take my scenes so that big sap won't have a chance to steal 'em."

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

### A Symposium on Talking Pictures

"The American public is falling hard for the Vitaphone and Movietone. Any first class house delaying installing voice reproduction equipment will lose business on that account. I have heard nothing but praise for the new invention."—*F. J. Marilyn, San Mateo, Calif.*

"At last the much advertised talkies have come to our town—to stay, we are informed. And as long as there are any other theaters in town operating, I will never again patronize the one which features it."—*Mrs. Sylvia L. Peters, Salem, Oregon.*

"Dolores Costello in 'Tenderloin' is an inspiration for every girl to try to speak clearly and softly, for there is nothing worse than a harsh, uncouth voice and few people realize it enough to take diction lessons. Talkies force them to learn in a pleasant way."—*Niana Staley, Springfield, Ill.*

"I'm obliged, after years of being pleased with movies, to register a complaint. I am deaf and movies have been a real joy to me. Now they bring on talking movies, and what pleasure will they be for me if there are no subtitles?"—*Mrs. Wright Earle, Clark Summit, Pa.*

"I have always wanted to hear the famous musicians, singers, symphony orchestras and musical organizations who give concerts in our city, but being one of the majority who cannot afford the price, I had to forego this pleasure. What a field the Vitaphone and Movietone have opened for the starved souls who long for a little good music."—*Mrs. P. J. Parsons, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

"Movietone and Vitaphone are the spark which will set the whole story ablaze. They have performed miracles in a short space of time."—*Florence Duffield, Camden, N. J.*

"Oh, PHOTOPLAY, must we sit idly by while speaking movies are thrust upon us? Must nerve-wracked Americans be routed from their last stronghold where they find peace of mind and quiet after a weary day?"—*Estelle Weeks, Springfield, Ill.*

"Talking movies are a godsend to the people of small towns. They enable us to hear the world's greatest artists, a thing impossible before the recent invention."—*Mae Schepeck, Marinette, Wis.*

### The Passing of Two Veterans

Hyde Park, Mass.

That beloved actor and gentleman, Hol-

brook Blinn, has just answered a far greater call than "Camera!" We shall miss this artist who has delighted thousands of theatergoers. He cannot be replaced.

In the wake of his passing, another dear friend of the screen has left the ranks—George Siegmund. Here was another man of great genius and in a class entirely by himself.

Let us not forget these brothers who have given their best for our entertainment, who have helped us bridge many a sad hour, and who have done so much to stimulate our interest in life. L. C.

### There Were Several Like This

St. Louis, Mo.

Can you tell me why M.-G.-M. cast Dolores Del Rio in the feminine lead of "The Trail of '98" when they had such an incomparable actress on the lot as Renee Adoree? The picture rises to screen heights at times, scenically, but is entirely spoiled by the vapid, colorless performance of Miss Del Rio.

MRS. CLARABELLA PASK.

### Fancy Trimmings but Same Old Plot

Oakland, Calif.

In this period of the improved motion picture, it is surprising to note the old-fashioned movie scenario which is still being overdone. Must producers continue with the typical hero, heroine, villain stuff? Films have improved in photography, direction and acting in the past few years and yet today we have only a few producers who seem to get the drift of what the public wants. They demand drama which is true to life and comedy which is past the custard pie stage. Two recent exceptions to the general rule of trite films are "The Crowd" and "Speedy."

HARRY WILSON.

### Not a Sweet Young Thing

Detroit, Mich.

Can't something be done with Lina Basset? Here is a beautiful girl, a dancer, and yet the most awkward, self-conscious girl in pictures. Nothing but gorgeous eyes and hair. In "Wheels of Chance," she looked fat, ill-at-ease, and too utterly saccharine for words. I heard many in the audience tittering and commenting on her efforts to appear the sweet young thing.

MADELINE BUCHANAN.

## Then Suddenly the clear complexion came . . . .



**WOMEN** with complexions that seemed permanently clouded, too sensitive, or coarse-textured, have found a way to attain a clear, soft skin.

Women with a continual succession of blackheads and blemishes, have found that this simple daily treatment would often clear away even serious skin disorders, in a reasonable time.

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Deep down in the under layers of your skin is where the trouble starts. Tiny glands secreting moisture, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces. With healthy vigor and activity comes a clear, fresh complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

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## Beauty Is More Than Skin Deep

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

toward that end. I learned about the human body from the viewpoint of science—learned the curves and the lines that denote health and physical well-being. And because of that learning, the anatomist and the artist have always stood side-by-side within me as I have surveyed these girls in my search for beauty. Physical perfection and beauty go hand-in-hand.

**N**OW, both the anatomist and the artist look at women through sexless eyes. Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, those sexless eyes are seeking in women the very things that are sought by the eyes of the male in quest of his mate. This sexless beauty-search of science and art is paralleled by the yearning for beauty that Nature gives men, as part of her tremendous machine of sex and love.

—and there I've epitomized the story of my own romance!

It was a few years ago that I was one of the judges in a beauty contest in a New York hotel. Harrison Fisher was another; Lowell Sherman, the actor, was the third. Before us three, there paraded a line of girls who sought the crown that was to be awarded the night's "Queen of Beauty." Over at a nearby table, I could hear a merry party urging one of their number—a truly beautiful blonde girl—to get into the contest just for the fun of it.

She did, finally. And she stood out so dazzlingly from those others that we unanimously awarded her the prize. Her name was Helen Cunningham. She had been featured by Florenz Ziegfeld in several of his productions.

When I returned to the table with Fisher and Sherman, after placing the crown on this girl's head, I was in a daze. These two began to "kid" me.

"What's the matter, Henry?" asked Harrison. "I thought you were used to beautiful girls!"

"But I've never seen such a magnificent blonde," I murmured.

"Well, why don't you marry the girl?" Sherman flung at me, jestingly.

"Now that you bring the matter up," I answered while they laughed, "I WILL!"

—and four weeks later, I did.

**W**HOMEVER first wise-cracked that "beauty is only skin-deep" was just making epigrams instead of telling the truth. The truth is that beauty is one of the most inclusive terms there is. It goes much deeper than skin. The beauty that is only skin-deep is only a skin game, and no woman, or man either, can get away with any skin game for long.

Beauty means not only superficial beauty, not only the beauty that is evident on first glance at face and form, but also beauty of mind, beauty of voice, beauty of character. It means beauty in carriage, bearing, poise. If a woman isn't beautiful in everything, she simply isn't beautiful, is she? She is either beautiful or not beautiful; if there is a flaw, there's no beauty. And that flaw may lie in any of a number of places.

An illustration:

Some time ago, the Los Angeles newspapers reported my arrival there in quest of a blonde beauty who was to be titled "The Golden Girl" and featured by Florenz Ziegfeld in one of his revues.

Of course, an immediate avalanche of blondes descended upon me. There were featured film players and extras, waitresses and stenographers, home-girls and business girls. The telephone and mail brought countless suggestions that I see this girl or that. And they came to me in person by the scores.

One after the other, I rejected them. Some of them were utterly hopeless at first glance, although they couldn't see it themselves.

Others appeared beautiful at first—but soon the flaws stood out. And one of these was the magnificent-looking tiger-haired creature that I met at a gathering of film players one evening.

When I laid eyes on her, I thought my search was over. "Here," said I, "is the Golden Girl! Ziggy will rave over her. . . .!"

I asked my host to introduce me. He did. I feasted my jaded eyes while I murmured some commonplace acknowledgment of the introduction. And then she opened her mouth and spoke—

Have you ever experienced the disillusion of hearing a peacock utter its cry? Haven't you wondered how it was possible that so beautiful a creature could make such an ungodly sound? Well, that's how it was with this girl—she had a voice that would have better fitted a scullery slattern! Superficially beautiful she was, but can you imagine a voice like that in a Ziegfeld revue?

"But it wasn't her fault, was it?" you protest. I have a hunch, though, that it was. There isn't a voice that can't be modulated and bettered. And liquor won't do any voice—particularly the delicate voice of a young woman—much good, either.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm no moralist. Those that know me will testify to that. Any woman in the world—beautiful or ugly—may have a cocktail or a highball, provided I'm stocked. But moderation, that's the watchword! Old John Q. Moderation is one of the very best friends that Lady Beauty ever had!

**A**ND so, in the final analysis, physical beauty is more in my line. I paint the tangible things. The other things may be offensive to the various senses, but when a woman's figure finds itself at rest on canvas, it's only the lines and the colors that count. So once again I'll restrict my field of discussion to these things—lines and colors. . . .

Too many of these modern girls have too little of one and too much of the other!—too few lines and too many colors.

Very, very often they have a "line" but no lines—no more lines than a telegraph pole or a beanpole, and who ever called beanpoles beautiful? These girls who try to look like beanpoles ought to remember that beanpoles were devised for utility and not for beauty. I don't think any girl prefers "utility" to "beauty" when it's applied to herself.

It's a funny thing, isn't it?—so many of these girls will go to the beaches and laugh themselves sick over the funny figures on the boy friends when they get in bathing suits. And yet what do they do, these girls?—they go right ahead and try to get exactly that kind of a figure themselves—that "boyish form," you know.

It doesn't make sense, does it? Seems that women's minds function in paradoxes. Like this: They wish to be admired by men. Well, ever since time dawned, men have admired the curves of the female figure. Logic would be for women, then, to retain those curves in all their beauty. But do they? They do NOT!—they try to make their figure as un-female as possible—flat-chested, hipless, as straight-up-and-down as a fourteen-year-old boy's!

**A** STRAIGHT line is the shortest distance between two points. But when a man looks a woman up and down, he's usually not in a hurry. He doesn't mind a detour or two—in the right places. In fact, he rather expects them and looks for them.

Now once again, don't misunderstand me. Remember what I said about moderation—and so don't go to the other extreme. Even more distasteful to the eyes of the artist than the now-affected "boyish" form is that ancient

voluptuousness that used to grace the burlesque stage, for instance.

Remember those funny pictures of Frankie Bailey, say? Or Fay Templeton?—curves that would make a pretzel jealous!! Too many curves are just as bad on a woman as on a highway that's trying to get some place. But that works the other way, too—a highway without curves is awfully uninteresting, and so's a woman.

I don't want a woman to billow violently here and there—but I, like any other man, want her to have her curves where they belong. And in beautiful moderation.

You've probably noticed that the hipless-curveless figure is quite passé, anyway, nowadays. Theater managers, film producers have all realized that their audiences demand women with feminine appeal. Look at Ziegfeld's chorus girls now—he's picking them for beauty instead of speed. They're built like women instead of the pictures in fashion magazines.

Incidentally, there's the crux of the trouble about women's figures—the fashion arbiters! These Parisian couturiers and modistes and what-nots have been building clothes that look good on clothes-racks but not on natural-shaped women. And so women, instead of telling the couturiers to go jump in a lake, have made clothes-racks of themselves instead. What man wants to marry a clothes-rack?

**B**UT there's one item—or rather two—that women can't camouflage. That's their legs. A few years ago, they could hide them. But those days have gone forever. Today there's no more secret about a woman's legs than there is about a postcard in a country post-office!

And bingo!—here comes the paradox again: For now that legs are thoroughly in evidence, women are blithely going ahead losing whatever shapeliness Nature put there!

Why, only a few weeks ago, Dr. Charles Mayo, the world-famous surgeon, corroborated from the scientific viewpoint what I and other

painters have known for a long time from the artistic viewpoint—that high heels are completely unshaping women's calves.

"The wearing of high heels constantly," said the good doctor, "gives the calf muscles no exercise, and consequently they are gradually but certainly becoming comparatively atrophied. As a result, women's legs are becoming straight and skinny and shapeless."

**O**F course, women look better wearing high heels than otherwise. That's all right, too. What's the remedy, then, you ask?—it's simple:

Let women wear high heels when they are "dressed up"—but wear medium heels or heel-less slippers the rest of the time. Give the calf muscles exercise, so they'll develop naturally. And the result will be shapely legs, which occasional "dress-up" wearing of high heels won't hurt at all.

Of course, once again there's the other extreme—"piano legs!" They're worse than the skinny ones. A fatted calf is fine on a barbecue, but on a good-looking girl, it's terrible! Too much athletics is often to blame. There's John Q. Moderation raising his voice again.

**A**ND now this long-or-short hair business. . . Personally, I don't give a hang whether they bob or not. A pretty bob is just as beautiful as a lot of piled-up hair. But a man's haircut on a woman is NOT!

A bob is not unfeminine; a mannish cut is. By affecting the mannish cut, women are just destroying another of the female characteristics that are beautiful. Why, why in the name of reason, should any woman want to make herself look like a man?

And why, also, will brunettes try to be blondes?

As I said, I went to California looking for "The Golden Girl"—the ideal blonde. I honestly believe I've seen 25,000 more-or-less blondes since I reached there. And you'll all be surprised to know how many of them



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The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere



Lew Cody isn't going to say anything that will offend this fellow actor. It has been years since James J. Jeffries stepped into the ring, but Lew isn't taking any chances. Yes, Jeffries is a motion pitcher actor these days



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Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

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If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. 18-I, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

weren't blondes at all, but brunettes masquerading under false colors!

You know, Anita Loos wrote a great book when she wrote “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” But it sure raised the dickens with a lot of good-looking brunettes who believed the title! So many of them thought they weren't sufficiently preferred in the brunette shade, so they changed over. Oh, grief . . . ! You can't put blonde hair on a brunette type any more than you can put maple syrup on a caviar canape—and like it!

Another trouble is that an artificial blonde's scalp always looks—well dirty! Take a real blonde, part her hair, and the pink scalp shows through like soft rabbit-skin. But take an artificial blonde and part her hair—and there's a dark, smudgy looking line where the pigmentation about the roots of the hair can't be bleached out. It's not beautiful. It's not even pretty . . . ! Color, and the fine appreciation of it, plays just as great a part in beauty as do lines.

**A**ND talking about color brings us at last to the face. Nature did a beautiful color job on woman's face—but woman seems to think Nature was a piker . . . !

An artist, by the very nature of his work, becomes peculiarly sensitive to color, and moderation in color. Sometimes I feel like wearing dark glasses when there are women around. And thoughts of soap and water obtrude themselves in my mind.

Not that I disapprove of makeup. Once more—and this is probably the last time—I want to warn my readers not to misunderstand. Makeup is almost always a *help* to nature. But it should be allowed to stop there. When women try to *substitute* makeup for nature, that's where they go wrong.

Beauty is 95 per-cent nature and 5 per-cent drugstore.

A touch of rouge, a bit of lipstick, a careful dusting of powder. Moderation with the eyebrow pencil and extreme moderation with the “shadow” on the eyelids!—these things help.

But a smear of rouge, a plastering of lip-stick,

a mask of powder, a Stygian blackness of eyes and lids and lashes—these things are a pain in the retina to any man, as well as the artist.

There are too many girls who hide their beauty under too much makeup. They are really beautiful, but you'd never know it. Makeup is artificial—and so it's an art. It's got to be artistically done. Beauty on the other hand is natural—and so the more **ART-LESS** it is, the more truly beautiful.

Since good makeup is a matter of artistry, then why not go about it as an artist goes about his work? To be a good artist requires study, work, application, care. . . . That applies to being an artist at the easel or at the dressing table.

Don't do it half-way, for one thing. If you make up your face, make up the back of your neck to match, for heaven's sake. How many girls there are with fairly artistic makeups in front—and the backs of their necks looking like longshoremen's after a hot afternoon in the sun!

And did you ever see anything less beautiful than the girl who has made up under a rose-shaded light, say, and then strolls out into bright sunlight, sublimely ignorant of the grotesque effect it produces? She looks just as awful, in a way, as one's face looks under those ghastly blue lights in a photograph studio, and for the same reason—the sun's effect on colors is as different from that of the rose light she used as the photographer's blue light is from normal daylight.

**M**AKEUP'S prime errors are wrong colors and too much! Some girls carry so much red smear on their lips that a man is liable to slip and break his neck trying to get a real kiss! Why, I remember the day I visited a friend whose wife suffers from a rush of makeup to the face.

I saw their brand-new baby for the first time, and started back in fright.

“Good Lord,” I gasped, “it's got scarlet fever!”

“No,” my friend whispered, “the wife just kissed it!”

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

**ARTHUR V., PLAINVILLE, CONN.**—You are right and your friend is mistaken. Harold Lloyd was considerably over ten feet above the ground in that scene from “Safety Last.” Naturally he was protected by a net or a shelf or some sort of contraption, but the scene actually was made in the air.

**B. M., HOLDEN, W. VA.**—Malcolm McGregor's newest is “The Girl on the Barge.” He's married. Write to him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova were married in Mexico. That's why you were confused.

**B. J., OAKLAND, CALIF.**—“The Plastic Age” was released several years ago. Clara Bow, Gilbert Roland and Donald Keith headed the cast. Janet Gaynor hasn't made up her mind whom she is going to marry. Have patience, maybe you'll get that picture yet.

**BE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**—Be what? Be yourself? Elinor Fair was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 21, 1904. She has played in “The Volga Boatman,” “Gallagher,” and “Sin Town.” Write to her at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

**F. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Ronald Colman is thirty-seven. He is married, but separated from his wife. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be eighteen in December.

**M. R. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.**—You don't want much, do you? You don't care how hard you make the old man work. Rolling up the sleeves, I will plunge right in: Corinne Griffith has blue eyes and light brown hair. She is thirty-two years old, five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Greta Garbo also has light brown hair and blue eyes. Mary Astor is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, same as Corinne. She has auburn hair and dark brown eyes. May McAvoy is one inch under five feet tall and only weighs 94 pounds. She has dark hair and blue eyes and is twenty-seven years old.

**BILLIE D., MONTREAL, CANADA.**—Your last name suits you perfectly. Yes, Richard Dix was very ill but fortunately he has recovered. Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-two years ago. He has dark brown hair with dark brown eyes. Write to Larry Kent at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. And come around again as often as you like.

**S. H. S., MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.**—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29, 1892. That's why he is given to dark deeds. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. He's an American. Married to Eileen Wilson, a stage actress. No, Irene Rich didn't play in the revival of “Fashion.” So far as I know, Irene never has been on the stage.



## A Plea for Privacy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

which turns upon you and destroys you if any unpleasantness comes up in your personal affairs.

"The only reputation which means anything is that which rests upon good performances.

"SCREEN actors have been ruined ere now by some unpleasantness in their private lives. But the recent unhappy circumstances which arose in Chaplin's life did him no damage, professionally.

"People like Chaplin's pictures. They enjoy his performances. And they are going to see him in the theater, regardless of any accusations which may be made against him. He is an artist. And his fame rests on that fact alone.

"What we do at home—what we eat or wear—the things we have in our houses—our domestic relations—have nothing to do with the pictures we make.

"I am going to keep the two things separated.

"Two people cannot live in the public eye constantly, every move watched and noted, and keep their perspective on life. It destroys their chance of happiness."

Which brings us to his third prediction. If he succeeds in making the second come true—then the third will follow along of its own accord.

He mentioned Lindbergh in connection with all this.

"Please do not think for a moment," he said, "that I am comparing the accomplishments of that remarkable boy to those of any actor in the world! I mention him because he is the object of more adulation, the subject of more newspaper copy than anyone has ever been before.

"The penalty he has had to pay for fame and real accomplishment has been terrific. None of this fame is false. None of it has been built up, as motion picture fame is sometimes built, for practical reasons.

"It is the actual result of things he has done and the amazing personality he possesses—the simplicity of the man.

"But—he cannot eat or move, he can hardly sleep, without the whole world looking on and making comments.

"It has obviously galled and punished him to an indescribable degree.

"MOTION picture actors suffer all this in a lesser degree throughout their careers. And it is not admiration which prompts it. It is curiosity.

"Please don't think I am a sore-head. Please don't quote me as wailing about the penalties of fame and all that sort of rot. I am simply trying to protect my happiness and secure the privacy to which every man is entitled.

"I hope that I shall not always have to act.

"I hope that some day I may direct and produce, or something.

"I should hate to live without working in pictures somehow.

"But I should like a quieter job!"

I realize and I feel sure that Dick realizes, too, that few people are going to spend much pity on a good looking youth who has enjoyed as much success as he has, while still young. The majority of people doubtless feel that they could even enjoy the limelight.

But the disillusionment in his eyes is real. The grim attempt he is making to protect his happiness is the result of bitter experience. Dick Barthelmess, actor, has not been a very happy man and now that happiness beckons again, it is not surprising that he fears the forces which destroyed it for him in the past.

He will make those predictions come true if it is humanly possible!

# FAMOUS FEET



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## The Story of a Dancing Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

the chorus. My little feet, sometimes bare—sometimes in sandals, would unconsciously at first imitate the steps of the girls who were dancing. It was here that I learned not only my first steps but learned that in dancing I could find an outlet for my baby pent-up emotions. As I danced I forgot everything but the exhilaration of my swaying body. An exhilaration which has never left me.

Back of our house was a large, old-fashioned barn with a peaked roof. It was here that father kept his left-over stage scenery. It was here that my brother and I established amateur theatricals for other neighborhood youngsters. I was the star dancer, showing off the steps I had learned in the wings, concocting new ones to the music the boys whistled.

I HAVE promised to write this story from feelings! In these days when I was so young that I cannot remember many casual happenings, I recall I was often miserably unhappy. I wanted to play with the boys. I did not like girls. But my mother and my brother, who was two years my senior, would not let me. There were so many things that my mother and brother would not allow me! How foolish it is for mothers to say to their children, "No! You can not do it!" without an adequate explanation. If they had told me *why*—but they didn't. So I used to run away and play with the boys anyway.

I was stubborn. I thought my mother loved my brother best, felt she had no right to let him boss me. Although I was stubborn by nature, this imagined preference of my mother for my brother made me more stubborn. I remember one day mother sent me to my room as a punishment. When she came for me an hour later, I was standing in the corner stamping my feet and screaming "I didn't do it—I didn't!" Whether I had done it or not, I do not remember. But that was my story and I was going to stick to it!

My comfort came from my daddy, my dancing and my doll babies. Isn't it strange that little girls who are not happy always turn to dolls with that instinctive longing to play mother so that they can make *their* children happy? Much has been written about my doll room. It is all true. I have one entire room in my home in Hollywood filled with little girl-babies, boy-babies and soft woolly animals. Even to this day, when I am unhappy, I go to this room, sit on the floor, and talk to my babies. Even to this day when life is all topsy-turvy I go out and dance until I am exhausted. To this day, I long for my Daddy Cassin and wish I could climb on his lap and pour out my troubles as I did when I was a baby.

MY next memory is a mere shadow. But a very black shadow. It began, like most of those baby-shadows, by my disobeying my mother. A bunch of boys came whoopeeing down our alley in their Indian suits calling for me to come and play with them. I must have been seven. In my hurry to get out before my mother or brother could stop me, I stepped on a broken bottle. It cut through my shoe, dug deep into my foot. There were three operations. That bottle explains why I have never been a toe-dancer. To this day that foot bothers me.

I was shut in the house for weeks. I would hobble around with my dolls, poke my nose into this, into that. One afternoon I found a funny bag in the cellar under the cover of one of those old-fashioned empty cisterns. I pulled it out and worked for what was probably an hour to get it open. When I did, a great heap of bright, shiny, gold flat things rolled onto the cold, dirt floor. I screeched with joy as I

played with them. Mother heard, came down, grabbed the bag from me. Then she sat down and cried and cried and cried. I couldn't understand. They were so pretty! I tried to comfort my mother. She wouldn't let me.

Shortly after that I was sent with my brother to visit my grandmother in Phoenix, Ariz. I remember how hot and stuffy the train was and that I was crying because I did not want to leave my daddy. Suddenly, my brother opened his suitcase and pulled out a picture of a tall man with black curly hair. Even now, I remember how curly his hair looked in that faded old picture.

"THAT'S your real father, kid," my brother told me. "Cassin is not your father. Your name, sis, is Le Sueur, not Cassin."

And that is the way I was introduced to my *first* father! I have never seen him. They told me he was dead but I know he was alive a year ago because I traced him. That is one reason I decided to write this story. I thought maybe he might read it and come to me.

When we returned home something terrible had happened. I never really understood about it and my mother has never told me. But the bright things I had found in the bag proved to be money. Daddy Cassin had been taken to prison. But he didn't stay there because he didn't steal them. But he had hidden them for another who had taken them. I knew my daddy was innocent.

Soon after that we moved to Kansas City. I felt that something was wrong between my mother and daddy but I never knew anything definite about it. They put me in a convent—St. Agnes Academy.

I suppose all this sounds very strange coming from Joan Crawford, the gay dancing girl of Broadway, as you have seen and read about her. That is the reason I was afraid to tell it to you. You have one idea of Joan Crawford, now you are going to form another. For I have never been a really happy person. Why even now, two women are suing their husbands for divorce, naming me as correspondent. One of them is a musician who plays for my pictures. How can I be happy when things like that are always happening to me? There should be a law in this country forbidding people to name correspondents unless they have some proof against them! I am innocent!

I suppose I should have been happy in the convent. But I was so sensitive. If I thought the girls didn't like me, I would go and hide rather than ask them to play with me.

I was there about a year when mother came for me. There was no money; she and daddy had separated.

But I didn't want to go home with mother if daddy wasn't there. I begged so hard to stay that they let me wait on tables to pay my tuition. I finished grammar school in that manner.

I do not need to tell you that it wasn't easy. There are none so cruel as small children. At least I had been their *equal*. Now I was just their *waitress!*

MOTHER was running a cheap little hotel. An ugly place. Ugh! How I hated to go home to it. As I'd leave the school Saturday and start for home, I'd walk up and down every street looking for my daddy. I didn't look at the people's faces. I was afraid I might miss him! I'd look at their shoes. You can see so many more shoes than faces. Daddy always wore the same kind of shoes. I knew I'd recognize them because I had taken them off every evening and brought his slippers for him.

One day I saw them. "Daddy!" How I screamed it. We went into a drug store and

he bought me an ice cream soda. That is one of the happiest memories of my childhood—sitting on a drug store stool eating a ten cent ice cream soda with daddy Cassin!

Mother couldn't keep the hotel; she didn't have enough money. Just about the time I finished grammar school she took a laundry agency. It was in one of the poorest districts of Kansas City. My God, how I hated it! Bad men; terrible women. I couldn't cross the street without men trying to speak to me and looking at me strangely.

Mother couldn't keep me there. She had to find a place for me. She put me in a fourteen room combination boarding and day school that catered to the wealthy children in the residential district. I was to take care of the small kiddies, wash them and dress them in the morning, put them to bed in the evening, clean the house and get the family dinner in the evening. For this I was to get my high school education.

**H**OW often have I wondered if the wealthy folk who sent their children to that school would have continued had they known the way I was treated. I must be careful what I say for the woman who ran the school may still be living. But she deserves every bad word I could write about her. There was scarcely a day that I did not receive a beating. One time I was half dead from work. Another girl offered to help me. She got the dust pan for me. This woman saw her! She dragged me down two flights of stairs by the hair, then not only beat me but kicked me.

The kiddies were my only comfort. After I got them to bed I would read them stories and wonder why their mothers left them in a school like this when they had money enough to keep them at home and take care of them.

I thought I couldn't stand it. I ran away. I walked the streets of Kansas City one entire day. I *couldn't* go home to mother in those dingy little three rooms at the back of that laundry. It began to grow dark. I had to go somewhere—a policeman stopped me. I returned to the school, took off my shoes and tried to sneak in. I can see myself now in my little blue skirt and blue sweater. That was the only dress I had, two skirts and one sweater. She heard me! And she dragged me into the kitchen, threw me on the floor and kicked me and kicked me!

How I longed to go home and tell mother about it. Every Saturday I would start for home with that feeling, "Now, I am going to tell mother." And every Saturday as soon as I'd get in the door she'd tell me to watch the laundry. Then she'd go out with somebody.

As I grew older, things were a little better.

The wealthy boys who came to the school liked me. That woman used to let me go out and dance with them so they'd keep coming to the school! It was then that it began to dawn on me that men might be useful to a woman.

There wasn't any particular boy at this time. I went out with them all. Always dancing. It was about this time that I began to wonder if I couldn't make money from my dancing. One night I won a dancing contest at the Jack O'Lantern Cafe in Kansas City. You can imagine what that meant to me. It strengthened my idea that I might make money at something besides sweeping floors and washing dishes.

At the end of three years they said my high school education was finished. Mother took me to Stevens College at Columbia, near the State University. I waited on tables. But tables or no tables I never missed a fraternity dance at the University. The thought that I could become a professional dancer was growing stronger and stronger. I was tired of waiting on table. I didn't see what good college would do me.

I ran away. Daddy Woods, the Dean, caught me at the railway station. He took me back and had a long talk with me. I will never forget it. "Billy, if you are not happy, we do not want you to stay. But leave in an honorable way." He gave me an honorable dismissal. I went home to the laundry. What else could I do? But mother said if I couldn't stay in school, I couldn't go out dancing. What! Take my dancing from me?

**O**N top of that I found mother was to be married. This time it was to a man named Hough. My third father! Just one more man to help boss me. I couldn't stand it. One day while they were out hunting an apartment, I packed up my clothes and few belongings. I was serious this time. I could dance! Nothing—mother, fathers, schools, men—there wasn't anything in this world big enough to keep me from being a famous dancer. I was going to Broadway. I didn't know how I would get there. I didn't have any money. But that didn't matter. I was started now and Broadway was going to recognize Lucille Le Sueur and make something of her!

*And so Joan Crawford, nee Lucille Le Sueur, starts out for Broadway—and gets as far as Springfield, Mo. In the October issue of PHOTOPLAY, Miss Crawford will tell of her experiences in the road companies and cabarets of the middle west. And she writes, too, of her first love affair. Watch for the next installment of her colorful and vivid story.*



Scranton, Pa.

I am not married myself but most of my girl friends are. One girl in particular that I know has cause to thank the movies for the happiness of her little home. A. loved her husband dearly but it just seemed as if he couldn't keep a steady job. Things went from bad to worse. Finally A. decided she was going to take the baby and go home.

She came and told me about the situation. What could I say or do? I suggested that we go to a movie.

We saw "The Crowd." A. watched James Murray's wonderful char-

acterization of the husband who was a dreamer. But he didn't keep his job either. She saw Eleanor Boardman act all of her own disappointments and sorrows, all her own joy and hope and faith. She realized that the love of husband and wife is strong enough to overcome all troubles and obstacles. She came out of the theater with a changed view of life and went back to help her husband and keep their home together.

Is it any wonder it makes me angry when some people say that the movies are ruining people's lives?

A. H.

# Lanchère

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# Why Athletes Fail in Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

unknown and the next had leaped to fortune and to fame. The price was too great; the sacrifice too much.

Gertrude Ederle could make much more money in other fields for which she was better equipped.

On the proud summit of San Simeon, where the waves of the Pacific slap against California's golden shore, Trudie and I talked it all over—this business of a picture career. And we decided that unless we made ourselves "indispensable" to the industry that there was other work which afforded greater opportunities.

FOR my own experience in pictures had been almost identical with Gertrude Ederle's.

Back in the Spring of 1926 I had been down in San Diego when a wire came to me from Joseph Jackson, a well-known writer in Hollywood, asking me if I would be interested in playing a part in "The Campus Flirt," a starring picture for Bebe Daniels. I was interested. For years I had enjoyed something more than a speaking acquaintance with the City of the Cinema. Many of my closest friends had made a success in pictures and the idea had been swirling about my own head for some time that, like little Jack Horner, all I had to do was "stick in my thumb and pull out a plum."

And I discovered that it was not so very difficult to get my finger in the pudding. But to find anything that even remotely resembled a plum was quite another matter.

In a period of a year and a half I appeared in five pictures, "The Campus Flirt," "Breaking Records," "The College Hero," "The High School Hero" and "The Olympic Hero." At the end of that time I did not have either a fortune or a picture reputation. In two pictures I had been starred—"Breaking Records" and "The Olympic Hero"—on my reputation as an amateur athlete without professionalizing myself, while the parts I had portrayed in the other three were not big enough to set any part of the world afire, even including my own home town.

In short, my histrionic efforts had shown that a tendency to cover the ground in fast time as a sprinter did not help me in the least to reach the top in motion pictures. As an actor I had proved to be a fairly efficient athlete.

For my own peace of mind, I had to look about me and see that I was not alone. For instance, there was Duke Paoa Kahanamoku, whose name is still a household word both here and abroad, who also had tried his hand at the galloping pictures.

He came to the screen as the fastest swimmer in the world, with all the color of a picturesque Hawaiian.

HE had won the Olympic 100 meters in 1912 in Stockholm and in 1920 at Antwerp. He held the world's record for the distance, for 100 yards and for many other races.

He was the official greeter of the Islands, appointed by the Governor of Hawaii. He was almost worshipped by his countrymen because of his striking resemblance to the great King of the Hawaiians, Kamehameha, called the Napoleon of the Pacific. He was the most skillful surf-board rider who ever lived and could handle an out-rigger canoe with dazzling ability. He was, moreover, a notorious joker, having the audacity to spill the Prince of Wales from an out-rigger when the latter visited Hawaii, a joke which the Prince received in such splendid spirit that the two became staunch friends.

Kahanamoku was, moreover, a descendant of one of the few remaining pure-blooded Hawaiian families and was closely connected

to the royal family, his father being commander of the Imperial Police in the days of the Monarchy.

Duke Paoa Kahanamoku, most perfect specimen of his race, well over six feet in height, well over 200 pounds in weight, with a picturesque and splendid face and the carriage of an athlete, came to the screen already famous. He found that his name meant nothing. He had to start all over again. He had to build up with the extras. He was courageous in his efforts. He worked long hours. And his labors went unrewarded. Now and then his name would be given screen credit. But in such fashion that few associated Duke Kahanamoku, the greatest swimmer, with Duke Kahanamoku, the petty chieftain of a native group, or Kahanamoku the pirate, or Kahanamoku the soldier, or Kahanamoku the body guard of the hero. And his salary was commensurate with the rôles that he played. It is doubtful if Duke ever got more than \$100.00 a week and certainly there were plenty of weeks when he got less, and many others when he was idle.

JOHNNY WEISMULLER, who followed Kahanamoku as champion, also turned his eyes toward pictures. But he saw no beckoning fingers and he refused to make the sacrifices that Duke had done, with no goal in sight. His team-mate, Stubby Kruger, almost as famous as himself, a handsome fellow with a flare for comedy, did try pictures. He played with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

But it was extra work and it was not possible to pick him out from the other swimmers who were used in the production.

The golden chance did not come his way so Stubby checked out of Hollywood at last.

As Stubby was leaving, Fay Lanphier, Miss California, the winner of the National Beauty contest at Atlantic City, was on her way to Hollywood. She had been promised a rôle in pictures. She understood that she was soon to be starred. The production she was to play in was entitled "The American Venus." She thought, of course, she was to be the name player. As a matter of fact she was. But the starring honors went to a newcomer named Esther Ralston, while another unknown, Louise Brooks, "took" the picture.

Miss Ralston is now a star and Miss Brooks has become one of the most popular leading women in Hollywood, but Fay Lanphier, better known at that time than a dozen Esthers and Louises, has been forgotten. She was not indispensable.

THEN there is Bill Tilden, once the greatest tennis player in the world. Tilden starred in a play on Broadway. It was thought that the acting experience he gained in this manner, together with his fame, which was world-wide, would make him a picture star. Everybody seemed to think so—except the picture producers. They only gave him small parts and paid him as they paid their other small-part people. So Tilden made a picture of his own, with outside backing. But that did not startle the industry either. And he finds himself today in relation to pictures, back at the beginning again, with the task of starting all over and building up with no guarantee that he will ever "arrive." His name was not big enough to gain him a golden share of "Movie Money."

Four athletic names which have attracted more interest than any others in the last few years have been Benny Leonard, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world; Babe Ruth, home run king; Jack Dempsey, and Red Grange, football star.

Each of these has at one time or another gone

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into motion pictures with varying degrees of luck, similar in one respect, in that it was all bad.

Benny Leonard was one of the first athletes to tackle the industry. He had tackled almost everything else with success and Benny decided that the cinema should also yield big dividends. He had a great deal of trouble getting anybody to undertake the task of promoting him.

This was something hard for him to understand, inasmuch as he was the reigning fighter of his time and the most popular man his division had ever produced.

Vaudeville was always willing to pay him well and he could not appreciate the indifference of screen producers.

However, he at last cornered an independent producer named Frank Hall, who had proved himself a glutton for punishment in the past and who thought that, through Universal, it might be possible to turn Leonard's athletic prestige into dollars and cents. Benny was promised a per cent of the net returns and he was given a drawing account for his expenses and incidentals, during the filming of the epic. It was a serial with a number of installments and it cost about \$150,000 to make and it took about six months. If Benny was a good hand at padding his expense account he may have made something. But his returns, via the percentage route, would have made one of his slimmest purses look like opulence, according to some of those who helped to handle the distribution.

Because in the undignified parlance of the picture industry his epic was a "flop."

**B**ABE RUTH, Sultan of Swat, had a more lucrative experience. Fortunately for the Babe, he possesses a shrewd manager in Christy Walsh, who happens to have been raised in Los Angeles and has a close acquaintanceship with many of the boys who are the men behind the men in Hollywood. Christy was wise to percentages.

He knew that independent pictures on independent releases, or even pictures distributed

through recognized distributing corporations, take a long, long time to return the original investment.

For there are prints to be made, almost as fast as the picture is sold; advertising paper and selling costs and road-showing expenses, all besides the initial production budget.

**W**ALSH had been informed that First National was to make a baseball film. He figured that Babe's name should be worth money to any picture of the diamond. It is said that he even had the title in the back of his head, "Babe Comes Home." And he sold First National the idea; sold it on a cash and carry basis.

It is claimed that the Babe got \$10,000 a week for three weeks and this is probably very close to the actual amount. Out of that Babe's manager no doubt got a cut, and there were training expenses and incidentals to be paid, so that the final reckoning did not exceed by a great deal the money Ruth could have made during a similar period in vaudeville or on an exhibition tour.

But it was gravy and perhaps the best deal that any athlete has ever gotten out of a screen venture.

The executives at First National were not happy over the outcome. The picture, even with the dazzling Anna Q. Nilsson as the leading lady, was not a success.

It is said that the final split between First National and their popular Swedish player grew out of her dissatisfaction in being forced to play such rôles as the one she had in "Babe Comes Home."

So that it is expected the next time First National makes a baseball classic, Babe Ruth will not be invited to participate therein. He should worry. He once held them "back to back" which is more than many another celebrity can say in regard to his picture experiences.

Jack Dempsey was leaving the new offices of Tiffany-Stahl productions the other day. His hat was pulled down over his eyes and he did not look particularly cheerful. Word had



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Not the entrance to the Bronx Express. On the contrary, Jane Winton is going down to call on the early Christians. With a monk acting as her guide, Miss Winton is about to explore the Catacombs of Rome. Jane had this picture taken to prove that American movie tourists actually do see something in Europe besides the Rue de la Paix

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gone out a short while before that Jack was going to make a picture for this organization, which is one of the biggest independents in the business.

"When do you start work, Jack?" I asked him.

"I don't start," said the former champion. "They want me to work on a percentage cut and I have had enough experience of that kind." Picture fans may remember that several years ago Dempsey appeared in a serial for Universal in which he was the slashing, dashing hero through a number of two reel productions. At the time Dempsey was reported to get a million dollars for the ten two reelers.

All the actual cash that was paid then, the story goes, Dempsey paid out himself to his sparring partners and for his training camp which he set up at Universal City during the filming of the picture.

He also had a rebuilt nose and a special corps of assistants to aid him with his makeup and in the art of acting.

He had ambitions at the time of becoming a star of the cinema. But his dreams vanished as the dreams of many another, less-famous, have done in the cold reality of Hollywood.

**T**HE pictures were not money-makers and no one knows how much Dempsey ever collected, even himself. For the picture venture was another one of those complications which formed a part of the Dempsey-Kearns arrangement. It did not terminate successfully enough for Dempsey to care for a repetition of the dose.

Repetition is sometimes dangerous. Red Grange found it so. In the same year that Charlie Pyle so cleverly maneuvered to make the red-headed ice-man into the greatest paying football player of all time, one of his admirers persuaded the new-formed combination to try their hand in Hollywood. There was talk at the time of a million dollar contract for Grange. Tests were taken in New York and he was said to be a "splendid picture type."

But the New York producers, though gaining a great deal of publicity out of Grange, did not actually sign him, and Red came out to Hollywood, still "free lancing."

It was then that one of his backers is said to have obtained a release for a football picture through Film Booking Offices of America when he put up the money for the production.

This "angel" was either clever himself or had shrewd advice, for he had Grange surrounded with a good cast and directed by Sam Wood, at one time considered one of the best in Hollywood. Wood was said to be financially interested in the film himself. For he needed to stage a come-back and he saw in producing a good picture for Grange that opportunity.

The whole production was filmed for about \$75,000.

**R**ED GRANGE was widely heralded as having "It." His career in the cinema was said to be assured. His picture was claimed as one of the best of the season. It undoubtedly was. FBO sold it at a tremendous price to exhibitors throughout the country. Grange was one celebrity, Hollywood admitted, who had made good.

People liked him on the screen and they liked his first starring vehicle, "One Minute to Play."

If the story could have ended there, a pleasant memory would have lingered on. But Charlie Pyle and Red Grange were enthused and they allowed their optimism to color their cinema transactions. They made arrangements to make another picture to be released through FBO. They secured Jobyna Ralston, a leading lady for Harold Lloyd in a number of his successes, and Walter Hiers, a well known comedian. They got Director Sam Wood back again and they decided to make an auto race story, similar to the kind popularized by the late Wally Reid. This time it is

claimed that they were so confident of success that they backed their own venture with their own money and spent a great deal more than the first picture had cost. Indeed, there are those that say that virtually all of the profits of the first enterprise were put in the second production.

That, according to Hollywood tradition, was the first mistake. The second was waiting a year before making the sequel to "One Minute to Play." The third and perhaps most disastrous was the selection of a subject that had nothing to do with football. Again had cropped up the old, old story of a celebrity thinking that he could achieve success in another field of endeavor without going through all the work and sacrifice that such success always demands.

**S**O "The Motor Maniac" was made. It was handed over to FBO for release. Suddenly that organization discovered a great deal that they had never even suspected before. "One Minute to Play" had not been such a success after all. People had liked the picture—on the first day. Throughout the country big crowds, football followers, had gone to see Red Grange, the celebrity, play football. But the regular theater-goer, the dyed-in-the-wool film fan, who knew little or nothing of Grange, did not attend the show. They were more interested in seeing Chaplin across the street, or Fairbanks or Lloyd. Grange had not yet proved himself to them. The exhibitor, when he paid a big price for the Grange picture, had expected the film fans to attend. The football enthusiasts were not large enough in number to compensate him for the cost of the film.

So the picture houses, both large and small, suffered from "One Minute to Play" though FBO and those who had backed the first venture had made money.

Now you can fool an exhibitor once, but you can't catch him twice with the same bait. He was wise by now. He refused to consider "The Motor Maniac" at any price. Pyle and Grange were flabbergasted. They decided to road-show the picture. So they changed the name of it to "The Racing Romeo" and prepared to send Grange and Walter Hiers around to some of the leading theaters of the country with it.

But there was no crying demand for their personal appearance. So that idea was also abandoned.

The production was sent out to do what it could on a small release basis, and though it played some of the small houses in big cities and some of the big houses in small cities, it still has a long, long road to travel before the cost will be returned.

**T**HREE adventurers had started out; Grange, Pyle and Wood. Two were dependent upon athletic fame to see them through, even though they may not have admitted it. The third was a master of direction who just happened to be down for the moment when Grange and Pyle came along. He would have gone up again anyway. But their picture was the push that brought him back and today he stands among the leaders of his class again, while Grange and Pyle have found that there was more money in promoting "bunion derbies" across the country than in punching a time-clock in a Hollywood studio.

Salaries in motion pictures are as elusive as "birdies" on the duffer's golf score. Only a very few contract artists get big money, together with those who produce their own pictures with a stable release in back of them. Each high-salaried star has earned his place by hard work and patient, persevering apprenticeship. A celebrity may sometime command in pictures an equivalent sum to what this restricted class receives, but the celebrity who gets it will have earned it, by years of work in his new field, and not by the glamour of the name he has brought to the films.

That is his handicap; not his aid!

# The Stars That Never Were

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

mean that his laugh should have a sardonic ring—it was Pasquale's own fear that gave that laugh its timbre of bitterness.

"No wonder he looked so foreign," the casting director told his assistant. "He *is* some kind of a wop. He doesn't know any American at all, from the sound of things. Do you—" he was shouting—(Why do we always assume that those who do not understand us are deaf?) "Do you know what I'm saying? You *wop*?"

Pasquale did not know. Not one word of the director's question held meaning to him. Only Pasquale knew that the man's voice was loud. So loud that it had drowned out his own feeble efforts to make himself heard. How could he know that the director was not rejecting his plea for clemency—his promises of future allegiance to his small, vivid flag? How could he know that, to the director, his country was only a small pink spot upon an uninteresting map?

How could he know that to the director he was only the answer to a problem in casting—an answer almost providential!

AND so they led him away. A little dark man who—since entering the casting director's office—had seemed to shrink in size. A little man who protested no longer—who walked, between the director's assistant and a chap from the wardrobe room, with a dragging tread. Through a great room, full of ropes and strange apparatus and glaring lights they walked. And Pasquale, brought up on the grim history of a certain inquisition, felt his blood congeal.

This, no doubt, was some sort of a torture chamber! Through a roomful of cannon and rifles and sabres they went next.

The booty, he told himself of many an unsuccessful revolution—of many a lost cause. He spoke no longer, in his own tongue. Either these people did not understand—or they would not!

Really, it mattered very little.

For he was at the end of things. There was no going on place—not from here. After his troubled, careful journey—despite the miles between him and that first prison cell—he had been captured. And the fruit of capture was death.

SO they had told him. So he had known, without being told. . . .

He did not resist—he did not even speak when they took his clothing from him and gave him a smock of some rough linen fabric. He did not protest when his dirty shoes were drawn from his feet—when wooden shoes were substituted for them. He was limp, resistless tallow in their hands. One of the boys who worked in the wardrobe rooms was moved to be jocular about it.

"I wonder if that guy has a valet when he's home?" he questioned. "Maybe he's a dook in disguise! I never seen a grown man so helpless."

They dressed him carefully. After all, he was the piece de resistance of a scene that might wring a gasp from the blasé public. They put the clothing of a Belgian peasant upon his shaking figure with painstaking care. And—"Anybody'd think," one of them said to Pasquale, "that you was being killed instead of being given a job to!"

But when it came to making up his face—to giving it penciled lines of pain and hollows of sorrow—the ones who were preparing Pasquale for his great chance were powerless. For there was nothing that their art could do to improve upon what life—the master make-up artist—had already done. One can not gild the lily. Neither can one paint the simulation of terror where terror really lives. . . .

As they marched him from the room in

which they had dressed him, Pasquale saw that there were other men, dressed as he was dressed, in the outer corridor. Perhaps a dozen of them.

An old chap, with a white, tobacco stained beard who laughed, as he talked to the younger man who stood beside him.

"The ancient brave one!" Pasquale, in his heart, paid tribute. Again, when he heard another of the group—a young boy, this time—humming a song, he doffed his spiritual helmet to sheer gallantry. He wished that he were as brave as the old man—brave enough to laugh. That he could be as gallant as the boy. Gallant—that he might sing, here, on the brink of eternity! But he could not—he was too tired of body—too utterly weary of soul. Too shaken of spirit. It was all he could do to walk, as the others walked, without stumbling. He followed down a corridor through the room with the guns—the other, larger room of the ropes and the machines. And, at last, out of the room's far door—thank God there would be no torture!

And farther out into a great sunlit space surrounded by buildings.

ALL about, people were shouting excited directions. On a platform, at one end of the lot, a lovely lady, in a black frock and a black lace mantilla, was dancing. In another corner a man—in rough leather trousers and a flannel shirt—steadied a plunging horse. There was, somewhere, far off, the sound of a sobbing violin.

But Pasquale scarcely noticed. His gaze was riveted upon the line of men in grey green uniforms. Men who stood opposite a rough plaster wall. Men who held, in their steady hands, gleaming steel rifles.

So. That thing called destiny had again formed a circle. The rescue—the privation, the loss of citizenship, they meant nothing! It was to be the firing squad, after all. Just as it had been planned. Pasquale, walking stiffly forward, was quite unconscious of the grinding of a camera.

Was quite deaf to the calling voice of the man who directed the scene. He took his place, against the wall, in a way that was utterly mechanical.

Remember—the peasant who was the second from the left? The gaunt, dark little man? Who stared so desperately at the other armed men, the men in uniform?

The old fellow with the long beard shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other. The boy stopped humming. The violin—a distance away—struck a high, quavering note. And the director shouted an order.

And it was then that Pasquale made his great dramatic appeal.

It was then that—the critics later said—he had his moment. For his face changed, stiffened, grew tense.

And one hand, involuntarily, crept up to his heart. And his lips breathed something—something that even the critics did not recognize as a prayer in an alien tongue.

AND then the guns, leveled in the hands of the pseudo firing squad, spoke. And, one by one, like mowed down poppies in a wheat field, the imitation peasants fell against their wall. Some of them fell very badly, indeed—your extra man doesn't relish stone bruises!

But Pasquale's fall was a perfect thing. He just slithered forward—with his hands groping ahead of him. Just fell forward limply, into the dust.

Only—when the others rose, laughing, and began to brush off their smocks, Pasquale did not rise. . . .

The studio doctor, summoned hastily, called it heart failure. . . .



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## Why Mary Pickford Bobbed Her Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

old-fashioned as leg o' mutton sleeves, Mrs. Pickford had helped her to find a new field for her artistry, all would have been well.

Instead of failing, as she did in "Rosita" and "Dorothy Vernon" because of lack of courage, they would have succeeded.

But Mary's mother couldn't bear to cut Mary's curls.

Nor can anyone blame her.

Her love was not a selfish, cramping, smothering thing.

SHE dominated Mary's entire life, professionally and privately up until Mary's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. And after her marriage, Mrs. Pickford's influence did not diminish, for Douglas, like everyone else who knew her, respected his mother-in-law for her ability, enjoyed her company because she was one of the wittiest and most delightful of women, and loved her for Mary's sake as well as her own.

But if Mrs. Pickford dominated her daughter's life for many years, it was a loving and miraculously successful domination.

Without her mother, Mary Pickford would never have achieved her great place—the greatest place any woman ever has or ever will occupy in the motion picture art.

Their relation to each other was more than that of a loving mother and daughter. It was that of a sculptor and his masterpiece, of business associates, of great adventurers bound for the same goal.

Charlotte Smith, who kept a boarding house in Toronto, and was left a widow with three very young children and no money at all, was a great woman—one of the greatest figures ever produced by the motion picture business.

Early days of privation and trial, of starvation and denial, of battling the world for actual food and clothing and shelter for her little brood, did two great things for Charlotte Pickford. They developed her own strength and determination and they won her the deathless love and respect of her daughter.

Mary never forgot. She never forgot her mother's courage and cheerfulness, her fighting heart, her smiling face and her selfless devotion to her children. For those early days were days of real poverty which sear the soul and bring it forth withered and embittered, or strong and determined.

MRS. PICKFORD was, I think, one of the most charming women I have ever known. Impossible to resist her sweetness, her amiability, her tolerance, her merry eye and her Irish tongue. Her sympathy was as wide as the ocean. Impossible not to respect her air of authority, her keen, concise knowledge, her way of handling people.

It was only where she loved too much that her wisdom failed her.

And she loved Mary's curls.

Why not?

They were, in a way, her own creation.

You may remember that when Mary first went into motion pictures she did not have curls. She wore her hair as other girls did, in a knot at the back of her head. The long, beautifully arranged curls were Mrs. Pickford's idea. She saw what could be done with them, how they could be made into a symbol. She tended them, played them up in pictures and publicity.

At last they became a tradition—and Mary's mother never was able to overcome that tradition.

As Mary's fame grew and the love of the world flowed to her feet, Mrs. Pickford saw her masterpiece complete. There stood her darling, her beloved child, known to and loved by more people than any other single woman in history. And into her mother love, which was the strongest thing in her nature to begin with,

came a sort of idolatry. There was no flaw in her idol.

Why change it?

During the years of Mary's greatest popularity, her mother stood beside her as a great prime minister might stand beside a queen. When Mary made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and "Daddy Longlegs" and "Stella Maris," her mother was the chief factor in every step, in every decision. And her decisions were always wise. She steered the ship steadily onward, watched the box office, watched the public, managed the finances and the studio, took from Mary's shoulders all the details, fought all the battles.

In those days, Mary was almost never seen in public without her mother. The lovely girl with the curls and the solid, black-haired, black-eyed woman were a familiar picture.

It is necessary to understand all these things and to understand a little of the character of Charlotte Pickford to understand the things that followed.

FOR time marched inexorably. It did not stand still even for that spirit of eternal youth, Mary Pickford.

Mary grew up.

She grew up sweetly. As a woman she has infinitely more beauty and charm and artistic ability than she had as a girl.

But she became a woman. She was no longer a little girl. Thirty should be the prime of womanhood. If there had been no Pickford tradition tied to her, if she had no long, golden curls, the Mary Pickford of thirty could have swept the public to ecstasy just as the Mary Pickford of sixteen did.

Perhaps she could have done it anyway—perhaps she can still do it.

But she failed in her first attempts because they lacked conviction, they were half-measures, they didn't possess the flame of her complete new personality. The curls were a constant reminder and she was just little Mary Pickford trying to play grown-up parts.

When Mary herself longed for new fields, new stories, new rôles, when Mary saw herself that she had changed and that times likewise had changed, her mother refused to recognize any of it. Always her advice was to follow the old formula, to retain the curls and all that went with them.

It is a significant fact that during her last picture, "My Best Girl" every bit of atmosphere that could be produced to correspond to the old days was produced. The same music was played during what were, practically, the same scenes that Mary had been making for fifteen years. The same personnel surrounded her. It was a complete throw-back.

And it was to be Charlotte Pickford's last picture.

I don't suppose anybody could have been happier than she was then. And nothing can take from Mary the joy of knowing that she never did one thing that shadowed those last days for her mother.

The masterpiece was still intact. The tradition was unaltered. The curls were still there.

SO Mary, the artist, for five years sacrificed herself to Mary, the daughter.

Mary, who through years of experience in pictures and because she inherited her mother's keen mind along with her own genius, never let her mother know, I don't suppose, that there was any sacrifice. Perhaps, because she loved her mother so much, she was unconscious of none.

But I do not believe, and even Mary herself couldn't make me believe, that she gave up her attempt to find a bigger field for herself, that she kept those curls, because she was afraid of



her public. She gave up because she saw what it meant to her mother.

There is so much beauty in the love those two bore each other that any mistakes dwindle into insignificance beside it. What, after all, could the world give comparable to what they gave each other? Mrs. Pickford made Mary what she was and Mary repaid her debt in full.

There were many people who thought that her mother's death would all but kill Mary Pickford. Her friends dreaded the day as it drew inevitably nearer, not only because of their affection for Mrs. Pickford, but because of their fear of its effect upon Mary.

But great love, real love, is seldom weak even in the face of death. Great love carries within itself a conviction of immortality and a command to carry on.

When it could no longer wound her mother, Mary cut off her curls.

**T**HE action itself may seem simple. Mary herself may believe her own explanation that she felt old-fashioned, out of proportion, out of date, with them.

But it is one of those simple actions that mean so much. It has all the significance in Mary's life that the Boston Tea Party had in the lives of the American colonists.

It is the birth of a new Mary Pickford, it means that the screen has gained a new artist.

Mary is going to start out without her curls and try to win herself—not her old place but a new place. In her lifetime, in her prime, she has become a tradition which by its very nature is beloved but which has no part in the screen life of the world today.

She has got to make them accept Mary Pickford, not as a personality, not as "America's sweetheart," not as the girl with the curls, but as an artist.

For years she has gone through all sorts of cramping and limiting experiences. Wonderful stories, which she could have played better than any actress on the screen, have been turned down because she couldn't play them with curls. Great opportunities have been discarded because they didn't fit with the Pickford tradition. Ideas that grew in Mary's brain, advances in technique, growth of power as an actress, have been worthless because she was held to a field in which ideas were of necessity always the same, because power wasn't needed to play little girl rôles. Her womanly beauty and lure have been discounted entirely, yet photographically Mary Pickford

is the most beautiful woman on the screen today.

Now the curls are gone. Before her are new worlds to conquer. She is at a time in her life when most great stage actresses are just coming into their own. She is much younger than Duse was when she achieved world fame and acclaim, much younger than Bernhardt was when she conquered the world of the theater.

Yet she has already completed the greatest chapter in the life of any screen star. The battle before her is, practically, an attempt to come back. And she cannot come back as the girl with the curls. She must come back as a woman. She is photographing as well now as she has ever photographed.

A group of very famous screen folk were talking of Mary and her great step the other night. There were present two of the screen's greatest comediennes, a director whom other directors still call master, two well-known producers, the most famous dramatic screen star, two well-known critics and one or two authors.

The consensus of opinion was that Mary Pickford could today take a story written either for Clara Bow or for Gloria Swanson and play it better, more convincingly and with more appeal than either of those great stars.

But she will fail again as she failed before if she tries half-measures. She must cut off her past as she cut off her curls. There is a new generation of screen fans. There is a new thought in the world. She must cast aside all fear, all thought of what is expected of Mary Pickford, of what her public has always wanted, and start a new cycle.

**E**VEN now she is experimenting somewhat with the new talking picture. Her voice has great magnetism. The new era of the talking picture may help her to begin this new epoch. If she succeeds, and she will succeed if she has the courage of complete conviction, she will be something more than a great star, a deathless personality, a tradition.

She will be a truly great artist and her name may be added to those of Duse and Bernhardt upon the roster of fame.

And when somewhere she meets her mother again, her success will justify her defiance of that tradition and no one will rejoice more gloriously than that great and loving woman—Mary's mother.



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How they get those scenes on moving trains. J. Roy Hunt, the cameraman, invented this platform to photograph James Hall as he looks out of the window of a speeding train in "The Fifty-Fifty Girl." It is a great contraption if the train doesn't dive into a tunnel

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## The "No" Woman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

physically possible for her to grant it. If ten men came seeking alms, nine of them rogues and one deserving, Madame would prefer to aid all ten rather than miss the one really needy one.

Madame Glyn is a great lover of beauty and harmony. I shall never forget the expression of almost physical pain which passed over her face one day when I carelessly appeared in the beautiful magenta study, where I am privileged to work, wearing a brilliant red dress! I realized at once the color scheme I was presenting and apologized, but she laughingly passed it off, saying:

"I shall have to get the painter to daub some blue and crimson lake on you to match the rest of our magenta!"

MADAME GLYN has a tremendously keen sense of humor which never fails to get a "kick" out of the "lady-type" who, upon being introduced to her, says "Oh, my dear Madame Glyn! I have been waiting all my life to tell you about the terrible time I had reading 'Three Weeks.' I used to have to hide it under the mattress!"

I suppose that particular brilliancy has been remarked to her some ten thousand or more times—enough to have lost its sparkle.

I say, "No, No!" over the telephone a dozen times each day when I hear that purring, pseudo-aristocratic voice which could belong to none other than a photograph artist's solicitor—that voice which so clearly drops its *r's* from nine until five, and rolls them deliciously after hours.

"Would I not like to drop in and have Signor Grandelstino photograph me?" No obligations whatsoever. Signor would be so charmed to make my acquaintance, Miss Van-something-or-other (she to whom the sweet potato vocal cords belong) assures and assures!

They would be so delighted and enchanted to have the pleasure of "doing" me.

One hates to admit being so verdant, but there was one time when I fell for the photographic idea. First time, of course. You see I'd promised a likeness to one of my old college profs and was just about to look up a photographer, so I was ripe for plucking. When I went to get my proofs, the Lady Receptionist asked me what day Madame Glyn would be ready to pose. When I said I had not yet spoken to her about the matter, the Office Queen automatically shortened her *a's*.

"I'm sorry then, but I can't let you see your proofs. You know Signor is not in the social service game. Unless you wanta give us forty bucks."

I DID not. In that event I would choose my own photographer. As the receptionist would say in off hours, I had "loined" something.

One of the most revealing experiences I ever had took place in Hollywood. I had not lived in California long when I first became associated with Madame Glyn and everyone said, "What a gorgeous opportunity to get acquainted! You'll meet so many interesting people."

Of course I did. But they all wanted something. Ye Gods!

When Madame was casting a picture, I had to interview about two hundred people a day and sort out a few for her to see (mostly actors and actresses) but most of them looked through me—not at me.

One day a keen looking girl came into the office with a Miss K., a screen actress I knew. This girl, Helen Hall, we'll call her, was a beginner in pictures and anxious to get on, but she did not ask to meet Madame Glyn, nor did she appear to have any particular motive ex-

cept to meet me. This went down like aromatic castor oil with me. Miss K. had told her what a charming secretary Madame Glyn had, and bla-bla-bla—which went down better still, this being only natural, as I was getting rather fed up on being a motion picture adjunct. I was fearfully nice to the new girl and went out of my way to say I thought she really ought to try to see Madame who might like her type and give her a good part. But Helen Hall said "Oh no, you have enough people hounding you already! Really, I couldn't impose myself on Madame Glyn, she is imposed upon enough already!"

"But what I would like is to have you come over to my house some evening. We have lots of informal little parties and I'd so love to have you meet some of my friends."

"What could be sweeter?" I thought. Here was a real girl. More like the girls from home. No climber—no grafter—no ulterior-motive expert—just a nice friendly, wholesome girl. Yes, I'd adore to come.

And a definite invitation led me to a charming house in the hills on the following Saturday evening.

I shall never forget that nightmare night. As soon as I arrived I sensed something queer in the atmosphere, even the orchestra seemed to have a commercial twang.

FIRST I was introduced to a prosperously fat man who chose a waltz during which to tell me in ginny tones what gobs of money Madame Elinor Glyn could make if she'd just leave it to him to select some good old Los Angeles real estate for her. "And don't forget it, girlie, I'd stick the old price up so as to take good care of you! If you'll arrange for me to meet the lady, that's all you need to do! This daddy'll see that you're independent in a year from now!"

That was his finale which left me breathless and dazed as Helen brought up quite an interesting-looking man who soon was well launched on the merits of the automobile business.

He winked every few seconds as he talked. "Madame Glyn ought to have several of our cars," he said with a significant look which caused me to miss a step of the fox trot. What kind of a place was I in anyway? I wondered. My partner left me in no doubt as to his intentions. If I could maneuver to "land the Madame's business" as he delighted in calling it, I was to have a lesser roadster of my own providing, also, that I would be willing to be a "nice little pal"—whatever that might entail.

HE was lonely—his wife was incompatible—(I thought it took two for that)—but be that as it may, I mentally resolved, now that I was in this mess, I might as well get all the information I could. I ventured to ask how he could afford so generous an offer. He rolled his black eyes all around the room and back to me and they seemed to get rounder with the rolling. Then he cleared his throat impressively and started on that old familiar rondo which any girl who's ever been out on her own will recognize. I refer to the ditty which begins, "You know I feel as though I'd known you always!"—and which ends with something with a string on.

His wife was a typical home woman—and he—well, he was a gay old dog. I had made a new creature of him when I walked into the room that night and it struck him we might be something—well—er—something more than mere business partners.

I was at the point of choking and I was glad to be rescued, though it was only a moment until I was again being "approached."

During the remainder of the evening I suffered through three more lucrative proposi-

tions peppered in various degrees with the personal element. I still smile to myself now and then as I recall the flowery phrasing of the ocean club promoter—and the clumsy methods of the dentist.

The next morning Miss Hall brought me a printed list of the products represented by the guests at the party the night before. But then I was a wiser—and sadder—girl. I handed it back to her without comment and she shrugged her shoulders in contempt for my ways and remarked, "You're a fool!"

**O**ther episodes have followed, many of them not too pleasing, but I have learned my hardest lesson from Miss Hall. I was never so green again, at least not the same vivid hue of grass green.

I will admit that I was once afterwards locked up in a florist's vault (and who would suspect a florist of being so desperate for distinguished clientele?)

But he was a shrimpy little coward so I wasn't the least frightened. I simply jumped at him and said "Boo!" and he tremblingly opened the door.

There was a hand cream demonstrator who bored me until I allowed her to leave a sample with me for Madame Glyn. I told her Madame never uses creams but she vowed that in every woman's life comes one day when the hands chap. She still calls me up persistently to see if Madame has tried the lotion. She even had the nerve to ask me if I couldn't manage to

have Madame go out without gloves some raw day.

Can you feature woman's inhumanity to woman?

Some of my bribery experiences are not at all sordid and are even filled with human interest and often pathos. One happening in particular I shall always remember with sympathy. I answered the telephone one day and a tiny, frightened old voice asked, "Is that the secretary to Madame Elinor Glyn?" When I assured her of my identity she seemed scarcely to know what to say next. She kept repeating—"This is REALLY the secretary to Madame Glyn?"

After assuring her several more times, I grew impatient and insisted upon knowing what she desired.

"I wish to see you, Miss," she said in a terribly humble little voice.

"Me?" I said.

"**Y**ES, Miss, I'll meet you any time you say and any place, if I can see you for five minutes." Of course this was nothing new—I'd heard that same story a hundred times a day for months, but the difference lay in the frightened little voice and manner. I promised to meet her in the lobby at noon and she told me over and over that she would wear a big red rose so I'd be sure to recognize her.

When I found her I knew I never could have missed her—rose or no rose—she was so fragile and old and wee. She presented a



Jack Duffy of the Sandy MacDuff comedies tells Joan Marquis a Scotch joke.

Jack: "Do you know how the Scotchman cured himself of sea-sickness?"

Joan: "And how did the Scotchman cure himself of sea-sickness?"

Jack: "As soon as he got on the boat, he swallowed a nickel."

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comical picture, a tiny little old lady of some eighty wiry years, wearing a big red cotton rose almost as large as her head. The old darling was in a positive tremor of joy when I introduced myself. She nervously thrust an envelope into my hand. It was addressed in a precise lavender and old lace hand, "To the Secretary of My Adored Madame Elinor Glyn—the woman who is true to her own convictions!"

I had difficulty in keeping the tears back when I read the message. It was as follows:

"Dear Miss:—Here is a fifty dollar bill. It's took me fifty years to save it. Please take it and let me look for once upon the face of the most wonderful woman in the world, Elinor Glyn. I've read all her books and lived my life accordingly. I've heard how hard it is to get past her secretary so I knew I had to make a special effort. If you know how much it means to me you'll manage some way. I'll only stay five minutes. I just want to look in her eyes and shake that wonderful hand that penned all them writin's.

"I know fifty dollars ain't much to some folks. I'd give more if I had it and I'd keep on savin' but I'm feared the good Lord might take me before I get to see her—an' I just can't die without tellin' her how much she's done for me.

"Please, young woman, help me to meet her, and I'll be everlastin' grateful. I ain't never had the gift of gab—so I've brought it all in writin'. Bless you!

"Sara Meriton Gilaspedic."

**NEEDLESS** to say, the little old dear got a hearing—and without a fee of course. What's more, she got a complete set of autographed copies of Madame's books and made a lifelong friend.

So much for Hollywood. It was simple compared to New York. Here, the technique of getting business by bribery and baits is developed to a high degree.

Just lately I was approached by a furrier who wanted to sell Madame an ermine coat. He was not so crude as to offer me a commission for my services in steering Madame into his shop.

He offered me first a card entitling me to buy my dresses at a wholesale house; he next sent his friend who imports French chiffon stockings, to see me that I might buy my hose at an attractive discount. He inquired of me if I were married and, when I said no, asked:

"Maybe you would like to meet some men, yes? They take you out to dinner and treat you oh, so nice. Do you like him rich and old maybe, or just a plain home man?"

And of course he offered me a discount on a coat for myself.

**FUNNIEST** of all are the letters from laundries and private washwomen. I get eight or ten a day.

One of the private class offered to do Madame's lingerie free of charge just so she could see it and handle it and tell her friends that she washed for Madame Elinor Glyn.

The hairdressers lure me with promises of free permanent waves for my own naturally curly hair if I will help them to obtain Madame's custom.

People selling shoes, hats, gowns and handbags seek Madame as a customer not only for the sale itself, but to be able to say to other customers:

"This is a very smart thing! Madame Glyn bought one exactly like it from us the other day!"

Every day some new proposition comes to me—a jeweler, a perfumer, a furniture dealer, a masseuse, all with the idea that if Madame Glyn would patronize them, they would be as popular as "Three Weeks."

But to all such comers my refrain is "No, No, No!"

It's a great life—and you mustn't weaken.

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**\*SHOW PEOPLE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Marion Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the goof who would get into the movies. Recommended. (August.)

**SILK LEGS**—Fox.—Madge Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings. Whipped cream. (March.)

**SIMBA**—Martin Johnson Corp. — Those charming travellers, the Martin Johnsons, have made another one of their entertaining jungle pictures. Great studies of wild animals in their native haunts. (April.)

**SKINNER'S BIG IDEA**—FBO.—After a long time-lapse, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May.)

**SKY-SCRAPER**—Pathe-De Mille.—Love among the riveters. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Carol and William Boyd. (April.)

**SMART SET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go in for flippant youth. (April.)

**SOFT LIVING**—Fox.—Adventures of a stenographer who finds that it is easier to get alimony than work for a living. But love saves all. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

**SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS**—Paramount.—Especially in a haunted house. Good comedy thrills and lots of action. With the eye-soothing Esther Ralston. (May.)

**SO THIS IS LOVE**—Columbia.—Slightly goofy story of a dressmaker's assistant turned prize-fighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr., and Shirley Mason. (July.)

**SOUTH SEA LOVE**—FBO.—Just like any other brand of love—full of inconsistencies. With Patsy Ruth Miller. (June.)

**\*SPEEDY**—Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd captures all the dash and excitement of Manhattan. An ingenious and high-oowered comedy. For the whole family, of course. (May.)

**SPORTING AGE, THE**—Columbia.—Good acting and fine direction lift this triangle story above the average. Special honors to Belle Bennett and Holmes Herbert. (June.)

**SPORTING GOODS**—Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the very best current light comedies. (March.)

**SQUARE CROOKS**—Fox.—Original variations of the usual crook business lift this comedy above the ordinary. Jackie Coombs, a three-year-old kid, runs away with the laughs. (April.)

**STATE STREET SADIE**—Warners.—Can you believe it? Another underworld story. And not among the best. (July.)

**STOCKS AND BLONDES**—FBO.—Romance among the chorus girls and brokers. Slightly hoty-totsy for the family trade. With Jacqueline Logan and "Skeets" Gallagher. (June.)

**STORMY WATERS**—Tiffany-Stahl. — Eve Southern tries a *Sadie Thompson* but this story of love in the tropics doesn't quite come off. (August.)

**STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER**—Defu-First National.—German picture with original plot. Just a bit heavy. (August.)

**\*STREET ANGEL**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human, appealing story, adorably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

**\*STREET OF SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Technically a fine picture but the story, a brutal tale of the London slums, is repellent. The least satisfactory of Emil Jannings' American productions. (July.)

**STREETS OF SHANGHAI**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Dirty work in China and slightly reminiscent of a lot of better plays. Not so much. (May.)

**STRONGER WILL, THE**—Excellent.—Just one long yawn. (August.)

**TELLING THE WORLD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—That comical cuss, Bill Haines, goes to China. More darned fun, in a silly way. Anita Page, who makes her debut in this one, is all to the good. (July.)

**\*TEMPEST**—United Artists.—Interesting story of the Russian Revolution. While John Barrymore is starred, it is Camilla Horn's picture. Here's a real find. (June.)

**TEMPTATIONS OF A CHORUS GIRL**—First Division.—Not naughty, just foolish. Betty Compson makes the most of a maudlin character. (June.)

**TENDERLOIN**—Warners.—This time the dirty crooks blame the robbery on Dolores Costello, thereby giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

**TENTH AVENUE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Boarding house life on the wrong side of Manhattan. Heavy melodrama and vividly played by Phyllis Haver, Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut. (July.)

**THEIR HOUR**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Wherein the demure girl outsmarts the fast stepper. With Dorothy Sebastian, Johnnie Haron and June Marlowe. Not for the children. (June.)

**THIEF IN THE DARK, THE**—Fox.—Supposed to scare you to death. But it merely puts you to sleep. (June.)

**THOROUGHBREDS**—Universal.—Once again the innocent country lad falls in with a gang of wild women. Good direction and some race-track scenes help some. (May.)

**\*THREE SINNERS**—Paramount.—Pola Negri as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful as the good girl, but oh, after she has gone wrong! Sophisticated amusement. (June.)

**TIGER LADY**—Paramount.—Reviewed under title "Love Is Incurable." Old-fashioned story, tricked out in fancy costumes and made palatable by the suave acting of Adolphe Menjou and Evelyn Brent. (June.)

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE**—Christie-Paramount.—Rare antique that has been redone for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise Fazenda, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

**TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collier in an ultra-modern comedy showing the folly of youthful marriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)

**\*TRAIL OF '98, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A mighty panorama of the Klondike rush, told with power and breath-taking realism. Congratulations to Clarence Brown for making a really thrilling film. (April.)

**TREE OF LIFE, THE**—Zenith.—The story of the world's creation, no less! L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. (April.)

**TRICK OF HEARTS, A**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather puerile, Algernon! (May.)

**TURN BACK THE HOURS**—Gotham.—All right, turn back the hours and what does it get you? Just a quickie, with a lot of well-known players filling in between more important pictures. (May.)

**TWO FLAMING YOUTHS**—Paramount.—Introducing a new co-starring team—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic weepers. (March.)

**TWO LOVERS**—United Artists.—Some direction, neat acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that this is the same old plot. But Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are simply swell. (May.)

**UNDER THE BLACK FLAG**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Flash, "the wonder dog," shows that the doggies did their share in fighting the war. (March.)

**UNDER THE TONTO RIM**—Paramount.—More gold rush. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a fairly exciting Zane Grey story. (April.)

**UNITED STATES SMITH**—Gotham.—Eddie Gribbon and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck but funny comedy. (August.)

**UPLAND RIDER, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard rides the winning horse in the race that saves the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand hoss-race. (May.)

**VAMPING VENUS**—First National.—A "Connecticut Yankee" comedy designed to get back some of the money spent on the "Helen of Troy" sets. Cock-eyed enough to be popular. Thelma Todd is beautiful and Charlie Murray is funny. What else do you want? (May.)

**VANISHING PIONEER, THE**—Paramount.—The return of Jack Holt to the Paramount ranch. And the result is a Grade A Western. (August.)

**WALKING BACK**—Pathe-De Mille.—Trivial story of the younger generation made interesting by the presence of the charming Sue Carol. (July.)

**WALLFLOWERS**—FBO.—One of those stories that is motivated by a trick will. Light but adequate. (April.)

**WARMING UP**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an original and really funny story of a bushleague pitcher. Family diversion. (July.)

**WARNING, THE**—Columbia.—Jack Holt's sense of humor saves this melodrama of the Hong Kong dives from being dull. (May.)

**13 WASHINGTON SQUARE**—Universal.—A mediocre mystery story with a bit of comedy and a good performance by ZaSu Pitts. Also with Alice Joyce and Jean Hersholt. Only fair. (March.)

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**\*WE AMERICANS**—Universal.—A fine drama of our immigrants. The struggles, loyalty and problems of these new Americans will make you more tolerant and sympathetic. A fine study in patriotism, splendidly acted. (May.)

**\*WHEEL OF CHANCE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess does some good acting in a dual rôle. You forget the improbabilities of the story in your interest in the star's acting and the dramatic situations. (August.)

**WHEN THE LAW RIDES**—FBO.—Something better than the conventional Western plot. With Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. (August.)

**WHIP WOMAN, THE**—First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through bad judgment of a reviewer, we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

**WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Just misses being a remarkable picture. Its weakness of story is atoned for by some of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever filmed. (August.)

**WHY SAILORS GO WRONG**—Fox.—For those who will laugh at anything. Rather vulgar. (June.)

**\*WICKEDNESS PREFERRED**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a comedy of marriage that is naughty, sophisticated, but full of laughs. (June.)

**WIFE RELATIONS, THE**—Columbia.—Naive romance of an heiress who finds a job and a husband in a department store. (August.)

**WILD WEST ROMANCE**—Fox.—Some thrills in this Western but Rex Bell, the newcomer, will never fill the Stetson of Tom Mix. (August.)

**WILLFUL YOUTH**—Peerless.—Heavy melodrama in the tall timbers with Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy. (June.)

**WOMAN'S WAY, A**—Columbia.—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris. (August.)

**WOMEN WHO DARED**—Excellent.—Slumming party to the lower East Side, as the movies picture it. (August.)

**YELLOW LILY, THE**—First National.—Concerning the bad habit of archdukes of falling in love with ladies who live on the other side of the tracks. Billie Dove and Clive Brook are the principal reasons why you'll want to see the picture. (July.)

**YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW**—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Full of crooks and such-like. Cornelius Keefe is the handsome cop. (May.)

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"A SHIP COMES IN"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Julien Josephson. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Peter Plecznik*, Rudolph Schildkraut; *Mrs. Plecznik*, Louise Dresser; *Eric*, Milton Holmes; *Marthe*, Linda Landi; *Sokol*, Fritz Feld; *Dan Casey*, Lucien Littlefield; *Judge Gresham*, Robert Edeson; *Seymour*, Louis Natheaux.

"BABY CYCLONE, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by George M. Cohan. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Joe Meadows*, Lew Cody; *Lydia*, Aileen Pringle; *Gene*, Robert Armstrong; *Jessie*, Gwen Lee; *Evans*, Richard Carlyle; *Mrs. Crandall*, Nora Cecil; *Cyclone*, The Dog.

"BARKER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Kenyon Nicholson. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Nifty Miller*, Milton Sills; *Chris Miller*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Hap Spissel*, George Cooper; *Sailor West*, John Erwin; *Colonel Gowdy*, S. S. Simon; *Lou*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Carrie*, Betty Compton; *Ma Benson*, Sylvia Ashton.

"BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Daniel Carson Goodman. Adapted by Gerrit J. Lloyd. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Judson*, Jean Hersholt; *Marie Skinner*, Phyllis Haver; *Mrs. Judson*, Belle Bennett; *"Babe"*, Winsor, Don Alvarado; *Ruth Judson*, Sally O'Neil; *Billy Judson*, William Bakewell; *Friend of the Judsons*, John Batten.

"BROADWAY DADDIES"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Victoria Moore. Continuity by Anthony Coldeaway. Directed by Fred Windermer. Photography by Silvano Balboni. The cast: *Eve Delmar*, Jacqueline Logan; *John Lambert Kennedy*, Alec B. Francis; *Richard Kennedy*, Rex Lease; *James Leech*, Phillips Smalley; *Fay King*, De Sacia Mooers; *Mrs. Winthrop Forrest*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Agnes Forrest*, Betty Francisco.

"BROKEN MASK, THE"—ANCHOR.—From the story by Francis Fenton. Continuity by Adele Buffington. Directed by James P. Hogan. Photography by Edward Gheller and Shirley Williams. The cast: *Perlio*, Cullen Landis; *Caricia*, Barbara Bedford; *Sanio Bendito*, William V. Mong; *Dr. Gordon White*, Wheeler Oakman; *Maurice Armato*, James Marcus; *Delores*, Ina Anson; *Perlio as a boy*, Philippe de Lacy; *Caricia as a girl*, Nanci Price.

"CODE OF THE SCARLET"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon. Continuity by Forrest Sheldon. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Bruce Kenton*, Ken Maynard; *Helen Morgan*, Gladys McConnell; *Paddy Halloran*, Ed Brady; *Blake*, J. P. McGowan; *Widow Malone*, Dot Farley; *Bartender*, Sheldon Lewis; *Comic*, Harold Salter; *Pete*, Joe Rickson; *Frank Morgan*, Robert Walker.

"COWBOY KID, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Sinclair Drago and Seton I. Miller. Scenario by James J. Tynan. Directed by Clyde Carruth. The cast: *Jim Barrett*, Rex Bell; *Janel Grover*, Mary Jane Temple; *Trig Morgan*, Brooks Benedict; *Lilly Langton*, Alice Belcher; *John Grover*, Joe DeGrasse; *The Sheriff*, Sid Crossley; *Deputy Sheriff*, Billy Bletcher.

"CRAIG'S WIFE"—PATHE.—From the play by George Kelly. Adapted by Clara Beranger. Directed by William C. de Mille. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Mrs. Craig*, Irene Rich; *Mr. Craig*, Warner Baxter; *Ethel*, Virginia Bradford; *John Fredericks*, Carroll Nye; *Mrs. Passmore*, Lilyan Tashman; *Mr. Passmore*, George Irving; *Miss Austen*, Jane Keckley; *Mrs. Frazer*, Mabel Van Buren; *Eliza*, Ethel Belmore; *Mary*, Raida Rae.

"DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Calvin Johnston. Continuity by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Leo Meehan. Photography by Al Seigler. The cast: *Millie Benton*, Belle Bennett; *Fred Benton*, William V. Mong; *Tom Benton*, William Bakewell; *Mona Benton*, Marion Douglas; *Algernon Gray*, Patrick Michael Cuning; *Morgan Gray*, William Desmond; *Milt Soreley*, Olin Francis.

"DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS"—ANCHOR.—From the story by Robert Ray. Adapted by J. P. McGowan. Directed by Robert Ray. Photography by Robert E. Cline. The cast: *Danny Dugan*, Danny O'Shea; *Betty*, Pauline Garon; *Sergeant Davis*, Ernest Hilliard; *Capt. von Brinken*, J. P. McGowan; *Danny's Buddy*, Sid Smith.

"FAMILY PICNIC, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Delf. Directed by Harry Delf. The cast: *Wife*, Kathleen Key; *Husband*, Raymond McKee.

"FANGS OF FATE"—PATHE.—From the story by Earl W. Johnson. Directed by Noel Smith. Photography by Edward Snyder. The cast: *Arnold Barclay*, Arnold Gray; *Eli Hargreaves*, Henry Herbert; *Robert Winter*, Robert Reault; *Dorothy Winter*, his sister, Kathleen Collins; *Jed Morgan*, Alfred Fisher; *Klondike*, Klondike.

"FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE"—FBO.—From the story by E. A. Patterson. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photog-

raphy by Roy Eslick. The cast: *Red Hepner*, Buzz Barton; *Jane Anderson*, Duane Thompson; *Sidewinder Steve*, Milburn Morante; *Bob Anderson*, Bob Fleming; *Tom Reynolds*, Edmund Cobb; *Jim Dalton*, Edward Hearn.

"FLEETWING"—FOX.—From the story by Lambert Hillier and Elizabeth Pickett. Scenario by Elizabeth Pickett. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: *Jaafor*, Barry Norton; *Thurya*, Dorothy Janis; *Melaab*, Ben Bard; *Auda*, Robert Kortman; *Trad Ben Saham*, Erville Alderson O'Hara; *Mansoui*, James Anderson; *The Simoon*, Arabian Horse; *Furja*, Blanche Friderica.

"FORGOTTEN FACES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Richard Washburn Child. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *"Heliotrope Harry"*, Harlow, Clive Brooks; *Alice Deane*, Mary Brian; *Chloe Harlow*, Olga Baclanova; *"Frenchy"*, William Powell; *"Spider"*, Fred Kohler; *Tom*, Jack Luden.

"FOUR WALLS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Dana Burnet and George Abbott. Continuity by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by James Howe. The cast: *Benny*, John Gilbert; *Frieda*, Joan Crawford; *Mrs. Horowitz*, Vera Gordon; *Bertha*, Carmel Myers; *Sullivan*, Robert Emmet O'Connor; *Monk*, Louis Natheaux; *Roma*, Jack Byron.

"GANG WAR"—FBO.—From the story by James A. Creelman. Continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Bert Glennon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Flower*, Olive Borden; *Clyde Baxter*, Jack Pickford; *Blackjack*, Eddie Gribbon; *Mike Luego*, Walter Long; *Wong*, Frank Chew.

"GATE CRASHER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Foley. Adapted by Karl Kruzada and Vin Moore. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Dick Henshaw*, Glenn Tryon; *Mara Di Leon*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Hal Reade*, T. Roy Barnes; *Maid*, Beth Laemmle.

"GREASED LIGHTNING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Lester. Adapted by William Lester. Directed by Ray Taylor. Photography by Milton Bridenbecker. The cast: *Johnny Parker*, Ted Wells; *Diana Standish*, Betty Caldwell; *Merrihew*, Walter Schumway; *Beauty Jones*, Lon Poff; *Mickey Murphy*, George Dunning; *Annie Murphy*, Myrtis Crinley; *Crane*, Victor Allen.

"GREEN GRASS WIDOWS"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Continuity by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Al Raboch. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: *Walter Hagen*, Walter Hagen; *Del Roberts*, Johnny Harron; *Babs Worthing*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Mrs. Worthing*, Hedda Hopper; *Cliff Wallis*, Ray Hallor; *"Fat"*, Hendricks, Lincoln Stedman; *Mr. Roberts*, John St. Polis.

"HEART TO HEART"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. Directed by William Beaudine. Continuity by Adelaide Heilbron. The cast: *Princess Delatorre (EllenGutherie)*, Mary Astor; *Philip Lennox*, Lloyd Hughes; *Aunt Katie Boyd*, Louise Fazenda; *Uncle Joe Boyd*, Lucien Littlefield; *Ruby Boyd*, Thelma Todd; *Milt D'Arcy*, Raymond McKee; *Aunt Meta*, Eileen Manning; *Hazel Boyd*, Virginia Gray.

"HEART TROUBLE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Arthur Ripley. Scenario by Earl Rodger and Clarence Hennecke. Directed by Harry Langdon. The cast: *Harry Van Housen*, Harry Langdon; *The Girl*, Doris Dawson; *Adolph Van Housen*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Adolph Van Housen*, Madge Hunt; *Contractor*, Bud Jamison; *Conductors*, Mark Hamilton, Nelson McDowell.

"HIS RISE TO FAME"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Victoria Moore. Directed by Bernard McEveety. The cast: *Jerry Drake*, George Walsh; *Laura White*, Peggy Shaw; *Hubert Streit*, Bradley Barker; *Helen Lee*, Mildred Reardon; *"Ma"*, Drake, Martha Petelle; *Montana Mack*, William G. Nally; *Bull Vickers*, Ivan Linow.

"HOT NEWS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harlan Thompson and Monte Brice. Adapted by Loyd Corrigan, Grover Jones and Florence Ryerson. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Pat Clancy*, Bebe Daniels; *Scoop Morgan*, Neil Hamilton; *James Clayton*, Paul Lukas; *Michael Clancy*, Alfred Allen; *Spec*, Spec O'Donnell; *Benny*, Ben Hall; *Maharajah*, Mario Carillo; *Mrs. Van Vleck*, Maude Turner Gordon.

"JUST MARRIED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Anne Nichols. Adapted by Frank Butler and Gilbert Pratt. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Bob Adams*, James Hall; *Roberta Adams*, Ruth Taylor; *Jack Stanley*, Harrison Ford; *Percy Jones*, William Austin; *Mrs. Jack Stanley*, Ivy Harris; *Makepeace Witter*, Tom Ricketts; *Mrs. Witter*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Victoire*, Lila Lee; *Steward*, Arthur Hoyt; *Purser*, Wade Boteler; *Magnoir*, Mario Carillo.

"LADIES OF THE MOB"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Booth. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by William Wellman. The cast:



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"LIGHTS OF NEW YORK"—WARNERS.—From the story by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth. Scenario by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: *Kitty Lewis*, Helene Costello; *Eddie Morgan*, Cullen Landis; *Molly Thompson*, Gladys Brockwell; *Mrs. Morgan*, Mary Carr; *Ilavak Miller*, Wheeler Oakman; *Gene*, Eugene Pallette; *Detective Crosby*, Robert Elliott; *Sam*, Tom Dugan; *Collins*, Tom McGuire; *Tommy*, Guy D'Enery; *Mr. Jackson*, Walter Percival; *Mr. Dickson*, Jere Delaney.

"LION AND THE MOUSE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Charles Klein. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Norbert Brodin. The cast: *Shirley Rossmore*; *May McAvoy*; *Ready Money*, Ryder, Lionel Barrymore; *Jefferson Ryder*, William Collier, Jr.; *Judge Rossmore*, Alec Francis; *Smith, the valet*, Jack Ackroyd; *Dr. Hays*, Emmett Corrigan.

"LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE"—HERCULES.—From the story by Putnam Hoover. Continuity by Cecil B. Hill. Directed by Frank S. Mattison. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Marie Cleste*, Lila Lee; *Jules Barbier*, Cullen Landis; *Tarish McBride*, Frank Merrill; *Wanabee*, Sheldon Lewis; *Maurice Kent*, Boris Karloff; *Posty McKnuffie*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Oliver Hampton*, Bud Shaw; *Duncan Cleste*, Arthur Hotelling; *Momo*, Cydonce.

"LOVE OVER NIGHT"—PATHE.—From the story by George Dromgold and Sanford Hewitt. Adapted by George Dromgold and Sanford Hewitt. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Ticket Chopper*, Rod La Rocque; *Jeanette Stewart*, Jeanette Loff; *Richard Thorne*, Richard Tucker; *Detective*, Tom Kennedy; *Grandmother*, Mary Carr.

"MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE"—RAYART.—Adapted from the book by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Depew. The cast: *Yorke Norroy*, Cornelius Kefe; *Countess Jalna*, Edith Roberts; *No. 1*, Charlie West; *No. 2*, Lloyd Whitlock; *No. 3*, Ludwig Lowy; *No. 4*, William Emile; *No. 5*, Dave Harlow; *Duke Albert*, Fred Huston.

"MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Dr. Ludwig Wolff. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Tania*, Greta Garbo; *Karl*, Conrad Nagel; *General Alexandroff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Max*, Albert Pollet; *Col. Von Heinersdorff*, Edward Connelly; *General's Aide*, Richard Alexander.

"NO OTHER WOMAN"—FOX.—From the story by Polan Banks. Scenario by Jessie Burns and Bernard Vorhaus. Directed by Lou Tellegen. The cast: *Carmelia Desano*, Dolores del Rio; *Maurice*, Don Alvarado; *Albert*, Ben Bard; *Mafalda*, Paulette Duval; *Carmelia's Aunt*, Rosita Marstini; *Grand Duke Sergey*, Andre Lanoy.

"OBEY YOUR HUSBAND"—ANCHOR.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Charles J. Hunt. Photography by Robert E. Chne. The cast: *Arthur Reade*, Gaston Glass; *Joyce Kennedy*, Dorothy Dwan; *Mr. Kennedy*, Robert Elliott; *Belle*, Alice Lake; *Leland Houghton*, Henry Sedley; *District Attorney*, Jack Johnston; *Jim*, Joe Burke; *Stevens*, Robert Homans.

"PAINTED POST"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Sinclair Drago. Scenario by Buckleigh S. Oxford. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Tom Blake*, Tom Mix; *Barbara Lana*, Natalie Kingston; *Ben Tuttle*, Philo McCullough; *Joe Nimble*, Al St. John; *Theatrical Manager*, Fred Gamble.

"POLLY OF THE MOVIES"—FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Continuity by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photog-



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raphy by Ted Tetzlaff. The cast: *Polly Primrose*, Gertrude Short; *Angus Whitcomb*, Jason Robards; *Mrs. Beardsley*, Mary Foy; *Lisa Smith*, Corliss Palmer; *Bertram Wellington Fairmont*, Stuart Holmes; *Roland Harrison*, Jack Richardson; *Lulu Fairmont*, Rose Dione.

"POWER"—PATHE.—From the story by Tay Garnett. Continuity by Tay Garnett. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Husky*, William Boyd; *Handsome*, Alan Hale; *Lorraine La Rue*, Jacqueline Logan; *The Menace*, Jerry Drew; *A Dame*, Joan Bennett; *Another Dame*, Carol Lombard; *Still Another Dame*, Pauline Curley.

"PROWLERS OF THE SEA"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Jack London. Scenario by John Francis Natteford. Directed by John G. Adolphi. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: *Carlos de Neve*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mercedes*, Carmel Myers; *General Hernandez*, George Fawcett; *The Skipper*, Gino Corrado; *Ramon Sanchez*, Frank Leigh; *Felipe*, Frank Lackteen; *A Cuban Maid*, Shirley Palmer.

"SAY IT WITH SABLES"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Capra and Peter Milne. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Frank Capra. Photography by Joe Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *John Caswell*, Francis X. Bushman; *Helene Caswell*, Helene Chadwick; *Irene Gordon*, Margaret Livingston; *Doug Caswell*, Arthur Rankin; *Marie Caswell*, June Nash; *Mitchell*, Alphonz Ethier; *Maid*, Edna Mae Cooper.

"SKIRTS"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by Walter W. Ellis. Adapted by Wheeler Dryden. Directed by Jess Robbins and Wheeler Dryden. Photography by Rene Guissort and George Porknall. The cast: *Bertram Tully*, Sydney Chaplin; *Mamie Scott*, Betty Balfour; *Violet Tully*, Nancy Rigg; *Mrs. Martin*, Annie Esmond; *John Ayers*, Edmond Breon; *Henry Hudson*, Clifford McLaglen; *Susie West*, Enid Stamp Taylor; *Pamela Ayers*, Diana Wilson.

"SPEED CHAMPION, THE"—RAYART.—From the story by S. M. Pyke. Directed by Al Rogell. Photography by Ross Fischer. The cast: *Billy Wayne*, Billy Sullivan; *Marion Carter*, Virginia Vance; *Harold Thockman*, Joe Moore; *J. Rufus Burns*, Max Ascher; *"One Punch"* Hogan, Johnny Sinclair; *Squire Thockman*, George French; *Era Henderson*, William Malan; *Olga*, Babe London; *"Bailing"* Murray, Henry Melcar.

"STOP THAT MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by George V. Hobart. Adapted by Dick Smith. Directed by Nat Ross. Photography by George Robinson. The cast: *Tommy O'Brien*, Arthur Lake; *Muriel*, Barbara Kent; *Bill O'Brien*, Eddie Gribbon; *Jim O'Brien*, Warner Richmond; *"Slippery Dick"* Sylvaine, Walter McGrail; *"Butch"* Barker, George Siegmann; *Captain Ryan*, Joe Girard.

"THREE RING MARRIAGE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Dixie Willson. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kessen. The cast: *Anna*, Mary Astor; *Cal*, Lloyd Hughes; *Souane*, Lawford Davidson; *Minnie*, Yola d'Avril; *Trapeze Performer*, Alice White; *Cubby Snodd*, Harry Earles; *Mrs. Cubby Snodd*, Tiny Earles; *Valet*, George H. Reed; *Giant*, R. E. Madsen; *Fat Woman*, Anna MacGruder; *Hutch*, James Neill; *Gangsters*, Del Henderson; Rudy Cameron; *Skeets Gallagher*; *Jay Eaton*; *Art Rollins*.

"TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN"—ANCHOR.—From the story by Francis Fenton. Directed by James Hogan. The cast: *Nap*, Wesley Barry; *Lieut. Fritz von Lang*, Gareth Hughes; *Top Sergeant Mulligan*, Wade Boteler; *The Girl*, Lila Lee; *Osborne Wellington Pratt*, Donald Keith; *The Captain*, Wheeler Oakman; *The Spy*, Sheldon Lewis.

"TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Directed by Wallace Fox. Adapted by Frank Howard Clark. Photography by Roy Eslick. The cast: *Tex Beavers*, Bob Steele; *Ruth Tobin*, Marjorie Bonner; *Jack Tobin*, Tom Lingham; *Chili Burns*, Jay Morley.

"UNDRESSED"—STERLING.—From the story by John Leeds. Adapted by Frances Guihan. Photography by Herbert Kirkpatrick. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Martin Stanley*, David Torrence; *Mrs. Stanley*, Hedda Hopper; *Diana Stanley*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Bobby Arnold*, Buddy Messenger; *Paul Howard*, Bryant Washburn; *Marjorie Stanley*, Virginia Vance.

"WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Jack Conway. Photography by Henry Sharp. The cast: *Dan*, Lon Chaney; *Myrtle*, Anita Page; *Mary*, Carroll Nye; *Skeeter*, Wheeler Oakman; *Bessie*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. McGinnis*, Polly Moran; *Mrs. Sullivan*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Dwiggins*, William Orlamond; *Wally*, Richard Carle.

"WHIP, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Scenario by J. T. Campbell and Bernard McConville. Directed by Charles J. Brabin. The cast: *Lady Diana*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Lord Brancaster*, Ralph Forbes; *Iris d'Aquila*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Greville Sartoris*, Lowell Sherman; *Sam Kelley*, Albert Gran; *Lord Beverly*, Marc MacDermott; *Lambert*, Lou Payne; *Richard Haslam*, Arthur Clayton.

"WOMAN DISPUTED, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Dennison Clift. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Mary Ann Wagner*, Norma Talmadge; *Paul Hartman*, Gilbert Roland; *Nika Turgenov*, Arnold Kent; *The Passer-by*, Boris De Fas; *Father Roche*, Michael Vavitch; *Otto Krueger*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *The Countess*, Baclanova; *The Count*, Howard Davies.

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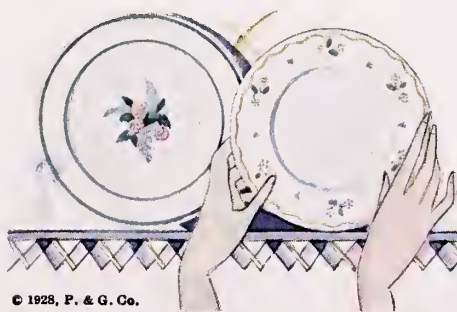
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