Everything You Want To Know About Sound Pictures

TALKIES

PHOTOPLAY

JULY
25 CENTS

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

Bessie Love

Earl Christy
Day-long protection for fair hands

[ A BEAUTY SUGGESTION FOR BUSY HOURS ]

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NEXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage — any coarse, fibrous material that "rubs" or stimulates the gums. Very likely not a one! For the present generation demands — and gets — soft and creamy foods, delicately prepared, daintily served. Yet the greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is this same delicious fare. For it gives gums no work, no exercise. The blood within their walls circulates slowly. The tissues become soft and tender. "Pink tooth brush" warns that worse trouble — gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or, perhaps, even pyorrhea — may be just around the corner. It's impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it's unnecessary to try — for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

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MOVING shadows on a screen began to talk and sing and the modern miracle of entertainment—the audible motion picture—was born. Today, screen and stage technique are wedded in a new art whose power to thrill you and enchant you far exceeds both, and whose possibilities for development are only touched. In this new medium, Paramount has played the only part it knows—that of delivering quality entertainment—a good show every time—and is today maintaining the leadership it has held for 16 years. And Paramount has only started! New productions in audible drama soon to be announced will place Paramount farther in the lead than ever and make the words "A Paramount Picture" spell "stop, look and listen" to every entertainment lover in the land! In talking pictures, too, "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

For

July

1929

VOL. XXXVI No. 2

The High-Lights of This Issue

Cover Design
Earl Christy

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The Voice of the Fan

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A Guide to Your Evening's Entertainment

Brickbats and Bouquets

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems
Carolyn Van Wyck

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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 12

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The White House in Washington has been wired for the showing of sound pictures. President Hoover saw and heard his first talkies recently.

Bert Lytell, who has had a successful season on the New York speaking stage in "Brothers," is going to marry his leading woman, Grace Menken, sister of Helen Menken, according to rumors.

Patsy Ruth Miller announces that she is going to wed Tay Garnett, film director, in September.

The indictment of Tom Mix, on charges of falsifying income tax returns, has startled Hollywood. The indictments charge that Tom conspired to withhold $112,114.11, due as income tax during 1926, 1926 and 1927. Mix answers that the whole thing was unintentional, since he had left his income tax affairs in the hands of an expert.

"Welcome Danger" has been decided upon as the title of Harold Lloyd's new comedy, in which you will hear his voice for the first time.

Dick Barthelmess has been spending a vacation in New York with his wife. When he returns to Hollywood he will do Rex Beach's "Son of the Gods," a story of the Frisco Chinese quarter. Another "Broken Blossoms," maybe.

At last RKO has decided definitely upon the star of "Rio Rita." The star will be Bebe Daniels.

Reginald Denny, leaving Universal, may go to RKO. He has been getting $3,500 a week from U.

Universal is trying to buy up Mary Philbin's contract, which expires in November. Universal does not plan to make any more Philbin pictures between now and then.

After United Artists had released her, Camilla Horn came to New York and signed with Warner Brothers. She is making a German film.

They say that Bill Hart is coming back to the screen. Negotiations are now under way with Hal Roach for his appearance in talking Westerns.

Dolores del Rio is going to New Orleans to attend the world premiere of her "Evangeline," in which she sings but does not talk.

Alice White is scheduled to start an all-color talkie version of "No, No, Nanette," on June 15th.

You are going to hear Erich Von Stroheim on the screen. He will appear in James Cruze's "The Great Gabbo," written by Ben Hecht. His will be the first ventrilquist characterization in the gabbies.

Ronald Colman's next will be "Condemned," a story which up to now had been sidetracked by Sam Goldwyn because of its morbidity.

After two more starring pictures for M-G-M., Marion Davies goes to Europe for a vacation.

After working for several years on "Hell's Angels," Ben Lyon is returning to pictures. He has the male lead in "Lummox."

Talking pictures have ended the following players' film careers at Fox: Maria Alba and Antonio Cumellas, of Spain; and Lola Salvo and Gino Conti, of Italy.

William Fox did not renew Mary Astor's contract.

The old iron mask is gone. In other words, Buster Keaton is going to drop his dead pan face with his next comedy. You'll see him smile when he dances and sings.

Gary Cooper is to spend part of June and July on his dude ranch in Montana.

Warner Brothers will star Grant Withers.

M-G-M is sending Tod Browning to the West Indies to make "The Sea Bat." Wally Beery will have the lead.

Kathryn McGuire broke her ankle playing tennis at Colleen Moore's new house. No more film work until late July. Eve Southern is recovering from an automobile accident. She has been in a plaster cast for many weeks.

Ever since Rod La Rocque announced his retirement from the screen, he has been working in films steadily. Now he has signed with RKO for two productions.

Vilma Banky has received her papers as a citizen of the U. S. A.

If you liked Dorothy Sebastian opposite Buster Keaton in "Spite Marriage," watch for her opposite Bill Haines in "Speedway."

Adame Vaughn, Wampas baby star and sister of Alberta Vaughn, announces her engagement to Joseph Valentine Raoul Fleur. Viscount D'Anravy of Anravy, France.

Janet Gaynor refuses to be cordial to Lydell Peck, San Francisco attorney, any more. It is reported that she tried to crash through their quasi engagement to a marriage and that Janet balked.

Richard Dix entered a Baltimore hospital under the name of "Brummer" for a minor operation.

Constance Bennett is to return to the screen in "This Thing Called Love," a talkie.
HOLLYWOOD may not take its swimming seriously—but it takes it smartly, and comfortably—in Bradley Bathing Suits. For you can’t fool a film star when it comes to what’s what in what to wear—whether it be on the “lot” or on the beach . . . Your favorite store has Bradleys in all the gay models and colors so favored by moviedom. And you may have a free copy of the Bradley Style Book by writing Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

Slip into a

Bradley Knit Wear

and out-of-doors

It is only natural that Dorothy Mackailt, of First National Pictures, and one of the most lustrous stars in the firmament of the film-future should select a Bradley of futuristic pattern.

In the circle, you see Dorothy Mackaill trying to talk Jack Mailball (also First National) into a bathing suit.

And here at the right are Dorothy Gulliver and George Lewis (both of Universal Pictures) enjoying themselves on the beach. And who wouldn’t—in such good company—and in such fine bathing suits?
ADORATION—First National. —Conceiving the youthful infatuation of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

ALibi—United Artists. —An almost flawless talkie about a young German woman who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama. (May.)

ALL-AMERICAN, THE—Supreme. —How a collegiate sprite maps up the Olympic Games, dramatized by Charlie Paddock. (March.)

ALL AT SEA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —A Dane-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. (March.)

ALL FACES WEST—Pioneer. —Western thriller filmed with Moroni's money. Morris Prentow and Ben Lyon are in it. (April.)

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

ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart. —Story of the terrible life of a misunderstood musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. (June.)

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

AVAILANCE—Paramount. —High-class Western with Jack Holt and Backusova—the picture thief! (June.)

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

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS—Columbia. —Past! Secret service stuff in another mythical country. Virginia Valli. (May.)

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

BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesterfield. —Quixotic crook stuff and something awful. (June.)

BETRAYAL—Paramount. —Not a pretty tale, but fine dramatic fare, with Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper. (May.)

BLACK ACE, THE—Pathé. —So-so Western that will be left in black evening. (June.)

BLACK BIRDS OF FUJI—Australian. —Another South Sea isle picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

BLACK HILLS, THE—Dakota. —In which the dam bursts again. (March.)

BLACK PEARL, THE—Rayart. —Loose-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. (April.)

BLACK WATERS—World Wide. —Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. (June.)

BLOCKADE—FBO. —Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. (March.)

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

BLUE SKIES—Fox. —An orphanage romance, beautifully acted and charmingly directed. (June.)

BONDMAN, THE—World Wide. —Foreign version of Hall Cain's novel, messed up by poor photography. (June.)

BORN TO THE SADDLE—Universal. —Three running chevies! A real good Western, with action and humor. Ted Wels is hard man. (May.)

BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE—Sennett-Edison. —One-reel talking comedy and funny by turns. Eddie Gribbon is best. (April.)

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—M-G-M. —To the astonishment of all, a good picture from the Wilder novel. And, oh, say Lily Damita! (May.)

BROADWAY FEVER—Tiffany-Stahl. —Sally be too cute for words in a trivial story. (March.)


BROTHERS—Rayart. —A good brothery love yarn, one a crock and one a nice boy. Harbah and Freders do a heavy. (May.)

BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme. —Did you know that night club hostesses have hearts of gold? This one is an unintentionally funny sob story. (June.)

CANARY MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount. —Mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

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

CHARLATAN, THE—Universal. —Mystery done with nice, light touch, especially by Holmes Herbert. (April.)

CHINA BOUND—M-G-M. —Mesoures Dance and Arthur in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. (June.)

CHINA SLAVERS, THE—Trinity. —Ragged story of the Oriental slave trade, but smartly acted by Bojin. (April.)

CHINATOWN NIGHTS—Paramount. —Piping hot melodramas of togs and such, with Wallace Beery and Florence Vidor good. (May.)

CHRISTINA—Fox. —Slender and improbable story made beautiful and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. (April.)

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—Chesfield. —Nothing that you could care about in a big way. (March.)

CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE—Rayart. —A tent of which Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (June.)

CLEAR THE DECKS—Universal. —Reginald Denny in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. (March.)

CLOSE HARMONY—Paramount. —Brilliant talkie of backstage vaudeville life. Fine fun with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll seen. (May.)

COHEN'S and KELLY'S in ATLANTIC CITY, THE—Universal. —For those who like this sort of thing. (March.)

COQUETTE—United Artists. —Denatured version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary's voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you'll want to see—and hear—her. (June.)


DESERT NIGHTS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —One of Jack Gilbert's less fortunate vehicles. (March.)

DESERT SONG, THE—Warners. —All-singing and talking operetta that is a bit old-fashioned and stagy. Some good singing by John Boles. (June.)

DIPLOMATS, THE—Fox-Movietone. —Clark and McCullough in a two-reeler talkie that will give you some laughs. (March.)

DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE—Paramount. —Barrie's play, "Half an Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. (March.)

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

DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE—Columbia. —Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. It's a talkie. (June.)


DRIFTER, THE—FBO. —Just another Western. Bored the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. (March.)

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

DUMMY, THE—Paramount. —In this excellent talking crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—ZaSu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—attract honors from a lot of stage stars. (April.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
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The Monthly Barometer

Our mail has fairly exploded this month with letters from excited fans. Some demand that talkies be abolished; others say they are through with silent pictures forever.

Sendings and Garbo are causing a great deal of worry. Their loyal followers don’t want to lose them. No one seems to care whether they talk or not—just as long as they continue to act on the American screen.

The heated arguments about voice doubling continue—both for and against. Some of the disillusioned fans are wailing because they can’t be sure they are actually hearing their favorites. Others argue that voice doubling is no more to be frowned upon than doubling for stunts, a scheme to which the fans have long been accustomed.

From readers in foreign countries have come many letters expressing great interest in the talkies. Those who have not already heard them are awaiting their advent with eagerness.

Incidentally, Photoplay Magazine wants to say thank you for the lovely bouquets it has received in the past few months from readers all over the world—words of praise we are too modest to print, but which help by their encouragement.

$25.00 Letter

Omaha, Nebraska.

No one who has never lived outside the large cities can really appreciate what talking pictures mean to the American public. If the talkies brought only intelligent orchestral accompaniment—

God bless ‘em!

If there is anyone who can enter into the forceful, moving spirit of “The King of Kings” while a correspondence school pianist plays “Why Should I Care?” in syncopated jazz rhythm, on a piano that hasn’t been tuned in two years, during one of the most touching moments of the film—

There isn’t!

Yet this not only happened but occurs regularly in every town in the United States, once you venture beyond cities large enough to support theater orchestras. Contrast it with the orchestral offerings in “The Broadway Melody” and like pictures.

Motion pictures lend entertainment at the feet of the world; talking pictures increase the world’s enjoyment a hundred-fold.

And their present trend seems to insure us a still greater boon: the doom of the mere “pretty face” and weak plot and the advent of the genuine actor who has something worthwhile to offer and demands a worthwhile play in which to offer it.

E. C. WHELAN.

$10.00 Letter

Toronto, Canada.

I am a clergyman’s wife with one son ten years old, whom everyone, including my husband, says I spoil dreadfully. Although well on in years I had never been in a moving picture show, as I thought they were places where nothing but vice was depicted, and where no one could learn anything good.

A friend of mine (I know now she was a real friend) induced me to go with her and see “The Sins of the Fathers.” No sermon ever affected me as that picture did, and I saw myself for the first time in my life, as I was—a mother, who, for my own gratification, was teaching my son to grow up in idleness; neglecting his education, pampering his every wish, and smoothing every obstacle in his path instead of teaching him self-control, and helping him to prepare for the battle of life.

How thankful I am I was saved in time, by that wonderful picture of the devoted father, played by Emil Jannings, who showed how easily a child may be misdirected in his youth by parents’ selfish love. Every mother should see this picture. No better sermon was ever preached.

L. WATKIN.

$5.00 Letter

Santa Fe, N. M.

About the only thing I can find wrong with the average movie producer is that he has the modern boys and girls all wrong. We’re not a pack of drinking, smoking and petting-party hounds that sneak home in the wee hours of the morning after a night of whoopee. The most of us are home, happily dreaming of Greta and John in a love scene.

In “Our Dancing Daughters” Joan Crawford got a big laugh from some of the younger generation I know. She was a hot toddy, I’ll agree, but she wasn’t carrying our banner. “The Goddess Girl” wasn’t a good likeness of us either. I take it that high school was supposed to be a replica of any school in the United States. Well, all I’ve got to say is that Miss Mille fell down on that picture.

Clara Bow is supposed to be the symbol of us. She is a good actress, but she can’t represent the modern girl. Of course, there are different types, but even at our wildest we don’t resemble that red-headed child.

We’re more on the Bronson-Moran type—chic, sophisticated, but with enough sense to come home while it’s still dark and a few stars are left.

MARY WALSH.

It Does Sound Logical

Alden, Pa.

I personally most emphatically prefer talkies because I find them more entertaining.

The comments of some of the objects are quite amusing. One of your readers fears that the advent of talkies will prevent him from exercising his imagination! Another is quite put up over the introduction of dialogue and sound in movies because it will disturb his repose.

To the first objector I would suggest that if he wishes repose, why in the name of common sense does he not go to bed?

[Please turn to page 111]
The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament—yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well. Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish. Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

*Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.
It is not too late to enter the Photoplay $5000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

For full particulars regarding contest see page 58. If your dealer cannot supply you with the June Photoplay just send coupon below to Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. A reprint of the set of cut pictures which appeared in June issue, together with complete rules, will be sent you free by return mail. Or, if you prefer to take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, send $1.25 and we will mail you the reprint from June Photoplay and enter your subscription for 6 months, starting with the August issue.

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Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.
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The truth, and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.
You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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☐ Send me the reprint of the set of cut pictures which appeared in June Photoplay.

Name

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE—Coronet-Educational.—A clever little dress-up comedy in one reel, with Edward Peil, Sr., in Hinton role. (April)

ETERNAL LOVE—United Artists.—John Profie Hurstmore and Camilla Horst get romantic in the Swiss Alps. (April)

ETERNAL WOMAN, THE—Columbia.—Frizzled society melodrama with a rubber plot that bounces all over the map. (June)

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

FAKER, THE—Columbia.—Well done expose of spiritualistic tricks, with Warner Oland fine as the phone spook-chaser. (April)

FLOATING COLLEGE, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Based on one of those universe cruises, this picture had possibilities that aren’t realized. (March)

FLYIN’ BUCKAROO, TIE—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

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

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount.—A newspaper story that is a knock-out. Fine performance by an all-stage cast. Check up this one as one of the hits of the tales. (June)

Geraldine—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quinn. (Jan.)

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

GIRL WHO WOULDN’T WAIT, THE—Liberty.—In spite of title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You’ll like it. (June)

GIRLS WHO DARE—Trinity.—Sleuths fail to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after this one? (April)

GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telegraph line. You know the rest. (March)

HARDBOILED—FBO.—Heddy story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O’Neill and Donald Reed. (April)

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

HAUNTED LADY, THE—Universal.—Laura La Plante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. (April)

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

HEARTS IN DIXIE—Fox.—Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. (May)

HER CAPTIVE WOMAN—First National.—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackail make this melodrama worth your attention. With sound and talk. (March)

HIS LUCKY DAY—Universal.—Another flimsy story for Keggie Denny, with the star a dazzy rector. (April)

HONEYMOON ABROAD—World Wide.—Monty Banks in a spotty comedy made in London for the German market. (May)

HOT STUFF—First National.—Collegiate stuff in modern comedy style. Alice White dances, smokes and tipples, as usual. (May)

HOUSE OF HORBOR, THE—First National.—Cheap claptrap mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. (May)

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

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

IN HOLLAND—Fox Movietone.—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCullough. (April)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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[Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section]

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Federal School of Commercial Designing

360 Federal Schools Bldgs., Minneapolis, Minn. Please send Free Art Questionnaire and free book "Your Future."
MARY B. writes me that her life is ruined because she has a rather long nose and she is sure she can never be popular or happy with such a terrible handicap! And Rena L. has a slight growth of hair on her face and so, she writes me, she never goes any place and refuses invitations to parties and dances because she just can't forget her dreadful blemish!

Genevieve M. thinks bow legs are the most awful affliction in the world and she is letting that condition sour her whole outlook on life. Mayhelle S. G. says she is a little knock-kneed, so she has given up bathing, although she is an expert swimmer and loves the water. But she can't bear to have anyone see her in a bathing suit! Edna is stout and spends all her time weeping and wailing about it; Gertrude is large-boned and thin and is just as unhappy.

Caroline is just beginning to blossom into young womanhood and is frightfully self-conscious about a rapidly developing figure which she thinks sets her apart from her classmates who are maturing more slowly. And just because she is outgrowing the childish style which they still wear she is making herself miserable and fostering a self-conscious attitude and a decided inferiority complex.

Foolish girls, all of them. Of course we all want to be attractive as we possibly can be. We don't like blemishes that seem to set us apart from our fellows. If we must stand out in a crowd we would like to be conspicuous for our beauty, for our attractive appearance.

But supposing we can't. Supposing we have come into the world with some physical characteristics that we wouldn't have chosen if we had been consulted. Supposing we have met with some accident that has left its marks on our bodies. Supposing some of us need to wear glasses; to rely on a crutch or a brace in order to walk.

After we have done everything we can to help the situation, isn't it stupid of us to waste our time fretting about it? And isn't it especially stupid in the case of such minor difficulties as a little superfluous hair, a little excess weight or a figure that seems a trifle too boyish?

Look about you at the happy and successful women you number among your friends and acquaintances. Are they all perfect physical specimens? Now that you think about it, isn't Mrs. The-Happiest-Wife-You-Know anything but a raving beauty? Are Miss Successful Business Woman, Mrs. Noted Concert Singer, Mrs. Popular Writer, Mrs. Contented-Mother-of-Lovely-Children, and all the others who are happy and successful in their chosen ways of life, all beautiful and perfect physically? No, of course not.

Both in public and private life it is a decided asset to a woman and to a man to make a pleasing appearance. But to do that it isn't necessary to have the proportions of a Ziegfeld Follies girl or the face of an artists' model.

Why can't we apply some of the common sense to these matters that we do to our other problems? Girls who wouldn't think of making a fuss over every disappointment in their school or their business lives, and even in their love affairs, will make mountains out of the molehills of physical limitations and afflictions.

Mildred T. is leading a miserable existence, according to her letter to me, and all because her hair is straight and her mother doesn't want her to have it waved.

Her mother has the mistaken idea that waving is harmful to the hair.

All right, Mildred. Just look around you. Didn't Colleen Moore turn straight-as-a-stick hair into a distinctive style of hair-dressing that just suits her slim personality? And hasn't Louise Brooks combed her straight locks in a fashion just right for the roles she plays? And can't you experiment a little with your own hair and find some way of having it cut and combing it to suit your face and your type? You can, if you'll only use the time and effort you are wasting in moaning, your fate.

While we're speaking of Colleen, I wonder how many of you know that she has one blue eye and one brown.

Sue Carol holds daily consultation with her mirror to keep hair and complexion fit.

Baclanova, the Russian star, shares with clever women the world over the same fundamental rules to gain and preserve loveliness.

Exaggerating Minor Defects

Is This Month's Discussion

If I were a statistician I might compile some figures to show that the useless and foolish tears that girls have shed over trifling blemishes of face and form would equal the volume of Niagara.

I say foolish tears because so often these defects can be cured or covered up in some way. And if they can't, then it's useless to waste time and tears over them. Forget them, and make other people forget, by giving them something more interesting to note in you.

The series of color articles which appeared in PHOTOPLAY—February for brunettes, March for blondes, April for red-haired girls and May for brown-haired girls—has attracted much favorable comment. Our readers will find them extremely helpful in choosing becoming color schemes for their costumes. Back numbers may be obtained from PHOTOPLAY, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, III. Enclose 25c for each issue desired.

Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, if you want my leaflet on the care of the skin or any other advice on questions of health or appearance. If you would like my reducing booklet please enclose 10c. All letters should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, for personal reply.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]
"COLCREME," COTY

Make its use your daily beauty habit. It smooths, softens and youthifies the skin exquisitely—giving it new fresh radiance.

$1.00

LE TALC COTY

Fragrant, soft and cooling as a breeze, it is indispensable to your summer loveliness, keeping you flower-fresh and exquisite. In all COTY odeurs. Price—$1.00

COTY Inc., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
HAVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1928?
Better get busy!

Remember, the annual award of the Photoplay gold medal is the highest honor in the world of motion pictures. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures.

Remember, too, the high standards of previous awards. The Photoplay Medal of Honor was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography. Photoplay also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production.

Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These eight winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress over the years.

This year's voting presents an unusual angle. It may be the last award going to a silent film and it may be the first prize going to a sound picture. That's up to YOU. Nevertheless, the medal for 1928 represents an epoch in film progress.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1928 is appended to this page. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during the twelve months of last year.

If you want pictures to continue their upward trend in quality, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot. In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning 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.

**Winners of Photoplay Medal**

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<th>Year</th>
<th>Medal Name</th>
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<td>&quot;TOL'ABLE DAVID&quot;</td>
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<td>1922</td>
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<td>1924</td>
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<td>1927</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Ninth Annual Gold Medal Award**

**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 1928.

**NAME OF PICTURE**

**Address**

**Fifty Pictures Released in 1928**

- Able's Irish Rose
- Alias Jimmy Valentine
- Bank, The
- Bean Sobrev
- Bellamy Trial, The
- Chicago
- Circus, The
- Cossacks, The
- Cross from the Terrible
- Devil Dancer, The
- Divine Woman, The
- Docks of New York, The
- Dope, The
- Drug Net, The
- Droop of Love
- Enemy, The
- Fagot
- Fleet's In, The
- Flying Fleet, The
- Four Devils
- Four Sons
- Four Walls
- Gauche, The
- Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
- Interference
- Last Command, The
- Laugh, Clown, Laugh
- Legion of the Condemned, The
- Lisa Time
- Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The
- Man Who Laughs, The
- Masks of the Devil, The
- Me, Gangster
- Mother Known Best
- Mother Machree
- Noon, The
- Our Dancing Daughters
- Outcast
- Racket, The
- Ramona
- Sadie Thompson
- Singing Fool, The
- Sorrell and Son
- Speedy
- Street Angel
- Trail of '98, The
- Wreling March, The
- West Point
- White Shadows in the South Seas
- Woman of Affairs, A
SILENCE in the studio! The director discards his megaphone, cameras whir in sound-proof booths.

In the sound-proof "monitor room" a man at the control board regulates the volume and quality of sound recorded by Western Electric apparatus on a film or disc.

Hear Sound Pictures at their best—go to a Western Electric equipped theatre

Sound Pictures, made by the eleven great producers who have adopted the Western Electric system, are naturally best when reproduced in theatres with equipment from the same source.

That is why exhibitors everywhere, mindful of their patrons' satisfaction, either have installed or are now installing the Western Electric system—the sound equipment that assures clear and natural tone, that reflects a half century's experience in making telephones and other apparatus for reproducing sound.

Western Electric builds special microphones for studio requirements.

The "monitor" controls quality and volume of all sound recorded.

Western Electric-made apparatus insures true-tone reproduction.

Theatre loud speakers, product of acoustical experts and craftsmen.

The projector which plays the sound picture in the theatre.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mrs. Richard O'Connor
of Dover, New Jersey...chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful young mother

"More than anything—I would teach a child to tell the truth!"

She looks at you with beautiful, cloudless blue eyes—eyes that seem no older than those of her little boy. She is only twenty-two. Her beauty is of a delicate, reticent sort; golden hair, as bright as silk; a skin of that wonderful morning-glory purity that is hardly ever seen in people after early childhood. Her manner has the candour and simplicity of a child's.

But her mind is that of a woman; resolute, courageous, sincere, truthful.

She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

She loves babies; loves to dress them, bath them, feed them. "That's the fun of having children. I wouldn't have a nurse for Jimmy Dick, no matter how much money I had."

Her fresh beauty made such an instant appeal to her judges that all three unanimously voted her first among lovely young mothers.

She has been a Woodbury user for years, and attributes her extraordinarily beautiful skin to the fact that she never uses any soap but Woodbury's on her face. "I always wash my face with warm water and Woodbury's soap at night. It does something for my skin that no other soap seems to do. It gives it a fresh, live, stimulated feeling—and at the same time keeps it perfectly soft and smooth."

The series of beautiful Woodbury users now running shows us that charm of feature, of coloring, may vary in their appeal for every different individual. But the charm of a beautiful skin is universal. It touches every heart, appeals to everyone alike.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of beautiful women throughout America to gain and keep a clear, fresh, flawless complexion.

Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap. No matter what faults your complexion may have—Woodbury's will help you to overcome them. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet that is around each cake, find the treatment your skin needs. Start using it regularly tonight! You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

We shall be happy to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for ten cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2213 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio, for Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2213 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. (2422. The A. J. G.)
PRESENTING the new type of star created by the talkies. At the Paramount Studios, it isn't considered a real dialogue-drama unless Ruth Chatterton heads the cast. Just one year ago—July, 1928, to be exact—Miss Chatterton made her first picture. She had, you know, given up the stage and was living in retirement in Hollywood when the new-fangled sound pictures came along. In one year Miss Chatterton has appeared in nine pictures—thereby setting a record for talkie stars.
Another girl who talked herself into stardom—Lupe Velez. Lupe had the inconvenient and incurable habit of stealing pictures from other stars, so the only thing to do was to make her a star in her own right, just to avoid misunderstandings. And in these changing times when all foreign accents in Hollywood are considered a handicap instead of an asset, this is a heavy personal triumph for Lupe.
CHECK up another success to the chorus girl. Also register another score in favor of Irish luck. Nancy Carroll was a red-haired Irish chorus girl in a Broadway musical revue when she decided to hit for Hollywood and test her luck in the movies. You'll be glad to know that because she can sing and dance, she is one of the few youngsters to survive the talkie test. You'll see her next in “Burlesque”
DOLORES DEL RIO goes from Carmen to Evangeline, from the snap of castanets to the stately rhythm of Longfellow. "Evangeline" is a venturesome departure for Miss Del Rio who, after winning a place on the screen because of her sparkling Spanish beauty and the fire of her performances, now steps into a rôle that might have been reserved for Lillian Gish. It's a tribute to her versatility.
NOT since "The Big Parade" has Renee Adoree had a rôle worthy of her great talents.

After marking time for several years in less important pictures, Miss Adoree is now acting in "Redemption." And what is more good news, she is reunited—cinematically speaking—to John Gilbert. The Tolstoi drama is being filmed in both silent and sound versions, so that you may take your choice.
HEEDING the tears and pleadings of the "fans," William Fox has decided to cast Charles Farrell in another picture with Janet Gaynor. The name of the film is "The Lucky Star," but it should be called "The Lucky Co-Stars." Both Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell are out to recapture the magic of "Seventh Heaven."
This Summer... wear a Gossard Ensemble

(All you need to wear underneath)

With the arrival of gay colors, sheer fabrics and warmer days, Gossard fashion designers have evolved a most charming new "altogether" to meet your foundation needs this Summer. To begin with, this new under-ensemble is cool—delightfully, caressingly cool, being made of light Milanese silk and satin tricot. And then it's effective, lightly gloving the curves to smartly outline the figure under frocks of crepe, linen and chiffon. It's as simple to keep dainty as your sheerest pair of silk hose—easy to rinse out, quick to dry. Your favorite corsetiere will show it to you.
The Lovely Clothes of Stage and Screen now kept new-looking twice as long...

Here's their secret for you to follow...!

With million-dollar wardrobes to care for, Hollywood's great movie studios have to know—they dare not guess—how to keep charming clothes new looking in spite of hard wear during months of production.

And New York's popular musical shows meet the same problem—with delicate costumes and sheer dancing stockings which must face the footlights night after night.

These great organizations have tried many cleansing methods, different soaps—compared the results.

And they find that—

"Beautiful clothes—from dance frocks to sheer lingerie and stockings—stay like new twice as long when cleansed always with Lux."

Following the invariable rule of the movies, and the musical shows, you too can keep all your dainty things enchantingly new so very much longer—if you always use Lux!

Irene Delroy, captivating star of the New York success "Follow Thru." Like every other Musical Show on Broadway, this show uses Lux—to double the life of stockings.

Lively young Lupe Velez, vivacious United Artists star, who tells us—"I myself discovered what my studio proved by scientific tests—that I can keep my nice things divinely new looking much longer with Lux."
PHOTOPLAY

July, 1929

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

The talkies' saddest tale, and that of a horse!

According to Tom Reed, the cameras and microphones were all set to record that saddest of all parts—between a hard-ridin', clean-souled son of the Old West and his lil pinto pony.

"Good-bye, ole pal!" said Ken Maynard, with a noble look. "Many's the year we've spent together out thar on the lonely plains. And now it's good-bye, ole pal!"

Then it was the ole pal's turn, and everybody looked at the horse expectantly. But ole pal was stuck. He positively couldn't whinny an answer. Maybe he didn't even try. Maybe he had joined the Doug Fairbanks' Academy and gone snooty. But no answering whinny from ole pal.

So there was nothing to do but send for a double, with a guaranteed whinny, and to try to get the big farewell scene again!

DR. HARRY M. HALL, President of the West Virginia State Medical Association, is not afraid to give credit where he feels it is due. His is the first letter I have ever received from a physician praising the technical treatment of the rôles of screen doctors. He says:

"high-brow" or hard to please, but because life, for the most part, comes to them in rather a high-powered way, and so much is really thrilling in their everyday life that they, naturally, cannot abide a weak or colorless plot.

In addition to the above, they have seen their own profession treated in such a grotesque and altogether unsatisfactory way by many motion picture directors that they felt the other callings must get similar treatment. For instance, it took the movies some years to get rid of the Van Dyke beard nonsense.

The two medical men in "Interference" and "The Doctor's Secret" are simple, straightforward men who do not toy with stethoscopes, thermometers and the like.

To the exacting, there may have been a slight error in the "Interference" performance. As far as we were concerned, we did not detect it, so lost were we in the absorbing recital.

That two actors should portray two medical men in such an ideal, dignified, and altogether professional manner was a delight to every doctor I have heard speak about it.

The English doctor, of course, goes in for the silk hat effect more than does his American brother. One sees our American medical man in a light-grey suit with a soft hat or a derby, and he has the same easy dignity that matches them. But the sartorial question is of small importance.

The medical profession really owes a debt of gratitude to the actors, directors, and makers of these two pictures. They portray, on the screen, the type of mellow, rounded-out, seasoned man every doctor would like to be.

The two types depicted by the actors in these two movie dramas would be an inspiration to any tyro. We were sorry you did not mention Clive Brook in your "Best Performances."

KLANG PICTURES, a German company, is now rushing into the production of talkies. There's a delightful name for sound pictures.
As expected, the snipping of our old friends, the censors, is raising thunder and lightning with the talkies.

Gentle Chicago, that center of all civic sweetness and light, has banned "Alibi." The shy censors of Chi say that the theme of that excellent melodrama — conflict between gangsters and the police — is too shocking for the tender sensibilities of residents of the machine gun belt. How "Scarface" Al Capone must be laughing.

A silly thing happened in Cleveland. And yet it isn't so funny, for it's a perfect example of the crucifixion of a talkie.

Censors there are allowed to cut scenes, but not dialogue.

So they chiseled out several scenes in Clara Bow's "The Wild Party" — a sound-on-disc picture.

Thus, when the screen went black, Clara prattled gaily on.

Naturally, the crowd gave Clara, the picture and the censors a loud and merry laugh, while the management wept and cursed.

And the legal eagles, no doubt, looked upon their work and saw that it was good, noble and uplifting. The pure and honest peasantry of Cleveland had been saved!

Yet, lo and behold, from Kansas comes the news that the Attorney-General of the State turns in an opinion that censors have no legal right to exercise their cunning arts on the sound tracts or discs. That from Kansas, mind you.

Fear of the new form of entertainment seems to have deprived the stage managers of their sanity.

Going about the country is a pamphlet, issued by the Association of Theatrical Agents and Managers. The motion picture interests, it says, have succeeded to a startling degree in destroying the legitimate drama, depriving the people outside New York and other big cities of the right to see the recent legitimate dramatic and musical successes.

Would you, it asks, have your children shape their character ideals from what they see upon the screen?

The talking picture, it screams, is but a machine that will put a million people out of work.

Sign on the dotted line, it exhorts; take a lease on auditoriums, school halls, Y. M. C. A. assembly rooms, and see how all good 100 per cent Americans will flock to see the road shows we will send you.

Can you imagine how excited the cultured patriots of Kalamazoo will get, trying to decide between the road show production of Ziegfeld's "Whoopie" they would get there, and Clara Bow's latest opus?

And only a few years ago the poor, lowly movie was used as a "chaser" on the end of vaudeville programs to get patrons out of the theater. It seems to have accomplished that purpose.

But try to get a decent seat under eight or ten dollars for any one of ten first-class New York stage productions.

I tried to get six tickets for "Journey's End," a war play, and was asked eighteen dollars apiece. I didn't see it.

Charlie Chaplin just won't be merged. The high-powered boys who have been talking millions have not yet been able to cajole him into playing ball with them. Photoplay is in a position to know the little fellow's feelings about the recent negotiations for the financial combination of United Artists and Warner Brothers.

He considers that the plans for the merger misrepresented, so far as he was concerned, what it was physically and artistically possible for him to do over a five-year period.

And knowing that most of the stock would fall into the hands of the public, he could not conscientiously go through with the proposition, particularly in view of the fact that he felt himself obligated to keep faith with the public to whom he is indebted for his place on the screen today.

Charlie is frankly worried about the recent tremendous developments in the sound picture. Unchallenged in his position as the supreme artist in pantomime, he sits like a little grey-haired "Thinker" of Rodin's and wonders what it is all about and what it means to him.

With all the money he will ever need, in spite of what the income tax officials and Lita Grey did to his bankroll — and he can see a dollar as far away as any one of the lads who have been trying to whoop him into the new deal — Charlie is not primarily concerned about that phase of it, and he won't be Uncle Tom-ed down the river.

Just write Charlie a letter and tell him what you think.

Everybody is so busy writing to Clara Bow and Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Buddy Rogers these days that only his devoted Japanese and Brazilian admirers think of writing to him.

Here's ours:

Dear Charlie: If you don't know the answer, we do. We would rather see one of your silent pictures than any singing, dialogue, or sound picture that can be made. If you won't make a picture for yourself, make one for us.

In his new novel "The King Who Was A King," H. G. Wells unveils what is solemnly blurbed as a "new art-form."

The new art-form is nothing more nor less than a motion picture scenario, seriously proposed for production by Mr. Wells, who gets rather belatedly breathless over the glorious possibilities of the screen for spreading peace propaganda.

With its allegorical visions, its mob scenes, its unwieldy use of spectacular effects, its inept handling of dramatic situations and its stilted and self-conscious propaganda, Mr. Wells' scenario is enough to give any producer a nightmare.

In his "new art-form," the well-meaning British author has combined all the worst and most expensive mistakes of motion pictures. His use of rather primitive symbolism is enough to give D. W. Griffith the horrors. His recklessness in combining propaganda and mob melodrama would send Cecil De Mille into chills and fever.

It is amazing and a little sad that, in attempting to work in the medium of the screen, one of the best brains in Europe has nothing to offer except a rehash of all the grandiose banalities that the motion picture has tried and passed by.

There are one or two producers — I cannot believe it of more than that number — who may reach for the ponderous tale, and handing it to one of those Hollywood writing lads, tell him to dumb it down a bit and gag it up plenty, throw in a theme song, and call it "The Big Shot Steps Out."
Dorothy Sebastian's career has been full of heartaches. She lost the leading role of "Tempest" after months of work. But now she's a Hollywood hit.

**Hollywood tested the mettle of Dorothy Sebastian**

By Katherine Albert

_You may laugh with your cook. You don't cry with her._

Confidences and details of personal misery are given rarely (unless only for effect) except to one's intimate friends.

Dorothy left Birmingham to go on the stage. She brought a broken heart to Broadway instead of acquiring it there, as is the usual procedure. Her girlhood had been made miserable by a circumstance that I cannot touch here. Few people know it.

For six weeks, while George White's Scandals was in rehearsal, she lived on sixty dollars, part of which went for dancing lessons.

_The very last cent was gone when the company played Atlantic City before going into New York. She had nothing to eat and was too proud to ask one of the girls for a loan, draw on her salary from George White or write home for money. On her way to the theater she used to pass a candy shop and she vowed that the minute she got her week's salary she would buy a whole pound of fudge and eat every mouthful herself.

She got paid. She bought the fudge and carried out her threat. The result was that she was too ill to eat for three days. The ludicrous becomes woven up with the tragic._

Hollywood has added bitter experience to the pattern of her life. I once saw her play scene after scene gayly, bravely and chat between times with the people on the set when, concealed in her bag, was a telegram she had just received—a curt, ten word message that had made her heart snap in two.

I once saw her dominate a situation that might have involved a friend of hers in a front page scandal.

She's one of the bravest little troopers I know and I founder when I try to find the incident that shows most clearly what manner of gal she is.

I believe it's the "Tempest" story. [Please turn to page 120]
The high gods must have smiled in purest happiness when they saw two of their favorite children coming together in marriage, Jack Gilbert, undisputed king of Hollywood, and Ina Claire, acknowledged queen of Broadway.

John Gilbert, the screen's greatest lover, had known Ina Claire, the stage's greatest comedienne, just three weeks when they eloped from Hollywood on the evening of May eighth to be married at Las Vegas, Nevada, the next morning.

They eloped because they couldn't wait the three days that must elapse between securing the license and wedding in California.

Jack asked, "Who could resist her?" when the reporters questioned him.

Ina retorted, "Who could resist him?"

But Hollywood, to which this wedding had been nothing less than an emotional shock, asked many more questions than these two love-drenched queries.

Hollywood, no more than the world at large, had wanted Jack to marry. He was its most romantic playboy, its spoiled darling. Love as he portrayed it on the screen was never by any stretch of the imagination monogamous, married love. It was always the grande passion, the burning love of man for woman in its first, flaming hours.

As in the heart of Hollywood, so in the hearts of millions of women in every country of the globe, a dream died with the passing of Jack Gilbert's bachelorhood.

There was, in fact, almost a resentment. The world would concede Jack only to one woman—Greta Garbo. Only the Swedish Mona Lisa seemed glamorous enough to win him and tie him with the bonds of matrimony.

And so the questions rose in Hollywood, What was Ina Claire like? Who was she to win its favorite son? How did she capture him from the siren charms of the glamorous Garbo? What was her secret? How was Greta taking it? How, in fact, was Leatrice Joy, Jack's second wife, taking it? Or, for that matter, how was that obscure little girl, known only as Olivia, who had been his first wife, taking it? Would the love endure? Would the marriage last?
But, first and foremost, what, oh what, was Ina Claire like?

Now, by one of those exquisite freaks of circumstance, I am one of the few people who have interviewed Ina Claire. It was several years ago and a single interview, but I have never recovered from it. Since then I have talked with scores of stars and met hundreds of minor celebrities, but of them all—beautiful, clever, flattering, delightful or simple, Ina Claire remains to me the most compelling.

Naturally I have met Jack Gilbert. You could no more write of movies and not meet Jack Gilbert than you could write authoritatively of Italy and not meet Mussolini. And I should say that if ever two people were intended by training, by the struggles they have endured, the fame they have won, the art they have created—if ever two people were made for one another, those two are Jack and Ina. I do not need here to write of the charm, the loveliness of John Gilbert. You all know that.

But certainly, if it can ever be said of any woman, it can be said of Ina Claire that she has everything.

She isn’t very powerful physically, but she gives the effect of being a whirlwind. She is five feet, five, and her hair is naturally golden. Her skin is as perfect as that in a soap advertisement and her eyes sparkle like summer sunlight on a rushing stream.

[Please turn to page 102]
When you hear your favorite star sing in the talkies, don't be too sure about it. Here are all the facts about sound doubling, and how it is done.

Laura La Plante did not sing and play the banjo in "Show Boat"—at least not for all of the songs. Two doubles helped her. One played the banjo, the other sang.

And so it goes, ad infinitum.

There are voice doubles in Hollywood today just as there are stunt doubles. One is not so romantic as the other, perhaps, but certainly just as necessary.

Those who create movies will probably not cheer as we make this announcement. In fact, they may resent our frankness. They may even have the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences write letters to Photoplay about it.

Richard Barthelmess received what he considered rather embarrassing publicity in connection with the song he did not sing in "Weary River." And, as a result of that, persons who undoubtedly know say that he is effecting a change of policy regarding future pictures. I was told on good authority that he informed Al Rockett, who heads First National's studies in Burbank, that he did not choose to

Laura La Plante did not really sing or play the banjo in "Show Boat." Doubling in another voice was easy, but Miss La Plante had to study banjo strumming so that her work would look right.

Light travels 186,000 miles per second, but nobody cares. Sound pokes along at approximately a thousand feet per second, and still nobody cares.

But when Richard Barthelmess, who is famed as a film star and not as a singer, bursts into song in "Weary River," playing his own accompaniment, folks begin to prickle up their ears.

And when Corinne Griffith plays a harp in "The Divine Lady" and acquires herself vocally, with the grace of an opera singer, people commence asking pointed questions.

And when Barry Norton does a popular number to his own accompaniment in "Mother Knows Best," a quizzical light appears in the public's eye.

Then, too, when Laura La Plante strums the banjo in "Show Boat" and renders negro spirituals in below the Mason and Dixon line style, the public breaks out in an acute rash of curiosity which can be cured only by disclosing state secrets of the cinema.

Richard Barthelmess did not sing and play the piano in "Weary River." A double did it.

Corinne Griffith did not sing or play the harp in "The Divine Lady." A double did it.

Barry Norton did not sing in "Mother Knows Best." A double did it. He did, however, play the piano.

Everybody knows now that Richard Barthelmess did not sing in "Weary River." And, of course, he didn't play the piano. Johnny Murray sang "Weary River" into a "mike" out of range of the camera while Frank Churchill played the accompaniment. It was done very neatly.
Voice Doubling

By
Mark Larkin

Lawford Davidson, who gets $500 a week as Paul Lukas’ voice double. Lukas has a heavy accent

Eva Olivetti, who did Laura La Plante’s singing in “Show Boat” and did it very well, indeed

Johnny Murray, Dick Barthelmess’ voice double. He’s under contract to be Dick’s voice for all 1929

Murray sang. The recording microphone was close to them and nowhere near Barthelmess. Dick merely faked the singing and playing, but he did it so beautifully that the results were convincing beyond doubt.

Probably the highest paid voice double in pictures is Lawford Davidson, who doubles

It may surprise film fans who saw “The Divine Lady” to realize that Corinne Griffith neither sang nor played the harp. Miss Griffith did study the fingering of harp strings to get the correct illusion.
“Namimg the Baby” was the momentous question in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Rogers, Olathe, Kansas, on the evening of Friday, August 13, 1904, following the arrival of an eleven-pound boy. Our home was then on the west side of the public square, where now is located one of the largest buildings in Olathe, housing a garage and automobile sales room.

Although it was the 13th—and Friday—there was no thought of bad luck, although it was a mooted question whether the plump baby should be named for me, Bert, Junior, or Charles Edward—Charles for a deceased brother of mine and Edward for his maternal grandfather, Edward Moll. The latter was finally chosen but it was never used. As baby, boy, and young man he was never called anything but Buddy, so the name was given to Buddy’s brother, who came six years later.

As to the origin of the name Buddy—a sister, Geraldine, almost three, really named him thus, which was as near as she could come to the word “brother.” The name stuck—he never was called Charles until after he had finished high school, when, on entering the University of Kansas, he was obliged to enroll as Charles. But that was all we ever heard of Charles during his three years there until he was made a star in pictures. Then Paramount officials thought Charles would be more dignified, as he grew up in pictures—but even they couldn’t make it “stick.” His fans would not have it any other way.

To my absolute knowledge, not once in my life have I addressed him as Charles—always Buddy. It may have been recounted before, but a wire came for him to Olathe, addressed to Charles Rogers, and I sent it out to the country to a cousin of his for delivery. His diploma at graduation from High School was issued to Charles Rogers, but all his teachers with one exception called him Buddy.

Much of his rearing was in the office of my paper, The Olathe Mirror, the oldest weekly in the State of Kansas. It was established in 1857 and has never missed a single issue, though, during the war, guerrillas plundered the town. The office was wrecked, some of the machinery destroyed and much of the type thrown out an upstairs window.

There were always bills to distribute—and I paid him the same as anyone else for handing them out, so he usually came to the Mirror office the first thing after school. He spent all day Saturday here, even before he became the regular devil at nine years of age. As devil he started fires, swept out, carried coal and kindling, ran errands, delivered Mirrors, as well as The Daily Kansas City Star. He had a route of sixty-three customers.

During school vacation Buddy put in full time and his pay was $1.00 for a full day. Then, as he was growing up he was always known as Buddy, after his brother; except when at school or with his friends in Olathe, where he was always known as Charles. The name stuck.

Here is the whole Rogers family outside the Olathe home. From left to right: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Moll, Buddy’s grandparents; Buddy, his mother, his father, his sister, Mrs. John Binford, of Lincoln, Neb., and his younger brother.
By
B. H. Rogers
Editor of
The Olathe,
Kansas
Weekly Mirror

learned to run the job presses and the big cylinder press, he was paid more. During his high school years, he contributed to the Mirror a column of high school news weekly and, during vacation of the last two years, he assisted me in the front office, getting news, advertising, keeping books and doing the stenographic work.

There's just a little bit of Scotch and a lot of Irish in Buddy and, with him, a dollar made was a dollar saved. To the amount he actually saved each week I would add fifty per cent in order to foster the thrift habit. When he would save $40.00 or $50.00 he would turn it over to me, and I would give him my note for the amount. On this I would pay him seven per cent interest.

As he grew older I paid him more wages, until, when he was fifteen years of age, he had saved $500.00, on which I paid him interest. When he was chosen to go to the Paramount school at the age of twenty, I returned to him something more than $700.00 and it was with this earned money that he paid his necessary expenses while in the Paramount Training School. So, in reality, he financed himself in the big venture.

So he did during his three years in the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, by playing drums and trombone in his college dance orchestra. His entire college expenses did not cost me a single dime—in fact, after his three years schooling, he returned to Olathe, having saved $150.00.

During the summer of 1922 Buddy took his orchestra over a Chautauqua circuit of thirteen states in the Middle West. For his services as drummer and trombonist, as well as leader of the orchestra, he received $60.00 a week, with transportation paid. Each Monday morning I received from him, to be banked in his name, all but $8.00 or $10.00, which he reserved for eats—often going without breakfast in order to send that much more home to be put in his savings account.

Nor did he stop at the best hotels on the way, as you may have surmised from the amount saved. He had a cot and slept in the Chautauqua tent. The savings of that summer, something like $700.00, he applied on the purchase of a farm near Olathe, which we now own in partnership.

It was purchased at a bargain in order to settle an estate. As it had been rented so long, it was run down, and as a result, we bought it very cheaply. We sowed the entire eighty acres to sweet clover, the greatest fertilizer known.

Now, after four years it is in wheat and it is said to be the best field in the county. The farm has doubled in value.

During the summer of 1923 Buddy and a fraternity brother, Dean Boggs, together with twenty other college youths, went to Spain as chambermaids to a shipload of 800 mules. A Spanish buyer had purchased these in Kansas for shipment to Barcelona, Spain. Each boy received $1.00 per day and expenses on the trip. They toured the country, then came back on a steamer, as steerage passengers, landing at New York, where they bought an old Ford, drove through to Olathe, arriving here with but ten cents each in their pockets. The Ford was traveling then on four rims.

Just here I want to say two things about Buddy, which to me mean infinitely more than his immense salary or the unlimited publicity he receives. First—he has never given me a minute's anxiety in his whole life of twenty-four years; second—he has not changed in the slightest degree from the day he was five years old or ten or fifteen or twenty.

I think more of a statement of his, which you may have read, than I would think of a gift of a million dollars. That statement was made some weeks ago, when an interviewer asked Buddy what his reaction was to all this fame, wealth and the receipt of 23,000 fan letters a month. As you know, he leads all men of the movies by a wide margin. Among [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
When you see King Vidor's "Hallelujah," watch for the tawny Nina May. Nina longs for dresses like Gloria Swanson's and "diamonds dribblin' all over my physique—um-um!" And she wants to go to Paris to be a hit like Josephine Baker. Nina isn't quite eighteen. She went on the stage at fifteen, in a Harlem negro revue

SHE rolled them eyes and she rolled them hips, Um-um! . . . Shake that thing!

"I ain't eighteen yet!" she squealed as she rolled a tantalizing eye and a hot marimba movement. Who taught her to say that, who did?

"Oh, you the gentleman from Photoplay Magazine?" Her eyes bulged and her being jelled. "Um-um! I just love write-ups!"

"Um-um!" said I. "I just love being a writer-up!"

Nina May McKenney is the little colored spasm of King Vidor's all-colored "Hallelujah." Irving Thalberg says Nina is the greatest acting discovery of the age, and I'll say she certainly acts with every fiber.

It was the "Hallelujah" set with the whole troupe steppin'. Shake that thing! Do it, do it! Come on an' show your sex attraction!

On the next stage Fred Niblo's white collegiates were cutting capers, and I'm proud to say that our white boys and girls are not far behind the colored in the back-to-jungle movements.

That evening I was Nina May's guest at the Apex Cafe in darktown, Central Avenue, Los Angeles. All the colored celebrities were there. It was a most biggety affair.

Nina was tagged like Sheba, with a silver turban and a gown that would have passed for her skin had it not been pink. "Sure does crowd my physique, this dress," she said, hitching it around after each dance.

Nina isn't black, she's coppery with a

She may be black but she's got a blonde soul—and Hollywood says Nina May is a great acting discovery
The Lawyer for the Defense

Raymond Hackett pleads himself into a talkie hit

By Muriel Babcock

"HERE is a heart for you," said the veteran actor to the very small boy. "Remember, it will break easily. Treat it tenderly, carefully, reverently."

With a grandiloquent gesture he pinned the tiny red heart to the child's velveteen jacket.

And the boy, blue-eyed, tow-headed, serious-minded, looked up gravely and said, "I will."

These lines were from a play, "The Toymaker of Nuremberg."

The boy was Raymond Hackett, the veteran actor William J. Ferguson, and the play was at the old Garrick Theater in New York.

In telling of the incident last year at the Lambs Club, Ferguson said, "And the lad sounded as if he were making a vow."

Perhaps he was; who knows? For today Raymond Hackett does not remember that speech. Nor does he recall anything about the little toy heart that would break so easily. Yet, ever since he was in knee pants, Raymond Hackett's life has been one of responsibility. He cannot remember his father, a wholesale grocer, who died suddenly, leaving a young widow practically penniless. He began contributing to the care of his mother at the age of four—he and his brother Albert and his sister Jeannette.

The part in "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" was his first that brought in money to help the family budget. Undoubtedly, therefore, it wielded a psychological influence upon his entire life.

Perhaps that is why the role of the young attorney fighting passionately in the courtroom for the life and honor of a sister in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" seems to have

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]
The Butterfly Man

The sad love story of two gay and gallant stars

in love. Then, when the surprise had passed, we were delighted. It seemed such a natural, right thing. Lew would take care of Mabel and Mabel would take care of Lew. Their home would be full of life and laughter—a splendid place to drop in for wit and gaiety and good fellowship.

But sometimes two and two don’t make four.

That is why some folks call life a game.

The love story of Mabel Normand and Lew Cody has not, so far, had the happy ending which we had written for it.

No one—least of all Lew and Mabel—knows what lies beyond. Somehow they seem now to stand hand in hand against a slowly darkening sky.

There is confetti yet in Mabel’s dark curls—bright, silly stuff.

Her tiny feet are bound fast with yards and yards of the colored paper ribbons that chatter dance floors after a party.

Her eyes are twin graves of laughter. And nothing is so sad as dead laughter.

Under the elegant molesley he has always worn, Lew’s shoulders seem to sag with despair.

For life doesn’t come to you. You have to go out and meet it and Lew can no longer do that.

He has always gone forth gallantly to meet life—the good and the bad, the successes and the failures, the lean days and the fat ones.

Looking at Lew in the game of life you could never tell whether he was winning or losing.

Only being denied a seat at the table has brought him to despair. But the candle he burned so brightly—“my candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night, but oh, my friends, and ah, my foes, it gives a lovely light”—is very, very low.

Only a miracle, the doctors say, can bring Mabel back to health.

But, where Mabel is concerned, I want to believe in miracles. I want to believe in some kind hand that will reach down and lift up that tragic, helpless little figure—the most tragic of all Hollywood’s broken idols—and put it back at the start of things again.

Surely somewhere—if not here, somewhere else—a kindly God can turn back the hands of the clock just a few brief years and let Mabel start all over again. It doesn’t seem much to ask for the girl who never did harm to anyone in all her life.

It seems that whatever power planned things in the beginning loves Mabel something for giving her that divine gift of laughter and then sending her through life without any protection from the ruthless parasites, the selfish hypocrites, the birds of prey that hover over the gay, the talented, the generous.

Mabel Normand was the greatest comedienne the screen ever knew. I would not dare to make that statement upon my own opinion alone. I heard it said first by Charlie Chaplin. No one, I think, would dispute his authority. I have heard it said often since by those who should know.
and the Little Clown

By
Adela Rogers
St. Johns

Yet today when she lies so desperately ill we remember that it is years since we saw her on the screen, since "Mickey" delighted us past measure. She has been out of pictures for years, when her great talent should have been keeping pace with the development of the motion picture art. Today she should occupy the place among the women of the screen that Chaplin holds among the men.

But Mabel is proof positive that women are not able to meet the world as men meet it. Physically and professionally she broke under the things piled up against her. We are the losers, for she, too, have lost Mabel's gift of laughter.

Perhaps there will be a miracle.

I KNOW. Who better? I am proud to say that I have been her friend since first she came to the land of motion pictures from some factory in Brooklyn, a mingling of youth and beauty and laughter that fairly took our breath away.

I know what is chalked up against her.
A lot of hot-headed, wild, young foolishness such as most of the flaming youth of today has to grow out of.

But bad luck rode beside her on the highway.

She got herself into messes, that made great headlines. Her friends got her into things. Mabel has always been the fall guy. She never got away with anything in her life. There are plenty of girls in the world who have done in fact the things Mabel was only suspected of, and they have righted themselves and gone on.

But Mabel had no balance, no perspective, no cold streak through her warm emotionism to teach her how to handle life.

More brains and less sense than any woman I ever knew—that is what I would say of Mabel.

You don't hear about that brilliant, fascinating, cultured brain of Mabel's. Mention any of the great books of the past ten years, either in French or English. She has read them and she has thoughts about them almost as interesting as the books themselves.

You don't know that, even in these last years when Mabel has been far from herself, there are a dozen of the cleverest men and women in Hollywood who delighted to spend a quiet evening before her fireside, talking books and music, men and world affairs.

YOU don't know that all Hollywood, from the topmost rung of the ladder to the depths of the lowest gutter, is spangled with Mabel's enormous charity. Real charity—for it came from a purse that was often empty, from a heart that was nearly breaking, from a mind that always managed to find some good in everyone, even those who found no good in her.

You don't hear how, in the old days, Mabel brought her divine gift of laughter into our dark days—and how she could, in some way, make laughter synonymous with courage.

The girl who loved laughter

The world doesn't know those things and even in Hollywood, they have been too easily forgotten.

But the world knows, and Hollywood, which has become very self-protective and a little smug with success, remembers a lot of other things and that remembrance has weighed upon Mabel and broken her.

William Desmond Taylor and his murder! How that thing did cling to Mabel's skirts for years because she was the last person known to have seen him alive.

If she told me herself that she knew who shot Bill Taylor, I wouldn't believe her. And let me tell you that there were two nights, one on the long distance telephone to Chicago, one in a house in Altadena soon after the tragedy, when I believe that if Mabel had known who shot him, she would have told me.

When you come right down to it, what was there about Mabel's connection with the Taylor murder that should have been held against her? She had dropped in to see her friend, Bill Taylor. Mabel had many men friends. Later, that same night, someone killed him.
Winifred Westover, whose three-year belief that she would be the final choice for the title role in "Lummox" is as amazing a story as we have ever printed. She has been absent from the screen for about eight years, has played opposite well-known stars but has never before been starred herself.

It really was astounding. This was Hollywood which, even in this age of modernism, prides itself on being ultra-sophisticated. And yet here was a woman who had just been selected for the year's most coveted role in motion pictures, calmly assuring that her selection was a direct answer to prayer.

The woman was Winifred Westover. She had been chosen from among all the applicants for the title rôle in "Lummox," Fannie Hurst's story which Herbert Brenon will picture for United Artists. Why? Her answer was simple.

"Because I prayed for it."

She has not appeared on the screen for about eight years. She was, some years ago, a leading woman who played opposite some prominent stars and who worked for some competent directors. But she never had been a star. Why was she selected? "Because I prayed for it."

"Do you mean that you believe your selection was a direct answer to your prayers?"

"I know it was," she answered. "For nearly three years I have known that I would eventually be selected for the rôle. There never was any doubt in my mind. Many others wanted the rôle. Many others were said to have been chosen. I knew better." I knew that, when the final choice was made, I would be chosen."

Understand, this woman was not posing. She has a faith so childlike that it is almost sublime. Her very simplicity carries conviction. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said:

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find."

"I have been off the screen since 1921," she said. (That was the year she married William S. Hart.) "My retirement was the result of the agreement made when we separated. Enough of that was published at the time; there is no need of taking it up now. After the separation, I had my boy, of course; but something inside of me had died. I felt like a dead person. Life seemed over. It was terrible.

"Nearly three years ago 'Lummox' appeared as a serial in a magazine and I read it. I bought the book when it was published and I read it again and again. From the moment I first read it, I wanted it to be made into a picture and I wanted to play the title rôle."

"I knew I could play the character. I understood that woman. I knew everything she thought and felt. 'Lummox' became an obsession with me. And I knew even then that my prayers would be answered, that a picture would be made and that I would play the rôle."

"Then one of the smaller producers bought the picture rights. It made no difference to me what company made the picture; I would be in it. I was involved in legal difficulties at the time, but not even those took my mind from the main object, nor weakened my faith. The agreement which kept me from the screen was set aside, and that strengthened me. It was a good sign."

"Then it was announced that Herbert Brenon had bought the story. Although I knew that he would make 'Sorrell and Son,' and another picture before 'Lummox,' that he could not set even an approximate date for starting work on it, I still prayed, I still held my faith that I would be chosen."

"Last January the plans for the production were started. I tried to see Mr. Brenon, but he had gone to New York. I had realized that, if I were to play the rôle, I must be heavy, as 'Lummox' was. Up to that time, in common with most women, my desire had been to stay slender. Now I wished to be heavy. I ate and ate and ate—heavy foods, fattening foods. I gained twenty-five pounds."

"I went to Myron Selznick, whom I knew well, and asked him to give me a letter to Mr. Brenon. He advised me to see Frank Joyce, and I did. I convinced him that I should have the rôle and he sent a wire to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]"
First Prize
$1,000
Mrs. Mary M. Hoar
Barre, Vt.

Second Prize
$500
Robert W. Goetz
Riverside, Calif.

Third Prize
$350
Mrs. B. C. Norment
Thomasville, N. C.

Fourth Prize
$150
Clare Rusk
Baltimore, Md.

Lucky Amateur Detectives

$3,000, in nineteen prizes, go to PHOTOPLAY readers who solve Studio Murder Mystery

THE jury of judges in The Studio Murder Mystery Contest has announced its verdict and checks have been mailed to the lucky amateur detectives who best solved how and why. Franz Seibert, the director of Superior Films, killed one of his chief actors, Dwight Hardell.

It was no easy matter to examine and analyze every one of the many thousands of solutions submitted from every state in the Union and nearly every country on the globe. Indeed, the judges were weeks in arriving at their final decisions.

Here it is interesting to comment upon the thousands of solutions submitted. The great majority of PHOTOPLAY's non-professional detectives picked Seibert as the real culprit. Unfortunately, nearly all of these contestants missed out in the German director's motives, as well as in the state of mind prompting these motives.

The most common error was to say that Seibert killed Hardell in a rage, artistic or personal; whereas the director was absolutely cool, the crime being premeditated and carefully planned. Secondly, most of the amateur detectives forgot the motor-driven camera and were forced to conclude that Seibert was aided in his crime by Serge, the Russian cameraman.

A third error was to have Seibert kill Hardell in physical combat. This missed the real fact that Hardell was lying within the chalk lines on the floor of the set when the director thrust the rapier through his heart.

Every character in the mystery story was suspected by at least a hundred or so contestants. Oddly enough, the unnamed nurse who attended Beth MacDougall was strongly under suspicion, although there was nothing tangible in the story to point to this conclusion. However, Rosenthal, Billy West, Yvonne Beaumont, Lamfian, MacDougall, his daughter, Beth; Serge, the prop boy, the office boy, and even the studio guards were named as the murderer or murderers.

Some of the contestants believed that Hardell was electrocuted on the wire-charged studio fence while attempting to get back in the studio. Some of the ingenious contestants, apparently affected by the kind of publicity that emerges frequently from Hollywood, suspected that the whole thing was a publicity stunt—and that Hardell would reappear in the last chapter.

Some of the contestants have written to PHOTOPLAY, stating that the final chapter left a number of loose ends. To these inquiries, PHOTOPLAY can only point out the foremost mystery story successes of the day. All of these crime novels leave numerous loose ends. This is part of the game of hiding the real culprit, for it sends readers galloping up blind alleys.

A few contestants think that Seibert's occult interest—and his subsequent desire for a visible record of a man's death—should have been pointed out in an early chapter. It is obvious that this would have placed the foreign director definitely as the murderer. Moreover, a consistent study of Seibert's character and background makes this occult angle a logical and understandable part of his mad mental processes. The fact that it was guessed by some of the lucky contestants proves this point.

THE first prize, of $1,000, was awarded to Mrs. Mary M. Hoar, of 31 East Street, Barre, Vt. Mrs. Hoar, a lifelong resident of Barre, is the widow of Richard Alexander Hoar, one of the prominent attorneys of central Vermont and a distinguished criminal lawyer of his day. Mrs. Hoar lives with her 91-year-old mother, Mrs. Lewis Keith, four miles from Barre, her home looking out upon the Green Mountains.

Mrs. Hoar has five children. One daughter, Miss E. M. M. Hoar, is a lawyer.

Second prize, of $500, goes to Cadet Robert W. Goetz, of the March Field Air Corps. of Riverside, Calif. Cadet Goetz is twenty-one years old and was born at Minneapolis, Minn. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Goetz, reside in St. Paul, Minn.

Cadet Goetz was graduated from the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul and for two years attended the University of Wisconsin. He passed his entrance examinations in the air corps and is now in training in California as a flying cadet.

The third prize, of $350, was awarded to Mrs. B. C. Norment, of Thomasville, North Carolina. Mrs. Norment is a public school teacher. After graduating from college, Mrs. Norment taught the piano for a number of years. She married and took up the career of a housewife. The sudden death of her husband left her with two children to support and Mrs. Norment turned to teaching again, this time in the Thomasville public school.

The fourth prize, of $150, was captured by Miss Clare Rusk, of 1801 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Miss Rusk, who was born and raised in Baltimore, is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
Estelle Taylor started it. But Raquel Torres illustrates for you here how fly-away hair that is too long to hang down and too short to coil up can be deftly held together in a charming chignon. The method is amusingly simple. Stretch a sturdy rubber band across the back of the hair, catching it securely behind each ear with a hairpin. Give the pin a little twist as you insert it, and it will hold fast. Then coil the ends of the hair over the elastic, fastening with plenty of tiny hairpins. This arrangement gives the effect of long hair.

A VISITOR passing through Hollywood one afternoon stopped to look at a sorrowing group of men marching along the boulevard. At first glance they might have been foreign actors with accents, fleeting before the shadow of the microphone. They might have been producers who hadn't merged. They were neither. Only a group of barbers who were folding their scissors and silently stealing away.

Hollywood seems to be growing out. Dozens of the film gals are letting their hair go feminine again. But not all by any means.

The feminine members of the film colony may be divided into four opinions. There are those who have had long hair all during those hectic shearing days (Mary Philbin, Mary Brian, Norma Shearer, June Collyer).

There are some who have always had bobbed hair and continue to have it (Dorothy Sebastian, Clara Bow, Florence Vidor, Alice White, Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge).

Then there is the "yes and no" group—those who have bobbed, grown out and bobbed again (Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, Jean Arthur, Esther Ralston, Olive Borden, Evelyn Brent).

And, most important of all, you'll find the group that is just growing out.

They are passing through that awkward stage.

Every woman who has let her hair grow knows what this means. A continual worry for many months. Dozens of boxes of invisible hairpins.

But take courage. Take a lot of courage. There are ways for everyone, with every type of hair, to overcome this.

One of the most practical methods is that employed by a number of the players, including Estelle Taylor and Raquel Torres. It is done with a simple twist of the wrist and a plain rubber band.

The elastic is pulled taut across the back of the head and is held in place with two hairpins, one behind each ear. This keeps the hair smooth at the back. Then the long hair that is so unpleasant on the nape of the neck is curled up tight to conceal the band.

A NOTHER ingenious method is employed by Leila Hyams. Her hair is growing out both at the back and the sides. She pins it in tightly over the ears, keeps it marcelled and wears a false braid, coronet fashion, which is pinned in at the back keeping the back hair in place. The braid is then pinned over the top of the head.

False hair is also used effectively by Anita Page. She keeps those back ends down by pinning tightly across them a set of little curls.

Mary Astor has just bobbed her hair, but she intends to wear it both ways. Incidentally, her method is a good one while the hair is growing out.

A small chignon was made of the hair that was cut off and this is pinned tightly across the back while the sides are allowed to fluff out softly around the face.

You'd never believe, to look at Nancy Carroll, that her hair is really nape-of-the-neck length. It looks as if she has a short bob and this is done by separating the back hair into eight parts and coiling each part separately. Then it is pinned securely to the nape of the neck, the shorter top hair is combed over it and the effect is that of a neatly cropped head.

The Garbo cut needs no introduction. It has spread like wildfire through every city and town. This photograph of the pensive Greta shows a particularly pleasing variation of her versatile bob.
ing hair that is neither bobbed nor long
That
Awkward Length
By Katherine Albert

There is another method that some of the girls use. When Joan Crawford started to let her hair grow, she accomplished it neatly by allowing the sides to grow, but keeping the back clipped to avoid an unkempt look.

When the sides were long enough she brought them together at the back to hide the short hair and then started to let the back hair grow. Joan had to have her hair cut again for a screen rôle, and at this writing she is wearing it very short.

Billy Dove’s hair is now long enough to do up easily. It is shoulder length and can be brought into a coil at the back of the head. Loretta Young may do the same thing, although occasionally, with sports clothes, she wears the very long bob.

AND Doris Dawson can do up her hair at the back. But you will notice that most of the girls with long hair keep it short at the sides and around the face. The softness is flattering and makes hats more becoming.

And, speaking of hats, that seems to be the main trouble with long hair. Then take a tip from Ann Pennington, whose hair is unusually long and thick. She brings it around the back straight and makes her knot over the left ear. In this way the hair does not come up under the hat and take up extra room.

LONG bobs are very good in Hollywood, but these eventually grow into long hair. Clara Bow declares that she will always have her shoulder length bob, as does Myrna Kennedy. Well—maybe!

In the matter of hair, fashion is not arbitrary. Olive Borden is one of those who have just recently indulged in a boyish bob. Remember when it was down to her shoulders? The hair is parted on the left side, waved back from the forehead and drawn softly off the ears.

Laura La Plante let her hair grow for “Show Boat” and then cut it off again in an almost boyish bob. As long as Lois Moran’s clip is so versatile she won’t change. For evening she wears it curled tight all over her head. With sports clothes she wears it straight, parted on the left side, and when she wants to be a trifle more formal she uses a slight wave and a few curls about the face.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
"You—you're not supposed to come in here," stammered Emerson Slape, the tone expert.

"Why, Emerson!" pouted Rosie. "Not stay close to my tiger man when I'm not busy?" The purple eyes filled with tears. "You wouldn't say no, honey?"
new talkie studios—and it's a wow

Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

And triumphs over Hollywood's newest menace, the expert in tonal vibrations

By Stewart Robertson

ELEVEN people sat around a table in a private dining room at the Stupefaction Studios, and ten of them, entirely unaided by the verbal lashing of a director, registered acute resentment.

For half an hour they had been insulted and badgered by the guest of honor, and now they wriggled uneasily as though preparing for revenge as one collective worm. W. Grosvenor Hoople, the character heavy, cocked a meaningful eye at Carlos Cabrillo, the star, who nodded slightly, whereupon Mr. Hoople rose majestically to his feet and scowlingly interrupted the speaker.

"It seems to me, young man," he boomed, "that we have heard about enough. May I remind you that you are addressing established members of the third industry in these United States? Some of us are nationally known and we object most strenuously to being lectured by a—a mechanic."

Mr. Emerson Slipe poured himself another snifter of pineapple gin, drank it with relish and stared insolently at a point some three inches above Mr. Hoople's baronial head. He was an irritattingly complacent youth with a turned-up nose and a shock of incredibly yellow hair that had been roached and swirled into the effect usually associated with a prize cocker spaniel.

Manifestly, Mr. Slipe was on the best of terms with himself, and a tolerant pout depressed the corners of his mouth as he continued to ignore, with one exception, the presence of the screen players. At length, sensing that a questioning silence had descended upon the room, he replied in a voice freighted with the wisdom of twenty-three years and a Perth Amboy accent.

"So you think you're established, do you?" he drawled. "Horse cars used to be popular, my fat friend, so were celluloid collars, but where are they now?" His blase gaze interrogated Mr. Hoople, who was holding a spurious pose of nonchalance.

"Understand me, I care nothing about your so-called acting: I'm interested only in your voices, and I've warned you that whatever other abilities you may possess will be a washout unless you have tonal value. You may call me a pessimist, but how about your employer? Isn't he importing a famous woman from the stage to co-star with this Spanish person on my right?"

As though waiting for a cue, Carlos Cabrillo jumped up and glowered at the reckless one. "Listen, Percy," he barked, "don't let my sideburns get the best of you. I may be the public's Cordovan Kid, but off the set I'm a nasty Nordic called Simpkins. What if they are bringing on some gasper from New York? I used to be an inhabitant of the Bronx myself and no Broadway canary is going to overshadow me.

Rosie Redpath was one of the chief stars of Stupefaction Pictures. The publicity department billed her as "passion's child." Read what her devastating purple eyes did to Emerson Slipe, master of the monitor room and super-expert of the new tonal drama.
How Hollywood’s Silent Puppets turned

We’ve all had voice tests, anyhow, and in the movie racket we pay attention to the director and nobody else, so pipe down.”

Mr. Slipe strained and pouted his mouth with a puddy white hand. “Never mind the breast heaving,” he advised. “Now, then, you people, you’ll listen to me and like it, and so will your director when I’m ready for him. You’ve never made a talking picture; you know nothing about them. Well, I do, and besides being out here as monitor expert for the electric company that controls the patent, I’m also an authority on tone. I’m the new boss, and all the dirty looks in the state won’t alter the fact.”

“You have a most unfortunate manner,” said Mr. Hoople angrily. “Haven’t you enough intelligence to cultivate the good will of the actors who will work with you?”

“I Don’t Have to,” snapped the expert. “I don’t believe that any of you can act. You silent players are nothing more than puppets.” For the twentieth time his fishy eyes strayed down the table to a svelte redhead partially concealed by a flowered chiffon dress, and for the twentieth time he mustered what he imagined to be a winning smile. “One exception duly noted,” he continued oilily, “in the case of that extremely decorative young lady in the corner,” and ignoring the stony glances of the diners, he ambled over to the desired damsel and patted her on the cheek. “You appeal to me,” cooed Mr. Slipe.

For the twentieth time Joyce Cleary’s eyes turned to black ice and her sun-tanned legs hitched to convert the Lothario into a goal from the field. While she possessed a thorough knowledge of the Hollywood make-up sheet, there was something so peculiarly offensive in Mr. Slipe’s gaze that she ceased to remember it would be good politics for a mere second lead to engage in a little luring.

Instead, she slid away from his flabby touch and jutted her small chin to an angle unbecoming her oval face with its coronet of smoothly brushed hair. “Hands off, you miserable little rabbit,” she cried. “Where do you think you are?”

“In the film colony, of course,” mouthed Mr. Slipe, on whom the combined gin, warmth and growing sense of power were beginning to have an effect. “The land of free love and orgies. Don’t you suppose I read the papers? Come on, girlie, be friendly—”

MISS CLEARY shoved him off and lowered a threatening shoulder. “Stop, I tell you,” she warned, “or you’ll be sorry.” Behind her, Carlos rose from his chair and sauntered down the room.

“Don’t get emotional,” scoffed the expert, panning his way forward, “and there’s nobody going to hurt me, girlie. I’m the new bo——, ouch!”

The impetuous Joyce, shifting with the grace and abandon that spoke of hours on the tennis court, had launched a straight left that curved Mr. Slipe’s generous nose even further north, and he retreated against the wall as the bloodthirsty Miss Cleary showed every intention of following up with a right hook. The next moment Carlos interposed a pair of well tailored shoulders and smilingly captured the belligerent actress.

“You took the idea right out of my head,” he told her, “and I guess this will be the last course in the meal.” He winked approval, and then surveyed the expectant row of faces behind her. “Come on, gang, let’s enjoy our last slice of freedom before they start shooting tomorrow.”
Finding the waiting room too hot for the employment of brains, Mr. Abraham Zoop lurked in the narrow shadows of noon and pestered himself with a series of questions. As President of Stupefaction Pictures, he was wondering if the pilgrimage of Miss Magnolia Bellairs from New York to California had been pulled off with the proper cachet.

HAD the newspaper boys interviewed her during the half hour hangover at Kansas City? Had the congratulatory telegrams reached her at Pueblo, Albuquerque and Flagstaff? Had the special consignment of ice been delivered at Needles, that anteroom to Hades? Had the publicity contact man boarded the train at Pasadena with that two hundred dollars' worth of flowers and gilt lettered ribbon? Had—, he paused abruptly as a billow of perfume made him think of a Persian garden, and sniffing in happy recognition, he looked up just in time to dodge a beaded bag that swung dangerously near his nose.

A glamorous brunette with eyes like purple pansies was regarding him like a rattlesnake about to devour a fascinated frog. "You silly old chuck!" throbbed the lady in sultry tones. "Just because the publicity says I'm beautiful as a statue, I suppose you think my feelings are made of marble, hey?"

"Now, Rosie," said Mr. Zoop, smoothing the air with appeasing palms, "be nice. All I'm askin' you is to give a couple hellos and a roll of them eyes. That ain't much, baby."

Rosie Redpath twisted her fursome lips to a knowing slant and tried unsuccessfully to look as tough as she felt. "Oh, isn't it? Well, how about the humiliation of being made to greet the woman who's stolen my part. 'Uneasy Knees' was scheduled for me until the panic started about bringing in these gaspers from the East. 'You've got a nerve, Abie."

"Sure," nodded the president, "and that ain't all, Rosie. Four million bucks I got invested in the picture business, besides insomnia from thinking about it. All the others are shippin' in stage talent and my nose ain't the right shape to be snubbin' profits. But listen—for why would I have you here if it wasn't for your own good? Photographs there'll be, and a ride to the Ambassador with a flock of motorcycle cops out in front with their sitzins screechink. Publicity, baby, and just as much for you as this Bellairs dame. Anyhow, she's only signed for one picture."

Miss Redpath, somewhat mollified, assumed a more graceful stance, and essayed a smile for the benefit of the onlookers. "Just the same," she said softly, "there'll be no eyework. It's wasted on a woman because she's wiser than a man."

"Well, you're an actress, ain't you?" countered Abie. "Then make believe you're dizzy with delight. Start twinkle-dink, now, here comes the train."

T HE express slid dustily beneath the First Street viaduct and wheeled to a halt as though relieved at the chance to divorce itself from the feverish party that cluttered up the observation platform. Inside the brass railing jostled innocent passengers, press agents, maids, second maids, the current boy friend and similar deadwood, having for their focal point the languorous Miss Bellairs, who, smiling from an ambush of blossoms, chafed inwardly at the strain on her arms. A pair of cynical trainmen trundled forth the portable steps, which Miss Bellairs descended dramatically, opening her heavy eyelids far enough to perceive the gentleman who was to pay her two thousand a week.

"California welcomes you," chirped Mr. Zoop with a grandiose gesture, "not to mention every member of Stupefaction's thirty-four specials for the comin' year, and represented by Miss Redpath and myself." The dutiful Rosie stretched her mouth in mechanical joy.

"I'm positively enthralled," cooed Miss Bellairs, and the words seemed to hang in mid-air like sparkling drops of crystal. The beaming Mr. Zoop nudged Rosie and proceeded to listen avidly. "And in these marvelous surroundings," continued the star, oblivious to the depressing vista of warehouses on the horizon, "I cannot fail to do my greatest work."

AbIE applauded vigorously, then motioned the ladies to stand on either side of him. "But not too close," he whispered, "because it may come out clubby in the newspapers and did Momma rave about them suggestive pictures? Then all three leered toothily at the cameras, after which they waded through a rising tide of workmen to the motors.

During the procession to the Ambassador, Rosie mercilessly [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]

Emerson Slupe paled to a sickly chartreuse. "Rosie?" he quavered. "No, she wouldn't—" "Oh, yes, I would, dearie," announced Rosie. "Didn't I spend two mushy days with you to find out how your machinery worked?"

"You ain't got a contract," bellowed Mr. Zoop. "So get your week's pay and run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"
Here is why Director George Fitzmaurice recently dashed from the set in the middle of a scene for "The Locked Door." The girl in the center is Sheila Fitzmaurice. You knew her mother as Diana Kane, sister of Lois Wilson.

Now, fans, the time has come to talk!
Let us demand, with all our tact,
Not only actors who can talk
But also talkers who can act!

There is much ado regarding the romance of Janet Gaynor. Hollywooders are trying to figure out whether she really has a fancy for Charlie Farrell, now that they are working together again. At any rate, we understand that Lydell Peck is always so conveniently at hand that the novelty of his presence is wearing off a bit with Janet. Charlie, on the other hand, is a little bit stand-offish and possibly that makes him all the more intriguing.

If Lydell is actually out of the studio for a moment, his proxy is there in the form of a telegram filled with endearing young terms, or a bottle of perfume, a box of flowers or even a box of candy. And Janet doesn't like candy! But perhaps persistence will win.

When she completes her current picture Lydell wants to take her to Honolulu on a honeymoon, and we do hear that he would be very happy to have her retire from the screen. There, no doubt, is the rub.

William Fox has induced John McCormack to sing for the Movietone. McCormack has cancelled his concert tour for next fall in order to devote his time to the production, which will be filmed in Ireland.

Harry Langdon, after a long exile in vaudeville, came whooping back to Hollywood laughing out loud, and then—
His mother took sick.
His former wife slapped some sort of a legal paper on him.

The income tax boys turned up and began going over his returns from 1923 on, just to keep busy.
His big, nickel-plated touring car and another car crashed at a busy corner, junking both and sending an occupant of the other car to a hospital.
"Heighho!" says Harry. "My horoscope said I was going through a lot of these little matters for a time. I'll get by!"
So he ordered another car, is about to sign with a big company, and allows that he's going to marry again one of these days.

Old Cal York and the little woman got notorious the other night very cheaply.
They went to the Los Angeles opening of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—one of those hotly-tosy premieres. In the same row sat Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Olive Tell, the last-named the actress who played Mrs. Rice in the picture, and did such high class screaming.
And Marion Davies appeared disguised as a basket of cotton. Hers was voted the cleverest of the costumes. This trick outfit was borrowed from the antics of the circus clowns.

It happened that Cal and the madame had seen the film at its New York premiere.

Therefore, it wasn't as hot a treat as it might have been, so during the first half of the picture they cat-napped and caught a little much needed rest.

But they were awake enough to see that Miss Tell was watching them with horror she didn't try to conceal. She didn't know whether they were dead or just dumb.

As they left the theater, the beauteous Olive was standing near the door with a group of players.

"Look," she said in her best microphone whisper, "there are the people who slept all through this wonderful picture!" And her friends looked, and were properly horrified, while we slunk into the night.

And unless Olive Tell reads this, she'll never know who the two saps were who couldn't keep awake through "Mary Dugan." She may even frighten her grandchildren with the story.

Here is a boy who probably doesn't know his luck.
He is William Bow, eighteen-year-old cousin of Clara Bow. He's breaking into the movies under the guidance of Clara. You can see that he looks like "Buddy" Rogers.

RUMORED retirements:
Constance Talmadge, recently married to Townsend Netcher, Chicago merchant.
Eddie Cantor, now a millionaire, and pining for a little leisure to play golf.

THE star had just met some distinguished visitors from Australia. "Oh, you're from Australia!" she gushed. "How nice. I'm going to run over there for a week-end this summer when I'm in Paris."

HERE'S a story they tell:
Montagu Love's telephone rang in the wee sma' hours. "Yes," answered Monte, only half-awake.
"This is McIntyre, production manager on 'Bulldog Drummond.' Just before you tried to shoot Ronald Colman in the picture today, what was the line you spoke?"
Monte waked up a little, searched his memory, said: "I don't mind killing, when it's safe."
McIntyre asked, "What's that? Talk louder." Monte swore under his breath, but repeated the line.
"All right, thanks," came from the receiver.
And next morning they told Monte he had been talking into a microphone, repeating a line that had recorded poorly in the studio the day before.

GARY COOPER and Emil Jannings made a picture together, called "Betrayal."
They worked long hours at night and Gary was exhausted when he came to work. A hospital scene called for Gary to be placed on a cot. No sooner was Gary stretched out comfortably than he fell into a sound slumber. The work continued without interruption, with Gary being moved back and forth.

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A FEW months ago friends persuaded Scott Kolk to leave the sunny sands of the Lido to try his fortune in Hollywood. He is now playing an important rôle in Marion Davies' most recent vehicle. Being handsome, attractive and a thorough cosmopolitan, he was a welcome caller at the home of any girl, but it seems to be the doorstep of Virginia Cherrill upon which he parks most of his free time.

It is almost a rule at the Chaplin studio that Charlie fall in love with and marry his leading lady, but perhaps Virginia will prove an exception. Scott is evidently very persuasive.

WRITE your own headline. Jascha Heifetz recently played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra before a distinguished audience. Many people remained after the performance to congratulate him.

But when they recognized Florence Vidor, his wife, Jascha was almost forgotten. Oh, well, even famous violinists ought to get used to playing second fiddle to lovely wives.

IF reports are true, you've seen the last of Miss Vidor on the screen. Although her Paramount contract had many more months to run there was some sort of amicable agreement made. Florence has never thrown herself whole-heartedly into her film work. She has not the temperament of an actress and her interests have had a wide scope—too wide for Hollywood.

When Phyllis Haver married William Seaman, New York business man, she said good-bye to the movies, forever and ever. You've heard that before, but Phyllis says she means it. Mr. and Mrs. Seaman were married by Mayor Jimmie Walker.

JUST to show you how Cal York keeps on the job, here is an item he sent in two weeks before the Gilbert-Claire news broke: Believe it or not, the famous Jack Gilbert-Greta Garbo affair is as cold as a supervisor's glance. Don't go getting technical and looking back in old issues of Photoplay for this same announcement. You'll find it, of course. But that isn't my fault.

This time it's the real thing. They have only seen each other a few times since Greta's return from Sweden.

Recently at Basil Rathbone's famous costume party they barely spoke.

You may not think it, but this concerns you vitally. It means that there will be no more Gilbert-Garbo pictures, unless, for professional reasons, the affair is patched up.

Pause, friends, and mourn for Jannings now—
His placid brow,
His perfect art, so true and clear,
His nose immersed in Munich beer!
His tummy stuffed with homeland food,
HIs temper, taste and checkbook good! Ach, poor old Emil! What a pity
His German accent wasn't pretty!

A ROMANTIC, nonchalant figure with a flowing white beard spent an afternoon in Hollywood. The film center was, to Trader Horn, worth only an afternoon of his time.

Someone asked him what he thought of Jack Gilbert.

He smiled beautifully. "Ah, yes, ma'am, Jack Gilbert. I like him, and he is so kind to his fine horses."

SOON after arriving in Hollywood from Sweden, Greta Garbo, strolling around the M.-G.-M. lot, gets the shock of her life to find a wrecking crew demolishing Stage Two. On this stage the Garbo made her first American film appearance; on this stage, too, the Garbo first met the Gilbert. Now the stage is to become a machinery store house! There ain't no sentiment in them studios!
A reunion that cut off the revenue of the telephone company. When Lupe Velez was on tour, Gary Cooper spent most of his salary on telephone calls. And he paced the platform of the railway station for two hours before her train was due. That's love.

Percy Marmont's ovation on the night he appeared in a box with Ronald Colman at the New York premiere of "Bulldog Drummond" was almost as loud and as hearty as Colman's—and that's saying a megaphone-full.

Percy, the old-time quizzical look in his eyes, told me he is going to play the stranger in the Fox talkie, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He may also do a dialogue version of his great silent success, "If Winter Comes." In the meantime, he has returned to England for the summer months and will not begin work here until fall.

Says Groucho Marx, one of the famous Four Marx Brothers, in an article in a New York daily in which he comments on his return to the vaudeville stage:

"And the vaudeville actors talk differently. In the old days they'd grab you and tell you what a riot they were in Findlay, Ohio, and how they wowed them in Des Moines. Now, all you hear is, 'We don't know what to do—Vitaphone wants us to make a short, but Movietone is after us to do a full length.'"

Without sensationalism, with no hectic gestures, Blanche Sweet has calmly filed suit for divorce from Marshall Neilan. And this brings to a close one of the most tragic romances in motion picture history.

For years it has been rumored that they were separate, but for years Blanche has clung to Mickey and has loved him. And strangely enough, he has loved her, with a fierce adoration. Brought together by tragedy, their love seemed only to be more strong with each tragic circumstance. And now it is over. Blanche appears to be perfectly calm. But Blanche has never been one to show her real emotions.

Now here's a chance for a bright young boy or girl to make a little Christmas money. Or Thanksgiving money. Or just plain every day money. There's a place for a revised book of etiquette according to Hollywood standards. Rumor has it that Pola Negri is engaged to Rudolph Friml. And she has not yet filed suit for divorce from her present husband! It's being done, my dears, in the best film families.

Not all the actresses are dieting to get thin. Winifred Westover, the former Mrs. William Hart, has been eating and eating to get fatter and fatter. And it's all for her art, too. Winifred has been chosen to play the name part of "Lummox" from Fannie Hurst's popular novel. And if you read the book you will remember that the leading lady was unostentatious stout, slovenly and awkward.

But won't it be hard on Winifred if they cast her as a wood nymph in the picture after that?

A would-be lyric writer brought a song to Buddy de Silva the other day. One of the lines read like this:

"Oh, see the mountaineer,
He comes from far and near."

"What will you give me for it?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Well," said de Silva, "I'll give you five years head start."

I see by the papers that Ben Lyon has been added to the cast of "Lummox"—to play the leading male role.

Ben has been one of "Hell's Angels"—Hughes' two-years-in-the-making, two-million-dollar, still-unreleased picture—for so long that he might be glad to get back to earth in a picture that has no air sequences.

But maybe we're wrong. Maybe they'll stick in a few airplane chases just to keep Ben from being homesick.

Maybe you think all the dangerous things in pictures are done by stunt men. Just guess again. While watching Farina in his second talking picture, "Railroadin'," we decided this chocolate baby is about the bravest of the lot.

Farina was compelled to lie flat on his tummy on the cross ties, his foot caught in the track, while a speeding train passed over him. We don't mind telling you, he almost turned white with fright, even if he were game enough to do it. Oh, yes, it's safe enough, but how would you like to do it, we ask you? His parting line as he went under the train was:

"Gee, get me wings ready!" [Please turn to page 74]
 Trials of Sounds aren’t all they seem in the new studios for audible motion pictures. The sensitive ears of the microphone make every day a surprise.

"Hey, you sheiks and shebas, pipe down there. What’d ye think this is supposed to be? Sounds like a doughboy sloshing in the mud of Flanders."

Whereupon a reel of film was scrapped and several thousand dollars charged up to incidental production expense.

The scene of action was one of the sound stages in a Hollywood motion picture studio. A sheik of the John Gilbert type and a sheba a la Greta Garbo were enacting the amorous greeting of two lovers for a talking picture, when the director, on his glass enclosed throne, began making a windmill of his arms. He had been sitting next to the "mixer" and the fate of the kiss in the talkies was settled then and there. The suction of osculation was neither romantic nor dramatic to the director, for it sounded like a horse pulling its hoofs out of the mud.

This epitomizes the one outstanding difficulty encountered in the making of talking pictures. "Mike’s" ears are too

Here’s what happened the first time that a sheik and a sheba osculated for the supersensitive microphones. Now kisses are faked, for real ones sound like a horse pulling his hoofs out of a muddy road.

IN "shooting" a sequence for "The Doctor’s Secret," based on Sir James Barrie’s famous play, "Half an Hour," an English servant girl was supposed to enter the room noiselessly in response to Ruth Chatterton’s summons.

The maid entered, but a peculiar knocking sound accompanied her, and the director, William de Mille, as well as the engineer at the control panel, was puzzled.

The scene was retaken, but still the unwanted noise persisted. The electrical system was checked for flaws and found to be in perfect condition. Finally the scene was made the third time, but the "clickety-clock, clickety-clock" again accompanied the maid as she walked into the room.

And then a keen-eyed technician discovered that the peculiar sound synchronized perfectly with the maid’s steps as she walked. Further investigation revealed that the girl was knock-kneed and the "mike" picked up the "knocks" of her knees with each forward step.

On another talkie stage recently the director was gesticulating wildly. Obviously he was greatly wrought up about something, but since not a sound emerged from his lips and his gesticulations did not constitute the deaf and dumb language, the onlookers were mystified.

Finally the door of a glass cage opened and there was a verbal explosion. The director, unable to contain himself longer, shouted:

Rubber is the vogue in the sound studios. The latest is rubber jewelry, adopted to prevent the jangle of real or make-believe jewels being picked up by the mike. Then, too, the actresses are required to wear evening slippers with rubber heels.

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sensitive. And yet, paradoxically, if “mike’s” sense of hearing were not as acute as it is, his ears would be no good for the purpose of producing talkies.

Embalmimg a story for the out-loud, facetiously termed the “Chinema,” is hedged about with many precautions to prevent the “mikes” from developing temperament. As one producer remarked, “The darn contraptions cost $1,750 each, and they no doubt figure they’re entitled to an attack of the tempos occasionally.”

One of the precautions is the “mixing” room, where the “mixer” controls the volume of each voice while the sex appeal artists and the matinee idols are pulling the censored dirty work in the drawing room on the sound stage.

In the filming of “Bulldog Drummond” there was plenty for the man at the “mixing” panel to do. Lilyan Tashman, as the black-hearted lady, was making life pretty tough for Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett, aided and abetted with a vim guaranteed to make every audience long to read their respective epitaphs. Of course, under such circumstances, one’s voice is apt to wander away from reason, and it is then that the “mixer” is called upon to manipulate the little gadget that modulates one voice and intensifies another.

When Paramount was filming “The Doctor’s Secret” a servant girl was directed to enter the room noiselessly. The “mike” picked up a knocking sound. The “clickety-clock” proved to be caused by knock-knees.

But not all the frailties of the human machine and the temperamental “mike” can be rectified by the mechanical widgets, and Fred Niblo’s little joke about the talkies being a howling success can be applied to both the good and bad among the sound pictures. Likewise the “truth in advertising” banner of a Los Angeles theater that a certain talkie was in its “third thunderous week.”

The infant born out of the wedlock of the silent drama and the stage first began to lisps, then to bellow, then make ungodly sounds and finally to talk a blue streak. It is the lisps, the bellows and the ungodly sounds that are giving the producers headaches and those depended upon to eliminate them sleepless nights.

It has been definitely determined that the kiss is not to be talkie-ized. The reverberation of the smack is easily picked up by the recording device, but as the reproducing apparatus repeats it in the screening it is anything but satisfactory. In audience tests the theatergoers burst into gleeful ribaldry when they should have been thrilled. The closeups with the lovers’ faces glued together remain a stock factor, but they won’t be “verbal.” The “squishless” kiss brings the desired “Ooos” from the audience.

Many of the stars famous for love scenes had to learn all over again how to kiss when the silent drama [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

The clatter of iron-wheeled garbage wagons raised the deuce with the making of sound film exteriors. Imagine the rattle of a garbage ambulance in the background of a mountaineer drama! Now all Hollywood garbage wagons have balloon tires
A Review of the New Pictures

★ OUR MODERN MAIDENS—M.-G.-M.

As Joan Crawford's first starring vehicle, this vivid picture of ultra-modern youth, as the movies see our younger folk, will undoubtedly create quite a stir. This is Josephine Lovett's sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Then, too, it is the first time Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have played together.

Joan plays the rôle she does so well, that of a pampered play-girl bored with the world. Her rich father gives her to play with. The climax of the picture is based on a thoroughly original and unique situation.


★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Goldwyn-United Artists

This is a corking melodrama—and Ronald Colman gives the best talkie performance to date. He's suave and easy before the terrorizing "mikes." Voice gives him a new charm. "Bulldog Drummond" pairs Ronald Colman right at the top after some recent wavering, if lavish, films.

The English writer of shockers, Sapper, dashed off "Bulldog Drummond" as a stage melodrama. With the advent of the talkies, every producer was after it. But Sam Goldwyn reached first.

Goldwyn took a lot of pains with the film. It is intelligently and tastefully done. The sounding is highly expert. Here a raindrop can be made to act in the sound pictures as excitingly as a Rolls-Royce. The cutting (one of the drawbacks of the talkies up to now) is finely done. In a phrase, "Bulldog Drummond" is great stuff.

*Bulldog* is a demobilized officer who wearsies of his dull club life. He puts an advertisement in the "agony column" of *The London Times*, asking for adventure. Out of the avalanche of letters, he selects one signed *Phyllis*. It requests him to be at the Green Bays Inn at midnight, if he is sincere in his quest for adventure.

It develops that *Phyllis*’ uncle, a millionaire American, is being held prisoner in a fake hospital by three master crooks, aided and abetted by a host of bloodthirsty Malays.

Colman gives a superb performance and he gets fine aid from an excellent cast. The best work is done by Claude Allister, as a new sort of silly ass Englishman, and by Lilyan Tashman, as the tough baby who leads the crooks *All Talkie.*

★ INNOCENTS OF PARIS—Paramount

This picture is Maurice Chevalier's (pronounced She-val-yay) first screen appearance and, because of his great popularity in Paris, his screen début has been awaited with unusual expectancy.

Dispel your doubts, he can stay as long as he likes. He sings with joy. He plays with abandon and his personality gets you. He renders half his songs in French and half in English, but it is not just his pleasing voice, nor even his perfect pantomime, that makes him a success.

The plot is inconsequential and much of the dialogue is stilted and unnatural, but the sparkling, lovable personality of Chevalier lifts the story out of the commonplace—and makes it delightful entertainment. Fans will love Chevalier. *All Talkie.*
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

BULLDOG DRUMMOND
MADAME X
FOX MOVIETONE FOLLIES
OUR MODERN MAIDENS
INNOCENTS OF PARIS
THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY

The Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in “Bulldog Drummond”
Maurice Chevalier in “Innocents of Paris”
Ruth Chatterton in “Madame X”
Joan Crawford in “Our Modern Maidens”
Claude Allister in “Bulldog Drummond”
Lilyan Tashman in “Bulldog Drummond”
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in “Our Modern Maidens”
Warner Oland in “The Studio Murder Mystery”

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 141

★ MADAME X—M.-G.-M.

RUTH CHATTERTON followed at least three big actresses and hundreds of lesser ones in “Madame X.” Yet neither Bernhardt’s playing nor the performances of Dorothy Dandridge or Pauline Frederick can take the edge off Chatterton’s superb conception of this famous character. Lionel Barrymore has put aside the grease paint and the Barrymore tradition to turn his attention to the broader medium of directing. This is his first feature length attempt. In the court room scene the film rises to its emotional heights. This is harrowing and poignant beyond words. Miss Chatterton does her best work thus far in the audibles in this scene and she is ably aided by Raymond Hackett. Ulric Haupt, too, is excellent as Laroque. “Madame X” is a little slow moving as it works up to its climax—but the big scene will have any audience hysterical. All Talkie.

★ FOX MOVIETONE FOLLIES—Fox

When the “Follies” were being filmed, visitors at Fox Studio had to put on dark glasses and false moustaches to get within calling distance of the set. All activities were shrouded in mystery. Yet the revue is finished at last. Glorified gals! Legs! Abbreviated costumes! Everything! Other studios have already followed suit with this type of entirely new entertainment. Song writers are as numerous as microphones in Hollywood, but the “Fox Follies” is first—and, as such, is important. As this is to be an annual event it is likely to improve with age and experience. The music is the best part of it. “Break Away” and “Big City Blues” should be instantaneous hits. The big dance acts are breath-taking, but there is not enough variety. Sharon Lynn and Sue Carol are the two picture players with leading roles. Most of the rest are from the stage. Sharon is surprisingly good, revealing, as she does, a hot blue voice. Sue is full of pep and particularly cute in “Break Away.” Stepri Fetchit furnishes his usual brand of unexcelled comedy. Dixie Lee and David Rollins distinguish themselves.

The slight story (which is only an excuse for the presentation of the acts) weakens rather than aids the revue. Legitimate plays are often better in talkies, but synthetic follies are not quite like the real thing. Revues depend upon personality. The baldheaded row can’t send mash notes to a shadow on the screen.

However, don’t miss the “Follies.” You’ll find yourself absorbed by the spectacle and, if you don’t go away humming those good tunes, we’ll be surprised. All Talkie.

★ THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY—Paramount

No doubt you read this thrilling mystery in Photoplay. Perhaps you were among the many thousands who took part in The Studio Murder Mystery Contest. In any event, you will still want to see “The Studio Murder Mystery” because it is a corking mystery melodrama, with plenty of dramatic kicks and numerous surprises.

The story deals with the murder of a prominent actor in a big studio at midnight. The suspects are many, of course, and the murder chase is baffling. We will not reveal the real murderer here. Paramount made numerous changes in the story and you will have to see the film to find out whether the original killer is still the murderer. These changes, by the way, have not hurt the story. Warner Oland gives a fine performance as the foreign ace director. All Talkie.
Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**HONKY-TONK—Warners**

*All Talkie*

**THE SQUALL—First National**

*All Talkie*

Sophie Tucker is on the Vitaphone. Her first feature is a night club comedy drama with a synthetic plot that is a medley of "Singin' Fool," "My Man," and "The Little Snob," but Sophie keeps it afloat with song. A cabaret hostess, educating her daughter abroad, has always kept her whoopee life secret. The kid breezes in, gets wise, and snoopy, and walks out. Lila Lee is gorgeous as the upstage daughter. A hit.

YOU remember that this was a fairly good stage play. You're sure that the film version is pretty bad. Something happened between the story conference and the cutting room. Myrna Loy is the stereotyped Nabi, the gypsy girl and the hot baby who disrupts homes, while Alice Joyce is the Hungarian mother and Carroll Nye is the son. This film just doesn't click, that's all. And it's unconsciously funny.

**THE DUKE STEPS OUT—M.-G.-M.**

*Part Talkie*

Another cream-puff for the antics of the Metro-Goldwyn playboy, Billy Haines. He plays a cultured young boxer who registers incognito at a co-educational college and falls with a thud for Joan Crawford. And for a climax the picture has one of these sure fire prize fights, with Bill hitting his opponent with everything but the ring stakes. A lightweight, friends, but amusing.

**THE MAN I LOVE—Paramount**

*All Talkie*

When Richard Arlen finished making this film he announced that he was "punch drunk." This was not an exaggeration, for Dick did all the fight scenes without benefit of a double. This is the first time that he has spoken on the screen and this carries an added kick. Arlen's characterization gives the slight story importance. Mary Brian makes a sweet little wife and Badanova is as devastating as ever.

**THE RAINBOW MAN—Son-o-Art—Paramount**

*All Talkie*

Something will have to be done about the one-singly talkie plot now in vogue. Al Jolson started it with "The Singing Fool." Here it is, with variations, with Eddie Dowling as a minstrel man with a breaking heart. Frankie Darro is the current Sonny Boy. Real talkie honors are won by Marion Nixon. The hokum is liberal in this film, but Dowling has a personality.

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Paramount**

*All Talkie*

Some fifteen years ago Max Figman created the principal role in this famous farce on the stage. Time has been kind to the drama. The situation, which concerns a gentleman who bets ten thousand dollars he can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours, is still hilarious. Try it over on your vocal chords and see what happens. Richard Dix is at his best in this light comedy. Helen Kane is a hit.
ANOTHER lad makes good in a night club and then becomes a great big star on Broadway. Al Jolson discovered this plot. Here Morton Downey is the singer who makes good triumphs. Exactly like all the other talkie plots except that Mort plays an Irish boy. Downey is a little hefty for screen popularity but, with a bit of reducing, a new plot and better recording, he has his chance.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL—Paramount
All Talkie

If it isn't a court room scene in the talkies these days, it's a melodramatic mystery, and "The Hole in the Wall" is one of the latter. This is the one about the crooks who do their skull-duggery disguised as spiritualistic mediums. The story is confusing, and the dialogue is weak. On the credit side we have fine performances by three newcomers from the stage—Claudette Colbert, Edward G. Robinson and Donald Meek.

THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox
All Talkie

Mr. Fox, running with the pack, gives us another all talkie full of murders, courtrooms and suspects. The only novelty in this picture is the fact that by flashbacks we see three versions of the killing—one the district attorney's, one the defense's, and one the true story. Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe give excellent performances, and Mary Duncan does some of her usual flouncing around in few clothes.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—First National
Part Talkie

HERE we have Corinne Griffith in a slow moving part-talkie version of Maxwell Anderson's prize play. Corinne's voice records nicely, but she seems altogether too bored as the working girl who tricks the boy, Grant Withers, into marriage. They quarrel continuously and separate but are reunited later. Alma Tall portrays the scheming sister who aids Corinne. Marcia Harris does well as the landlady.

NOT QUITE DECENT—Fox
Part Talkie

ANOTHER version of "The Singin' Fool," with Louise Dresser as Al Jolson and June Collyer as an idealized Sonny Boy. Louise sings the theme song, "Empty Arms," with tears in her eyes and a choke in her larynx because her daughter (who doesn't know she's a daughter, mind you) has left her. And, to make the idea even more identical, she does it in black face! Mammy! We ask you, can you cope with it?

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Warners
All Talkie

THE experiences of a jaunty bond salesman, fresh from the gridiron, with an unbreakable bump of ego. Lively college atmosphere, with Grant Withers playing football, singing, whistling, and using his sex appeal...all to good advantage. Betty Compson and Gertrude Omstead are nicely contrasted. John Davidson gives an excellent performance. You will want to see this all-talking comedy drama. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 153]
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>$250.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fifth Prize</td>
<td>$125.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty Prizes of $50 each</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
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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 compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in 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 anyone 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 newstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of Photoplay.

9. No solution will be returned unless sufficient postage accompanies the solution and such request is made at time of submission.

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

SUGGESTIONS

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.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
Edwina Booth will be the only white woman in the cast of "Trader Horn." She has gone to British East Africa to play the rôle of Nina T. in the adventurous story of the dark continent. Two years ago Miss Booth was a stenographer, then she worked as an extra player and now she is appearing in one of the most glamorous rôles of the year. And that, in spite of all advice to the contrary, is why girls go to Hollywood.
Photoplay Magazine's New $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

1 AND 2
The hair owes her start to a Barrie built part,
The eyes in a war play made good;
The mouth has known scissors—just recently, too—
And if you can't guess her, you should!
The hair sailed from over the sea to our screen,
The eyes came from Texas to star;
The mouth knew a miracle once—and it took
Herself, and her cast, very far!

3 AND 4
The hair is the sweetheart of millions of fans,
The eyes once knew vaudeville fame;
The mouth was first married to one who was blessed
With a splendid, poetical name!
The hair has cut loose from the long contract game,
The eyes have just played a flirt's part;
The mouth is unmarried—she's just twenty-one,
But she's already made a great start!

RESUME
Three of them are married—and two were divorced—
And none is quite blonde or brunette.
And two are old timers, from way back at scratch.
And, say, they're both going strong yet.
Three of them have blue eyes; one played little girls—
And one is bereft of her long golden curls.
1 AND 2
The hair knew the stage for a number of years,
The eyes went to Staunton, Va.
The mouth has made "Mammy" a national word,
In concert and talkie and play.
The hair first made good in a film full of strife,
The eyes on a third wife are smiling;
The mouth had no training, but won movie fame
For his manner and looks were beguiling.

3 AND 4
The hair has walked out on a famous screen czar,
The eyes more than once have been wed;
The mouth is the hero of Rex Beachesque plots—
He's the favorite of all, it is said.
The hair has just done H. B. Warner's pet rôle,
The eyes know what wedding ring means;
The mouth plays the lover, the vivid he-man,
And he's dark and, oh, goys, how he screens!

RESUME
Three of them were married (and two more than once)
And one is, as yet, unengaged;
And one was in love with a blonde Nordic star—
Who is quite used to being front-page!
They all have dark hair—and just one, eyes of blue
And he, by the way, is the one that's least new!
By popular request, as they say, "Our Dancing Daughters" will be followed by "Our Modern Maidens," also an original story by Josephine Lovett. And, by way of clinching the success of the sequel, Anita Page will again play one of those tantalizing flappers, with Joan Crawford as the heroine of the picture.
A son of a famous theatrical family, Chester was tossed on the stage almost before his voice had changed from an uncertain treble to a positive baritone.

His first job of work, as a kid, was with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead," that Civil War play which Lionel later did for the screen. He went on in all sorts of roles in all manner of plays — on Broadway, in stock and on the far-flung deserts of the road.

In 1926 he began to specialize in the crime roles that finally prepared him to do "Chick Williams," that nasty little snake of gangland.

It really wasn't Morris' fault. He'd much rather play nice boys than cop-killers. Oddly enough, it was George M. Cohan who made a rat out of the lad—George M., who has always specialized in everything clean and American far into the per cents.

"I'm afraid it will type me, George," said Morris.

"No, it won't," said the silver-haired song and dance man. "And besides, I'll give you a nice, clean part in my next show."

But it did type him, and for three years he was the leading stage exponent of youthful skullduggery — of rodent-like boys with slit eyes and curling lips. He murdered and seduced and took dope — this handsome young fellow who loves his family, adores his mite of a wife, and thinks he has the finest mother-in-law on earth. (Her name is Cynthia Kilborn, and Morris is about right!)

Chester Morris as Chick Williams of "Alibi," who would kill a cop for a nickel or nothing.
AN amazing woman—Gloria Swanson—who has had everything and lost it and had it again. A trifle bitter, but a glorious fighter when she is forced to it. Her name is a synonym for luxury, she is envied by thousands of girls, but she is one of the most unhappy actresses on the screen.
What Next for Gloria?

Her future is in your hands

By
Katherine Albert

GOOD many years ago a little, snub-nosed girl in a cheap, silk dress stood before a second-rate director and tried to look as if she had never worked in Keystone Comedies.

It was useless, for the remains of custard clung to her symbolically. There was an over-developed muscle in the right arm. It got there from slinging pies.

She could conceal her Keystone past no better than she could hide a vivid personality. In spite of the frouzy dress and the "very chick hat, dearie," Gloria Swanson had what it takes.

She was given her first dramatic rôle. It was a decided departure and Gloria got it by a fluke. Up to that time screen actresses had been divided into two divisions. They were either nasty nice or dirty bad. The word "flapper" had not yet been coined. But Triangle had bought a story, the protagonist of which was a hoyden who, in spite of a gay exterior, was a nice girl after all. Executives, fearful of trusting the rôle with one of their stock players, who could be nothing but good—oh, terribly good—or bad—just rotten bad—had called in an outsider.

The outsider was the snub-nosed Gloria who tried to look as if her only acquaintance with pies was at the dinner table.

And with the big dramatic part she was given unheard of riches. She found that her weekly envelope contained, instead of the $35 Keystone had paid her, a neat $150.

Gloria became, at that very moment, a motion picture star. Someone told her of the installment plan. She wanted a car and a home and clothes— for which she had no taste at all—and luxurious furniture. And she had them, as she has had whatever material things she wanted. She bought them simply by writing her name to little pieces of paper. It was as easy as acting. But when she was through she found that she had contracted to pay $165 a week on a $150 salary.

Thus Gloria Swanson—who has always spent $165 for every $150 earned. [Please turn to page 124]

She married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. It was a romantic marriage and, for a time, a happy one. Henry now spends much of his time in Paris, away from Gloria and Hollywood. For Gloria, men can only be a side issue.
A sophisticated story of Hollywood, in which a modern Jason sets out to seek the precious prize

ELSA DELMAR felt a delightful sense of triumph as she entered her big bedroom.

It was not quite dark outside but the maid had drawn the curtains, and the fire leaping in the grate lighted up the lacquered furniture and jade and gold cushions. Elsa was aware, too, that it lighted her face in a flattering way and made her look rather beautiful and youthful. But then, happiness has a way of lopping off several years from a woman's age. And Elsa was very happy indeed at that moment.

She tossed her silver fox scarf across a chair, pulled off the little white leather turban which had received so many compliments that afternoon, and rang for the maid to bring her a cocktail.

Life was really quite thrilling, thought Elsa, as she sank luxuriously into a low cushioned chair before the fire, lighted a gold-tipped cigarette and watched the little spirals of smoke. It seemed such a short time ago that she had been just an extra girl, trying to make a precarious seven-fifty or ten dollars a day cover her needs. And then, with the swiftness that is Hollywood, she had married George Delmar, who had become in the past two years one of the most sought after directors in the business.

Elsa had given up the screen. She knew she was not really beautiful. Pretty perhaps, if you didn't take her to pieces. But she had found that when you are looking for a job in pictures they have absolutely no scruples about taking you to pieces. So Elsa had wisely concluded that she would be much happier out of pictures. She had everything she wanted—this beautiful home in Beverly Hills, a foreign car and a chauffeur, charge accounts at all the smart shops, and people saying, "Yes, Mrs. Delmar"; a cottage at Malibu Beach, and the social prestige that goes with being the wife of an important picture director.

Of course she did not really have very much of George. His life was almost entirely absorbed by his work and while Elsa often suspected that he was not always at the studio on the nights when he was supposedly working, she was clever enough not to check up on him. Not that she believed ignorance is bliss, but rather that it is folly to know too much. Most husbands, she was aware, chiselled a little bit, and as some wisecracker said, love's time-table in Hollywood is subject to change without notice.

GEORGE was always very discreet and he had a charming way of remembering to present her with exquisite gifts at frequent intervals. Once it had been a square-cut emerald surrounded by tiny diamonds, after he had been away on a location trip.
Elsa introduced them. She wondered if George noticed how odd her voice sounded. He asked, "Is this the young man you were telling me about, Elsa?" "Why, I don't remember," she lied. "That night we talked about a blonde man to play opposite Dalmore," he reminded her. She remembered she had not mentioned any particular man. Was George just being subtle?

felt the primitive emotions which some of her friends confessed to rather proudly; she kept them carefully leashed. There were times of course when she indulged in perfectly harmless flirtations—what woman doesn't?—but she always stopped before they approached fever heat. A woman needs flirtations, she often said, to keep her young.

MEETING that perfectly charming Jason Castle at Gloria Kane's party that afternoon, for instance, had made her feel quite a different person. Apparently he was a newcomer to Hollywood. At least it was the first time Elsa had ever seen him. She had learned very little about him for he had paid her the subtle compliment of talking about her instead of about himself. He was rather young—about twenty-six she imagined—tall and blonde, and terribly good looking in a Viking sort of way.

The way he had devoted himself to her so exclusively had really been very amusing. It was a new experience for Elsa. She had become quite accustomed to the fact that wherever she went there would be women much more beautiful than she who would naturally occupy the center of the stage. This afternoon had been delightfully different. Even the soulful eyes of Donna Dalmores, who was the current Hollywood rave, had been unable to lure Jason away from Elsa's side, though they had very obviously tried. No wonder that Elsa felt a sense of triumph.

She reached for her bag and extracted a little slip of paper on which he had jotted his telephone number.

The next day when they were lunching together, not at the popular Montmartre where all the picture stars go to see and be seen, but at a charming, little hideaway tea-room. Jason said: "You're the kind of woman I have dreamed about in lonely moments — — "

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]
Hollywood
(By one who is there now.)
Alice Whites and Clara Bowes
Dripping these and them and those—
Gilbert seeking, Garbo slinking,
Twenty thousand actors drinking—
Sunshine thirty hours a day,
Little work and plenty pay—
Dix, Noro, Billie Dove,
Herbert Howe and Bessie Love—
Swamis, yogis, Aimee, Cowe,
Gin and jazz and joy and honey—
It cannot be, what'er the dope,
As nice and nutty as I hope!

Getting Personal
Charlie Chaplin recently celebrated his 40th birthday and
had his dapple-gray hair dyed... A German physician is said
to have deserted the Fatherland for Dolores del Rio, which is,
as the old sea song says, Rolling Down to Rio... Adolphe
Menjou’s favorite purp is named “Weenie.” Obviously, hot,
... Greta Garbo drives a Ford... Phyllis Haver, retired
blonde, was married to Billy Seeman by Mayor James “Jim-
nie” Walker of New York, told the man she was 27, quit
Douglas, Kansas, for her career and will live in a bungalow on
a 17-story New York building. The spouse has millions, made
in merchandise. He is 37... Romances said to be on at the
moment, but don’t quote me—Lottie Pickford and Russell
Gillard (Michigan Lumberman), Virginia Valli and Charles
Farrell, Buddy Rogers and Florence Hamberger (non-pro-
fessional), Viola Dana and Rex Lease and Pola Negri and
Rudolph Friml, the famous operetta composer... Lois Moran
has opened a smart sports shop in Hollywood... Dorothy
Gish is going back to pictures, once more of the British make.
... Eileen Percy is playing on the stage in Los Angeles... Lottie
Joy and Lita Grey Chaplin have been singing on stage and
air, but that isn’t the reason Marion Talley quit opera.
E. Burion Steene was the greatest air cameraman in the busi-
ness. He had dared death in shooting nose dives and tail spins
in all the great air pictures from “Wings” to “Hell’s Angels.”
Recently he died at the age of 43—in bed, of heart disease.
’Slife for you! The best new bet in pictures recently... Kay
Francis, brunette siren of the quiet-working type. Watch for
her in “Gentlemen of the Press” and Bow’s new “Dangerous
Curves.”... There are no talking pictures in India, but 21
companies are producing silent films there... Pat Rooney
and Marion Bent have been married 25 years... Mary Duncan
really fell out of an automobile and really was badly confused.
... Lupe Velez has signed to make a series of records for Victor,
she to get $15,000 and a cut the first year... When Bolein’s
“The Jazz Singer” opened in Sweden, with no sound in Scandi-
navia, the music was furnished by a choir... Josef von
Sternberg is said to be the only Paramount director who carries
a cane. He is also the only Paramount director named Josef
von Sternberg, so what of it, anyway? Let’s drop the whole
thing right here!

Our Monthly Libel Suit
From unimpeachable sources I give you the pet names of
the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello royal family.
She is his “little egg.”
He is her “winkle-dee.”
Denials will be filed with Nelson, head of our Broom and
Duster Department.

Just Gagging Along
“Charlie and I are good friends—perhaps we are learning to
understand each other better”—Lita Grey Chaplin. This
appeared in the New York Graphic. The story was signed by
Lois Bull... Paramount thinks the public is fed up with
calling Clara Bow-do-de-oh-do “The It Girl,” and looks for
a new descriptive trademark. Among those it considers is
“The Brooklyn Bonfire.” Thanks for the kick on the cheek—that’s
one of mine. I have a better. The sign on their own Rialto
Theater in New York read—Clara Bow—“The Wild Party.”
... Louise Dresser is confined to her home after having been
bitten by a cat. All right, Louise, what was her name?... M.-G.-M.
has just sent $250 worth of cosmetics to Edwina Booth of
“Trader Horn” in Africa. Go on, there isn’t that
much face in the world!... Dorothy Parker, the wit, says she
wants to write the theme song for “The Bridge of San Luis
Rey.” What would it be but “The San Luis Blues”?... Guy
Oliver has just appeared in his 315th picture. Next he’ll tell us
he played the caboose in “The Great Train Robbery.”... In
Chicago, during a showing of “Noah’s Ark,” the synchroniza-
tion blew a tire. Big Boy Williams and George O’Brien were
shown having a hot tiff when the screen said, in Dolo Costello’s
voice, “Kiss me again for France!”... In Hollywood they call
the camera booth the “doghouse.”
Do You Drink Enough Water?

"Your diet should include at least two quarts of fluid every day"

Says

Dr. H. B. K. Willis

W ATER we’re waiting for, oh, my heart?"

This should be the lament of the dehydrated dames and damsel's of today who are thirsting to become thin, if you will pardon the distortion of Tosti’s famous love song's first line.

In this, the hay day of the food faddists, the reductionists and the dietician cranks, there are probably more fallacies extant about water and its proper place in the dietary than perhaps any other article of food.

The reductionist commands you not to drink water if you would get thin because it is the element which gives weight to the body.

The food faddist declares that over indulgence in water will thin the blood and produce grave disease of the kidney.

The dietician crank advises limiting the fluid intake because it interferes with the processes of digestion.

Such statements are rank fallacies as well as being utter absurdities. But as a result of these contradictory dicta, he or she who would diet to preserve health is absolutely baffled and apt to exclaim in despair, "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

Water should be used freely both internally and externally. This discussion will be confined to its internal application. Its external employment by my readers must be at the dictates of conscience.

Water is a tremendously vital factor in the body nutrition. It is of greater importance than the ordinary food-stuffs and is second only to oxygen when measured by the urgency of demand and the promptness with which disaster follows failure of supply. The normal diet should contain an adequate amount of fluid because water has at least three important functions in the body.

First, it is the best food solvent; second, it is indispensable as a sewage fluid; and third, it is an important factor in the regulation of the body temperature. It is the water in the body which not only carries the food elements to the body cells but also carries away from the cells the waste products of the life processes. All chemical reactions take place more freely in the presence of water and since the building up and tearing down processes, going on endlessly in the body in this continuous performance which we call life, are largely chemical, we must have the medium present in which these chemical interchanges take place best.

The importance of water to the body is so evident, the need of water so promptly recognized and so easily met, that little discussion is required.

W ATER is taken into the body by way of the large and small intestine, the stomach absorbing little or none. More than two quarts of water are lost to the body daily through the kidneys, the lungs, the skin and the bowel. Healthy individuals maintain a fairly accurate balance between fluid intake and outputs. As the output increases the individual instinctively drinks more fluid. When more fluid than is needed is taken, the output increases.

Why do you need plenty of water? "First, because it is the best food solvent. Second, it is indispensable as a sewage fluid. Third, it is an important factor in the regulation of body temperature." When should water be taken and how much is essential to health? "Drink a pint of hot water in the morning, soon after you arise. Drink a glass of water before and after each meal and a glass between meals. At bedtime drink another pint of water."

Is water fat-producing? "The drinking of water favors increased bodily activities and it is significant to note that all of the reputable reduction regimens call for a liberal amount of fluid."

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

It’s greater than water.

The drinking of water favors increased bodily activities and it is significant to note that all of the reputable reduction regimens call for a liberal amount of fluid.”
How They Manage

Walk right in—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco want to show you their new home

When Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco decided to acquire a new home, they gave up a three-acre "estate" in favor of plain No. 912 N. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. An estate was a bit too pretentious for a couple who have to be away so much.

"Besides, if neither of us earned another penny, we could live in this house for the rest of our lives," says Corinne, who believes in keeping one eye on the future. "The estate was too expensive."

But they have made of the new home a luxurious treasure house. It stands on a large corner lot, surrounded by soft green lawns and shrubbery. A rich contractor had built it for himself. "And we can brag that we have the best built house in California," Corinne says, laughingly.

It was originally Spanish type, but Corinne didn't think that suited her personality. The Spanish arches have been transformed into Italian squares—and Italy and Vienna form the prevailing motif. An Italian-style front door is adorned with huge stone vases of growing ivy—for "friendship."

But once inside, I want to begin with Corinne's personal bathroom. It is the room one remembers above all others. Picture, then, a circular domed room, with walls and ceiling panelled in rich gold moiré silk, and carpeted with a thick, putty-colored velvet rug, specially water-proofed, so that Corinne's dainty toes need not touch cold tiles.

The bath is sunken with an arched inset in the background, lined with mirror and glass shelves, wherein stand bath-salts of numerous rare perfumes, pink June Geranium soap, powders and glistening rows of cut glass bottles.

The wash-basin is of solid black marble, on crystal legs, and all the faucets and plumbing fixtures are of solid gold! There is an exquisite little table of hand-painted Italian workmanship and a gold brocade-covered chair. Pale blue taffeta curtains are at the window.

Above the window are hand-painted wooden strips, depicting "The Divine Lady" in her various portraits.

In a more practical alcove stand the scales—inevitable
Their Homes

By Alma Whitaker

piece of furniture in a lovely Hollywood star's home. The face towels are of the finest linen, monogrammed "C. G. M." The bath towels, of heavy terry cloth, have a border of red roses, which same design also ornaments Corinne's bathrobe.

A soft rose-ecru carpet of delicate richness covers the floor of Corinne's bedroom. Heavy rose-ecru silk drapes extend from floor to ceiling at the windows, with soft pale pink georgette crepe curtains between, veiling the sunlight.

The Italian bed, three-quarter size, boasts flesh colored crepe de chine sheets and pillow slips, and the coverlet is of pink marabou feathers. Dozens of tiny pillows, in exquisite cases, are piled upon the one huge down pillow beneath.

Drian engravings, in silver frames, adorn the walls. A fireplace, with Italian mirror and candelabra on the mantel, and in the center a perfume burner of wrought crystal that lights up a striking design as it burns; Italian settees, upholstered in pink brocade; a screen; a portrait of Lady Hamilton; and bedside tables supporting a lamp and clock on one side, flowers and a book, "Fabulous New Orleans," on the other; an Italian cabinet, with portraits of Walter and Corinne's mamma.

It is here that Corinne sits up in bed at 7 A. M. to take her orange juice and toast—her only breakfast. Here, too, the Viennese cook submits the day's menus, the while Corinne crinkles her pretty brow, making suggestions and changes. She rises daily at 8 A. M. and, after the bath, steps into—

That amazing dressing room. Here again the circular motif . . . the huge mirror being round, the stool and chairs low and round. The walls, between wall mirrors, are of cream and silver. Rose pink satin drapes . . . a shelved glass stand beside the mirror to hold all the important cosmetics—tortoiseshell and silver toilet articles . . . a silver hat hanger, and behind the wall mirrors, closets of every shape and size—for dresses, shoes, underwear, scarves, handkerchiefs, belts, in alluring array.

Stepping out into the carpeted hall, decked with chintz curtains, sofas and cabinets, the walls hung with quaint Boilly colored engravings, we come to a huge sun porch. Here stands a bed, designed for open-air sleeping for Walter, and covered with a large sheet to preserve it from the day's dust.

Walter's bedroom is modern—designed exclusively by Corinne. The furniture is black mahogany and the walls are ivory. A gayly striped coverlet drapes the bed and a roomy jazzy-covered chair lends a dashing note. A bedside table holds a lamp and [please turn to page 78]

The library. From the balcony one can comfortably watch motion pictures, thrown on a screen in the "Whoopie Room" below. The projection machine fits into the removable upper panels of the library doors.
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Film eliminations progress in PHOTOPLAY contest—Club and College activities

As this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press, the committee of judges in the $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest still is examining the many entries from all parts of the world. Many more films were submitted than in PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur contest of a year ago. The average of merit is much higher. This is necessitating a much more lengthy examination of the contest films than was necessary in the previous contest. It is hoped that, in the August issue, this department will be able to present a full list of the contestants who have survived the preliminaries. From those who have won a place in the finals will come the ultimate winners.

A MORE detailed report upon the contesting films will be presented later. However, it is possible now to say that the chief fault of the amateur makers of dramatic stories is lack of clarity. The amateur directors fail to tell their story concisely and clearly. This fault could be remedied by showing the film from time to time to friends who know nothing about the story.

After weeks of work upon a film, the amateur, just as does the professional photoplay maker, loses his perspective. He begins to think he is clearly relating an incident when, in reality, he is just providing a confused slant upon it. At least several of the contest dramatic films failing to survive the preliminaries would have had a good chance for a prize had they been edited and had they been cut better and more expertly titled.

The big error in the amateur making of scenes, it seems from this contest, is lack of a basic idea. A lot of typical freshman during his first year. Naturally it will have plenty of authentic collegiate atmosphere.

Five hundred and thirty students took screen tests for the important roles, and, from these tests, the cast was chosen. Dorothy Burke was selected for the feminine lead. She is a brunette type and unusually attractive. Verne Elliott has the role of freshman hero.

Other leading roles will be played by Phyllis Van Kimmell, who is to do an un-sophisticated freshman; Jewell Ellis, who will play an ultra-modern co-ed; William Overstreet, as an athlete friend of the hero; and James Lyons, as the villain. The directors have the entire student body to call upon for extra roles.

The film has the full sanction of the university officials. Beatrice Milligan, James Raley and Carvel Nelson are the students in charge of the production, while George Godfrey is faculty advisor and general supervisor.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]
Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

Jane Kendall Mason (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay paints and acts with equal success.

It's smart to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian elegante was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—

Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin...

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.

2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.

3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.

4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!

Mail Coupon and 10c for Pond's 4 Preparations

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Leatrice Joy and others have already had their whirl at the footlights and are back on the lots. Wanda Hawley, one of the ace blondes ten years ago, is appearing in Los Angeles in a show called “Illegitimate.” Who should be appearing opposite Franklyn Pangborn in “Tons of Money,” an English farce, but our favorite Hollywood sophisticate, Aileen Pringle? And the current fad for revivals is getting a Los Angeles play at the hands of Edward Everett Horton, with “Streets of New York,” and with Emil Bennett as his leading lady.

And they all hope that ninety per cent of the audiences are cheerful talkie directors and the other ten happy and well fed dramatic critics.

They tell an amusing story about William Collier, Sr., when he did his first picture work with Victor Schertzinger.

He was considerably held down in his various scenes and when he asked why he was not allowed to put in all his bits of business the director told him it was to save footage.

A few days later he said to Schertzinger, “I’m going to call you Vic. It’ll save footage.”

Irving Berlin tells this one on himself.

When he was a little newsboy in New York the larger kids, annoyed that he sold more papers than they, ganged on him one day and threw him into the river. He was finally rescued, but when the doctor arrived he found that his right hand was closed so tightly that it had to be pried open.

They discovered that he clutched seven pennies.

And, he adds, this characteristic has been passed along. His little daughter fell down the steps the other day. The doctor was called. Her left hand closed. In it she held a bright new dollar her father had given her that morning.

*If I could play the saxophone*

And do a tap-dance all alone—

*If I could sing “Sweet Adeline,”*

Or even moan and groan and whine

*About my Mammy’s Alabama*

I think I’d try *The Silent Drama!*

[Please turn to page 76]
Tiny Tots
NOW-
Tomorrow they'll be Grown up

NOW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

As a matter of fact, you'd rather not think of that time. As you hug them to your heart today, you don't care much whether they ever grow up. They're so adorable as they are that you put the thought out of your mind, pretending to yourself that they always will be babies.

They Change So Quickly!
But soon the high chair and the baby-carriage go up to the attic; a regular bed replaces the crib; a regular bicycle the outgrown three-wheeler. Dolls come and go and then one day you find that they, too, are relics of the past.

The years flash by. Graduation Day comes. Why, they were in kindergarten just a short while ago! Then off they go to high school. Childhood is now but a memory.

How Snapshots Help
You look back wistfully to those distant years and try to remember what your youngsters were like. If you've left it all to your memory, how disappointed you are at the little you can recall. But if you had the forethought to take plenty of snapshots, everything comes back to you as if it were only yesterday that Sister's first tooth came through and Junior frightened you to death by falling down the cellar stairs.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

New Kodaks with Fast Lenses
And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Their lenses are so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Fair weather or cloudy, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skillfully.

Don't forget that childhood lasts but a very short time. Tomorrow the children will be grown up—take snapshots of them now.

KODAK
ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

The old and the new. At the right is Cecil De Mille’s first camera, used in filming “The Squawman” sixteen years ago. At the left is his sound-proof talkie camera. With De Mille are Kay Johnson, Julia Faye and Peverell Marley.

When Clarence Brown raises this captive balloon over the M.G.M. Studios, all airplane pilots fly at a height of more than 2,500 feet in the quiet zone of the talkie stages. This is to keep air noises from interfering with production.

From the stages of California to the office of New York is just another sleeper jump for the film stars and their bosses. Mary and Doro, for instance, leap back and forth three or four times a year.

Among the best known of those who ferry our favorites to and fro across the country is Uncle Bob Harper, an elderly gentleman of color who presides over the compartment-observation car, “Golden City,” of the Golden State Limited.

Uncle Bob has hauled many of the biggest and best, and likes to tell about the stars and their quaint ways. He is proud of having made the beds of the mighty.

He was most impressed by the last sweep of Pola Negri eastward, as she headed for Europe and her reentry into foreign films. The entire resources of the good car “Golden City” were turned over to the Perilous Pole—it was occupied by Pola herself, her prince-husband, a secretary, a maid and a valet, and Harper allows as how he never heard so many bells ring at once in all his born days.

Uncle Bob still talks about that trip of Pola’s as he wields the duster. He is firmly convinced that Negri was leaving pictures and was on her way to take a queen job in some of those foreign parts.

Folks are always getting the three Young sisters mixed up. From a distance Loretta looks like Sally Blane and like Polly Ann Young, and vice versa, if you get what we mean. It is something about the eyes. Yet when you put them side by side the likeness vanishes—almost.

Because of this problem of long-distance resemblance the girls make it a rule to speak to whomever addresses them, regardless of whether they are called by their own name or any of a sister.

Many complications develop despite efforts of the girls to ease the situation. The person addressing one of the girls may say, “You certainly look like your sister Loretta, only you’re prettier.” Which diplomatic remark is calculated for a sure-fire compliment. Imagine the person’s

A battery of cameras, with their sound-proof overcoats, on location for “The Wheel of Life.” The covering is made of asbestos, cork and cotton, with air cells.
In some mauve and gray salon, you may loll for hours while dexterous fingers smooth the years and troubles from your brow. Or, at home you may use, yourself, good creams and pure, to freshen your complexion and to make smooth your skin!

And in both cases you may be wrong — through no fault of the creams nor of the technique! For many a woman unjustly blames her lotions and her creams while the fault is her own — and directly her own! — in that she has failed to keep herself immaculately clean internally! and has thus robbed her creams and unguents of their powers!

She, then, should know the good effects of Sal Hepatica, which doubles the potency of every lotion and unguent she pats on her skin. By cleansing the system of the poisons and waste, it clears the complexion of defects. It keeps the skin pure and youthfully translucent.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous European spas

In the natural saline springs of Europe, Sal Hepatica has a wonderful precedent. These famous spas — Vichy, Carlsbad, Weisbaden — have for years and years drawn the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure." Our own physicians — as well as the physicians of Europe — heartily recommend the saline method for restoring the complexion to natural beauty and for correcting a long list of human ills.

Constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Good spirits return. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet that explains the uses and benefits of Sal Hepatica as the standard laxative for your entire family.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. G-79, 71 West St., N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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How They Manage Their Homes
[continued from page 71]

On this floor, too, is a house-guest room, not yet completed, and the library. (No servants' quarters—these are over the garage.)

This library has one wall devoted to books—sets of Beaconsfield, Ambrose Bierce, Oscar Wilde, Flaubert, Samuel Pepys, as well as books of the stories that have been made into pictures for Corinne, such as "Black Oxen."

Two large gold-plush chairs, cretonne drapes, an oriental cabinet with mirror and a dainty table form the furnishings upon a cofaundlaii carpet. This room has a railed balcony looking down upon the "Whoopie Room" below—and from it, via two removable panels in the doors, pictures can be projected upon a screen in the lower room.

Now we will go downstairs, sauntering gracefully down the winding Italian staircase to the hall below. Here, facing the front door, we see the famous doors, imported from a Doge's palace, and made in 1600 A.D., which lead to the living and dining rooms. There are also a mirror and a screen from this same source, in the living room. These doors are square and the Spanish arches, originally there, were changed to fit into the period scheme, giving entrance to the Italian-French-Viennese living room, all soft greens and golds.

Heavy brocade silk drapes in these delicate shades adorn full length windows, looking out.

Miss Griffith's bedroom combines the softest flesh pink colorings, enchanting touches of silver in picture and mirror frames, exquisite pieces of carved crystal. Near the mantel is a portrait of her as Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady."

The modern version of a masculine bedroom, as designed by Mrs. Morosco for the man of the house. The furniture is black mahogany; the walls are ivory. The bedspread is colorfully striped and the chair covering is gay and jazzy in pattern.

The lilfe. A bookcase holds books by many modern authors. Pictures of Corinne in various guises adorn a desk; above which hangs a round mirror. Portraits of Oscar Wilde, bought in Paris, and some rare tile pictures, adorn the walls. Reading lamps, flowers, smoking paraphernalia stand upon a low table.

Walter's dressing room has all built-in equipment—wardrobe, drawers, wall mirrors galore. The bathroom is round, too; a separate glass room holds the shower. Pale blue prevails.

Next to this is the guest dressing room where visitors leave their wraps and pretty up. It is panelled in rich silk from floor to ceiling, and besides the closets, many pieces of precious furniture and a rare Italian desk abide here.

**Sumptuous is the only word that describes this circular, domed bathroom, adjoining Miss Griffith's dressing room and boudoir in her Beverly Hills home. Walls and ceiling are of gold moiré silk, and the carpet is waterproofed. The basin is black marble with solid gold faucets and fixtures.**
Noted

Berlin beauty specialist

Elise Bock

sends America a 2-minute home beauty treatment...

"Foundation cleansing—the daily elimination of all pore-clogging dust, powder and rouge—by one means and one means only, daily use of the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive! . . . I urge all my clients to use it as well as my own Pasta Divina and Eber Cucumber Emulsion."

Elise Bock

Berlin W. 158 Kaerntnerstrasse
Rome—Prague—Vienna—Santiago

YOUR facial loveliness, according to the celebrated Elise Bock, depends upon "foundation cleansing." And foundation cleansing depends on the daily use of a soap blended of palm and olive oils.

The smartest women of the Mid-European world take all their beauty problems to Elise Bock of Berlin. Madame Bock's salons de beauté in Rome, Prague, Vienna and Santiago are well known to women of fashion, who consult her constantly.

Known throughout the world

Many of our own lovely women go to Vienna and hear from Pessl this same truth. Madame Jacobson, of London; Massé of Paris; Attilio, of Rome; de Neuville, of St. Moritz; Lina Cavalieri, of Paris—these are just a few of the outstanding beauty specialists who advise twice-a-day use of one soap—and one soap only—Palmolive! Leading American specialists have long agreed on the importance of palm and olive oils in cleansing. These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses the importance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

A famous 2-minute rule

This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: massage the warm creamy lather of Palmolive into the pores with both hands, for about two minutes. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm, then cold water. That is all.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toilettries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps . . . it's first in the United States and 48 other countries!
HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

Join the crowd when summer days beckon to action.

Help yourself to health. Eat these better bran flakes made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You never tasted such delicious bran flakes. They have that famous flavor of PEP. Crisp and tasty to the last spoonful.

Rich in nourishment too. You get the healthful elements of the wheat. Plus just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Let the whole family have these bowlfuls of health at any meal. Ready-to-eat with milk or cream. Delicious with honey.

Ask for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Sold in the red-and-green package.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. All-Bran —another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.
A Summer Tonic for the Complexion

PHOTOPLAY’S Cook Book recommends new green vegetables, fresh juicy fruits

HERE is a variety of dishes to tempt capricious summer appetites—at luncheon, tea or supper.

Alice White has given us her recipe for Fresh Peas on Toast, a light but satisfying dish around which to build the healthful all-vegetable luncheon.

Cook the peas in an uncovered pot until tender, and salt to taste. The brilliant green color can be retained by adding a tiny pinch of soda. Drain, and for every pint of peas add a pint of sweet cream, seasoned with a dash of pepper, salt and butter and thickened slightly with flour. Toast thin slices of white or wholewheat bread; place on individual plates and cover generously with the hot creamed peas. Serve at once.

IRENE RICH says that Salad a la Philippine is a real “skin food” and should be indulged in frequently. To serve two people, she uses:

1 head endive  A narrow strip of red pepper
1/2 grapefruit  A narrow strip of green pepper
1/2 orange  2 tablespoons olive oil
2 halves fresh or canned pears  The fruit’s juice
Salt and paprika

Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange without breaking the membrane. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, discard the outer leaves and wash with care. Place the endive halves on plates; set the pear, fan shape, over these. Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp, and a section of grapefruit just above the tips of the leaves. To the fruit juice add the olive oil and salt; beat vigorously, and pour over the salad.

PINEAPPLE TRIFLE is the lovely name of a fruit dessert that Bessie Love loves! You’ll love it, too, when the mercury runs close to the top of the thermometer and none of the usual sweets allure. The ingredients are:

6 tablespoons pineapple juice  2 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar  1/2 pint cream
Assorted fruits

Cook pineapple juice, sugar and eggs in double boiler until mixture thickens. Set aside to chill. Just before serving, whip cream and add. Cut the chilled fruit in small pieces—you may use strawberries, pineapple, oranges, or any fruits and berries in season. Add the fruit to the mixture and serve. This dessert is made practical at any season by using the fresh fruits that are available, or by substituting some canned ones.

AND to cool a parched throat, what could be more welcome than a long, cold drink of Tennis Punch, made according to the censor-proof recipe of Richard Barthelmess? The juicy pineapple forms the basis of this one, too. Select a pineapple that is large and ripe. Peel and cut into cubes. Make a quart of fresh tea, which should be strained twice after fusing. Add to the pineapple one pint of fresh, crushed strawberries; four ripe bananas, which have been halved and sliced very thin; one pint of unfermented grape juice. Let all stand for at least an hour.

Meanwhile, boil in a porcelain kettle one quart of water with two pounds white sugar, grated rinds of one lemon and one orange. Strain this and set aside to cool. At serving time, add to the syrup the juice of six lemons and four oranges; then add the tea and fruit mixture, with sufficient cold water to make a refreshing drink. Serve in tall glasses filled with cracked ice and garnish with fresh mint leaves.

YOU will find 150 favorite recipes of the stars in PHOTOPLAY’S Cook Book—novel ways of preparing and serving eggs, fish and meat; recipes for soups, salads, desserts and candy; attractive vegetable dishes and combinations; cakes and hot breads. Just fill out the coupon on this page, enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of book and mailing, and a Cook Book will be sent you at once.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
“Lovely smooth skin fascinates,” say 39 movie directors

“Nothing is so important to a girl’s loveliness as exquisitely smooth skin,” says Frank Tuttle, director for Paramount, and sums up what 39 leading directors have found out from their experience with motion pictures.

“Every screen star,” he goes on to say, “knows that people love it above everything else. And because make-up is of very little use under the strong glare of lights in a close-up, a star’s skin must always be rarely beautiful.”

This is why nine out of ten lovely screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—it keeps their skin flawlessly smooth, always in splendid condition.

Laura La Plante, famous Universal star, enjoying Lux Toilet Soap in the modernistic bathroom which is among the most interesting seen in Hollywood. She says: “I’ve used the famous soaps of France, and know that Lux Toilet Soap is made the same way. It gives my skin the same marvelous smoothness.”

Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

Mary Brian, Paramount star, in the luxurious bathroom which is one of the most beautiful built in Hollywood.

“The charm of a perfect skin is a business necessity to a star. That’s why so many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—it certainly keeps ‘studio skin’ in perfect condition.”

Lux
In Hollywood
—where lovely skin is essential for success—

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

They stream into Hollywood, beautiful girls from everywhere over the country—all with one idea inside their lovely heads. They are going to become motion picture stars.

And they find out at once that there is one thing they must have if they are ever to succeed on the screen. They must have exquisite skin.

"The most appealing beauty any girl can have is exquisitely lovely skin," says Herbert Brenon, well-known United Artists' director—summing up the directors' experience. "To survive the merciless test of the close-up—with the huge incandescent lights pouring down on her—a screen star must have rarely beautiful skin," Brenon goes on to say. "The beauty of her skin distinguishes every star I know."

This is why 442 of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, are using Lux Toilet Soap. They find that it keeps the skin appealingly soft and smooth, so that even the close-up reveals not a single defect.

Nine out of ten lovely screen stars are devoted to this white, fragrant soap—and all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. If you aren't already an enthusiast about Lux Toilet Soap, which is made by the famous French method, get several cakes today. You'll be charmed with its gentle care of your skin. And it gives such very abundant lather, even in the hardest water! Use it for the bath, too—and the shampoo, as the fastidious screen stars do.

Lya de Putti, beautiful Columbia star, says: "I find that Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for my skin—it keeps it so marvelously smooth."

Mary Philbin, charming star with Universal, says: "Whether a star's skin is creamy, olive, or pink and white, it must have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap—it's such a lovely soap."

Greta Nissen, beautiful screen star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap feels delicious to the skin and makes mine so wonderfully soft and smooth."

Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
embarrassment, however, when the gal replies, "Oh, you think so, do you? Well, I'm Loretta herself, so there."

Fortunately Loretta works at First National and Sally is with RKO and Polly Ann freelances, so that keeps them from getting mixed up in each other's roles.

HOLLYWOOD has two famous wits, Arthur Caesar and Wilson Mizner. Such is the price of repartee that one of them works for Columbia and the other runs a restaurant.

HOPING to give Dolores Del Rio a treat, while the star was filming "Evangeline" in Louisiana, a Spanish girl brought her some piping hot tamales and some homemade chili con carne.

"I thought that being Mexican, you would enjoy some real Mexican food," the donor of the tamales and chilli said.

"I do appreciate your thoughtfulness, my dear," replied Dolores, "but I never ate a tamale or chili in my life!"

FINIS FOX, who writes all of Dolores Del Rio's opuses, and Edwin Carewe, who produces 'em, were discussing the talkies the other day:

"Should we make 'em?" Carewe asked Fox.

"Why shouldn't we?" Finis piped back. "I don't know any one in the industry who can out-talk us!"

WHEN Lupe Velez and her companion, Helen Rupert, were returning to Hollywood, they had all of their meals served in their drawing room. Each evening, in...
Intelligent women let their tooth paste buy their cold cream

So many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.

One trial convinces you of its exhilarating after effect

YOU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract.

Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is $3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

scrutinized her rival, and the longer she looked the better she felt. Miss Bellairs had resorted to heliotrope, the favorite color of near-middle age, and a floppy-brimmed hat of that shade softened her rather weary countenance. In addition, a narrow band of ribbon encircled a slightly corded throat and her eyes had the dilated caused by excessive ogling of the first three rows.

The lustrous Rosie chuckled happily, and reminded herself that the beauty standards of screen and stage were as far apart as good music and a theme song.

"BY the way," said Magnolia, cutting into Mr. Zoop's prosperous monologue, "isn't Emerson Slupe your tone expert?"

"I had one of them birds shipped along with the machinery," admitted Abie. "Names I don't bother with until they've done something. Why?"

"He called on me and my company," twittered the lady, "and he promised to—"

"So it's commencing, ha?" groaned Mr. Zoop. "Listen, baby, Hollywood is paved with promises and the ventilation is hot air, if you get me. Some of them Eastern geniuses would make you a present of my studios, to hear them talk, but don't you give them a tumble. Be deaf, baby, but don't be dumb."

Presently the car swerved in at the hotel's private driveway and the next thirty minutes was devoted to the ensconcing of Miss Bellairs with appropriate ceremonies. This was accomplished by loud wrangling, orders and counter orders and the constant repetition of the Bellairs name until, by the time its bearer had disappeared in an elevator, the armchair fleet in the lobby was clearly impressed. Then, his duties as field marshal at an end, Mr. Zoop clambered aboard his automobile and oozed gracefully back against the cushions.

"And has her voice a tinkle-tinkle?" he exclaimed. "Believe me, Rosie, I'm surprised at my own astonishment—it sounds at least like an angel playin' on a xylophone. And did you give a glance on that rose point scarf—not less than one eighty-five-fifty wholesale?"

"S'wonderful," enthused Miss Redpath, "and so was that flesh tinted crepe. Her pansey eyes cracked with delight.

Abie watched her suspiciously. "What's all this goodluck about?" he inquired. "Not even through these turtle shell rings did I see any crepe."

"Being a man, you wouldn't," said Rosie sweetly, "but take a good look next time you see her. She'll always be wearing it, dearie—it's saggling right under her chin."

MR. EMERSON SLUPE pivoted daintily on sport shoes that had never left a sidewalk, and surveyed the apprehensive players gathered in the center of the bleak stage.

Miss Bellairs, having risen at thirty for the first time in years, sat afoots and half awake.

The others rallied themselves around the director and listened sulkily to the wisdom being tossed at them.

"Before we start," said Mr. Slupe, "here's how the land lies: When the curren is on every sound you utter is caught by one of these six microphones overhead and carried down to the recording chamber in the basement. On the way it passes through my monitor booth. He indicated a small room built into a side wall high enough to overlook the entire set from behind its large sheet of plate glass. "Now, what I don't like you'll have to do over; that's all you need to know, so try and please me. I may as well add that none of you will be allowed in the booth, so don't come snooping around."

"ANY other orders?" queried the director, sarcastic ally.

"Yes," squeaked Emerson, "sit down and shut up. Come on, you lugs, let me hear the scenes of the play in order. We're not using any cameras and there'll be no recording today, so snap it into."

Ten days study had brought the players well up in their parts and they handled each scene as though determined to impress the arrogant Mr. Slupe. For hours the soundproof studio, hung with monk's cloth to deaden echoes, thrilled with the bass trumpeting of Mr. Hoople and the resonant baritone of Carlos Cabrillo. In vivid contrast trilled the richly seductive alto of Joyce Cleary and Magnolia's silvery cadenzas, while the lesser players enunciated with the proper tinge of inferiority. The hour after one, when the hissing of microphones had taken the place of applause, was a time for soliloquy.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Silent Clothes for the Talkies

CLOTHES must be seen but not heard. That is the dictum of the talking movies. And with it started Charles LeMaire's troubles.

Mr. LeMaire is a costume designer who has been working on "The Cocoanuts," starring the four Marx Brothers, at the Paramount Sound Studios on Long Island. One of the interesting things about the stage production of "The Cocoanuts" was the colorful costuming, so I determined to find out how Mr. LeMaire proposed to transfer all this beauty to the talking screen.

"With the talkies," began Mr. LeMaire, "it is important to remember that clothes must be silent. When your favorite heroine is pressed against the bosom of her lover, and he whispers 'I love you, darling,' there can be no movement of her elaborate garden frock that results in a rustle, for this slight noise may register far above his voice.

"Therefore, in designing a costume, I have to take into consideration the fact that taffetas, metallic cloths, crystal beads, and beaded fringes are absolutely taboo. And when you realize that it was trimmings like these which caused the high-light's of the camera and created an atmosphere of loveliness on the screen that was sheer joy, you can imagine what a problem all of this creates.

"But there are substitutes—soft materials, laces, transparent chiffons, and shimmery silk velvets of the finest texture which also photograph beautifully. For trimmings we use silk fringes, silk tassels, and bows and flowers of smooth textured materials. So you see, while our method is entirely different, the results are equally fine.

"I predict that the talkies will create a new type of costume jewelry—wide bands of gold and silver, beautifully engraved, or studded with brilliants, made to fit the arm perfectly, and tight fitting necklaces of the same type. Loose setting jewelry—pearls and bangles of all kinds—must be eliminated entirely.

"Clothes may make the woman, but they can also mar the picture," says Charles LeMaire, costume designer. "A rustle can cost you a small fortune"
Like the Screen Stars...

**Have Your Make-Up in Color Harmony**

Accept this priceless gift... *Your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart... from Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King. See coupon!*

**HAVE you, like millions, adored the charm and fascination of the stars of the screen? Have you marveled at, and perhaps envied, the faultless beauty of their make-up? And have you wondered sometimes, about their secrets of make-up? Now you may know!**

**A New Kind of Make-Up**

For the stars of Hollywood, Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up genius, created a new kind of make-up for every day and evening use. A make-up ensemble...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials... blended in color harmony. Cosmetics in a varied and perfect range of lifelike color tones to harmonize with every variation of complexion coloring in blonde, brunette and redhead.

**Based on a Famous Discovery**

In millions of feet of film...in feature pictures like the "Broadway Melody", you, yourself, have seen the magic of make-up by Max Factor. You have seen the beauty magic of his famous discovery...cosmetic color harmony. Under the blazing Kleig lights, Max Factor discovered the secret...make-up to enhance beauty must be in color harmony. If out of harmony, odd grotesque effects were photographed. In harmony, beauty was entrancing.

**Now...a Make-Up Color Harmony for You**

So this principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor applied to make-up for day and evening use. Revolutionary...Max Factor's Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Leading stars... May McAvoy, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford and practically all the beauties of the motion picture colony adopted it.

And now you may learn this priceless beauty secret. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart...free. How wonderful...to secure personally from Max Factor this invaluable beauty advice.

And you'll discover, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type...the one make-up color harmony to actually double your beauty; the one way to really reveal, in the magic setting of beauty, the allure, fascinating charm of your personality. Fill in coupon, tear out, mail today and you'll also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

**MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP**

**HOLLYWOOD**

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

*For the Sun Tan Fashion—Max Factor's Sun'r Tan Make-Up—at Drug and Department Stores*

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**ANITA PAGE**

**M-G-M Star, Featured in "BROADWAY MELODY"**

In a letter to Max Factor, Anita Page writes: "No one appreciates the value of good street make-up quite as much as that who wears it in her daily work. As it is a pleasure to recommend your discovery, Max Factor's Society Make-Up, to every woman."

When you see feature pictures like the "Broadway Melody", remember that the leading screen stars enhance their beauty with Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

---

**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**

Mr. Max Factor.—Max Factor Studio, Hollywood, Calif. 17-14

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, "The New Art of Make-Up" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose no cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________

Paid _______ Answer in __________

Amount with check enclosed
When I read this tears came to my eyes and a lump in my throat, for I knew the words came from his heart. No high-powered pal, with head full of such a human interest story and attributed it to the person interviewed. As I write this I am affected in the same manner. I ask the readers of this article if you can conceive of a more appealing answer? Or one that would please you more if he were your boy?

Buddy's sister, Geraldine, now Mrs. John Bisford, was a student at the U. of K., and Buddy often went up to see her and attend fraternity dances while he was still in high school. He learned that college boys playing in a dance orchestra paid $12.00 to $15.00 a night at Friday and Saturday night dances. So, at the beginning of his senior year, in high school, he bought a set of drums and traps, and as there was no one to teach him in Olathe, he bought records for his phonograph, where drum music predominated, and played with the phonograph until he learned to play the drums well.

He learned the trombone in the same manner as the drums, using a bottenhorn, which he had purchased for his younger brother.

This old trombone he played in his own orchestra, which he organized during his last two years in school. Then he took it with him to the Paramount School, where he played on all the sets and became the drummer, greatly to the delight of everyone. This one thing gave him a great boost with the school authorities and, in reality, is probably the largest factor in his success today. Later he learned other musical instruments, until he could handle five besides the piano. In his first all-talkie, "Close Harmony," he plays all these, besides singing.

No doubt you are familiar with the manner of his selection for the Paramount Training School, which was the direct means of his entering the movies and today being a star. In the picture king of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky studio, published some days ago, his name was listed as one of their nine stars, though there are thirty-four feature players employed. And, by the way, of this forty-three, all but Buddy and two others have had stage or screen experience, according to a statement by Paramount.

I was on intimate terms with S. C. Andrews, owner of two local picture theaters. When Paramount made known that they were about to open a training school, where young people would be taught to be actors, and those who made good would be given contracts, he at once submitted Buddy's picture to the district manager, Earl Cunningham, Kansas City (one of the 35 centers throughout the United States where applications were received).

Mr. Cunningham informed Mr. Andrews that such a boy might have a chance. So I filled out the necessary blanks.

You see, Buddy knew nothing of it at all. He was busy studying journalism at the U. of K. in order to be able to come back and help me on the paper.

I saw that the instructions were to give two recommendations. Then and there I conceived the thing that put Buddy in pictures, though of course he could not have gotten in if he had not filmed well. I said to myself, "I'll not stop with two stereotyped recommendations, such as are many times written—"I have known so and so a long time, He is O. K. Please do what you can for him and oblige me."

I went first to Mr. Andrews and asked him to give a general account of Buddy and what he considered he might bring to the screen, if selected.

They to eleven others in Olathe, in entirely different lines of business, all of whom had known Buddy since he was born, and had also known his mother and me for years, as we were both born in Olathe. I asked them to write at some length of their views on Buddy, in his associations with them in their particular lines.

So these letters were written by his two bankers, F. R. Ogg and S. H. Haskin; his minister, the Rev. Mr. Brown, of the First Methodist church; Judge G. A. Roberds, of the District Court; his Sunday school teacher; Superintendent E. N. Hill of the Olathe High School; F. D. Hedrick, county attorney; the Honorable C. B. Little, Congressman from the 2nd District of Kansas, who lives near my home; State Senator John R. Thorne, who lives near us; Dr. C. W. Jones, our family physician, who piloted the stork to our house with Buddy; F. M. Lorimer, President of the Chamber of Commerce; and John W. Breyfogle, Olathe editor.

You can imagine that Buddy was pretty thoroughly "covered" by the time these twelve letters were written, all from a different angle.

Buddy had just recently had some pictures taken, one of them mounted on a large folder, somewhat larger than the letterheads on which his recommendations were written. I stapled his recommendations on a picture, which we thought very good. Then I put in the letter sheet over all, which I printed, "Character Sketch and Characteristics of Buddy Rogers by Twelve Olathe Men."

I did all this work myself at the office at night, as I didn't want to have to explain to my force what I was doing. I feared that Buddy might fail to land the place.

And just here I want to say that, after Buddy had been in the school some two or three months, Mr. Lasky, himself, called him into the office one day and said, "Buddy, do you know how you happened to enter the school?"

Buddy answered that he didn't, but that he had often wondered to what to attribute his good fortune.

Then Mr. Lasky said, "It was not on account of your good looks. You are good looking enough, for that matter, but that wasn't the reason. It was on account of those marvelous recommendations. Never have I read such good ones, and you are living up to all that was said about you. We believe such a boy as you will be a power for good in this school and in pictures."

But, do you know how nearly Buddy missed being in pictures today? One of his instructors, Dr. Currie, told me the next summer after the school had opened in August, that they had seen nothing to indicate that Buddy had any talent at all for pictures. He thought he was a nice boy—but that was all.

That, at the end of the first month, they were on the point of sending him home (right they reserved), when all at once—(it seemed over-night to them)—his talent and skill showed up to an amazing degree. They realized that he had simply been assimilating that he had learned in the first four weeks. From that moment, Mr. Currie said, Buddy was the outstanding member of the class.

Of the 40,000 applicants for this school, only twenty were chosen, and four were sent home at the end of the first month. This left eight boys and eight girls in the school and, of this number, only five are now in pictures, and only three with Paramount—Thecla, Todd, Jack Luden and Buddy.

Buddy was by far the youngest of the boys, and the only one of the twenty who had
How this Penetrating Foam Cleans Your Teeth Better

It not only polishes the outer surfaces...but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.

Don't be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power* than any other leading dentifrice.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension").

This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Remember, the one function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct acid conditions of the mouth. Any claim that any toothpaste can do these things is misleading.

...and only 25c. The famous 5c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, changing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 140 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

Personalities of the Month

In response to numerous requests The Answer Man is printing short biographies of the following stars:

Mary Nolan, born in Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18, 1905. Five feet, six inches tall; weighs 112 pounds; blonde hair and blue eyes. On the stage she was known as Imogene Wilson.

Raquel Torres, born in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, Nov. 11, 1908. Five feet, two inches tall; weighs 110 pounds; black hair and dark brown eyes. On the stage she was known as Billie Osterman.

David Rollins, born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1909. Five feet, ten and one-half inches tall; weighs 140 pounds; black hair and blue eyes. Appeared on the stage before going into pictures.

Virginia Cherrill, born in Carthage, Ill., April 12, 1908. Five feet, five inches tall; weighs 118 pounds; blonde hair and blue eyes. Divorced from Irving Adler. Picked by Charlie Chaplin for the lead in “City Lights.”

Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer who has found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information a stamped, self-addressed and enveloped must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be conformed to in order to insure your receiving the information you desire. Address questions to PHOTOPLAY, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 271 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. C. D., West New York, N. J. — Bert Lytell was born in New York City, Feb. 24, 1885. He is divorced from Claire Wedekind. His latest pictures are “On Trial” and “The Lone Wolf’s Daughter.” At present he is appearing on the stage in “Brothers.”

Claude F. Roff, Stillwater, Minn. — Your friend is the winner in this project. Lloyd is married to Mildred Davis. Mildred was Charlie Chaplin’s first wife and Lila Grey was his second. Before his marriage to Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis appeared with him in several pictures.

Keith Vogt, Bancroft, Neb. — PHOTOPLAY printed John Gilbert’s life story in the June, July, August and September, 1928, issues. Gary Cooper’s life story ran in the April and May, 1929, issues. Clara Bow’s next picture will be “Dangerous Curves.”

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HELEN A. FREEPORT, Ill. — Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, about thirty-three years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall. Her next picture will be “Prisoners.”

C. G., Tampa, Fla. — The man who played opposite Clara Bow in “The Wild Party” was Frederic March. He is thirty-one years old, six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He played the role of Bert, a half-breed from Racine, Wis. He was taken from the stage for the talkies and is married to Florence Eldridge, also of the stage. He has also played in “The Dumb” and “The Studio Mystery.” Nils Asther will be seen next in “The Single Standard.”

MRS. SEEGELE, St. Louis, Mo. — Your friend is wrong in saying that we have no six foot heroes. There’s William Haines and Conrad Nagel, both six feet tall; Nils Asther, who is six feet, one-half inch; Gary Cooper, six feet, two inches; Monte Blue, Rod La Rocque and Victor McLaglen, all six feet, three inches; and Ivan Lowy, who reaches the height of six feet, four inches. And there are others, too.

A. M. M., Danbury, Conn. — Shirley Mason is twenty-nine years old. Her latest picture is “Anne Against the World.” Clara Bow will celebrate her twenty-fourth birthday July 29. She has red hair and brown eyes. Her real name is Clara Gordon Bow.

E. M. F., Swampscott, Mass. — Philippe De Lacy was born July 25, 1917. Grete Garbo is twenty-three years old and a native of Stockholm, Sweden. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125 pounds and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]
OF all the rules in the primer of beauty, the most important is this—keep your skin healthy if you want it to stay young.

On my little mannequin I have starred the six spots most difficult to care for. These are the six places where imperfections come most quickly and where lines form to strike fear to every mortal woman's heart.

But treat your skin wisely—guard well its health at the six vital spots—and your complexion will tell only flattering fibs about your birthdays.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth—clear—altogether lovely.

Today, buy a jar of Milkweed Cream. Mark on the label the date you start using it and notice how your skin improves in a single month.

I wish you would send me the coupon for my booklet on skin care. And, if you have any special beauty questions, feel perfectly free to write me for advice.

P. S. Milkweed Cream is marvelous against sunburn. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.

The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes . . Puffiness and crow's feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.

The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-79, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C. Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name ____________________________________________
Street ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________

« INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM »

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mr. Brenon, urging him to give me a test. His recommendation was rather funny. He said—
"She can read Swedish and can play the concertina." Of course, 'Lummox' was a Scandi-
navian and did play the concertina.

"I WAITED, but heard nothing, so I deter-
mined to act. I went to New York, regis-
tered at the Hotel Ambassador, and wrote to
Mr. Brenon, asking for an appointment. Again I
waited, and finally, after those long days, I had
the faculty of making other people believe what I
believed myself. Mrs. Tod Browning and
Mrs. 'mother were at the hotel, and I talked to
them until they were as firmly convinced as I
was that the coveted role was mine.

"At last the reply came from Mr. Brenon.
He would see me on a certain day at one
o'clock. His apartment was not five minutes' walk
from the hotel, but I was dressed and ready to go, even had my gloves on, at eleven
o'clock. I realized that I was hours too early and
I did not think of killing the time, but when
I could find nothing else to do, I still lacked a few minutes of

"I walked up Park Avenue to his apartment and,
to kill more time, dropped in at a book
store. How the minutes dragged! I was there
so long that I became ashamed, and I bought
several books that I didn't want. Finally I
could stand it no longer. I walked to the house
told the doorman I wanted to see Mr.
Brenon. He looked me over coldly. I am a
believer in first impressions and I had dressed
that day as I believed a woman of the class of
'Lummox' would dress. Anyway, the door-
man telephoned the apartment and then told
me Mr. Brenon was not in.

"But I have an appointment," I said. He
asked me for what time and I told him.
"It's only fifteen minutes to the hour," he
said. 'You may wait over there if you like,'
and he waved me to a bench.

"A few minutes before one Mr. Brenon came
in. We went to his apartment and I talked—
Heavens, how I talked. I must have
convinced him, in part, at least, because he told
me he wanted to see Miss Hurst. I went to
her. It was ten minutes before five when I
entered her apartment and she told me she had
an engagement and must leave at five. We
talked until seven. She told me that Mr.
Brenon had phoned twice that day to remind
her of her engagement with me, and she
seemed somewhat surprised that she should even
have remembered it.

"She asked me innumerable questions about
'Lummox' and I answered as I saw the woman.
She probed for my reactions to certain
phases of the character, and I replied at length
and in detail. If she had asked me such
questions about any other subject on earth
I could not have answered, but I knew 'Lum-
nox' inside and out.

"I went back to the hotel," Miss Westover
went on, "and again I waited. Then I got a
message from Mr. Brenon. He had been
called to New Orleans by the illness of a
relative, and asked me to call him there at
a certain time by long-distance phone. I did so,
and he asked me if I had traveled to New York
for any other reason than to see him. I told
him that was my sole reason, and he advised
me to return to California. I took his advice,
but I went by the Southern route and stopped
at New Orleans. I called on him again there
and talked some more. But nothing definite
came of it, and I returned home.

"Then he returned. The plans were speeding
along. Names of women suggested for the
role of 'Lummox' began to be mentioned.
Writers who declared they spoke with author-
ity named this one and that one. I laughed.
I knew the role was mine. I had not the
slightest fear of not getting it. I still figured
that weight would do no harm, and I put on
five pounds of it.

"I did not pray that none of these others
who were mentioned should get the role.
I did not need to do that, I prayed that those
who were to be disappointed would get some-
thing just as good, if it was the money they
wanted, that they should get just as much in
some other way.

"I saw Mr. Brenon again and he made a
test of me. He had made tests of others also,
but that meant nothing to me. I was destined
to win, I knew it. I read a passage in Words-
worth's works once which appealed to me. It
was:—'One in whom persuasion and belief
had ripened into faith, and faith become
a passionate intuition.' That fitted exactly. I
knew there was no room for more. So now,
I ended, happily, 'I am rehearsing.'

THAT's how it happened. It was all so
simple. Even the most cynical would have
been convinced. It was just matter-of-fact.
She wanted something; she asked for it; she
got it.

Miss Westover was a girl in San Francisco
when she got her first chance in pictures. Her
father was president of the San Francisco

She Prayed for the Part

[Continued from Page 40]

Princeton Goes Talkie

By Jay O'Gee

CHANGE the needle!'
That's the new cry of the picture audiences in
Princeton, for talking pictures have come to college.

This venture of the Vita-
phone and Movietone into the land of the college is a
hazardous one. The boys have
been accustomed to furnishing
their own dialogue and sound
effects. In the era of the mum-
move, some leather-jungled
undergraduate provided deep
bass wise cracks for the lip
action of modest heroines; a
sophomore soprano would put
sweet words into the lips of
villains; and one student con-
sidered it a duty to bring his
alarm clock to every perfor-
ance so that the ringing of a
telephone on the screen might
be made realistic.

The first talking picture was
"The Singing Fool," with Al
Jolson. All the seats were
filled by show time. Many sat
in the aisles. Not only was
this to be the first talking pic-
ture for Princeton—it was the
first for a good many Prince-
tonians.

Seemingly resentful that they
were no longer to provide
necessary sound effects, part of
the audience had armed them-


When Al Jolson and "The Singing Fool" reached Princeton, something went wrong with the reproducing apparatus. This resulted in Al losing his voice and in little Davey Lee singing "Sonny Boy" to himself.
**SUMMER!**

yet your Powder clings, rouge stays on and you look Always Lovely

Summer... with old ocean beckoning down the white sands... limpid lakes mirroring for thy joy... slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters... Summer calling you to a thousand activities... whispering of romance in night silence... thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale checks after the swim... no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer... and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clung powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Princess Pat Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your prompt acceptance of this liberal offer.

**PRINCESS PAT**

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Miss party, us, lot made K the utility guess.

The gave Ani a coloring made Joplin, costume.

Inside leather is genuine, its mirror. — It was better with a handbag.

The joke was also different than the "gelatine." He was better in Hollywood.

He was almost discouraged, but his heart was not broken in the brief experience.

During the trip, he had learned a lot, both about his film career and about his family.

The news from the studio was good, and he was looking forward to returning home.

The phone call from his wife, Agnes, was welcome.

"I've been thinking about you, my dear," she said.

"I'm glad to hear that," he replied.

"And I have," she answered, "I've been doing some thinking, and I've made up my mind.

"What's that, my dear?"

"I've decided to come to Hollywood with you."

"But, Agnes, what about your career?"

"I know I've been busy with my own work, but I think it's time I started taking it seriously," she explained.

"That's a good idea, my dear. I was thinking the same thing myself."

In the end, they both agreed that the time was right, and they set off for Hollywood together.

Their journey was long and arduous, but they were determined to make it work.

The end result was a great success, and they both went on to enjoy long and successful careers in the film industry.

The end.

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**My Boy Buddy**

(continued from page 88)

Always the unexpected in Hollywood! Manuel Reachi, back from Mexico, dining with his ex-wife, Agnes Ayres. One of Hollywood’s most conservative and yet richly talented young actresses. He has a hat full of personal acquaintances.

“Good evening, Miss Ayres,” said the inquisitive one. “You folks trying to start a little scandal?” To which Manuel answered, “It just happens that Miss Ayres is the mother and I the father of a child.”

After which there were no further questions.

The former husband of Miss Ayres is in America on a special mission for the Mexican government.

We start many styles in Hollywood. New a method for expressing loyalty.

Nick Stuart has a new sports car. One door bears Nick’s initials and the car, the initials of Sue Carol. What could be nicer?

It is one of the pranks of fate that on some of the greatest nights of their lives bright-star kids are as just so many step-children.

Take Mary Pickford, for instance. On the evening of “Coquette” opened in Los Angeles, poor Mary was kicked around the theater like a football— it took three tries before she got her right seats at her own debut as a talking star.

Laura LaPlante was as badly off on her greatest night— the Los Angeles opening of a night boat. I saw Laura and her husband, Bill, with a party, just nicely seated in aisle seats at the Biltmore Theater when an usher came and booted them out to make way for the rightful owners. Finally, after a lot of palaver, Laura and her crowd were seated— farther back and off the aisle.

And all the time old Cal, an obscure writer, squatted in his aisle pew and watched “Show Boat” unroll. There’s no justice!

**Especially MEEKER MADE for Anita Page [MORO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR]**

**NEW HANDBAG**

**The Anita Page**

There is a little bag—a back strap bag—that is just about the neatest thing of its kind you’ve seen. The leather is genuine imported Steerhide. India Ooze lined. Modern design, hand colored, hand laced and with a new, convenient "Tuck-Tite" lock. Fitted with hammered gold finish inside frame, coin purse and mirror. The subtle coloring— conservative and yet rich—keeps it in harmony with any costume. The "Anita Page" is a utility handbag. It is beautiful! To say it is Meefer Made is sufficient assurance of its quality. See one at the better dealers everywhere.

**MEEKER MADE**

in the shops of

THE MEEKER CO, Inc., Joplin, Mo.

Largest infr. of Steerhide, leather goods in the U. S. A.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
one iota, except that it has made him more thoughtful, more considerate.

I believe the biggest day of my life was when the Junior Stars (the Paramount class) came to Kansas City to appear in person in the class picture, "Fascinating Youth," at the Newman Theater. Buddy had the lead. The others of the class had been traveling with the picture, making personal appearances, but Buddy had been sent on to Hollywood to work, for he was the first one assigned to a picture, after the school had closed. However, he was sent back to Kansas City to appear with the class.

THE whole town turned out, as this was Buddy's first visit home. The band played, flags were out, signs were up everywhere and at dinner several hundred came to the hotel. Different organizations read resolutions, complimentary to Buddy. He was hoisted to the shoulders of business men and high school boys, carried outside and presented with a ring which carried his initial, B.

Then he was placed in a donkey cart all covered with banners, such as "Welcome Home, Buddy." There was a parade around the square.

You can well imagine how I felt. I had a similar feeling, no later than last week, when Buddy's first all-talkie, "Close Harmony," had its world premiere in Kansas City at a midnight preview.

I was proud to have been invited by the manager to press the button which started the picture, as it was Buddy's first all-talkie. It also was my first. I had never heard one before.

I might add, here, that the midnight showing broke any previous record for midnight previews, there. With the single exception of "The Singing Fool," it easily broke any other record for the week—and by several thousand dollars. Probably one reason for this is that Kansas City, being so close to Olathe, claims him, as, of course, Olathe properly does. Moreover, it was on the Newman stage that his first screen test was taken, more than three years ago.

When his first picture, "Fascinating Youth," showed in Olathe for three nights, the crowds were so large that Mr. Andrews made enough money to buy a new car, which he called his Buddy Car. Recently he had another of his pictures and, since two years have elapsed, his car needed to be traded in and he made enough money to buy another Buddy Car.

You may be sure that I have a funny feeling whenever the local picture owner brings in the mats and the press sheet for one of Buddy's pictures. My instructions always are for his picture to appear in the show as "a great big mat" for that week, the ad is complimentary, no matter what the size and, in addition, I run a half column of reading matter on the front page, being careful to put as a lead an article that is copied from the company's press sheet.

In such cases as this I am a combination of editor and father—but the preponderance of "father" is easily seen. Pictures for the paper are cast with hot metal from mats and often the face of the metal must be scraped down to print clearly and avoid a blur. We had been doing this with a sharp chisel and hammer, but it often would spoil the picture. So, when Buddy entered the school, my foreman said, "Will you buy us an electric router when we get Buddy's first advertisement?" I answered that I would—and, when it came in about a year, I was held to my promise to buy one and at a cost of $300.00. So Buddy has improved the looks of the Mirror.

It seems that Buddy has always wanted to be a musician. Even as a baby and little boy he would get a drum, born or life for Christmas. Once, in Kansas City, we saw a vaudeville act where one man played eight or ten band instruments and, from that day to this he has always wanted to be a one-man orchestra.

In "Close Harmony," he leads his jazz band, plays all these instruments, sings and then

"May I add my word of praise for the splendid service rendered on the Golden State Limited? In the number of times I have crossed the continent on this train, I have not once been disappointed in the matter of personal comfort. It is a real de luxe train."

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Between Los Angeles and Chicago in 61½ hours. None faster or finer.

"Golden State Limited"

Southern Pacific  Rock Island

Convenient ticket offices:—6768 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 212 West 7th, Los Angeles; 531 Fifth Ave., New York; 33 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Buddy Rogers lives quietly in Hollywood. Despite his stellar salary, he still resides with his pal, Dean Boggs, paying $16 a week for his board, room, and a kennel for his police dog.

It's Smart to Look Healthy

Society has discovered the sun and set its stamp of favor on sunned skin—healthy skin! And thus, via sunlight, Frostilla takes the limelight!

The familiar blue-labelled bottle is seen in the best sunned circles. For those skin-wise folk know that Frostilla permits one to enjoy the outdoors, and to tan without torture!

Why not follow their lead? Before you greet the sun’s rays, pat on this cooling, soothing lotion. Then go out and play and get your tan. Frostilla will save your skin—prevent excessive drying and scorching—keep your face, arms, and neck soft, smooth and “young.”

To look smart, without smarting, just use Frostilla before and after “sunning”!

Frostilla is 50c and $1 at all stores in the U.S. and Canada. An attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Department 643, Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y., and Toronto, Canada. Sales Reps.: Harold E. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N.Y. C.

Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

proach of fatigue, Mr. Slipe called it a day and fluttered from his perch.

"Not bad at all," he conceded. "Of course, any farce calls for rather coarse people, so naturally you’re quite suitable, although it’s too bad a real artiste like Miss Bellairs has to go slumming. I’m very well pleased with all but Miss Cleary. Her voice is of poor caliber."

The director started forward angrily. "It sounded first rate here," he burst out. "It’s Bellairs who’s away off—she shouts as if she were playing stock in Wilkes-Barre." The lady in question, who had once been the toast of Schenectady for two sterile seasons, winced at this stray shot.

"Work your own side of the street," said Mr. Slipe rudely. "All you’ve got to do is teach these people how to make faces. I said her voice was low grade, and that sticks." He crossed over to the ingenue and assumed a bedside manner.

"I’m sure it can be fixed up," he soothed. "Suppose we talk it over."

The unfortunate Joyce, who was feeling like a square wheel on the chariot of progress, looked at him doubtfully. "Do you apologize for yesterday?"

"Sure," said Emerson glibly. "Consider yourself courted to. How about giving me a lift to town? I haven’t had time to get a car and I’d appreciate it." Without waiting for an answer he took charge of her elbow and sauntered out toward the parking enclosure, while the cast stared after him with various expressions of disapproval.

Skimming along Fairfax Avenue some ten
minutes later Miss Cleary was gratified to notice that her companion's roving eyes missed not a single pair of well tapered limbs, and the knowledge encouraged her to remark, "Hollywood is crammed with pretty girls, and not all in the movies, either."

"One at a time," grinned Mr. Slipe meaningly. "Now, this voice of yours— it means a lot to you, I guess."

Joyce's hands gripped the wheel a little tighter. "If I don't make good, it means that two years of trying and hoping go for nothing."

Mr. Slipe frowned cunningly. "We haven't much chance to talk here. Why not have supper with me and then go to hear the stock company at El Capitan? You might pick up a few pointers."

Miss Cleary looked squaminsh, then vanity, masquerading as ambition, got another stranglehold in its perpetual contest with common sense. "All right, she nodded. "Call for you at seven," and after depositing the genius at his gaudy hotel, she drove homeward.

The witching hours from seven until twelve proved to be a series of evasions. Dodging Mr. Slipe's knee at dinner, his arm at the theater, and later his kiss in a taxicab became a bit monotonous, particularly as his amorous essays were accompanied by fallacious psychology.

"There's no getting away from it," he wheedled. "All these outward signs of repulsion simply mean that your subconscious self adores me."

"Applause," snapped Miss Cleary. "For heaven's sake get yourself another girl and let me alone."

"All in good time," smirked she quire, as the car entered the dimly lit roads of Griffith Park. "Your case is a matter of pride with me because you're the first one who ever gave me an argument. But remember, girlie, I'm like a victorious general in a conquered city. I take what I want before I pass on," and with this announcement Mr. Slipe folded her in a clanny embrace.

"Stop it!" screamed Joyce, fighting him off. "Help, oh, driver!"

The taxi suddenly jolted to a standstill, and a flat-browed chauffeur jumped out and opened the door. "What's comin' off here?" he demanded. "Youse want a guy to lose his license?"

"Protect me!" panted Miss Cleary, taking another scratch at Emerson's crimson cheeks. "Think of your sisters or your sweetheart."

"Sure," said Flat Brow candidly, "an' think of me fare. Have youse got any money?"

"Heaps," promised Joyce. "Ded rates if you'll drive me home alone."

The chauffeur hesitated not longer. "Outside, bum," he invited, and as Mr. Slipe attempted resistance, a hamlike hand clutched his collar, dragged him forth, and dumped him down on the well oiled highway. "Maybe this'll learn youse somethin'," said the virtuous Flat Brow, as he proceeded to turn the cab with reckless speed, while Miss Cleary, torn between dread and anger, laughed mockingly.

"You're through!" yelled Mr. Slipe, giving hopeless chase. "This picture will wreck your career, you Jeezbe! I'll! A sudden spurt from the exhaust drowned the rest of the oration, and left him far from home, breathing curses and considerable carbon monoxide.

A WEEK later "Uncas Knees" had progressed to the middle of the first act and had supplied the attendant script clerk with sufficient gossip to insure her being the life of the party if she ever returned to Gasconade, Missouri. The players' nerves were raw and their flares of temperament had shrivelled the director to the status of an overworked corporal; only Mr. Slipe remained as baldly impassive as a cherub in a painting by Raphael. So far the opus had been "minus the ministrations of Abe Zoot, who followed the prudent custom of holding aloof until the picture had swung into its groove. Today, however, the semaphore of rumour had signalled his coming.

For that priceless comfort... for that secure knowledge of perfect grooming throughout the day—take a blossom-scented shower of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. This fine Italian talcum—deodorant—keeps you feeling and looking immaculately fresh. The world's largest selling talcum—because it is the world's finest!

Vivaudou's smart touches of loveliness are at your favorite beauty counter.

V. VIVAUDOU, Inc.
New York · Paris · Toronto
Chicago · Los Angeles
"The trouble with you," said the director to Miss Bellairs, "is that you automatically gape at the camera as if it was a spotlight. Stage tricks don't go here, and anyhow, you're not young enough to get away with that one. You're playing to fifty million people instead of a houseful of suckers who'll pay thirty-three cents a seat, and they'll be a lot more critical."

"Sing the chorus," sniffed Maggie. "My voice is all I need to show up these dummies, Mr. Sliple said so."

"And I say you can't act for pictures!" shouted the director. "Just watch Cleary in this next scene, and see how she gets over with only her profile." He turned to the ingénue. "Joyce, honey, before you speak your lines I want a little imaginative work. You go to the window and see your husband coming home. Naturally that makes you a bit perturbed because the chaise longue is too short to conceal your lover. His feet are standing out, and you're worried. Get the idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Joyce half-heartedly. She knew that no matter how well she played a scene the cautious Mr. Sliple would blast it.

"Silence, everybody," ordered the director, picking up the telephone connected with the recorders. "Now, then, Cleary, give me forty feet of brooding. Interlock!"

A fog bank of stillness drifted over the set. Cameras whirred soundlessly in their movable glass-fronted booths, electricians on their lofty platforms handled the sun cars with quick, expertness, the director froze to an unhealthy waxwork; when suddenly the noisy entrance of Mr. Zoop and his pet head waggies ruined everything.

"Thirty minutes I'll spend here," announced Abie. "Go on with the scene and do your wallak after."

Without delay the action was restarted and played to the finish, then Mr. Sliple addressed his employer from the door of the booth. "Quite satisfactory," he called, "except for Miss Cleary, as usual."

"Clearly," said the surprised Abie. "Why, she sounds like velvet to me. It's Bellairs who shouts like an auctioneer."

The moment he strode down the stairs and registered martyrdom. "May I ask, my dear sir, whether you know anything about vibrations?

"Nothink," said Mr. Zoop, "except that Momma has them when she gets mad.

"Every note of the scale," lectured Emerson, "is composed of innumerable vibrations—
generally and the longer the note the result will be a flop, and the electrical recorder will be sure to spot it. Miss Cleary comes through quite raucously, if you doubt it, just listen to this."

He spoke hastily into a receiver. "Give me a playback on that last scene, Joe.

A moment later voices were issuing from a cavernous loud speaker, one corner of the studio as the waspink in the recording chamber ground out its chronicle. It was as Mr. Sliple had prophesied—all the voices were suitable, except Joyce Cleary's. Hers was harsh and blundered.

"You'd better take her out of the cast," advised Mr. Sliple. "I'd recommend that you sign the soubrette from Miss Bellairs' company, and don't stop there. Get some more legitimate players to replace these outworn movie people."

"I'll think it over," groaned Abie, "but we'll keep Cleary in this picture because we got to hurry the release date. I'll tell one of them loaflnk writers to put in a wise crack about her comink from Pittsburgh or maybe we'll give her consumption yet. A plot on this talkink business! It's better I should quit, and start makink phosphorescent keyholes for the scowflaw trade.

"Joyce, fighting back the tears, was reassured by the friendly murmurs of Carlos and Mr. Hoople. "I'll try to do better," she told Abie, "and perhaps there might be something faulty with the machine, too."

"No, love," scoffed the loaflnk Emerson. "Mark my words, his voice trailed to an end as he noticed a volupitous figure emerge from behind a piece of scenery, a sight that caused him to peep himself and smile in surprise. "And why," he fluted, "is this vision?"

"No body but passion's child," recited Abie from the publicity blurbs. "Rosie, meet Mr. Sliple, another guy who's gonna to cost me money."

Miss Redpath, attired in gleaming white silk with disquieting touches of scarlet, appeared as sullenly as one could ever be cool. "I've heard so much about you," she crooned, flashing a side glance at Joyce. "In fact, the whole colony's been telling me about you. You're simply wonderful," I thought, as she held out her hand. The pansy eyes enlaced with rapture and a salvo of purple electrons shot straight at their fatuous target.

I told Abie, as the little group started aghast at this treachery and the giddy Emerson mentally tossed Miss Cleary to the sharks.

"Passable," he sneered. "He can't do nothink for you, Rosie, he only gets—"

"It's almost five o'clock, Abie," said the siren. "No more work today. Mr. Sliple, stick your drivel over to Santa Monica, like a good boy. You will? Oh, you're positively scrunptious!"

She curved an arm around his neck and scammed toward the open door with bustling repartee.

"Hey! croaked Abie, "I—"

Just as she reached the oblong sunlight Rosie glanced over her shoulder at the stern faces of her contemporaries, the latter in stealing second a satiny eyelid drooped like a shutter, and a corner of her mouth slanted meaningly downward as she disappeared.

After years Mr. Emerson Sliple was wont to entertain his friends with a partial account of his scanty love life in Hollywood, only to be received with disbelief and derision. Nevertheless, he told the truth, although at times he was tempted to marvel that it had ever taken place. By the time he found himself in his roadster most of his self assurance came keaping back, and he managed to drive out of Culver City without maiming any of his denizens.

"Why," exclaimed his tempting passenger as they hit Venice Boulevard, "you're even handsomer than I expected."

Mr. Sliple received this fairy tale with a patronizing smile and tried to look like the Prince of Wales. I guess I'm kind of a strange case, he thought as he glanced at the legendary gentleman we were to meet. "You're some sort of a star, aren't you? Seems to me I've heard your name before.

Miss Redpath chewed her lips for an instant, then miraculously produced an amorous smirk, and pressed a little closer. "Speed on to the sun-stained West," she sibilated, "my golden-haired guy, I'm going to Novelty City."

Mr. Sliple observed her deification with a lump in his throat.

Mr. Sliple's foot stiffened against the accelerator and the asphalt miles to Santa Monica were swallowed up in a cloud of rustling green. I found myself seated on the beach surveying a number of ladies to whom the old-fashioned bathing suits would have been sweet charity. Rosie posed coyly under a striped umbrella and proceeded to roll her eyes until only the whites were visible. "At last I know what it means to love at first sight," she thrubled. "Kiss me, tiger man, I cannot wait for darknes."

The giddy Emerson made clumsy efforts to imitate John Gilbert, but Miss Redpath sudenly eluded him. "I've changed my mind, she said hurriedly. "Love is too sacred to parade in public."

The thwarted Romeo colored to a dull magenta. "Leading me on, eh? he hucked. "All right, you sonoros, just try and lose me."

Rosie counterfeited ecstasy with a series of
shuddering moans and her eyes became twin orbs of smouldering flame. "So you realize that my heart is worth winning," she pointed softly, "and that I must be dominated?"

The mesmerized Mr. Slipe had the sensation of being struck by purple lightning, but he nodded with all the eagerness of the male in a chase that promised dividends.

"Fine," said Miss Redpath, becoming practical, "and now let's breeze to a dining room and get some abalone!"

SEVERAL hours were passed at a beach club of scrofulous stucco, after which they drove back to the Redpath domicile in Beverly Hills, where the lovesick Emerson contemplated the cloudless sky and tried to recall some poetry. At the end of an elastic farewell Rosie hummed something about "The magic of moonlight—and you," but Mr. Slipe's enthusiastic kiss landed somewhere on her right ear, and as he returned to the hotel he wondered if his technique needed improving.

The next day being Sunday, he renewed his dominating at eleven and apparently was as welcome as intermission at a Junior League entertainment. The charmer led him through a maze of tennis, swimming, dancing and flirt- ing, thickly strewn with flattery, but although she behaved like an animated blow torch her ability to dodge and tantalize never lessened. All day long the pair's eyes revolved and narrowed, allured and repelled, until, when Emerson reached for his hat, she dispensed a couple of cautious kisses, thereby entangling him more than ever.

Monday morning found him dreaming in his plate glass refuge when the preliminary click of the door handle made him straighten hurriedly, and the next moment the dewy Rosie tiptoed into the booth.

"You—you're not supposed to come in here," he stammered.

"Why, Emerson," pouted the star. "Not stay close to my tiger man when I'm not busy?" The purple magnets filled with moisture as she slithered onto his knee. "You wouldn't say no, honey?"

The soothing touch of lacquered lips on the back of his neck completed the enfolding process of love, and Mr. Slipe smiled dizzyly at passion's child. "I guess not," he promised, "but remember, we'll have to keep quiet."

MORNING and afternoon sessions flew by as the heart smasher, filled to benevolence, allowed the recording to go ahead without undue meddling. Miss Redpath, apparently swooning with joy, rested her jet curls on his shoulder, but the famous eyes, levelled to slight, missed nothing of the layout. They noted the mixing panel with its six dials, one for each microphone, the volume indicator with its sensitive needle shivering back and forth at the slightest change in strength. They watched Mr. Slipe fiddling with the volume control knob and she listened to the stream of voices coming into the little room through a loud speaker in an angle on the roof.

On Tuesday she continued in the part of an amorous siren, but that evening, having dabbed in enough society novels to refer to a headache as migraine, she sidetracked Mr. Slipe with that excuse. He departed regretfully, and ten minutes later a sprightly Rosie jumped into her car and headed for the home of the head electrician. Braving the suspicious glances of his wife, she herded him into a corner, talking in pungent undertones, and only came up for air after five minutes of high pressing.

"You begin the moment they go to lunch, Red," she ended. "Carlos will give you a hand, so your helpers won't have a chance to know what's doing. As soon as that little rat comes back, you whistle a few bars of something as a signal—so long as it isn't Sonny Boy."

"Count on me," said Red, with open admiration, "and how about finishing the job with a sock in the nose?"

Rosie shook her head, thanked him with a few optical revolutions and rolled away to call

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Mr. Zoop—Mr. Zoop!

“Why, Mr. Zoop,” said Emerson, “I fail to understand you.”

“Never mind the breath heaving,” cut in Carlos. “There’s a nice, shiny, sensitive mite under that bit of silk, my bucko, and some job it wants to do. Let me move it a hurry.”

Hoople jammed his always locked door and Rosie twirled the knobs for us. She proved that you’re gypping Cleary, so it looks like you all washed your hands.

Mr. Slipe paled to a sickly chartreuse. “Rosie?” he quavered. “No, she wouldn’t—”

“Oh, yes, I would,” dearest, announced the lady, edging around the curtain. “Didn’t I spend two mushy days with you to find out what went on? Oh, boy, what a price that was for experience. But I suppose you thought it was our little boy who was going to make three stage people in the movies for two thousand commission. You told me what percentage of your recommendation would do the trick. Why, you big braggart you!”

“So that’s what he was after,” said Joyce. “He’d have sunk the lot of us in a year.”

“Well,” twittered Magnolia, “all this doesn’t concern me—” her voice was broken by your eastern manager, and here I am.

“But not for long,” said Abie. “Without personal, Miss Bellais, I see your eyes getting big and I hear your feet slapping as smooth as your voice. It’s better you should startle Broadway after this picture is finished.

“While Magnolia was assembling a retort Mr. Hoople barged forward in his stalwart manner.

“A very wise decision, Mr. Zoop,” he declared impressively.

“We are on the threshold of a new era and it seems to me that your tried and true players can learn to talk equally as well as the New Yorkers who’ve been out here long enough to have qualified facially.”

“Furthermore,” said Mr. Hoople, feeling rather yeasty, “I don’t believe the public is ever satisfied, and there’s no extant that they will write in for a picture of somebody’s tonsils, whereas,” he gently hugged the blushing Joyce and Rosie to his stately breast, “these young beauties are probably reposing on chifferbois all the way from Lowell to Los Angeles.”

“SUCH fancy words,” approved Mr. Zoop, and eighty-nine per cent of them is correct, Hoople. I guess maybe our people will be talking before them theatrical actors find out that they are in for it. But we’ll show them.

“Sure we will,” enthused Rosie, taking the center of the stage. “Listen to this: ‘Speed on to the sun-stained West, but first, kiss me. I cannot wait for the next sun.’

“You won’t have to ask twice, particular if you roll them eyes,” said Abie. “What’s it mean?”

“It’s some of the gab from my next picture, ‘Tiger Man,’ ” the star informed him. “Get this: ‘Crush me in your arms for this is love at first sight. Dominate me.’ Hot stuff, eh?”

“Say, ladies, did you hear a funny noise? A gasp with a loud noise?”

Rosie laughed happily across the radiant Miss Cleary’s face. “While the magic of moonlight —and you, but it all depends on your audience. Don’t worry about what that noise, Abie, I’ve got an idea—it’s only little Emerson taking the air.”
How They Manage Their Homes

[Continued from page 78]

upon a charming secluded patio, where, as early as January, a huge bush of white camellias was blooming proudly. Above a handsome Eighteenth Century divan hangs a portrait of Corinne, by Tade Styka, set off by handsome electrified old candelabra on either side.

On the grand piano is a large Dresden figure of great value. Such rare pieces abound in the room, including some sculptured pieces in rose quartz which stand upon a quaint, old hand-painted Italian secretary.

Bouquets of china or glass flowers also appear in many parts of the house. Two huge Sixteenth Century crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling of the living room. Lovely shaded lamas on low tables stand cosily beside the chairs. The fireplace, which burns coal and wood, has very old andirons. It is topped by a French mirror. The thick carpet is cafe-au-lait.

The dining room chairs and table are from an old French chateau, upholstered in faded old pink moire silk, still unrepaired. Upon a raised dais in the window stands a tall flower stand filled with gay yellow and green gorse. A taupe carpet (always carpets, never small rugs) sets off the rich Fortuny draperies of dull green. A tall, carved Madonna, sculptured from solid crystal, adorns the sideboard. A tall brocaded screen conceals the pantry door.

Lovely chinaware of modern Viennese design is in this pantry; every imaginable kind of exquisite glassware, etched, cut, moulded in the Italian manner, in gold and rose. Very little silver, except the champagne and cocktail glasses. Tall table candlesticks, glass serving plates—enough of each kind to serve a buffet supper party for two dozen or more. The buffet supper party is the Moroscos' favorite method of entertaining. The sink basin here is of aluminum, like those on board great ocean liners, and rubber mats of pure white protect the fine glassware from the tiled sink, which might chip it.

On to the kitchen, where the cook holds sway. One whole wall is for the huge electric refrigerator, another for the cook stove with every modern equipment. In a drawer are kept dozens of menus, carefully worked out for both company and family dinners. A representative family dinner is:

Onion soup with Parmesan cheese

Sweetbreads

Veal cutlet, green beans and creamed potato

Broccoli, with Hollandaise sauce

Chocolate pudding

Black coffee

Sometimes a fruit cocktail, or an oyster cocktail, supplements the soup. That chocolate pudding is no ordinary pudding—modest as it sounds. It is Walter's favorite dish and therefore often appears on a company menu, too.

Here is a representative company menu:

Caviar canapes

Fruit cocktail (or oysters on shell)

Broiled lobster

Vol-au-vent mushroom and sweetbreads

Roast or fillet or turkey

Two vegetables

Roquefort cheese salad

Roast or fillet or turkey

Chocolate ice cream

Coffee noir

By which you will observe that Corinne approves of that cook's sweetbreads and chocolate confections. The cook also makes all the rolls, biscuits, cakes, pastries. She says, "Mr. and Mrs. Morosco like many cheeses very much."

Excepting Sunday, Walter and Corinne never lunch at home, but in Corinne's lovely bungalow at the First National Studio. Their breakfast is very meagre, as noted before—even Walter only nibbles a bit of toast with his

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The Girl Jack Gilbert Married

[continued from page 31]

Not that you notice any of these things when you first meet her. You are conscious only of her personality, her overwhelming, throbbing personality, as disturbing as a necklace of diamonds, as definite as a splash of lipstick on the face of a pallid woman. It was back in my newspaper days that I interviewed Miss. She was an old friend of my paper’s dramatic editor and he wanted a story on her. I was very willing, but Miss Claire was not. She didn’t care for interviews, she said, via her press agent, and most certainly she wouldn’t give me an interview before or during her performance. If I would persist in seeing her I could come after the show.

She was a very big star on Broadway even then, its little girl who had come up from the Folies to the white lights of the dramatic comedy. As I came after the show. I came one night, two nights. Each time I got dismissed.

The third night I said I’d wait, and wait I did. I sat firmly on a chair out rear dressing room, while the stage hands struck the set and the electricians doused the lights and the great empty theater got colder and the night blacker, and midnight became a dim memory in a forgotten past. And I determined that if
She talked incessantly that night. She still talks incessantly, I understand. She talked while she took off her make-up and while she dressed. She talked while she left the theater with a bunch of American beauty roses over her arm and her motor waiting. She talked for two and a half solid hours but she didn’t know it and I didn’t give her a hang.

For more than an hour we stood in that night-shadowed street, while an adoring chaufleur stood with an open car door and I stood with an open mouth. And when she finally floated away and left me uncertain on the curb I knew I was as near first water genius as I shall ever get.

Not that Ina Claire was always that way. Heavens, no. She proves conclusively what a girl can do to develop her own personality if she uses her brains and her energy and works like a whip-lashed slave.

There are artists who create their masterpieces in terms of paint and canvas and others who work in terms of beautiful music and others who cut fair, white marble. Ina Claire is definitely an artist who has worked in terms of her own charm. She was born a poor little kid. Her name was Fagan and her father had died in an automobile accident four months before her coming. Almost immediately she knew she wanted to go on the stage. By four she was on, a baby doing imitations. She kept on doing imitations. She had a mother, the typical stage Mammy, with the typical guardian-dragon complex. Somewhere along the line, I suppose, she got some education. Today she speaks French with all the fluency of a prime minister, but it is hard to figure out when she got time to learn anything. She appeared with Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter"; in the Folies Bergere, New York’s first cabaret; in the title role of "The Quaker Girl"; in "The Honeymoon Express"; but it wasn’t until she appeared in Ziegfeld’s Folies of 1915 that she was definitely set.

In that year’s Follies she impersonated Frances Starr playing Marie-Odile in a production of David Belasco’s.

That choice looked like an accident, but I would like to wager forty-five of my laboriously minted dollars that Ina’s imitating Miss Starr was just about as accidental as Washington’s crossing the Delaware. She had climbed as high as she could go in musical comedy. She had reached the Folies and there wasn’t any more. But drama lay ahead and Belasco was dean of all the producers. Certainly very shortly thereafter Miss Claire was signed to appear in Mr. Belasco’s production, "Polly with a Past."

She was very charming in "Polly" and very unimportant. The season opened, and the next season Belasco put her in the leading role of "The Gold Diggers." And in "The Gold Diggers" Ina Claire struck bottom. She had a marvelous part and she got excellent notices. But there were two factors operating against her. In the cast of her play was an actress, Jobyna Howland, with a voice like a foghorn and a perfect knowledge how to use it. And in Ina’s private life there was a man, who up until this present writing was her one and only husband, one Jimmie Whittaker, a newspaper reporter.

At the theater Jobyna, the experienced trouper, topped Ina’s every scene. And to be "topped" in scenes is the most sickening, 6 minutes before breakfast

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frustrating thing that can happen to an actress. It is a vocal trick entirely. Johanna could talk louder and faster than Ina. When they got in a scene together Johanna's bass against Ina's golden soprano was like a truck against a field of violet flowers. Before the end of the run Ina had to leave the cast. The press was that she was ill. But she wasn't ill. The truth was that her voice had given out entirely.

And Jimmie Whitaker. I don't know a thing about it, but I have the impression that Ina Claire was terribly in love with him.

Certainly she could have married almost any man in the metropolis. Among her hundreds of suitors was the son of one of America's richest and most aristocratic families. And when a girl who could have made a marriage like that chooses to marry a penniless breakfast reporter it must be love.

Jimmie Whitaker was the true newspaper man—charming, unambitious for material things, intelligent and caustic. When anything exciting happened, Jimmie was prone to say, "Oh, what the heck," or words to that effect. And there was Ina, fiercely ambitious, eager for fame, hungry for security, driven ever restless by her urge to be a great artist.

When Ina opened in "The Gold Diggers," Jimmie was sent to review the show. "When we were married," he wrote, "Miss Ina Claire gave her profession as actress. Last night in "The Gold Diggers" she did nothing to confirm this." It was the first public announcement of their union and it was also the singer's song. Shortly thereafter Ina got her divorce.

She was out of a show, out of a voice and out of love. But she wasn't out of courage. She sailed for France and went to work.

It wasn't many months before her vocal chords, which had literally been calloused through her attempting to talk louder than Miss Howe, were like a piano keyboard to the hands of a magician. She could create tones on them and produce any effect she willed. But she wasn't satisfied.

She secured herself bits with French comedy troupes. Not as Ina Claire but as a struggling young actress. She chose these French companies because she knew what she wanted. She wanted to be a comedienne; she needed the cachet of chic and smartness and she felt, very rightly, that French trained actresses possess these qualities to a superlative degree.

When she had learned her lessons, when she was assured through dozens of performances that her voice, her technique were perfected, she came back to Broadway.

She had left it an ambitious girl. She returned to it a woman of the world. She, who cared nothing for clothes, became the smartest dressed woman on the American stage. She, who wore not a touch of makeup on the street, became a wizard at it for her performances.

She introduced the first shingle bob. She introduced the first theatrical posters by the great artist Drian. And she made theatrical history by appearing in five successive comedies that didn't amount to a tinker's dam on their own merits which were made into speculators' parodies by her masterly performances in them.

By the time she played in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Ina's protective spirits were secure, her following so definite, the speculators bought block of seats for her theater regardless of time, tide or prices. And that was her position when she went to Hollywood in April to make, not her first movie, for she made a couple of movies many years ago, but her first talkie.

Which gets me back, definitely, to the smiles that must have been on the faces of the high gods when Jack and Ina eloped. Jack's career has been one of struggle all the way. And so has Ina's.

Jack, writing about making "The Big Parade" in his life story in Photoplay, said: "No love has ever enthralled me as much as this. No achievement will ever excite me so much. No reward will ever be so great."

Ina, talking of her work, uses much the same words. Two artists who love their work. Two human beings who have been totally unwise in love. If Jack had married Greta Garbo, as he unhappily and unfortunately did, she had always remained a mystery to him. Repressed, reserved, strangely fascinating, he would never have understood her, never have known her.\n
There is no mystery about Ina Claire. There are, instead, things infinitely more endearing. There is warmth, enthusiasm, impulsiveness, intelligence, charm and breadth. Ina is an American and yet a woman of the world, a girl who started with nothing and made every goal she sighted.

Jack's two other marriages were mad, head-long kid affairs, the loves of a man who hadn't worked out his destiny. And now that Ina and Jack had achieved the full blossoming of her extraordinary personality when they married Jimmie Whitaker.

Today Jack Gilbert is the screen's greatest lover. Ina Claire is the stage's leading comedienne.

If two human beings ever met on a basis of equality, these two did. Equal in fame, equal in money, equal in ability, equal in ambition. Ina and Jack could lead. It surely seems as though it should be the answer to the deepest ideals they have cherished over all their hard-working years and disillusionments. But just between ourselves, when you think of the man Jack Gilbert is and realize the woman Ina Claire represents and you think of those two in love and married—well, really, don't some people have all the luck?

Lost—Leonard Hall. Somewhere in the wilds of Hollywood. Last heard from him was following note, which may give clue to his whereabouts:

For those with a roving eye the search for the world's loveliest women goes on as long as the eyesight holds out. But my hunt has come to an end in Hollywood. I thought I'd seen the last word when I beheld the blondes of Vienna. For several years I swore by Flo Ziegfeld as a pick. Then I learned my allegiance to the girls of the film.

But that's all over now. The most beautiful women in the world, including the Sandwich woman, are working in Mr. Garbo's famous Hollywood dressmaker who makes marvelous duds for Norma Talmadge and many other players.

(Suggest that Los Angeles police assign keen-eyed dick to watch establishment referred to.)

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
She Prayed for the Part

[continued from page 92]

Press Club and a friend of D. W. Griffith, Mr. Griffith visited her family at one time, saw
the girl—who was then Winifred Von Heide—and remarked upon her resemblance to Blanche-
Sweet. He asked her if she would like to try out for pictures. Of course, she was overjoyed.
She had been studying piano and taking vocal
lessons, but she gave that up gladly to accept
her offer. So she had her early training under
"D. W."

"I was with that company about two and a
half years," she said. "What a wonderful
group that was! My first picture was "Poor
Papa," with DeWolf Hopper. Then I was in
'The Half Breed' with Douglas Fairbanks.
I played 'Baby Blue Eyes,' a dance hall vamp.
I looked so wide-eyed and innocent in those
days that I suppose the character suited me.
I remember that, after 'Baby Blue Eyes' had played the ingenue, her last line, to the
bartender, was—"Shike, two bottles in the
back room."

AFTER that she was leading woman for
Harry Carey, with John Ford directing; for
William S. Hart, for Charles Ray and for Wil-
liam Russell. She played Emma Dunn in the
"Old Lady 31" and later made three pictures for
Fox, in at least one of which she played
opposite Buck Jones.

"Later I went to Sweden," she said, "and
made some pleasant pictures with an all-
Swedish cast. Zorn told me that I was more
of the Swedish peasant type—that is, the
type most people imagine Swedes to be—than
were the Swedes themselves. I came honestly
by that, anyway. My father was Swedish and
French, and my mother had Danish blood,
so it's no wonder I have Scandinavian traits
and characteristics."

She came back to New York after the
Swedish venture and made several pictures for
Selznick, returning to California in 1921, the
year she was married. One final question
was asked her—

"Now that you have been selected for the
role of 'Lumma,' do you pray that you will
make good in it?"

She seemed surprised. To her the question
was superfluous.

"But of course not," she replied. "If I
were not to make good, I wouldn't have been
selected for the role."

Princeton Goes Talkie

[continued from page 92]

Vitaphone! When the sound finally came, it
was way behind the action on the screen. In
the course of the next five minutes, Josephine
Dunn spoke Jolson's lines, Jolson talked nothing
but baby-talk, and Davey Lee sang "Sonny
Boy."

"Fix it!" cried the audience, but it was not
fixed until the beginning of the next reel. The
noise-makers had gained their end.

Subsequent showing of Vitaphone pictures has
shown that the Princeton students will have
nothing else. They pack the theater for "talkies" as they formerly did only to see
George Gershwin. They play no longer bring bells
and whistles, or alarm clocks. They are loud
in their approval and their criticism. That
makes it easy for the manager when booking
future programs. And he doesn't need to pro-
claim talking pictures a success—he just points
to the line at the box office.

Here is Our Special
10-Day Trial Offer

As a special introductory offer and proof of
reliable dealers are authorized to offer three
full size $1 packages for only $2.50. If your
favorite drug store, beauty parlor or toilet
goods counter is unable to supply you, we
will fill your order overnight, parcel post pre-
paid. Send no money. Simply clip and mail
coupon at right. Upon arrival pay postman
only $2.50 for 3 packages, plus few cents
postage charge. Your money will be refunded
without question if you are not entirely satis-
fied. The coupon is for your convenience.
Clip and mail it today.

Mail Today—Send No Money

Special 10-Day Trial Offer
LESSER COMPANY, Inc.
110 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, parcel post prepaid, three
$1 packages of LESSER with full directions.

On arrival, I agree to pay postman your spe-
cial price, $2.50, plus a few cents postage charge,
which will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name __________________________

City __________________________ State __________________________

Address __________________________

Name __________________________

Address __________________________

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Amateur Movies

[continued from page 72]

Left, Dorothy Burke, the feminine lead; below, William Overstreet, an important player; and, right, Phyllis Van Kimmell, the ingenuity, of the new University of Oregon amateur film.

THE Flower City Amateur Movie Club, which entered "At Your Service" in Photoplay's $2,000 contest, was organized in March, 1928, by Frank J. Buelhman. Since that time more than sixty have enrolled as active members.

Since the club's inception two screen plays, "Freshman Days" and "At Your Service," have been made by senior members of the club. "Three of a Kind" was made by the junior members.

The organization is a member of the Amateur Cinema League of America and holds regular weekly meetings. The officers are: Frank J. Buelhman, president; E. A. Curtis, vice-president; William N. Cushing, business manager; R. M. Clemens, director; Lee G. Wright, secretary; and Joseph H. Appleton, publicity manager.

At a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Club, the newly organized New York amateurs, an informal talk was given by Professor Carl Louis Gregory on amateur problems, dealing particularly with interior lighting and the use of filters. "H2O," an experimental film showing the movement and reflections of water under varying conditions, produced by Ralph Steiner, a club member, was shown. Over 150 members attended the meeting, which was presided over by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars.

THE activities of the Washington Cinema Club in making a film record of the inauguration of President Herbert Hoover are worthy of unusual note. Plans were laid well in advance. Space was obtained in the official photographers' stand and arm bands, permitting members to work without restriction along the line of march, were obtained.

Two hundred and sixty feet of 16 millimeter film were obtained. The film was developed by the club members. Prints are being furnished each club member at a nominal cost.

Markard Pictures, the amateur makers of the much talked about film, "Narrow Paths," announces that a new production, "Nothing to Declare," is in work. This will run 1,200 feet in 16 millimeter film. The story, adapted for the screen by Harry M. Lopez, deals with a crooked custom official who uses his position to blackmail wealthy evaders of custom duties. The photography will be in the hands of J. V. Martin and Frank Packard. Markard, by the way, is a combination of these two names.

The Hawthorne Photographic Club of Chicago, composed of members of the Western Electric's Hawthorne Station, is conducting a scenario contest open to members.

Scene from the Cumberland Cinema Club's production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," submitted in the Photoplay contest. The Cumberland Club is composed of amateur enthusiasts of Vine-land, N. J.
Young King Leer

[Continued from Page 63]

The talkie lightening smote Mr. Morris when he and the wifelet were swinging round the Western circle in a little vaudeville act.

Chester had made a few mild passes at pictures. Mr. De Mille had been pontifically kind. Mr. Griffith had even made a test of him.

Then Fate, in the person of Director Roland West, came up and tapped young Mr. Morris for Bones.

West went into the Griffith headquarters one day. "Alibi!" was on the make, and the director was in the market for a Chick Williams, Grade A.

"How about letting father look at some of your rusty old tests?" Mr. West might have said. He was accommodated.

Suddenly Mr. Morris looked his best party leer from the screen. Mr. West leaped fully forty feet into the air and cracked his heels.

"There's my Chick!" he cried. And darned if it wasn't!

A FEW days later, Morris was in the studio, learning and unlearning under the baton of Roland West.

His fourteen years of trouncing stood by him. He learned fast and well, and West was teacher, boss and father confessor.

The last shot was fired. "Alibi," hot or cold, was finished, and a quaking young actor nervied himself for the preview.

"Alibi!" was run off at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

There weren't many in the death watch. Among them were Chester Morris and the little woman. They held hands in the darkness.

As the picture unrolled, Morris' jaw fell until it rested on his wishbone. At last he could stand the ordeal no longer. Chester Morris found Chester Morris hard to take.

"Come on, darling," he whispered to Mrs. Morris. "Let's blow!" They blew.

So the little pair went back to the apartment. Once safe at home, a drop of some harmless restorative calmed the boy, and he tried his best not to twitch and frighten the girl wife.

The phone rang. It was Roland West.

---

"We needn't talk about those things—just read this little book"

THERE are certain health questions . . . intimate questions, which a woman does not like to discuss with her closest friend . . . or even her own daughter.

Yet feminine hygiene plays such a large part in feminine health. It is the modern way to protect and preserve that health and charm that result from a fastidiously-cared-for body, and controlled habits of living . . . every woman should know exactly what feminine hygiene is.

For that reason, the makers of "Lysol" Disinf ectant asked an eminent woman physician to prepare a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." In simple language it gives professional information, explicit rules. It answers the questions you would like to ask this woman physician in person. It is free. Simply send us the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

But while waiting for the booklet, take no chances. "Lysol" Disinf ectant has been the standard for this critical purpose for 40 years. Buy a bottle today. Simply follow the directions that come with every bottle. Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.

... ...

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard Time; 8 p.m., Central Standard Time.

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No, this isn't Dolores Costello. It is Barbara Worth, who plays opposite Norman Kerry in "The King of Hearts." Miss Worth will further complicate matters by appearing in a story written by Helene Costello and Cliff Wheeler, tentatively titled "Anastasia."

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Lysol Disinf ectant

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.
"Well, kid," asked the director "how are you?"
Chester came back with the theater's classic gag—the one that every actor is supposed to use when he hears the managerial fist pounding on his dressing room door.
"I'm packing."
"Don't be silly," said the boss. "Stick around!"
So Morris stuck around.
Words that blotted over the phone failed to buck him up much. Everybody seemed to be praising him with faint damns.
"Oh, you were all right."
"Don't worry—you seemed to be O. K. to me!"
All that kindly, patronizing stuff worried Morris more. He felt the folks were letting him down.
"We're going East," he said to the little partner.
And so, as the rattler rumbled toward New York, Morris sat in his Pullman pew and fretted. He was certain that he had laid an enormous egg in the talkies. His trip was almost a retreat from Moscow. He wanted to Get Away From It All.
Then "Alibi" opened on Broadway, and that event is already in the history books.

The thundering at the picture's end was for King Leo, the kid who played Chick Williams. He was a riot—he was a panic—he was a hit in all the 159 dialects of Times Square.

When the dawn came, I found Chester a little dazzled. He still is. It isn't easy, playing the role of a talkie miracle.

His screen lessons were no cinch, either.

There were the chalk marks on the floor that his feet must faithfully follow. There was this matter of registering before speaking. He was not familiar with a shock that in the talkies an actor must really concentrate on his character before walking into the eye of the camera. An actor with fifteen years' experience had to learn again.

Well, he did.

Chester Morris has arrived—on both feet and in a very big way. He is one of the best talkie bets yet offered, and our screens will see and hear a lot of him.

One of these strange, almost casual miracles of talking pictures happened to Chester Morris. Perhaps it doesn't mean much in the wide scheme of things, but to Morris and the little helsmate it has been a colossal experience—the turning point in an earnest, hard-fought career.

So, go home and practice leering, young man. Chester Morris can't make faces forever!

---

Dash about a tablespoonful of Absorbine, Jr. in a warm bath. Jump in. Tightened muscles gently relax. Tired tissues are invigorated. Red blood courses through the body. You glow with new animation. Out of the tub—a brisk rub-down with Absorbine, Jr. full strength.

Absorbine, Jr.'s pungent odor is pleasant, yet it is greaseless—not a stain on skin or clothes. Come what may—you are now ready for anything.

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield, Mass.

- and see what happens

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The Truth About Voice Doubling
[continued from page 33]

for Paul Lukas, Mr. Lukas, an exceptionally fine actor, is handicapped for American pictures by a foreign accent. For that reason, therefore, it is necessary for someone else to speak his lines. And Davidson is said to receive five hundred dollars a week for this service.

Many individuals in Hollywood are wondering why Davidson has been kept to submerge his own personality for this sort of work, for he is regarded as fully qualified to speak in his own right as Paul Lukas. He is listed in all casting offices as a five-hundred-dollar-a-week man.

It may be, of course, that he has an arrangement to appear in other pictures, too.

There are a number of ways of doubling the voice on the screen. Usually it is done through a method known as "dubbing." This means that it is done after the picture is shot. "Dubbing" is a term handed down to the movies by the makers of phonograph records. When portions were taken off several phonograph records to make one record, the process was referred to as "dubbing." So "dubbing" is it these days in pictures.

Most of the doubling that Margaret Livingston did for Louise Brooks in "The Canary Murder Case" was accomplished by "dubbing." Miss Livingston took a position before the "mike" and watched the picture being run on the screen. If Miss Brooks came in a door and said, "Hello, everybody, how are you this evening?" Miss Livingston watched her lips and spoke Miss Brooks' words into the microphone.

Thus a sound-track was made and inserted.

---

You thought Irma Harrison sang as the cabaret darling of "Alibi," didn't you? She didn't. The voice you heard belonged to Virginia Flohr, a well-known radio singer.
in the film. And that operation is called “dubbing.”

All synchronizations are dubbed in after the picture is finished. The production is edited and cut to exact running length, then the orchestra is assembled in the monitor room (a room usually the size of the average theater) and the score is played as the picture is run. The sound track thus obtained is “dubbed” into the sound film or onto the record, depending upon which system is used.

If foreign sounds stray into the film, such as scratches and pin-pricks, they are “blooped” out. Some call it “blooping.” This means that they are eliminated with a paintbrush and India ink. The method is not unlike that applied to the retouching of photographic negatives.

Voice doubling is sometimes forced upon the producer as an emergency measure. Such was the case with Paramount in connection with “The Canary Murder Case.”

They called Miss Livingston to the studio one day and said, “Miss Livingston, we are up against it and we think you can help us out. We want to turn ‘The Canary Murder Case’ into a talkie and Miss Brooks is not available. We think you can double for her. Will you do it?”

She thought it over. Well, why not? It meant experience in the talkies, and double her usual salary. So she wore clothes that duplicated Miss Brooks’, “dubbed” some of the stuff and played some of it straight, her profile always to the camera.

A few times she missed the timing, and as a result her words did not come out even with Miss Brooks’ lip movements.

After it was all over a very amusing incident occurred. Miss Livingston was sitting in a restaurant in New York and the friend with whom she was having dinner remarked, “So you have been talking for Louise Brooks, have you?”

From a nearby table came a strange voice.

“Yes,” quoted the voice, “and it had better be good!”

They looked around in astonishment and there sat Louise Brooks!

Of course, they all laughed and immediately went into a huddle about Hollywood.

A surprisingly large number of players in the film capitals are now training their voices, in diction as well as singing, for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of voice doubling. Vilma Banky, for instance, has had all day perfecting her English. And James Burroughs, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Billie Dove, Gwen Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Frances Lee, Leatrice Joy, Armand Kalis and innumerable others are all taking vocal lessons. Most of these have sung professionally at some time in their career.

In that worthy picture, “Alibi,” Virginia Flohri, a widely-known radio singer, doubled for Irma Harrison who, you remember, sang a song in the cafe as Toots, the chorus girl. Miss Harrison simulated singing while Miss Flohri actually sang into the microphone off stage. In this instance their timing was not perfect.

Miss Flohri also sang for Jeanne Morgan and Miss Rone and Juliet vaudeville number, if you remember it, and Edward Jordan sang for Robert Cauterio.

Obtaining suitable voice doubles is often a difficult task. The voice must not only fit the player, it must suit the characterization as well. And good singing voices are not always easily found. One reason for this is that persons of marked vocal accomplishments are frequently reluctant to double. They are afraid their voices will be recognized, that it will cheapen them. A notable case in point was that of Marion Harris, the vaudeville headliner, who turned down an offer of $10,000 from Universal, according to one of her representatives, to substitute her voice for a film player, presumably in “Broadway.”

No end of problems develop, of course, in connection with registering the voice. When

The best looking girl on the boat

—yet always alone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you...

DAM had dreamed for months of going abroad! The first day out she was the most sought after girl on the boat! But before the second day was over people were no longer enthusiastic. Wretchedly, she wondered why.

She did not realize the simple fact that no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect!

Odotono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you continuous protection. Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor and spreading stains.

The regular use of Odotono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way. Odotono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Odotono Regular Strength should be applied at night twice a week.

Odotono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skin and frequent use, may be used at night or in the morning and for the inevitable times when you miss one of the Regular Strength Odorono applications.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Odotono Regular Strength and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild 35c, 60c, and $1.00. Odorono Regular (deodorant) 25c.

Odotono Regular Strength (Ruby color) used twice a day. No. 3 Mild and Odorono No. 3 Mild and Cremon.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette samples of Odotono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Cremon Odorono. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2689, Montreal, Canada) The Odorono Company Inc., Dept. G-7, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Douglas Fairbanks did his bit of talking for "The Iron Mask" his stentorian tones all but wrecked the recording apparatus.

Before beginning, he was cautioned by the sound engineers to speak softly. However, for Doug this was impossible. He could not get a dramatic effect with his conversation thus cramped. As a result the first unprepared line of his speech brought the sound men pouring out of the mixing chamber like a small avalanche of mad horns. Much argument ensued. Finally Earle Browne, director of dialogue, hit upon the bright idea of moving the microphone thirty feet away and turning it so that it faced away from Fairbanks.

Laura La Plante's problem in "Show Boat" was quite the opposite of Doug's. The most difficult thing she had to learn in working with her was that a double was, not to sing softly, but to sing perfectly. She realized, naturally, that the eyes of countless trained musicians would be upon her in this chamber of the world over. In consequence, she could not fake. She had to be convincing. So she spent several weeks learning the correct fingerings of a harp.

And that is the case, of course, actually playing musical instruments, though few have done it so professionally. There's Bessie Love and her ukulele, and a few others. In "Mother Knows Best," Benda Maddox played the piano, while Sherry Hall sang her song. Sherry stood before the "mike" just outside the camera lines and Barry played his accompaniment and at the same time spoke out the words mandolins, putting it in the proper timing, a thing possible to him because of his knowledge of music.

Of course, every effort is made on the part of producers to guard the secret of doubling. Picture-makers feel that it spoils the illusion, that it hurts a production's box-office appeal. In this respect, however, they are wrong. I know this from personal experience in exploitation work. In nearly twelve years of steering the box-office destinies of photoplays—especially film roadshows, some of the largest of which have been handled by my brother—yet to encounter a single set-back or loss because the public had knowledge of a double's work. On the other hand, I found that it often stimulated a business to let the public in on a secret or two.

Eva O'Leary, one of Hollywood's most promising voices, assured a friend that, if it became known that Miss La Plante's voice was being used in the singing numbers of "Show Boat," she would never be able to obtain another job. That is an example of the fear instilled into the hearts of the doubles by the policies for which they work. They are afraid even to breathe the nature of their employment.

The fact remains, however, that Miss O'Leary did sing Miss La Plante's songs, and sang them very well, indeed.

Songs for "The Divine Lady" were "dubbed" in after Miss O'Leary's completion of the picture. An odd complication developed when it came to doubling the harp. It had been arranged for Elroy Clark to play this instrument for Miss Griffith, but when that portion of the picture was viewed it was discovered that Miss Griffith's fingernails were longer than Miss Clark's, and that her hands, therefore, could not sub-tend effective harp's.

So Miss Clark spent two days teaching Miss Griffith the fingering of the harp, and how to come in with the orchestra. Then the star did the vocal and songs, according to those acquainted with the facts, were "dubbed" in the East—a feat easily accomplished merely by watching the picture on the studio screen. The voice doubles a sound-track that would fit properly.

Voice doubling is often done in the monitor room after the production is complete, the scene being laid over, and the producer reading the lips of the player and timing his words to fit these lip movements.

But voice doubling seems to be on the wane. As time goes on, there will be less need for it.

In rare instances, of course, it will be done, where stars can't sing or play the instruments called for in the script. But stars are rapidly learning to sing and play. It won't be long now until a majority of players can boast of these accomplishments.

This is one of those miracles which are becoming more prevalent every day. This is due primarily to rapid improvement in equipment. Josef Charnowsky, the musical director for Warner Brothers, told me that the tone of a tone dead and I will make him ninety-five percent perfect in talking pictures." Perhaps Mr. Charnowsky is a wee bit enthusiastic, but at least his outlook indicates the present Hollywood trend.

Bearing out his statement, it is interesting to note that if a voice has tone quality, but lacks musical ability, it's frequently masked by the amplifier. Take Alice White. Alice sang her own songs (unless I have been terribly fooled, and I suspect I have!) in "Broadway"—snged them sweetly, but in a piping little voice that couldn't be heard off the set. Yet when the "play-back" gave evidence of surprising volume in her tones, loud cheers went up from company officials. "The play-back," by the way, is a device which plays back the voices of the cast from a wax record shortly after the scene is filmed. It's an invaluable checking device.

The problem of the foreign player is, of course, a difficult one. At first it was regarded as an insurmountable obstacle. It is difficult enough for a foreign-born player to provide what they thought a hopeless liability in the beginning has actually become an asset. In the case of feminine players in particular, it has been found that the accent of these foreign play-ers as Balcony, Goulaf, et al, are giving up the thought of perfecting their English. Nils Asther is studying English religiously. Care must, however, be taken not to be exercised, nevertheless, in casting them in roles that require them to speak English.

Another instance of piano doubling occurred in "Speakeasy," that splendid underworld picture about the prize-fighter and the girl reporter. Nils Asther sang them sweetly, but in a piping, capable pianist, doubled at the piano for Henry B. Walthall. This was accomplished by tying down the keyboard of the real piano at what would be the extreme right hand, and then recording it, twenty feet away, in a spot where he and Walthall could see each other. The recording "mike" was near Warren. As he played, Asther, of course, couldn't see the keys, nothing happened. You will remember, of course, that he sat facing the audience in such a position as to conceal his hands. Warren was an expert and handled the situation perfectly. They had rehearsed the thing to perfection.

Although voice doubling is to the public the most interesting phase of sound work—because it is hidden from public view, not shown, it is one of the comparatively simple things which confront producers. Problems much more subtle really vex them. For instance: New producers have a knack of provoking pictures; sound engineers are competing with directors for prestige and dominance; there is often open warfare between directors and producers over the control of the business—dubbing, "miking," the invention of "split sets"; the mere fact that light travels faster than sound—a circumstance that frustrates the will of engineers, and one that gives them grey hairs.

Just recently sound engineers found out that perfect synchronization in a big theater is virtually impossible; that sound travels faster than sound. If you are sitting comparatively close to the screen, all is well. If you are sitting in the back of the house, or in the dark anywhere but the back, no matter. Sound vibrations reach you after you have seen the image speak. The speed with which sound vibrations exceed sound vibrations will depend upon the time of your next breath. It is that problem that sound engineers are trying to solve.

So you see producers have other troubles, than doubles!
Brickbats and Bouquets

Gentlemen, Make a Bow!
Honolulu, T. H.

Let’s hand the newreel camera man a nice big bouquet for his patience and courage. Stars come and go, but the newreel goes on forever.

Gloria Wall.

A Flower for Bill Powell
Jamestown, N. D.

I heard my first talking picture a few days ago. It was “The Canary Murder Case.” I thought it was great! William Powell had always been fixed in my mind as a villain of the screen until then. He will never seem the same to me again and I am glad of it, because I like him so much better this way. He has a really remarkable voice. It is so easily understood and contains such a soothing quality. Let’s hear and see more of him!

Nancy Kimball.

And Now a New Problem
A few nights ago I went to see my favorite actor, Wallace Beery, playing in “Chinatown Nights.” I had looked forward to seeing this picture as Mr. Beery was taking a somewhat different part than usual. Imagine my disappointment; I didn’t enjoy the evening at all. To me it was a total mystery, because it is a talkie. I am deaf and dumb and I guess I will have to give up the movies (talkies) now. “Actions speak louder than words,” but you can’t guess it all.

Helen C. Clemens.

Movies Teach How to Write
University of Oregon, Department of English, Eugene, Oregon.

I have been trying to teach college juniors and seniors how to write the English language. One day I asked them to review a current film. And I discovered this: They all did remarkably well, considering their past efforts. They saw life through the medium of the pictures. It was not a perfect way for them to see it, but I found in them, the ideas that they gleaned from the screen broadened and deepened until they began to be interested in life itself, with its moral, and social, and economic problems. Finally I learned too, that these students as a whole were beginning to demand of life the things they demanded from their movie entertainment; honesty, and beauty, and at least a semblance of truth.

Margaret Clarke.

Maybe He’s Also a Ventriloquist
Tulsa, Okla.

I personally am in favor of the Silent Drama. Although an actor is able to change his makeup, his dress and his mannerisms, he is never able to change his voice. Lon Chaney may be “The Man of a Thousand Faces,” but with movietone he is merely the man of one voice.

L. J. N.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

"Even outdoor girls come to me with this problem"

-Says a woman athlete about this phase of feminine hygiene

Not even the outdoor girl is free from fear of offending others at times. She now learns with relief of a new process which deodorizes this modern sanitary pad.

No woman is sure, when she learns the possibilities of this offense against daintiness, that she, herself, may not be guilty at certain times. But she is sure, today, that she need not be guilty. Kotex Laboratories have discovered (and patented*) a process which deodorizes perfectly. Each Kotex sanitary pad is now scientifically treated by this formula. The results, in peace of mind, are vitally important to women.

The fear of being conspicuous

Equally important is the fact that the new pad is shaped to fit. Corners are rounded and tapered to permit no evidence of sanitary protection, when worn. All the clumsiness of old-fashioned methods is overcome.

Nothing is like the softness and delicate protection of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The identical material, used by surgeons in 85% of the country’s leading hospitals, must be hygienically superior and comfort-giving to the utmost degree.

Greater softness of texture; instant disposability—no laundry; and the fact that you can adjust the layers of filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. And the remarkable absorbency is still one of the important advantages of Kotex. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture—3 times more than cotton itself.

Buy a box . . . 45c for twelve . . . at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also in restroom vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX
Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

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That Awkward Length

[continued from page 43]

The old-fashioned bob is good enough for Lois Moran. For sports she wears her hair almost straight. For less informal occasions she waves it a little around her face, and for evening wear she curls it in charming ringlets all over her head.

Nothing about feminine Hollywood is ever complete without some mention of the Garbo. An expert once said, "Garbo doesn't dress her hair, she just wears it." No matter, she achieves something interesting. At the moment it is being drawn tight and straight off her forehead and ears and curled loosely at the back.

But, I won't go on record as saying that she'll be wearing it the same way next month—or next week.

Many of the stars prefer their hair long for personal wear, but must bob for picture purposes. This was the case with Fay Wray, who wept (but not with delight) when her long hair was closely cropped for a new film with George Bancroft.

But who would not choose to sacrifice even one of her most appealing expressions of personality to gain favor with the multitude of movie fans? And sacrifice it might have been justly considered in that era, ending not so many years ago, when but one accepted style of coiffure could prevail at a given time, to which all must conform regardless of individual possibilities.

In this "individual" age of ours when we may, if we wish, adapt our style of hair dress to every hour and every mood, certain barbers, like certain stars, may have to leave town for lack of work. But there will always be enough shorn maidens to keep many of the clippers busy.

The general consensus of opinion is that bobbed hair is not passé, nor is it likely to be, and that both long and short hair is the vogue now and forever more, according to individual taste and type.

Loretta Young's hair has grown long enough to coil in a soft, flat knot at the back of her neck. For informal wear she sometimes lets it hang in little girl fashion. Not recommended unless the hair is waved or naturally curly, and unless you are as youthful as Loretta.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Trials of the Talkies

[continued from page 53]

became noisy. And while they were getting their staccato re-education, the operators of the “mixing” panel coined the words “squish” and “squash.” The staccato kiss makes an audible concision in the record and therefore is called the “squash.”

Most of the Hollywood actors and actresses already kissed silently when the talkies came in, due to their silent drama training, but the newcomers from the stage usually put a lot of sound into it. The “strong, silent kiss,” implanted by a “strong, silent man,” Lewis Stone, upon Greta Garbo’s lips, was demonstrated for a class of novices as the one which gives the studio mechanical experts the least trouble from an electrical standpoint.

A THOUSAND and one adjustments have been necessary to accommodate screen technique to the talkie. One difficulty was found in the heels of the feminine stars’ evening slippers, which are not easy to equip with rubber tips. The patter of the film star’s dainty foot reproduces like the clank of a cavalry horse’s iron-shod hoofs on a cobble-stone pavement, so the Central Casting Bureau opened negotiations with several rubber companies to find a suitable tip for the heels of stars and extras in the “soup and fish” and evening gown sequences.

“Mike’s” ears are so sensitive that even some of the so-called sound stages do not exclude the noises of the ‘cavy’ orses that ‘ammer, ‘ammer on the ‘ard ‘ighways in the vicinity of the Hollywood studios as they haul garbage and trash wagons from place to place.

Following several complaints by production supervisors, the kindly board of public works of the City of Los Angeles, of which the film capital is a part, equipped its garbage wagon horses with figurative balloon tires; that is, the iron shoes were replaced with rubber ones. Thus joy was brought into the drab existence of Tom, Dick and Harry through the movies, for they now do their day’s work happily and noiselessly, bounding along at a pleasing clip with no corns, bunions or calluses to hinder or to hurt.

“May the rubber never lose its bond,” chorused the talkie directors, and that also is the wish of all out of the most critical residents of Hollywood, whose sleep frequently was disturbed by the prancing garbage wagon horses.

One day Monta Bell was picturing a sequence with sound in which one of the male actors had the “business” of putting on his overcoat. Everything worked beautifully in the reproduction until it reached the point where the actor slipped his big arm into the sleeve of his garment, and then there was heard something akin to the noise made by a wind machine going full pressure.

If a glass is put down upon a table it sounds from the screen as if someone had struck the table with a wooden mallet. That is why the shining surface of a perfectly normal mahogany desk table is considered by the most critical residents of Hollywood, whose sleep frequently was disturbed by the prancing garbage wagon horses.

One day Monta Bell was picturing a sequence with sound in which one of the male actors had the “business” of putting on his overcoat. Everything worked beautifully in the reproduction until it reached the point where the actor slipped his big arm into the sleeve of his garment, and then there was heard something akin to the noise made by a wind machine going full pressure.

WAKE THE SKIN AS BEAUTIES DO

CLEAR IT… CLEANSE IT… MAKE IT GLOW

Remove the Blemishes—Combat the Faults

Many stars and stage stars by the scores have paid high tribute to Boncilla clasmic pack. Many send their pictures. Some people think that we pay for such testi mony, but we don’t. It is given freely to be used in helping other women.

We publish the facts and the pictures because these are professional beauties. They know how to look their best. We use them to urge all girls and women to profit by their advice.

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Beauty demands these things:

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It demands the removal of blackheads and blemishes, of dead skin and hardened oil. To nourish and revive the skin, the blood must be drawn to the surface.

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All the world over, beauties and beauty experts are using for these purposes Boncilla clasmic pack. Nothing else compares. It must be used before the make-up if you wish to look your best.

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Results are both quick and amazing. Any girl can gain much new, glowing beauty inside 30 minutes. Many older women seem to drop ten years. Your evening joys can be multiplied. Your friends can be surprised. All by using this skin wake-up before you add the make-up.

Prove this tonight in fairness to yourself. It is folly to forfeit attractions which mean so much to you.

Boncilla clasmic pack is available wherever toilet goods are sold. Tubes, 50c and 31—jars, $1.50. Or send the coupon with 10 cents for an introductory packet of the four chief Boncilla aids, including a liberal sacher of the new Hyray beauty powder. A week’s supply of all of them. Clip coupon now.

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Send me your four quick aids to beauty—the pack, two creams and new Hyray powder. I enclose a dime.

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Millions of bottles of Murine are used each year to soothe and beautify eyes. Many people make a practice of cleansing their eyes with it daily. A month's supply costs but 60c. Learn its benefits!

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Face Lifting

Skin smooth — no sags — no blemishes

Learn the easy face lifting method for

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Chester Conklin's walrus soup-strainer may have to go, too, because the microphone does not take kindly to mustaches. Voices of the mustache and beard-wearing actors in the talkies are less distinct than those of their clean-shaven colleagues.

It must have been Conklin talking when a certain producer ordered a retake of a sequence because he couldn't hear the "k" in "Swimmin." Conklin's friends say this producer is the one who stopped the production of "Lucia" because he felt sure the censors would cut out the sextette.

While directing Reginald Denny in "Red Hot Speed," Eddie Cline was having considerable trouble with the "mikes" during the talking sequences. The electricians were unable to locate a certain buzzing noise which made it impossible to "shoot" the scene. Suddenly Cline, who was becoming frantic, glanced at the "mike," slapped it with a newspaper and said:

"ALL right, boys, you can start new—two flies were making love on the edge of the 'mike.'"

Foreign noises were reported from the "mixing" panel during the taking of a love scene between Maurice Chevalier and Sylvia Beecher, and the studio sleuths finally traced it to a loose board in the floor over which Chevalier was walking. When the scene was retaken, the electrician at the earphones, just at the point where the offensive sound had been heard before, shouted jubilantly, "It's O.K. now," thereby ruining the scene again.

A morning newspaper usually costs but a few cents, but a copy of one is being preserved at the offices of one of the Hollywood studios as an object lesson. This one cost nearly a thousand dollars, and illustrates what an uncharted field sound and dialogue production was when first the producers rushed pell-mell into it.

The newspaper was being read by an employe of the studio on the outskirts of the set on which scenes for "The Missing Man" were being made. As the employe turned the pages of his paper the rustling sound was so slight that it passed unnoticed by all until the "rushed" for the day's work were run for the director and his staff in the sound-playback room. These present heard what sounded like a tornado drolling out the voices of the players.

After considerable sleuthing someone found someone else who recalled the incident of the employe reading the newspaper.

When they first started to make talkies, the studios had a great deal of trouble with "static," and interferences, just as did the radio pioneers. King Vidor finally traced most of the trouble to low-flying airplanes, which are almost as thick in Southern California as sea gulls on the Pacific Coast. The roaring, buzzing, and humming noises of the aircraft were reproduced in some of the sequences as a first-class sawmill in action.

In order to remedy the situation, Vidor appealed to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and to the Los Angeles city council that aerial "zones of quiet," such as are marked on streets in the vicinity of hospitals, be established in the air over the studio area. This is accomplished by raising signal flags over the studio buildings whenever the "mike" is "open," warning aviators to make detours or fly higher to prevent the sound of their motors reaching the studios.

DURING the filming of a large exterior sequence of "Hallelujah," the establishment of the "zone of quiet," lookouts were posted to apprise directors and players of the approach of airplanes, and so numerous were the 

-/-'s during the several minutes of the day could be devoted to "shooting" the scene.

Gum chewing has been ruled out on the sound stages. An accidental "crack" in chewing is sufficient to ruin a scene. But even before quiet became the rule for the noisy drama, extras and stars who chew gum were
A particular anathema of directors. Twice it was found necessary to retake scenes because extra chewed “not wisely but too well.” In the sequence of the crossing of the Red Sea in “The Ten Commandments,” it was found that many of the players were incompletely mixing their emotions with gum, and whoever heard of gum chewing in Biblical days?

Astronomers in the background of various scenes of social splendor in “The Battle of the Sexes” also forgot to “park their gum” and the error was not discovered until the rushes were shown in the projection room.

WHILE a chorus of beauties was doing a dancing number with Nancy Carroll and Charles (Buddy) Rogers in “Close Harmony,” one of the technicians complained of hearing a snapping noise at the “mixing” panel. Investigation revealed that one of the girls in the chorus was still from rehearsals and that the kicks in the dance routine caused the joints of her legs to snap.

Sounds which pass unnoticed in everyday life are brought to the film fans through “In Old Arizona,” which was filmed for the most part in Zion Canyon, Utah. They hear the hiker’s whisper, the rustle of a hand on the sweetheart’s cheek, the rustle of the girl’s silk dress, the twittering of birds, the murmur of a blossom-laden apple tree, the breathing of a baby in its crib and the like.

The location of the picture was near the main line of a transcontinental railroad, and so many trains passed during the daylight hours that no scene of importance escaped delay for the sound of the engine to get beyond the range of the “mike.”

After work on the picture had been going on for about a week, the negatives, sound and silent, were sent back to Hollywood to be developed. Nearly a thousand hundred dol-

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FREE Pamphlet FREE
Marveleous imported, Parisian beauty, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy. No irritation, Hairless, liquid, clean. Just apply
and wash off Satisfaction or money refunded. Send your name and address to get FREE explanation how "GYPSIA" destroys Hair.

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These afflicted with BOW LEGS should use the "PERFECT LEG FORMS" and overcome this deformity. Proven and perfectly effective. Made of the finest pro-
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PERFECT LEG FORMS CO., 318 E. 16 St., New York.

HEART THROBS

Columbus, Ohio.

Photopla
yard—and prisoners. I wonder how many fans in the outside world really know what a moving picture means to a prisoner, and the effect?

Well, I can tell you, because I happen to be one of the prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary who recently saw "Weary River." It probably impressed the general public just another picture with a prison theme, but to us it carried a moral—and a convincing one! To us men behind the gray walls it demonstrated the truth we have been told and eventually must learn—it "doesn’t pay at any price!"

I’m not saying this picture made

converts of hundreds of convicts, for it didn’t.

But—had you seen the faces and noted the actions of many of my fellow prisoners before and after we saw that picture, you would be more than mildly surprised.

Such pictures, to my way of thinking, can do more toward sending completely rehabilitated men back into the world than all the feeble tactics employed by modern prison reformers.

This isn’t a plea for more pictures for prisoners—but rather an expres-

sion of sincere appreciation for what we have seen, which has made us think constructively.

W. R. G.
Technicians at one of the big studios have developed the echometer, a device that produces elusive sound rebounds to their source so that they may be put to death. This little gadget is said to bring recording results that are acoustically perfect, eliminating all the vibratory overtones that marred the projection of some of the earlier sound pictures.

Upon the heels of this invention came another panacea—a panacea of paint. It is an acoustical paint with qualities so sound absorbent that light blows struck on walls treated with it cannot be heard on the other side. The formula is secret and the paint will not be placed on the markets for general use, much to the disappointment of those living in apartment houses and other quarters.

Another production company is decorating the walls of its picture sets with a sound-absorbent paper imported from Japan. Instead of one of the ingredients of this paper is the blood of animals bought from the meat packers in Tokio, the killing of animals in the flowery kingdom will help kill the echoes of Hollywood.

It seems that most paints hitherto used in coloring the walls of the sets reflect sound as well as light. Papering the walls with the specially prepared porous paper, however, gives excellent color value without echoes. The paper has somewhat the appearance of the gold and silver leaf used by sign painters. It is used also does away with the necessity, to a large extent, of padding the walls to keep out sound, which is effective but undesirable in some respects. Padded walls frequently have the effect of making the voice of the players record flat.

For the special benefit of persons who can recognize whether a coin is “good” by its clink, a new kind of money was developed for the talkies. It sounds “good” through the microphone, but is, nevertheless, phoney.

A federal law prohibits photographing real money in the films, so the studios have been using stage money. That was O. K. when the films were silent and still so, in so far as currency is concerned, for it can be held so that it cannot be distinguished from the real. But in the talkies a false clink would break the spell in a tense scene for many in the audience.

It is not only with coins that the producers are doing their trick stuff. They are curbing the unwanted real noises, but in the meantime also inventing synthetic noises to double for the real when the latter are not obtainable. For instance, in filming one of Barrington’s dramatic “Confession,” the sound of heavy army trucks outside a hut on a battlefield was obtained by letting in the noise of the air-filtering plant on the sound stages.

In working out sound effects for talking dramas hundreds of sounds have been analyzed for methods of duplicating them. A Los Angeles theater owner pulled a nifty in this connection at a preview of “The Hangman’s House.” His house was not wired for sound and this was supposed to be a sound picture, so the man had his entire cast inject some sound effects while two film cutters from the studio concealed themselves in the pit and dragged heavy chains across the floor, made knocking noises and produced other sound effects essential to the picture. Many persons in the audience were deceived into thinking they had heard a sound picture.

Now that Leo, the M.-O.-M. lion, is roaring and the Pathe rooster is crowing for the talkies, the fans are wondering what kind of sound may come from the other trade marks. Will the chain, they ask, that surrounds the northern hemisphere clank when a First National picture flashes on the screen? Will the wind whistle around the top of the Paramount snow-covered mountain? And how about Warner Brothers, with the picture of a studio as a trade mark? What kind of noise does a studio make? Some one suggested that it probably would be a loud voice shouting “Vest!”

DIRECT from PARIS has come this newest of beauty modes—BLENDED FACE POWDERS—that permit perfect matching with your own natural coloring, in its minutest variations. And your coloring does vary—with the brilliant rays of Summer’s sun—with the soft lights of evening—with the coloring of your attire. With the JOAN PARSON 6-Tone Make-up Box you are no longer dependent upon the three or four stock shades of powder. With your own hands you may create the correct shade for your individual complexion—whether brunette, blonde, or titian. You may also blend the correct shade of SUN-TAN for your type. Just as the artist with palette and brush creates the right color tone for his paintings, so may you with the JOAN PARSON MAKE-UP BOX make a perfect tolette for every occasion.

With the chart and formulae we send, you will quickly recognize your ability to blend the most adaptable coloring for your type. JOAN PARSON toiletries are famed the country over. The powder is of medium weight and very adherent, subtly perfumed with expensive perfume oils from France. Only the finest ingredients are used and they are silk-sifted to assure velvet smoothness.

Mail the Coupon and Only $1.00

Try this fascinating way of enhancing your personal charm and you will never again be satisfied with ‘ready-made’ coloring. You will be delighted with the results. Only $1.00 brings you this large, generous package—more than twice the quantity you usually buy at retail for $3.00. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY and ONE DOLLAR.

$1.00 and the coupon will bring the JOAN PARSON make-up box—6 shades of finest powder.

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PARSON MAKE-UP BOX

Parsons at Oak, Columbus, Ohio

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A Jungle Lorelei

[continued from page 36]

Crimson, pagan mood which she paints like a Christian.

Slicum, erstwhile boot-black on the MetroGoldwyn lot and now assistant to King Vidor, was interlocutor at the party, presenting me to the various celebrities.

Slicum and Nina May danced. I couldn't because of the strict etiquette at the Apex. (My complexion was off, but with my deepening coat of tan and a natural kink in my hair it won't be long, hey? hey?)

During one dance I went over to the table of Stepin Fetchit, who assured me that Nina was a very nice girl.

"Ya, he proposed to me," said Nina scornfully. "But he don't save his money. He says the Holy Virgin will take care of him. I say, 'Ya'... The Holy Virgin is goin' to turn on you some day, big boy!'"

Nina requested a powder puff from her mother, who sat with us. Her mother is a young woman of thirty-two, of light skin, who might have Spanish blood. She spoke very little, but her eyes never left the bedeviling Nina.

"No suh," said Nina. "When I marry it's goin' be for money. Yes suh, I think that's a good idea."

"Ah, Nina, you ought to marry for love," said I white-trashily.

"I can't," said Nina. "He's got a wife. Anyhow what does love get you? No suh, I wouldn't keep no man. I don't want to be married. If I have to do—give 'un fur, clothes an' they go round talkin' about you... Not me!... I know. I want a man to do for me as much as I do for him... More! Yes suh. I take everything I get. I want furs hangin' to the ground—an' dresses like Miss Swanson's—and diamonds dribblin' all over my physique—um-um!"

Nina buried her face in her hands in a spasm of ecstatic vision of her physique perspiring with diamonds.

"I'm going to take Paris by storm," she continued, when she had regained her calm. "I'm going to do what Josephine Baker did—you know, Josephine Baker the colored girl hit of Paris. But I ain't going to marry no count like she did. No suh, not me!

"I don't want no title. I want automobiles an' clothes an' diamonds an'..." Nina threatened to break down again in hysteria of heavenly bliss.

As a child, Nina May McKenney was a little maid in white cap and apron for a wealthy Carolina family. They used to send her to the bank to deposit money.

"They trusted me with thousands of dollars an' I never stole none of it, never did," avers Nina. "But she did grow powerful fond of it."

Her mother wanted her to be a school teacher. Nina wriggled her nose at the absurdity of that. Instead, she went on the stage at the age of fifteen, sang and danced in "High FLYs" in Harlem, then went into the chorus of the Broadway colored musical show "Blackbirds," where King Vidor saw her. Her theatrical career to date amounts to nine weeks; she's a little more than sixteen—not eighteen yet!

"I can't say enough 'bout Mistah Vidor," she said solemnly. "He's wonderful—never curses at you—makes you feel at home—what he's done for me and my race—I never can repay."

All Hollywood is wonderful to Nina. Sure is.

"They invite me to all their parties—I been to Miss Swanson's an' Miss Davies' an'..."

Glenn Tryon is showing Merna Kennedy one of those gay night clubs. The little toy is a model of the big night club set used in "Broadway." The set is all wired for electricity, it has miniature chairs and tables and, probably, miniature prohibition agents.
If Arm or Leg Hair Worries You
Remove Now Without Fostering Bristly Re-growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmetics for hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors.

In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Don't Miss a Single Number of PHOTOPLAY during the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest which started in June issue. Send a post card request for a reprint of the set of cut pictures which appeared in June PHOTOPLAY, together with the complete rules, both free. Or, take advantage of the special six months' subscription rate, $1.25 (Canada, $1.50; Foreign, $1.75). Send M. O. or Check to Desk 15-G.

PHOTOPLAY, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

You will receive the reprint of the June set of pictures and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months starting with August issue.
Little Alabam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

I was at Dorothy's sweet little Brentwood house the night she got the part. I was ahead of her. I always am. Dorothy is usually late. That comes from being born in Alabama. When she was to arrive she stepped into the room very grandly and, making a haughty gesture, said:

"Meet John Barrymore's new leading lady."

I fell in a swoon upon the floor and had to be revived.

We were very grand that evening. We were full of him and forgot him. Whatever swank Dorothy would put on when she attended the premier performance of "Tempest."

How she got the part in the first place is a neat little story itself.

It concerns a bearded foreigner director named Tourjansky, who came to this country under contract to M-G-M. Dorothy fooled his heels at the studio for eight long months. Just before his contract expired he was given the job of directing Tim McCoy in a Western.

It didn't seem to be sensible to assign a famous Russian director to a Western. There are very few reasonable things in Hollywood.

Dorothy had, therefore, the lead in this picture. The girls never act in Westerns. They walk through with their other expression and constantly complain at a horrid old fate that makes it necessary for them to succumb to being carried into a sunset on the horn of a cowboy's saddle.

Dorothy really trooped in this inconsequential drama. She did it for the little Russian director who was going back home humbled and broken in spirit. She gave her best to help him when the others laughed at his absurd English and his ignorance of American ways.

Dorothy had no ax to grind, certainly. Nobody of importance would ever see the film and Tourjansky was going away. She felt sorry that all. So Dorothy quit the picture and the little director out of her mind until, instead of going back to Europe, Tourjansky was signed to direct John Barrymore's picture.

And, when they asked Tourjansky for his choice of leading woman, he called for Dorothy Sebastian.

Where all this came about I made three salamas toward Mecca and decided that there was just Allah hovering somewhere in the vicinity of Hollywood, after all.

Those were happy days for Dorothy. Barrymore's leading lady.

Loaned from M-G-M, she received more attention at United Artists than on her home lot.

A star's dressing room. A maid to attend her on the set. And the knowledge that she was doing good work. She gloried in it as only a girl can.

For three months she was Barrymore's leading woman. And then the blow fell. Tourjansky was taken off the picture. Sam Taylor was put on as director. Camilla Horn arrived from Germany. Camilla was taken off the picture. Camilla put in.

The real reason for all these political changes has never been known. One of the theories was that Taylor was given full credit for the film and saw no better way of getting it than to change leading ladies. As a selling point Camilla was under contract to U. A. and Dorothy wasn't. I can't shoot me at daybreak for that.

THAT minute I heard about the tragedy I went to Dorothy. She hadn't come from United Artists yet. I waited. A big box of flowers arrived. It looked like a coffin. I sat in the room with the ghastly thing. I felt like a funeral.

At last I heard the purr of her car in the driveway. She opened the door. There was no sign of woe, no sign of tears. She looked as pert and gay as you please.

"Hello, honey," she said to me. "Have you had your dinner?" People always say such meaningless things.

And suddenly we fell into each other's arms and wept together. I told her what a bunch of meemies I thought all producers were and the truth of all United Artists. Dorothy smiled wanly and opened the box.

There were dozens and dozens of red roses from John Considine, the head of United. The note said things like "Thank you." Next to it was a sheet of lithograph. Dorothy smiled wanly and said "And you meant it?"

"That," said Dorothy, "is my own business."

And you didn't cry?"

D'ONT be silly, Not before HIM. Not before anybody at the studio. Wasn't that other girl, Camilla Horn, taking a test? Taking my part? Going to wear my clothes and do my scenes? Do you think I'd cry? Oh, honey, I thought you knew me!"

And we both fell to weeping again.

The phone began to ring. The cameraman called her, the assistant called, the prop boy. All wanted to tell her how sorry they were.

We sat there while Dorothy told me how much she loved the part. She worked every day that she had arrived by this time. We stepped into the Coconut Grove (it was movie night, too) and there was whispering and conjecture. Why had she lost that part to a German? Why the pretty actress? Had she been temperamentally?

And Dorothy, her head held high, nodded brightly to her friends. Danced as gayly as any and as usual, Little Alabam, the life of the party.

I never saw "Tempest." I couldn't bear to look at it, there's a strange tag to the story. Camilla Horn was justified for a swanking part in "The Green Ghost." The character was supposed to have an accent.

It would have kept Camilla from being sent away to Germany. Camilla lost the part and now Dorothy has it!

BOUND up in a political mess at M-G-M, Dorothy has not had, until recently, the parts she and the part she has never fallen down on an assignment. She gave an outstanding performance in "A Woman of Affairs," and I guess there's no argument about her work in "Tempest." But Dorothy was not the right if Dorothy were kept out of good roles.

I'm glad Dorothy is the way she is. I'm glad she's not the roisterous kid Hollywood was "out" on. She spoiled me hopelessly as "Little Alabam." I couldn't bear a Pagliacci. I couldn't stand a person who praised of being unhappy and misunderstood.

I'm proud that Dorothy is exactly like she is and one of my best friends.
The Lawyer for the Defense

[continued from page 37]

been created just for him. Even with Norma Shearer, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's ace actresses in the title rôle, Hackett's work stands out as one of the fine things of the production.

Perhaps it is why again in the rôle of an attorney, this time pleading at the bar for the life of his mother in "Madame X," even the electricians and the prop boys found themselves reduced to lachrymal outpourings. They couldn't help crying—these hard-boiled men who usually regard the emotional histrionics as part of the mechanics of the job.

It is because of the fine sincerity in his work in these first two pictures that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer regards Raymond Hackett as one of their "big shots" in talking pictures. His next will be "Eva, the Fifth."

HACKETT is twenty-six—the boyish type. Clear, blue eyes. Blond hair. He is reserved, shy, the sort of lad mothers like to point proudly to as son.

From the beginning, Raymond took his work as only a serious-minded boy with a deep sense of chivalrous protection toward a mother and sister could.

When he was seven, he was playing the important child rôle in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" with Margaret Anglin. He came early to work one day to find a newcomer rehearsing his rôle. A little later, he was discovered choked up with sobs in a dark corner of the wings.

"Why, Raymond, what's the matter?" he was asked.

No answer. Only a dismal shake of the head.

Margaret Anglin, summoned, sensed the trouble.

"Raymond, did you think we were going to put a new actor in your rôle?"

The boy nodded.

"Why, he's just an understudy. Didn't you ever hear of an understudy?"

Another shake of the head.

"He's someone trained to take your place in case you are ever ill."

Raymond sat straight up. "I'll never be ill," he stated quite simply. And he never was during the run of that play.

WHEN he was sixteen, he went to see about getting the rôle of Scott, the boy whom Lincoln pardons in Drinkwater's famous drama. William Brady and Lester Lonergan were interviewing the applicants. They liked Raymond's looks.

"What salary do you want?" Lonergan asked.

"Well," he said almost apologetically, "I was getting $125 in my last part."

"What?" bellowed Brady, "a boy like you? I don't believe it."

Raymond, suddenly white-faced, picked up his hat and walked away.

By the boy's very gesture, they knew he was telling the truth.

"I believe he's the one we want," Lonergan said.

"Send a messenger for him," returned Brady.

From this engagement and a later one with H. B. Warner in "The Copper King," Raymond became a veritable encyclopedia on Lincoln.

He never had an education, in the formal sense of the word, attending only three years in a private school, three years with a tutor.

But ask him about Lincoln. Or ask him about Dickens' haunts, Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey—he knows them all. For about the time the average boy is a freshman

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FREE

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S FREE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
in college, he was playing in George M. Cohan's "So This Is London" on the London stage.

He knows a good deal of law from "Mary Dugan." He is one of the contemporary dramatists from appearing in their of-ferings. He knows the best literature of the world from his study for the drama.

One of his childhood tragedies was that he couldn't own a bicycle. He did find time in the midst of his stage career, however, to try the movies.

When he was five, after appearing with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," D. W. Griffith chose him for a role in a picture. Raymond cannot remember the name of it.

"I REMEMBER I liked Griffith because he let me play with a lot of tin soldiers and then gave them to me," he grinned.

"And I played an old Lubin lot in Philadelphia from 1912 to 1915. My mother was married to Arthur Johnson, a Lubin star, whom she later divorced." He paused a moment, looked away regretfully—his way of saying that that chapter was closed. Then he added, "For three years, Albert, Jeannette and I worked on the lot.

"Now, I don't remember much of what I played then. No important parts. I was the child carried from the burning cabin at midnight, or the little boy who galloped miles on horseback to let the settlers know the Indians were coming. Things like that.

"I didn't care much about the movies then. I liked the stage. I liked the applause the audience gave me. I had no chance to look at pictures," he grinned—"I say that as if I had the choosing—I am terribly interested. It's been hard work getting the technique. I should have known my part in 'Mary Dugan' letter perfect. In fact, I did on the stage, but when it came to the cameras and the microphone I found I had a great deal to learn.

"Oh, well—"

"The nicest part is that it gives Mrs. Hackett and me a chance to have a home and evenings together. We have a house at Santa Monica overlooking the ocean. It's a nice, homey sort of a place. Brown-shingled—NOT Spanish. It has green shutters and a red chimney.

"A wolly cozy, I have some things in New York. Some old books picked up in London, some old brass and odds and ends, you know, that we still need to make it thoroughly homelike."

Hackett is married to Myra Hampton, whom he met while playing in that rau-cously funny farce, "The Cradle Snatchers," at an old Lubin lot in New York. They were married in 1914. After the play, both came to California in the stage version of "Mary Dugan." He was performing in this melodrama at the old Mason Opera House in Los Angeles when M-G-M. agents saw him and signed him.

One of the ironic things about his success, however, is that the movie magnates were not interested in the personality as they were of getting an actor-prod-ucers cast for Norma Shearer's first talking picture. They needed him for that play only, they thought, but he turned out to be so good that he seems to be on the books for keeps.

Questions and Answers

S. N. M., Herkimer, N. Y.—"Am I such a character that it requires so much courage to write to me? George K. Arthur and Jean Arthur are not related to each other. George uses his own name in pictures while Jean's original moniker was Gladys Greene. George's most recent pictures are "All at Sea" and "China Bound."

Fred Beach, Garwood, N. J.—"The cute young lady who played the part of the captain's daughter in 'Scarlet Seas' was Loretta Young. She is nineteen years old, five feet, three and a half inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and yellowed from Salt Lake City, Utah. Her next picture will be "The Girl in the Glass Cage."

L. Garcia, Tampa, Fla.—"Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, about thirty-four years ago. She was born as Julia Jascha Heifetz, the well known concert violinist. Lupe Velez was born on July 18th, 1909, and has lived in Mexico."

Mrs. E. James, San Antonio, Tex.—At last your letter has reached my attention. June Mathis, scenario writer, died on July 26th, 1927. She was born in New York and during the performance she was stricken with a heart attack, passing away before help could be given her.

Dot B., Gadsden, Ala.—"For good sakes don't carry out your threat to scalp me. I'll settle the question right now. William Halges played the title role in "Brown of Harvard." Clara Bow has made one talkie, "The Wild Party," to date. Did you see it?

J. H. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel played in "Mem-ory Lane."

J. P., Montreal, Canada.—Lan Chandler was born in Cullerton, Montana, about twenty-eight years ago. His original moniker was "Josef." After that, he acted in "Hotbird in "The Legion of the Condemned." You will have to write direct to Lake for the photo.

J. R., Miami, Fla.—Edmund Lowe is thirty-five years old and claims San Jose, Calif., as his birthplace. Before going into the movies he appeared on the stage. He is married to Lucille Fasham. His next picture will be "The Cock-eyed World."

R. E. S., Pulaski, N. Y.—"Gilda Gray is thirty-five years old, five feet, four inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her latest picture is "Picaudilly."

W. E. D., Jr., Savannah, Ga.—Dolores Del Rio was divorced from Jaime Del Rio who died Dec. 7, 1928. John Mack Brown is married to a non-professional. Charles Farrell's first picture was "Sandy."

J. P. D., New York, N. Y.—Sorry, but we can't get information about employing employment in motion pictures.

G. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Kenneth Harlan has been married three times. His first wife was Paloma Jane Harlan; his second, Flo Hart; and his third is Marie Prevost. James Hall is divorced; that is to say, he is waiting for his final decree. So you see, he is married and yet in New York. That way James likes Norma Kennedy. But, of course, I leave all the gossip to Cal York.

H. N., Indianapolis, Ind.—Don Alvandco is married. But "Buddy" Rogers is still a bachelor. And that's the lad's real name.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Butterfly Man
and the Little Clown

[continued from page 39]

Then that thing about the young clubman
from Denver—was his name Courtland Dines?
A crazy kid chauffeur who idolized Mabel,
as does everyone who ever worked for her,
shot Dines. In his stupid fashion, he thought
he was protecting Mabel. Instead, he involved
her in another murder. Mabel understood
the motive back of his silly interference
and stood by him at some cost to herself.

The worst indictment against Mabel is that
she has been foolish, that she sort of
and allowed others to waste her great spirit.
But on the other side are those things of which Paul
speaks in the greatest passage in the Bible—
The 13th chapter in his Epistle to the Corinthians,
That shows she is Mabel's "soul sister.

Do you remember it—"Faith, hope and love.
And the greatest of these is love. Love suffereth
long and is kind. Seeketh not its own, is
not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

Mabel came to us a young, uneducated
girl. She became a great personality, a star
and an unusually brilliant woman. Then she
faded into oblivion and lost her bright image.
In the confusion and tragedy haunt those years,
but not a single accusation of unkindness, ill
temper, meanness, selfishness, envy or betrayal.
The craft and the malice and the
trickery of life. They were too much for
the little clown who never understood nor expected
them.

They won't let anyone see Mabel now, in
her Beverly Hills home where she lies so ill
and wasted.

Do you know why?
Because she is so touched and grateful that
anyone remembers her, that the wasting fever
climbs up and up to a danger point. Even
flowers bring tears of joy and appreciation
to the laughter-loving eyes—and Mabel has no
 tears left except those that come from her
very heart and her poor heart has all it can do
these days to keep pace with life.

It is cowardly, but I am glad that I cannot
see her. Because it hurts so to think of Mabel
in that pitiful state, with all the great things
that her life should have meant, undone. I
know that her love would be, and the ghost of laughter would rise in them,
and how that haunted little voice would
remember to speak only of her joy in my happy
ness.

Perhaps Lew is in his struggle to win back
enough health to leave his desert, feels
something like that. Understanding life as he
does, he understands Mabel. I think he
married her to protect her—in one of those
gallant gestures of his. But he wasn't strong
enough.

So the romance of the butterfly man
and the beautiful clown has come to its unhappy ending.
The scene lacks, and will lack for
some time, perhaps forever, two people
who gave much happiness and who, so far as
their work was concerned, always gave their best.
WATERPROOF! Yet easy to remove

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Lash Cosmetic is the one that removes quickly and cleanly. Yet you may swim, dance or what you will, and it is absolutely waterproof. Liquid. Easy to apply.

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SWEDISHER "INNOCENT" SCHONING

in nearly two years. There is no reason to envy the unhappy, melancholy Gloria.

But something very different, it always has happened to Gloria. Years ago it was the financial failure of a studio that saved her from ruin. Shortly after she was given her Triangle contract the company went bankrupt. But Cecil B. De Mille had seen her in her first dramatic role (the picture was released, if it was released, under the title of "Smoke") and liked her so much that he gave her a contract that more than doubled her salary. The creditors were quiet for awhile.

WHAT has happened to her lavish apartment on top of a Manhattan building where a cohort of carpenters and painters worked for weeks so that it would be ready for her? What has happened to her Westchester property, where she and Henry, her husband, and the children were going to live for the rest of their lives?

And what will happen to her Beverly Hills palace that she bought from Gillette, the safety razor king? Once she gave it up to move into a small apartment. Rumor began. One of the Gillette officials was questioned about it. He refused to admit that the place had been taken from Swanston. He also refused to deny it. This significant fact constituted a newspaperman’s confirmation.

She is living at the old home. But how long will she continue there? It all depends on you and "Queen Kelly." We, who know her, hope it will be the beginning of a happier era. Hollywood remains a personality. She is still a significant and startling figure in the intricate design of Hollywood.

Her past is one of the Amazing Stories of an Amazing Town.

THERE have been many people in her life who affected her deeply, who left an indelible mark upon her future. Eleanor Glyn was one of these. Madame Glyn, I firmly believe, taught Gloria all she knows of clothes. For the woman who was to become the synonym for chic the world over knew less about her dressing than the Thanksgiving turkey. She had been swathed in De Mille atrocities. She had never worn clothes.

Luckily for her, her first starring picture away from De Mille was Madame Glyn’s "The Great Moment."

The writer of novels of purple passion is noted for her frankness. Upon meeting a world famous male star she said, even before the conventional gestures had been made, "You must change your barber. Your hair cut is frightful."

Nor was she any the less tactical with Gloria. She attempted to make a lady, and a well dressed lady at that, of the Keystone comedy girl. And she succeeded. For this white flame that is Swanston is pliable when she is properly approached. Otherwise,

DON’T miss your chance to win a prize in the Cut Puzzle Picture Contest just because you haven’t a copy of last month’s PHOTOPLAY. A reprint of the set of cut pictures appearing in the June issue, together with a copy of the complete rules, will be mailed free to anyone, on request. A postcard will bring them. Address Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For Gloria's new role in "Leora" she is as forceful as a night nurse. Paramount found that out when they attempted to keep her.

WHEN Gloria was a star she wanted to leave the home studio. She had done as she pleased there for all her quarrel with Pola Negri, when the two ruling genuses of the lot vied with each other for best dressing room, best pictures, best exploitation and best money. Paramount was prone to favor Gloria in these squabbles.

Shortly after her return from Paris, following her marriage, Maurice Cleary persuaded her to hold out for a fabulous sum from Par-amount. They wanted to keep her. But not that badly. Their final offer was $20,000 a week for two years. She left and, after a year’s absence from the screen, signed a contract with United Artists to produce her own pictures.

"To produce her own pictures"—that has hurt more than one star. Gloria had the final word on story, direction, photography, clothes, casting. It isn’t practical. Neither is Gloria.

What has happened to Gloria as a person during those fitful, restless years, those years of misery and ecstasy, of bottom to top and back again? Has she changed?

Her marriage to Henry brought her something, for he is a sweet, gentle soul of unusual kindliness; too gentle, I’m afraid, too sweet for Gloria. He is now in Paris as a foreign contact man for Pathé. And the word is out that they are separated.

Men cannot fill Gloria’s life. They can only be a side issue, for she is too full of energy and vitality and activity to give herself completely to a husband.
She is envied and adored, but is little changed from the Keystone kid who contracted to pay $165 on a $150 salary.
She wears the clothes of a lady. She has slid into the new rôle gracefully, but at heart she will always be a trifle bitter and very hard.
She is a glorious fighter when her back is against the wall. And she has a straight, serious gaze and a brisk, firm hand clasp.

WITH all her many failures, with all her financial worries, with all her personal troubles, one success stands out sharply—her adopted son, Joseph.
A sickly, weak baby when she took him, he stood before his mother not long ago and held in his hand a little square of cardboard. It was his school report. He, a chubby, healthy boy of six, had received one hundred in every subject.
Gloria looked at him, her eyes brilliant with unwept tears.
Joseph had succeeded. While she? Has she failed?
Can Gloria Swanson fail?
Her new future lies ahead of her!

Brickbats & Bouquets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

Short Story

[Continued from previous page]

Kansas City, Mo.

About seven months ago I met a boy who was ideal in every way but one. He was tall, with clean-cut features and appealing eyes and had a good character, but he just looked like a hick. He had a good position with a good salary, but was just naturally sloppy, the kind of young man that is so wrapp’d up in his work and unselfish that he doesn’t know what color his hair is and that he is terribly good looking.
The only thing that stood between us was his appearance and I could not go through life looking like a rag picker’s offspring.
One night we went to see Adolphe Menjou in the movies and for the following week I raved about Adolphe’s smart clothes and wonderful appearance. Then the miracle happened.

From a slothing, ill-clothed and dusty-shoed boy he turned into a shining, well-groomed, well-tailored young man. He is just as unselfish as ever and not a bit conceited since he found his real self. Success!

H. E.

Movies Her Style Center

Glendale, Calif.

As I am planning to be a dress-maker and it is very hard indeed to get all of the different styles because I cannot afford to visit some of the style making cities, such as Paris, I am truly thankful to the movies in furnishing to my mind the different styles, different hem designs, different collars, etc. I believe the movies are largely responsible for the simplicity of our American clothes.
A bouquet should also be hand in those who plan the settings they have.

DOLORES L. HUDSON.

Do We Get Too Much Romance?

San Diego, Calif.

A generation ago, it was the bright lights of the city which our parents feared. Now it is the glitter and glamour of the movies. The movies make love-making the sumum bonum of life, and accentuate too strongly its importance. They cheapen love by making it too common. Romance has its place in life, but it is not the only important or the all-important thing. The movies sugar-coat life to such an extent that young people are unprepared and shocked when they marry and face life as it is.

LEE HAMILTON.
The Golden Fleecer

[Continued from page 67]

He seemed too young and too good looking to have known many lonely moments, but the youthful sincerity with which he said it gave Elsa an odd little thrill.

"Last night I couldn't sleep for thinking about you—Please don't laugh at me!" Beto begged, for Elsa's lips had curved in an unabashed smile. "Oh, I know I shouldn't tell you this when I've only just met you!"

And he went on fiercely, to say the things which every woman loves to hear and which Elsa had not heard for some time. While he was talking Elsa was thinking:

"This is really the thing that has happened to me in ages. It's just what I've been needing. What a perfectly intriguing mouth he has. Such expressive eyes, too. I wonder if he has ever thought of going on the screen?"

Afterwards, when she dropped him off at the Spanish bungalow court where he lived, and he persuaded her to come in for just a moment, she earned the tip and breakfast. She said:

"You see I had a bit of success on the stage in London, and then came the war—" He paused and Elsa noticed a certain sadness, wildness, and desire, very nearly, in the sweep of his blue eyes. "Afterwards, when I got out of a hospital, I couldn't seem to get a thing. I was a nothing up against it—finally had to take a horrible dancing job in the south of France—" he shuddered at the recollection.

"You might be good in pictures," Elsa said sincerely.

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly. "Tell me why. I would value your opinion so much."

"Well, for one thing, you're different. I think people are forgetting film stars today."

She paused to insert a cigarette into a slender onyx holder. "Women would like you." She smiled knowingly. "And after all, isn't it women who determine the popularity of male stars? Look at Valentino." He asked eagerly. "Tell me why. I would value your opinion so much.

"Oh, I say, if you could only help me! You've no idea how difficult it is to get a hearing when one is absolutely unknown."

For a moment Jason's eagerness, the flame of ambition which kindled in his eyes, put Elsa on her guard. "So," she said to herself, "it is not Elsa Delmar, the beautiful and popular French star? It is Mrs. George Delmar, the wife of the famous director.

"But as she raised her eyes again to meet his ardent look, she dismissed the thought as unworthy. He was so young and shy, and it was so plain that he adored her! When Elsa said goodbye she had promised to speak to George about Jason as soon as he returned from location.

Now Elsa had no intention of letting this flirtation get out of bounds. She knew of course that it was playing with fire to go to Jason's bungalow so often (there had been several repetitions of his first visit) but it had been a long time since Elsa had played with fire and it gave her a very delightful sense of warmth. Besides, she told herself, it was really Elsa who was giving him morerieve than he was giving her. One could never be absolutely sure of one's servants. She was very careful to park her car some little distance from the entrance. But in spite of this precaution, each time she hurried along the hedge-bordered walk leading to Jason's door, she always had the feeling she was skirting a volcano.

The cheaply furnished bungalow was a poor setting for Jason but it was the best he could afford, she told her. Elsa was tempted to suggest a glamorous location which she knew about, but men were odd about things like that and she could not be sure just how he would accept it. In fact, she had not been able to figure Jason at all. His restraint quite baffled her. It is true that she had held him off—at first. Still, flirtations always progressed toward something. And he had had to apply the brakes long before this.

And then one night it happened. Elsa was on her way to a party and had followed such a path which was feminine intuition—to stop in to see Jason. She found the room dark, except for the flickering of the candles which Jason had lighted. The window curtains were drawn and he lay in bed wrapped in a mink robe and shivering, wearing a frown.

"Please, Jason—you mustn't. There are eyes, ears—everywhere—"

Elsa knew her Hollywood—knew that it took only a small bit of action, a few pounds of action. She could hear them saying: "Have you heard the latest? Elsa Delmar is having an affair with that handsome young John O'Callaghan."

She tried weakly to push him away but his lips, so strong, so sweet, were pressed against hers:

"Oh, my darling," he whispered. "I need you so—"

In the end, it was his need of her that caused Elsa to throw caution out of the window. It is a long long before anybody was saying: "Doesn't Elsa Delmar look marvelous these days?"

To these compliments Elsa smiled wistfully and said: "Nothing, never red. I have felt so absolutely alive. Every hour she could steal was spent with Jason, and on the days when some important social engagement prevented their rendezvous she never failed to send him tender little notes. Jason loved those little notes, he told her.

Sometimes they drove to the beach in Elsa's car and sat for hours on the Palisades, watching the ships like tiny specks on the far distant horizon. Elsa liked best, when she could manage it, to drive to the beach at night, when the ships shimmered like oiled silk, and she could lie in Jason's arms and tell him of her thoughts where she had seen—Paris, Monte Carlo, Bucharest. Whenever their conversation turned to pictures, which it often did, for Elsa was working occasionally, he would remind her of her promise to speak to her husband about him.

"Just be patient, darling. I'll know when the right moment comes. George is broad-minded but—" She left the sentence in mid-air for Jason himself to finish.

For Elsa was not having her coffee, Elsa said to George, apropos of nothing at all: "Isn't it odd that there are so few really attractive blond men on the screen?"

"I've heard that," said George, ashing his cigar in his coffee cup, a habit which always rather annoyed Elsa though she never mentioned it. "I was talking about one trying to make her interest appear very casual.

"Yes—opposite Dalmores."

Now it is often said of women drivers that you never anted a man who had the next move will be. The same is true of women in love. Elsa had begun the conversation with the intention of asking George to give Jason a chance, without, of course, hinting that she had any personal interest in him. She felt
that Jason was really a potential star and once he was established it would be rather thrilling to have him referred to as "Elsa Delmar's discovery." But with the mention of Donna Dalmores, that terribl[e] impersonation which she al-ready had several Hollywood casualties chalked up to her credit, Elsa's question con-gealed on her lips.

SHE thought of Jason, her beautiful, blond Jason, playing opposite the sultry Donna. The way the Continental actress abandoned her hero. It seemed going was a matter of professional pride with her that no man could resist her. "I have but to pout ze red mouth--at," Donna had been heard to remark. Could Jason be able to resist her? Or rather, could she herself hold him, once he knew Donna?

No--she would not chance it. She knew her limitations. "I love you," George's voice from a long way off, for her mind had been back in the Spanish bungalow.

"Did you have somebody in mind?"

"No, darling," Elsa said. She smoked the cigarette which he had been idly twirling between her fingers. "I merely remarked that it is odd there are so few blond men in pictures.

Excuse for Elsa there may have been none. Morals, however, are often a matter of geogra-phy. Elsa, remember, was living in the continental center of the world; in a fantastic community where love-making is looked upon as a legitimate business; where love dramas are manufactured for world consumption just as industriously as those manufactured in Detroit. It is only natural that private lives should be influenced by professional lives.

Elsa considered that her private life was no one's affair but her own. She confided in no one except Jason, and she congratulated herself that no breath of scandal had touched her. She felt that she had really been very clever about it. The trouble with most women was that they did not see the connection between great hidings and great happenings. And now was with Jason himself. He was becoming rather inconsistent that she persuade George to give him a part in his new picture.

"I HEAR they are looking for a leading man for Dalmores," he said, "ought to be ideal for that part."

Elsa admitted that he would be.

"But you see I have to handle George very carefully," she explained. "If I thought I was trying to sell him the idea of using you in a picture he would have the story finished. And we don't want that, do we dear?"

Jason agreed that of course they didn't. He confided, however, that he was really awfuly up against it and that he had to get something soon.

"Just trust me to know the right moment to speak to George about you," she tried to play a part. Elsa was thinking that perhaps when the Dalmores picture was finished might be a very opportune time to speak to George about Jason.

But a few days later something happened which caused her to change her mind about that.

She and George were at dinner.

"I saw your car parked on Argyle Street this afternoon," he said casually. "I thought you were going to Osa Munsell's party."

Elsa was engaged in sipping an oyster in her glass.

"I did--but I had to drop in at the dress-maker's," she quickly aliibed herself, trying to remember whether any of the dress-maker's bills giving her proper address, were on George's desk.

"That Rolls-Royce of yours is rather conspicuous you know," added George. It was just a little thing, of course, and perhaps George was merely words careful of hidden meaning. Still, his remark had given Elsa a start.

The next day when Jason telephoned at the usual time the maid told him that Mrs. Del- mar wasn't in.

"What did he say?" Elsa asked from the

lathub where she had been coaching the maid on the conversation.

"He says, Madame, that it is very important that you see you today," the maid answered without change of expression.

But Elsa did not see Jason that day nor the next. Two or three times she took up the telephone to call him, then changed her mind.

"What if George had heard something to arouse his suspicions? Suppose he were having her watched? She could not, she told herself, afford to take any chances. It had been a very pleasant interlude while it lasted but it had been clear that she knew which side her bread was buttered on. She saw, too, that there were some things which George simply would not stand for. The newspaper notoriety, for instance. The time had come, she wisely decided, to ring down the curtain on Jason.

She failed, however, to take into considera- tion the fact that Jason might have some idea on the matter himself. Consequently, when the butler announced one evening a week later that Mr. Castle was waiting in the draw- ing room, Elsa simply went cold all over. Whatever had possessed Jason to come to her? Her first impulse was to refuse to see him, but on second thought she decided it might be better to get it over with. She would be very sweet, very charming, but she would make it plain that everything was ended.

"BUT you can't end it--like this," Jason said when she had explained the matter to him.

"No!" Elsa lifted her finely arched brows. Something told her that Jason was going to be difficult. "Why not?" she asked.

"Perhaps you have forgotten, my dear Elsa, that you made a promise--a promise which you have not yet kept."

"I'm sorry about that, Jason--I really am--but I didn't think George had heard something--about you and me, I mean. I wouldn't dare ask him now."

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "You love him very well then?"

"Of course I do."

"And you wouldn't want him to know that you had been--shall we say, indiscreet?"

Elsa stared at him a little dizzily. This was a new Jason she was facing. What was he driving at? Her nervous fingers twisted the long string of jade beads which hung about her neck.

"Naturally, I wouldn't want him to know--" Elsa flushed a little. She wished he would not look at her like that. She glanced toward the mantel. The little ivory clock pointed out almost six. George might be coming any minute. She must get rid of Jason as quickly as possible.

"Then perhaps you would be willing to pay--to keep that knowledge from him."

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Elsa, knowing of course exactly what he meant.

"I mean, my dear, that foolish women sometimes have to pay for the foolish letters they write."

He took from his pocket a little packet of letters. Elsa's heart seemed to do a nice dive toward her stomach as she caught sight of the tall vertical writing.

"YOU mean you are blackmailing me?"

There was a little shiver in her voice.

Jason shrugged. "If you wish to call it that."

At that moment Elsa heard a car turn into the driveway.

"How much do you want?" she asked tensely.

"There are ten letters here." He fingered the packet as though to make sure. "I think a thousand dollars each would be only fair."

What price indiscretion! She had foolish-ly been thinking in terms of fifty or perhaps a hundred dollars, but ten thousand? She stared at him with unbelieving eyes. Could this coolly demanding person be the tender, ador-ing Jason she had known--the man in whose arms she had foolishly tarried--because he needed her so?

In a recent discussion as to "What constitutes charm?"--the above-mentioned item--once used by a prominent young Chicagian was made regarding the importance of a fresh, natural-appearing complexion. The kind that results from studied care and the use of pure

LANCHERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE.

Once you use this velvety-smooth rouge you will note the improvement in your make-up. Because it is compounded with a pure oil, it spreads evenly, clings for hours, and protects your skin against dust, wind and sun.

Ask for Lanche Blue Rose Rouge at department and drug stores. It comes in four shades, Carna-elian, Sorento, Bordeaux--in slm, silver cct., 50c. Refills, 25c. Sold for free usage chart. Write MARIE BONNARD, Laacher Cosmetics, Box 1582, Chicago, for advice on make-up problems.

lanche

BLUE ROSE ROUGE

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A shaft of the afternoon sun fell upon his blond head and touched it with gold. Incongruously enough Elsa thought of that other Jason who had gone in search of the Golden Fleece. A gallant quest that. But times had indeed changed. This Jason was in quest of a fleece, too, but of a more modern variety.

TEN thousand dollars! Certainly an exorbitant price to pay for a packet of meaningless little notes. Still, it might be a small price to pay for safety. Suppose the thing should get into the papers. Excerpts from some of those notes paraded through Elsa's mind.

"My own darling—
Do you have the smallest idea how I've missed you today? Yesterday at this time you held me in your arms...

"It is so sweet—so precious—
this love of ours . . . ."

"You are with me in thought every minute. . . ."

And the one where she quoted the popular song line—

"You will always be
My necessity" she remembered she had underlined that.

"I'd be lost without you."

How perfectly awful it would be to see those letters on the front page of the morning papers. She could visualize the headlines—ACTOR BLACKMAILS WIFE OF CELEBRATED DIRECTOR. HOLLYWOOD LOVE TRYST BARED. George Deimler had only had no desire to relinquish her position as Mrs. George Deimler. Ten thousand was a lot of money—she would probably have pawned her pearl and that moment Elsa wanted safety at any price.

She rose to her feet, trying to register utter contempt.

"You weren't that much money now—but I'll bring it to you tomorrow," she promised reproachlessly.

"A check will do, my dear Elsa," he said casually.

"But I can't do that. You'll have to trust me to—"

Before she finished the sentence George was in the doorway. Elsa, who had always congratulated herself that she used her head, knew that she was trapped.

"Hello, dear," he greeted her. Then, noticing Jason who was seated with his back to the door, he turned to the former and began talking in this like—"I didn't know you had company."

Elsa introduced them. She wondered if George noticed how odd her voice sounded. She could feel little beads of perspiration coming out on her lip, though a moment before she had been shivering. Jason, she noticed, didn't have the cold manner she had at times been considered enough to slip the packet of letters into his coat pocket.

"Is this the young man you were telling me about?" George asked her. He had run for the butter to bring some cocktails.

"Why—I don't remember, she lied.

"That night we were talking about a blond man to play opposite Dalmore, he reminded her."

"Oh, yes," Elsa managed a sickly smile. She remembered distinctly that she had not mentioned this particular man. Was George just being subtle?

M R. CASTLE would be a perfect contrast to Mr. Deimler, Elsa nodded. This wasn't a bit like George. "Have you done any picture work?" he turned to Jason.

Elsa was left out of the conversation that followed. She sat there twirling and untwisting the jade beads while George outlined the story for the next Dalmore picture. While he talked, Elsa was thinking: "If George gives him that role opposite Dalmore he certainly should be able to do after those letters to me. I wonder if I ought to put in a good word for him so he'll know that I really meant to speak to George all the time."

Two or three times she attempted her lips to speak, then changed her mind.

When Jason finally rose to go George had agreed to give him a screen test the following week later. A week later he announced that Jason Castle, the Continental actor, would play opposite Donna Dalmore in the next George Deimler production.

Then things came as a complete surprise to Elsa, who had had a very uncomfortable week. George had said nothing whatever about the screen test and she thought it wiser not to ask him about it. Nor had she heard from Jason. She interpreted his silence as indicating that he meant to do nothing further about the letters. However, when George announced that the company was going to the mountains on location she felt considerably relieved. His absence would give her a chance to get hold of herself.

So much so that when he came in to kiss her goodnight on the first evening at home she was able to say quite naturally:

"Fly the way, how did your leading man turn out?"

"Splendid, my dear. I consider him one of my fine introductions to screen drama."

Elsa mentally patted herself on the back. Funny how absolutely blind men were—particularly husbands.

"I'll go, will you, that. He works in a rather unique way."

Elsa mentally added: "And how?"

"In fact, my dear, I feel so indebted to you for introducing him into my life. I only have you a little gift as evidence of my appreciation."

"Oh, George, you are a darling."

Elsa slumped her arms about his neck and kissed him lightly on the cheek. She hoped it was those emerald earrings she had been wanting.

"It's somewhat different from my former gifts. He paused for a second, then added: "I hope it may help you to be able to". Something about the way he was looking at her caused Elsa to feel oddly self-conscious.

He reached from his pocket a tiny key and handed it to Elsa.

"TOOK a safety deposit box for you at the bank today. This is the key."

She smiled. "I put it in one of those deposit boxes. What use could you have for one. Her jewels were well insured. She had nothing else of value. She knew that some women went in for them but she had always considered them enough to slip the packet of letters into his coat pocket.

"There are only two places where this will be absolutely safe. One is in a safety box. His eyes twinkled with an oddly amused smile. "The other night, my dear—and sweet dreams."

Before Elsa could open the package he had left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Still puzzled, she ripped the covering from the package, and a crimson blush mounted her cheeks. Instantly she knew that the other place for such a package was the fire. Impulsively she flung it where the fire was hottest. A flare shot up, revealing for one second a fragment of which was written always be—my necessity. A slender flame curled over it and Elsa breathed a sigh of relief as it dropped into black ash.
Ten Years Ago in Photoplay

R eaching into the grab-bag of memories of ten summers ago—when you and I were younger, Maggie.

Here's a quaint little paragraph from the issue for July, 1919:

"A new dramatic star is promised by George Loane Tucker when his independent production, 'The Miracle Man,' is produced. She is Betty Compson, long an ornament to Christie comedies."

Well, there's one we and George didn't go wrong on!

A pretty photo of Pauline Starke before she found it. Remember what a blank she was then... Jack Holt with all his hair. May McAvoy, who was at age 18, was still wearing suits at Sennett, coyly showing two inches of ankle to the camera... Norma Talmadge's new picture is "Nancy Lee," and Conway Tearle is her leading man... A pitiful story headed "Where is Mae Marsh?" It seems the little girl has retired for a spell.

Ten years ago this month one of the very first "Do you remember when?" stories appeared in connection with films.

Commodore Blackton has written as a piece on the old Vitagraph gang. I wish you could all see some of these pictures we print: "The Big Four"—John Bunny, Kate Price, Flora Finch, Hughie Mack. Here are Lillian ("Dimples") Walker and Florence Lawrence. And dear old Charles Kent, long dead, and William Shea, too. Leo Delaney (a nice leading man) and the beloved Florence Turner in a scene from "A Tale of Two Cities." And a shot from the first "Uncle Tom," with Little Eva dying just as dead as she did when Universal paid nearly a million for the privilege not long ago. Naomi Childers, Zena Keefe, Rosemary Theby, Rose Tapley, Julia Swayne Gordon—Hortense, a clean lankie and the smelling salts, please.

Gloria Swanson's new one is "For Better, for Worse," and our learned Julian Johnson says it is for the better. Elliott Dexter, Tom Forman, Theodore Roberts, Wanda Hawley, Ray Hatton—all that grand old gang... Gerry Farrar and Milton Sills have just appeared in "The Stronger Vow," and Johnson is very sweet about it all... Whoa! Man the lifeboats! May Allison is stranded on a desert island in "The Island of Intrigue." Jack Mower to the rescue... And Pauline Frederick is playing another of those double roles she specializes in.

Busybody, Rochester—Checking up again, you old thing! Pauline Frederick is about 33. Alice Brady is in her middle twenties. Bert Lytell is about 30. Norma Talmadge is about 22.

No—Antonio Moreno is NOT engaged to anyone!

A reprint of the first set of pictures in Photoplay's Cut Picture Puzzle Contest will be sent free to anyone on request. A postcard will bring them and a copy of the complete rules. Address Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
FRECKLES

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Money for You!

See page 56 of this issue for Photoplay’s $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

GIRLS’ PROBLEMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

eye. Perhaps you would have made a tragedy of this dissimilarity of coloring. But not Colleen. Her Irish sense of humor and her good common sense came to the rescue. When people spoke about her eyes they made some comic, amusing answer. She couldn’t change them, but she could laugh at them.

And now she wouldn’t change, even if she could. Her eyes are one of her greatest assets—and it is the oddity of coloring that makes them photograph so “electrically,” that makes her Colleen Moore of the unforgettable eyes—different from anyone else.

And for the girl who is used to a somewhat tall, whose hands and feet are correspondingly large and whose neck is somewhat long, what better example of overcome than there is indoors. She’s made entirely turned awkwardness into a rare and unusual charm, and who thinks of her ever as a big-boned, tall girl with oversized hands and feet?

Girls’ Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

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Do You Drink Enough Water?

[Continued from Page 69]

fluids you drink, from the water contained in solid food, and from that produced by the chemical reaction of life. Just as your body is about two-thirds water so do all solid foods contain water. The ordinary mixed diet may provide as much as a quart a day. Many foodstuffs are naturally soluble in water. The processes of digestion render many soluble which are otherwise dissolved with difficulty.

Opinions differ as to how much water should be taken with a meal. Some doctors advise as little as possible, others copious draughts. All agree that food should be properly chewed and not sluiced down with great swigs.

In my opinion there are very few people drinking enough water. A good plan to follow is to drink a pint of hot water in the morning, soon after you arise. Drink a glass of water before and after each meal and a glass between meals. At bedtime one may drink another pint of water. Such a plan will assure you of adequate fluid for your body needs and the thorough sluicing of your sewage system every day with resultant increase in your personal well-being. The waste products of life which in a concentrated form are irritating to the kidneys are thus diluted and more easily eliminated.

Consider the case of a diabetic. Two of the outstanding symptoms of this grave malady are raging thirst and frequent and copious
urination. The body demands a tremendous amount of water to keep the sugar which is piling up in the blood stream in solution. The resulting large water intake causes the tremendous output by the kidneys, carrying away sugar in solution.

Medical researches for some time past have been trying to determine the role of water in regard to the heat regulation of the body. Physiologists have thought that there was a heat regulating center in the brain, but such a center has never been definitely located. There is increasing evidence, however, that the maintenance of a normal body temperature, not only in health but in disease, is intimately associated with an adequate supply of water.

The body maintains a fairly constant temperature under normal conditions. Heat elimination is equal to the heat production, the body losing heat in two ways, by conduction and by the evaporation of water. The body loses heat when it comes in contact with substances cooler than itself, such as the clothing, tepid baths and the air which we breathe. When we are moderately active about seventy-five per cent of the heat of the body is lost in this manner. The body changes water to water vapor at the body temperature, giving up, at the same time, a large amount of heat.

The air which we breathe is saturated with water vapor, and as the body activity is increased, there is a corresponding increase in number and depth of our inhalations and expirations, more water vapor being given off and more heat being lost. In fact the evaporation of perspiration causes the body to lose heat. Even though invisible to the eye, we are perspiring at all times. This perspiration evaporates and the body is cool. If one is perspiring profusely and is subjected to a draft of air, increasing the rate of evaporation, too much heat is lost too rapidly. This is the reason that the pitcher on the baseball team, even on a sweating midsummer day, puts a heavy sweater on his head to increase the rate of perspiration. The same is true of the close of an inning; that football players are swathed in blankets between playing periods; that race horses are covered with blankets after they have been sent through their paces on the track, and "cooled" by being walked slowly by grooms until they are no longer wet with sweat.

If you earn your daily bread by the sweat of your brow, you know the need of copious amounts of water to drink. The water boy is just as essential to the section gang as the tool box. The endless journeys of the laborers near the water bucket in hot weather are not an excuse to loaf, as many foremen erroneously believe.

If you intend to drive your automobile into the mountains or across the desert you always fill the radiator to the brim before you start the journey. This same principle is entirely applicable to your body.

The rate at which water evaporates from the body depends not only upon the amount of heat produced by the body but upon the relative humidity of the atmosphere. The warmer the air, the more water vapor it can contain. If the air is saturated with water vapor, the humidity is high and both humans and beasts suffer because the evaporation of water from the body surfaces is seriously interfered with. When the humidity is high, in order to avoid serious consequences, it becomes necessary to limit heat production by eating lightly and by avoiding all unnecessary work. Although the sale of ice cream mounted during a hot spell, it is a poor food for summer because of its high fat content; sherbet and iced fruit juice drinks being much more efficacious.

In disease, when the body is exhibiting an elevated temperature, fluids must be forced because the toxins or poisons produced by the disease bind the water so firmly to the body cells that the loss of heat by evaporation is cut down. As the heat loss becomes less, than the heat produced the temperature rises. Many clinical results have attended the administra-
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE PRINCE OF HEARTS—Imperial

An American film star falls in love with a crown prince in a mythical kingdom. It's a plot very dear to chronic movie-goers, but to the last detail, it's a weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Even John Reinhardt's characterization of the royal cousin is distinctly reminiscent of Roy d'Arcy's in the von Stroheim picture. Norman Kerry is excellent as the heir apparent, and George Fawcett is very real as the blustering old king. Silent.

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal

This is one of a series of six thrillers starring Bill Cody. It could happen only in the movies. Single handed, the hero mops up with a gang of racketeers, is dragged by an automobile for miles, escapes from an island hide-out by taking a plunge into the ocean hundreds of feet below, but appears at the end of the day as nonchalant and immaculate as if he had just lit a match. Silent.

TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide

Anyone interested in the professional past of Walter Byron, Vilma Bánky's recent leading man, may see him to his full advantage in this British-made film. Made in London and the Egyptian Soufan, the picture revolves about a stolen title, foreign wars against black tribesmen, and the association of two foster brothers. It has the same atmosphere and appeal as "Beau Geste," but of course, is not as big a picture. Silent.

PAWNS OF PASSION—World Wide

This is noticeably better than most from the foreign mill, possessing an adequate amount of drama, humor, and suspense. Olga Chekov and Hans Siever play the title roles. But, in justice to these European screen favorites, they do not live down to the somewhat sentimental implications of the title, which does not in the least apply to the picture. The rather hysterical Franco-Russian story has to do with a powerful Soviet's persecution of a beautiful woman. Silent.

GUN LAW—FBO

What's all the shootin' for? Some ranchmen have a little get-together to play games—gun play, horse play, foul play, and that sort of thing—but it's all in fun. No one really gets mad at anyone else. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, however, anti-climax their final fade-out as a Western team under the old FBO regime. But it's not as dull as most cow sketches. Silent.

THE GAMBLERS—Warner's

Story of "high finance" and its attendant disasters. Not particularly new but well done by a capable cast, including Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner, George Fawcett, Jason Robards, and Pauline Garon. A tuneful theme song by Gus Edwards and some novel trick camera shots add interest to the story. Lois Wilson, looking very beautiful, not only talks but sings well. Quite a delightful picture. All Talkie.

THE QUITTER—Columbia

A young surgeon loses his nerve, goes the downgrade, and comes back in a medical and emotional crisis. The obvious triteness of the characterization is outweighed by a climax which carries a punch. The girl shoots the heavy to save the boy's life, the youth saves the heavy because he believes the girl loves the dying man. Dorothy Revier, Ben Lyon, and Fred Kohler are featured. Silent.

THE HOTENTOT—Warner's

The picturesque ranch of the late Lucky Baldwin, millionaire sportsman, is appropriately used for the thrilling spectacle scenes in "The Hotentot." This well-known

International Newsreel

The girl is Lily Damita. The man is Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, son of a certain Mr. William Hohenzollern. And the picture was taken several years ago in Berlin. The Prince is now in Hollywood, which also happens to be the home of Miss Damita. Hollywood says that it's a romance. Lily and the Prince say that it's just one of those cases of old friendship.

Use cold cream?
then remove it entirely
every day

to avoid sallowness, acne
and other skin troubles.

FACE creams, dust and dirt that gather in the pores, powder and rouge—all these things endanger your skin beauty. Wash clothes and towels don't really remove cold cream. They rub it in, instead of off. And they must be laundered too often when soiled with cream and make-up. Old pieces of linen are regular germ-breeders, infecting the skin.

You must remove cold cream with a substance that is made to absorb; there is a product created just for this purpose, called Kleenex.

Kleenex cleansing tissues are soft, delicate to touch, pure white, hygienic. You use them once, then discard them like paper. And they cost so little that laundry bills seem extravagant in comparison. They're ideal for blending rouge and powder, too.

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PH-7

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story of the man with a fear complex about horses being mistaken for a famous horseman and compelled to ride in a steeplechase is here again. Years ago, Douglas MacLean made a good picture of it, but this audible presentation, with the inimitable Edward E. Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller, is hilarious.

All Talkie.

YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal

In which a comparative husband (Charley Chase) acts as butcher while his wife (Kathryn Crawford) entertains her friends, one of whom (Jean Hersholt) wants her to go with him to Paris to study art. Sue Carol is as plentiful as child prodigies in Hollywood. But what gags! A Ford falls apart. A Frenchman is wrongly instructed in American table manners. There's some business with an alarm clock. Ho-hum, how long the days are getting! Part Talkie.

ROARING FIRES—Ellbee

FIRES aren't all that will be roaring if this one ever sees daylight. Here's why. Lady Bountiful works in the slums. Her millionaire father owns some flimsy tenements. His manager wants the girl, but he builds firetraps, so the girl burns him. Enter the hero—Walker, of mad millionaire's daughter who's tried everything. She gets into trouble faster than the police force and her father's money can pull her out. Both she and Nick Stuart get over some fair acting in the more violent sequences. Quite the best thing either has done. Silent.

THE BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY—FBO

LISTEN! Get a load of this. Cowboy Mix holds the spotlight in an honest-to-gosh thriller. Yes, this is 1929, but you'll actually grip the arms of your chair—or the person next to you. It's got all the old tricks, there's enough plot to stock any studio for years to come, but it's fast-moving, full of comedy, and has a hefty punch at the finish. If you care for Westerns in a big way, it's a Lulu! Silent.

THE EXALTED FLAPPER—Fox

THE secret is out. It was Sue Carol that 'put the 'pep' in pepper.' Sue's first real partner hits her like a gale. A young princess becomes "flapperized" after a trip to America, and refuses to be married off according to royal precedent. Her own selection turns out to be the prince she should have married. Old story, but amusing throughout with some scenes irresistibly funny. Barry Norton lends good support. Silent.

TO FAT FOLKS

Why not get rid of your fat while you take your bath? Sanso Reducing Bath Soap will wash your fat away while you bathe. Pleasant and harmless as your bath itself. You can quickly be pounds lighter and look years younger. The cost of Sanso? Nothing, if it stays. Process? Simply use it when you bathe and forget diet, drugs and exercise. Truly a wonder soap if you want to reduce and keep a smooth, healthy, unshrunk skin. Reduce all over or any part desired. Special discounts for Photoplay. Three full size 60c cakes Sanso $1.25, or order 3 cakes and pay postman plus his fee. SANSO SALES CO., Dept. 86, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Drake is under the Blackstone management, the world's standard in hotel service.

IF you didn't start to solve the first set of Cut Puzzle Pictures in last month's Photoplay, here's your chance to start now.

Maybe you mislaid, or failed to get your copy because the newsdealer was "sold out." No matter. You may have a set of the Cut Pictures appearing in the June issue together with the complete rules, free. Just make your request on a postcard.

Address

Cut Puzzle Picture Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hose Wagon No. 4, the left third rib of the fire department. Now then, add them up and refer to the lovelorn column of any country newspaper for further details. Silent.

SHIP MATES—Educational

WE'RE in the Navy now with Lupino Lane as a gabby gob. You'll like him in this, his first chatter film. When the huge blows at daybreak he "fews down and goes boom" and continues to go "boom" through the rest of the picture. One scene, with track barge playing, is just great. Plenty of laughs while you hear the dishes and pies go whistling through the air. All Talkie.

THE DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN—Rayart

SHOW us an audience too Americanized to be interested in a prince and princess. It can't be done! This is the popular fairy tale of a crown prince hiding in America until he can climb his plush-lined throne in perfect safety. Remember "The Man From Headquarters"? This is a follow-up, with Cornelius Keefe in the same suave role he played before, Uncle Sam's most intelligent intelligence officer. Virginia Browne Fair is attractive. Silent.

GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox

KEEN kid stuff—plenty hot and plenty fast—with a remarkably original and dramatic touch, then petulant, as a wild and leapling dance...
EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT THESE 5 ALL-TALKING SMASH HITS!

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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

[Continued from Page 13]

LUCKY BOY—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking. Silly, with hoping into sound and singing. (March.)

LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE—Cooperative.—Picturesque, authentic South Sea story, filmed among those dream isles. (May.)

MAKING THE VARIETY—Excellent.—Anyway, it took enough game to turn a football game into a serious. (Jan.)

MANHATTAN KNIGHTS—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whistles, but plenty of action. (March.)


MAN OF PEACE, A—Warners.—The Vitaphone is the real star. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

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

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

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


MY MAN—Warners.—A chance to hear Fannie Brice sing all her best songs. Not much on story, but a good Vitaphone novelty. (April.)


NAPOLEON'S BARBER—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with a twist. Cheeky, and there's only two roles of it. (Jan.)

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

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

NAVAJO—Goodwill.—Lives of the Navajo Indians, shot among them. Very educational. Just a little longer news reel. (May.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE—Fox.—Dripping with sentimentality and sticky with melodrama. (Jan.)

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

NO MORE CHILDREN—Broughton.—Tasteful and worths birth control propaganda. Don't be fooled, it's just stupid. (June.)

NOTHING TO WEAR—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn't hard to watch. (March.)

OBJECT, ALIMONY—Columbia.—A good one off our Nell, the little shop-girl, but it's all made a trite and feeble picture. (April.)

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

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

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

OUTCAST—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed part. (April.)

OUTLAWED—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! (March.)

PAGET THAT KILLS, THE—True-Life.—One of those propaganda films aimed at the dope evil. And all. (Feb.)
**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION**

★ **PAGAN, THE**—M.G.M.—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Raymond Novarro, Renee Adoree and others. See it. (April)

★ **PEACOCK FAN, THE**—Chesterfield.—A quickie mystery melodrama that could only happen in the films. Tom ("Big Parade") O'Brien in it. (May)

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

PLUNGING HOOPS—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, color, horses. (June)

POINTS WEST—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. (June)

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

PREP AND PEP—Fox.—Good boys story of life in a military academy. (March)

QUEEN OF BURLESQUE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (June)

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warner’s.—Texas Gaitan in a phonny story of silly revels. Of course, if you get a look at Tex, she is. Naturally it’s a noisy film. (June)

RAINBOW, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Warner’s.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingles with religious hysteria. The story is improbable, but the picture has a certain pull. (March)

RED MARK, THE—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan)

REDSKIN—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eyes. (Feb)

RED SWORD, THE—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal, Carmel Myers. (April)

★ **RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (June)

★ **RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But a unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot, but good atmosphere and detail. (March)

RESTLESS YOUTH—Columbia.—Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb)

★ **RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald’s work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan)

★ **RIVER, THE**—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. (March)

★ **ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan)

ROYAL RIDER, THE—First National.—Kee Maynard in still another mythical kingdom. Can’t keep cowboys on the range. Oh, dear! (May)

SAVAGE—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. (June)

SATANESQUE—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. (March)

★ **SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan)

★ **SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**—First National.—A love story, of course, with some high adventure thrown in for good measure. (March)

SHADY LADY, THE—Pathé.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb)

SHADEOWN, THE—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (June)

SHANGHAI STREET—Rayart.—Delightful and charming comedy of a Shanghai girl and the man she loves. (May)

SHANGHAI ROSE—Rayart.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the madam, fighting valiantly to save it all from the bow-wows of bordello. (May)

SHIEGOS TO WAR—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. The battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great, picture. (March)

SHIP OF THE NIGHT—Rayart.—South Sea life seen by someone never off Main Street. Just too kiddish for anything. (April)

SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent dolt. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb)

★ **SHOW BOAT**—Universal.—Lavish production of a colorful novel that deserved less obvious direction. (June)

The trained animal business in Hollywood is going to the dogs. And all on account of the talkies. Directions cannot be shouted from behind the camera lines, as in the silent movies, and it’s a clever animal trainer who can teach a dog to perform by motioned signals. This is a picture of King, the white collie used in "Dr. Fu Manchu." King has been taught to bark when his trainer raises his hand, to stop when the hand is brought down and to run off stage when the trainer swings his arm. Nell Hamilton is the actor in this picture who is giving King some lessons in make-up.

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SIDESHOW, THE—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little Billee and the Kid are the harlequins of the last in this story of a midget’s battle for success. (May.)

SILENT SENTINEL, THE—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

SILENT SHELDON.—Rayart.—Placid sort of Western.

SINNERS’ PARADE—Columbia.—The racy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

SIN SISTER, THE—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. (June.)

SINS OF THE FATHERS—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great vehicles, nevertheless, eminently worthy your while. (Jan.)

SIOUX BLOOD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

SKY SKIDDER, THE—Universal.—They are aviators now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. (March.)

SMALL TOWN SINNERS—Hugo Braun.—German film, with most of the action in a barnroom. (Feb.)

SOME OTHER BOY—Rayart.—Quickie bokum. (June.)

SOMEONE TO LOVE—Paramount.—“Buddy” Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Feb.)

SOMME, THE—New Era.—Made in Britain. A great presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

SONNY BOY—Warner.—They’ve put poor little Davey Lee in a bedroom farce! The kid is swell, the plot, disappointment. (May.)

SOUTH OF PANAMA—Chesterfield.—You’ve guessed it. It’s all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

SPEAKASY.—Fox.—The talkies’ first whodrama gets a cheery setting. (May.)

SPEED CLASSIC, THE—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (May.)

SPITE MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don’t miss. (April.)

SQUARE SHOULDERS, THE—Pathe.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. (May.)

STOOL PIGEON—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

STREET CAR—Pathe.—Another all-talking mystery, this one on board a yacht, with an all-stage cast. (April.)

STRONG BOY—Fox.—Victor McLaglen in a ratting good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage smashers. (April.)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount,—Jack Holt in one of the best Westerns in months. And Jack’s a sherif. (April.)

SYNCOPIATION—RKO.—Gay and lustrous night club entertainment that will enderlength your evening. (June.)

SYNTHETIC SIN—First National.—Collene Gouge goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (May.)

THAT PARTY IN PERSON—Paramount.—A talk with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson’s crown, and the best of all popular star’s stories that are on this stage. (May.)

THIS IS HEAVEN—Goldwyn-Unitted Artists. Vilma Banky talks and it’s charming! But the story—Columbia, No. 123456790. (May.)

THREE PASSIONS, THE—United Artists. Bessie Ingram produces an old-fashioned story of English high life, with Alice Terry still an ice cake. (April.)

THREE WEEKENDS—Paramount.—It has Charlie Bow, but that’s about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

TRACKED—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES, THE—FBO.—Easy-going Western, with Tom Tyler just loaning his name. (April.)

TRENT’S LAST CASE—Fox.—A mystery story, treated like a farce. And very good, too. (June.)

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—M.-G.-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is a literal translation of a play that was a recent play. It is a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. (June.)

TROPICAL NIGHTS—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. (March.)

TROPIC MADNESS—FBO.—Turbo-charged melodrama of England and the South Seas. (March.)

TRUE HEAVEN—Fox.—A poke story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and big George O’Brien. (April.)

TYRANT OF RED GULCH—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bad story. (Feb.)

UNDER THE SOUTH CROSS—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actors in this picture. It’s different and it has primitive charm. (May.)

UNEASY MONEY—Fox-Europa.—German pictures well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

VEILED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Hollywood’s foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

VIKING, THE—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lind the Lucky discovered Americo, told in color and with plenty of whips. (Oct.)

VOICE IN THE STORM, THE—FBO.—Just before the hanging, mother. The old one about the innocent boy, the noise, the reapire! (May.)

VOICE OF THE CITY, THE—M.-G.-M.—Odd studies of era and destiny, with Willard Mack and acted by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. It’s a speakie. (April.)

WAGES OF CONSCIENCE—Superlative.—But what was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

WEARY RIVER—First National.—Bartelheim’s first talkie, with the star as a reformed con man, popular and well acted. (April.)

WHAT A NIGHT!—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gay and gay—newspaper story. (Feb.)

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE—Rayart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-grass racing story, with Helen Costello and Rex Lease. (May.)

WHERE EAST IS EAST—M.-G.-M.—Another Chaplin bed-time story, with a touch of Ripley and Fokie. (June.)

WHY BE GOOD?—First National.—Colleen Moore at her brightest and nicest. Poppy and entertaining. (April.)

WILD BLOOD—Universal.—Rex, the wonder horse, gets a rough deal in a particularly childish Western. (April.)

WILD ORCHARDS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo costar in a story that proves that tropical heat melts all conventions. The secret of Java—the details are superb—and the picture is a riot for audiences. (March.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Paramount.—Clara Bow’s first talkie. Clara is a smooth contralto. It’s a collegiate story—and that’s what they want. (May.)

WINGED HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Hoist Gibson gives up his pony and takes the air, with Ruth Erwin as his flying partner. Vague plot. (May.)

WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, for you will like this. Valunteers of the Wall Street Barons and Barons will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (April.)

WOLF SONG—Paramount.—Mounains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. (March.)

WOLVES OF THE CITY—Universal.—Action thriller with Bill Condon and Salty Skye from the rascally nuns—crooks. (April.)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—FBO.—Mad husband accepts his murderous man for making love to wife. Excited? Neither are we. (June.)

WOMAN IN THE NIGHT, A—World—Wide.—English production with a slow and sentimental story. (June.)

WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in that name other than Michael Arlen’s “The Green Hat.” Why waste space urging you to dropeverything and see this one? (June)

YELLOWBACK, THE—FBO.—More Royal Marine Police, with the usual help from the scenery. (March.)

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Neil Hamilton
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Jack Londen
Frederic March
Adolphe Menjou
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Jack Oakie
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Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Janis
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Tim McCoy
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Alen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Dorothy Burgess
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Jane Collyer
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Mary Duncan
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
George Jessel
Ivan Ileau
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Bartly Norton
George O'Brien
Sally Fitzsp
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Don Terry
Helen Twelvetrees

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Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Falcon
Audrey Ferris
Al Jolson
Davey Lee
May McAvoy
Grant Withers

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lina Basquette
John Boles
Kathryn Claire
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Taryne DuVal
Ruth Elder
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Pat Hardin
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Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Fred Mackay
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glen Tryon
Barbara Worth

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Sally Blane
Oliver Borden
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Casts of Current Photoplays
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**BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—**T.P.O.—From the story by Frank Howard Clarke. Adapted by Frederick Ford. The cast: Tom Markham, Tom Mix; Ellis Brooks, Jack Karl; Harley Brook; Frank Beall; Audey Brooks, Martha Marlowe; Stew, Ernest Hilliard; Barney Brooks, Barney Farcy; Jack, Ethel Laidlaw.

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—**GOLDWYN—**United Artists.—From the stage play by Sapper. Scenario by Wallace Smith. Directed by F. Richard Jones. The cast: Frank McHugh, Raymond Huntley, Phyllis, Joan Bennett; Emy, Lillian Tashman; Phoebe, Margaret Lowell; Laning, Lawrence Grant; Danny, Wilson Renge; Alf, Claude Allister; Marcelle, Adolph Millet, Trouser, Charles Selon, Chong, Tetsu Komai.

**COME ACROSS**—**UNIVERSAL**.—From the story, "The Stolen Lady," by W. M. Dudley. Adapted by Raymond O'Brien. Directed by Ray Taylor. Photography by R. K. Redman. The cast: Mary Houston, Linda Basquette; Harry Fraser, Reed Howes; Pepe Hanson, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; "Captain O'l," Cassie, Flora Finch; George Harcourt, Crawford Kent; Harry Houston, Clarison Selwyn.


**DUKE STEPS OUT, THE**—**M.G.M.—**From the story by Lucian Carr. Adapted by Raymond Schneider and Duke Wethers. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Iris Morgan. The cast: Duke, Walter Huston; Barson, Karl Dane; Jake, Tenen Holtz; Tommy Wells, Eddie Nutting; Sina, Donald Briggs; Tom, Edward Edwards, Dolmar Davis; Professor Widdacomb, Luke Constand; Mr. Carish, Herbert Prior.

**EXALTED FLAPPER, THE**—**FOX**.—From the story by Donald Halmos. Directed by James Whale. The cast, Princess Lida, Sue Carol; Prince Boris, Harry Norton; Queen Clarissa, Irene Rich; King Alexander, Albert Church, Marjorie, Sylvia Field; Bing, Mike Mahoney; Stewart English, Linwood Common, Nicholas, Charles Clary; Emilie, William Vandenberg; Reposer, Don Fuller; Boston, Landers Stevens.


**FOX MOVIEPSTONE FOLLIES,**—**FOX**.—From the story by George Brown, dialogue by William K. Wells, Directed by David Butler. The cast: George, Lida Bauman, Lila Lane; Joy Darrell, De Witt Jennings; Anna Foster, Shirl English; Marie, Dorothy Lamour; Michelle, Herbert Rawlinson; Stepin Fetchit, Marion, Warner Hyten; Stage Manager, Archie Gottlieb; Orchestra Leader, Arthur Kay; Le Mat, Marie Dominick, Prima Coppa in Love and Dance Numbers; Sue Carol, Lila Lane, Sharon Keen, Dede Lee, Myra Duell, Paula Langen, Carolynne Snowden, Jeannette Dancey, David Bruce, Reta Marlene, Ruby Burns, Frank Richardson, Henry M. Mollison, Frank La Mont, Stepin Fetchit, Adolphe Dancer, Vina Gale and Arthur Springer, Helen Hunt and Charles Hugg, Harriet and John Gillis, Specialty Dancer Stepin Fetchit, Carlotta, by Colen, Florence Dancey, Evans and Weaver, Mitchell and Redman, Four Cousins, Sam and Sam, Brown and Stevens.

**GAMBLERS, THE**—**WARNER**—From the play by Willard Mack. Adapted by Michael Curtiz. The cast: James Darron, H. B. Warner; Catherine Darwin, Louise :Lear, Dorothy + Wright, ; sr., George Fawcett; George Cooper, Johnny Arthur; Raymond, Frank S. Totten, Donald O'Brien, Pauline Garon, Toller, Charles Selwyn.

**GIRLS GONE WILD,**—**FOX**.—From the story by Bertram Millhauser. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Frank Scully. The cast: Ann Darrow, Frances Raven, Raymond, Arthur Edson, the cast: Bab, Hobbsworth, Sue Carol; Buck Brown, Nick Stuart; Don Brown, Willard, Tony Matty, Roy Arey, Aitie See, Mench Bess, Bess, Lester Fenton, Dolly, Louise Burnette, Hedy Lamar, Mr. Hobsworth, Luermen Hare; Judge Edithio, Edward Brew, Speed Wadd, John Darrow, Granny, Minna Finna.

**GUN LAW**—**FBO**.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: Tom O'Brien, Tom Tyler; Cy Brown, Barney Farcy; Nancy, Rubyne Clair; "Sister," Brown, Frankie Faron; "Big Bill," Driscoll, Lew Marsh, surveys, Tom Brooker.

**HOLE IN THE WALL, THE**—**PARAMOUNT**—From the play by Fred Jackson. Adapted by Pierce Collins. Directed by Robert Flaherty. The cast: Jean Omer, Claudette Colbert; Gordon Grant, David Newell; Mr., Meryl, Nobby Savage; The Fox, Edward G. Robinson; Goby, Donald Meek; Jim, Alan Brooks; Mrs. Roosevelt, Louise Hale; Helen Marlowe, Mari, Marjorie, Kajun; Dogface, Harry McCallum; Police Inspector, George McQuarrie; Mr. Lyon, Helen Crane.

**HONKY-TONK**—**WARNER**—From the story by Leslie S. Barrows. Adapted by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: Sue Fawcett; Mrs. Chads, Gladys Brockwell; Mr. Fox, Lila Lee; Jean Gilmore, Audrey Peters; Jim Blake, Mahlon Hamilton; Cafe Manager, John T. Murray.

**HOTTELOTTE, THE**—**WARNER**—From the play by Victor Mapes and William Collier. Adapted by Harvey Threw. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Sue Harrington, Edward Everett Horton; Peggy Fawx, Patty Ruth Miller; Ollie Gilford, Edmund Breen; Mrs. Chads, Gladys Brockwell; Mr. Fox, Lila Lee; Jean Gilmore, Audrey Peters; Jim Blake, Mahlon Hamilton; Cafe Manager, John T. Murray.

**INNOCENTS OF PARIS**—**PARAMOUNT**—From the story by C. E. Andrews. Dialogue by Ernest Valda. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Maurice Morra, Maurice Chevalier; Louise Lefay, Sylvia Brecher; Emile Lefay, Russell Simpson; Monot, Harry; George Fawcett; Matte, Marano; George Fawcett; Max, Renard, John Milman, Mme, Octave, Harry; Merian, Claud; King, Judge, Chappel Rosetti.

**MADAME X**—**M.G.M.—**From the play by Alma Bisson. Directed by William Mack. Adapted by Janet Gaynor, photography by Arthur Reed. The cast: Floris, Lewis Stone; Vittoria, Lynn Fontanne; Raymond, Edward Hackett; Nola, Holmes Herbert, Rose, Bevan, Walker, Doctor, John P. Edmondson; Colonel Hanby, Howard Sturrgeon; Sakura, Sidney Toler; Perrett, Richard Carle, Darrell,公开, Nye, Valmaric, Claude King, Judge, Chappel Rosetti.

**MAN I LOVE, THE**—**PARAMOUNT**—From the story by Herman J. Markiewicz. Adapted by Percy Hillyer. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Daw-Dun Brooks, Richard Arlen; Cecil Fields, Mary Brian; Sonia Baroffi, Bachaova; Curly Bloom, Barry O'Keefe; Max O'Keefe, J. D. Murray; Cap, Pat Malley; Carlo Lepre, Leslie Fenton; Tony, Charles Ralston; Charles Sullivan; K. K. O'Keefe, William Vincent.

**MASKED EMOTIONS**—**FOX**—From the story "A Son of Anak" by Ben Ames Williams and Benjamin Markson. Directed by David Butler and Kenneth Hawks. The cast: Brandeck Dicker, George; Honey; Emily Glass, Jule Kay; Harry O'Day, Hal O'Keefe; Joan Sturm, Osgood Perkins; Joe Bock, Lorn Raker; Beauteous, Barbara Bennett; Mrs. Affleck, Jokie Moskowitz; Mr. Affleck, Jacob Frank; Mr. O'Keefe, Movit, Louis Whitehead, Jerry, Frankie Faron, Duke of Polomax, Tyrrell Davis, Dinwood, Allan Vincent, Evangeline, Leslie Stowe.

**MOTHER'S DAY**—**PARAMOUNT**—From the play by James Montgomery. Adapted by John McWen. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Robert Bennett, Richard Dix; E. M. Burke, Mr. O'Day, John J. Duyce; Helen Darrow, Dan Derry; Doreen, Donald Smiley; Helen Chandler, Jake Sturm, Osgood Perkins; Joe Bock, Lorn Raker; Beauteous, Barbara Bennett; Mrs. Affleck, Jokie Moskowitz; Mr. Affleck, Jacob Frank; Mr. O'Keefe, Movit, Louis Whitehead, Jerry, Frankie Faron, Duke of Polomax, Tyrrell Davis, Dinwood, Allan Vincent, Evangeline, Leslie Stowe.

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—**PARAMOUNT**—From the play by James Montgomery. Adapted by John McWen. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Robert Bennett, Richard Dix; E. M. Burke, Mr. O'Day, John J. Duyce; Helen Darrow, Dan Derry; Doreen, Donald Smiley; Helen Chandler, Jake Sturm, Osgood Perkins; Joe Bock, Lorn Raker; Beauteous, Barbara Bennett; Mrs. Affleck, Jokie Moskowitz; Mr. Affleck, Jacob Frank; Mr. O'Keefe, Movit, Louis Whitehead, Jerry, Frankie Faron, Duke of Polomax, Tyrrell Davis, Dinwood, Allan Vincent, Evangeline, Leslie Stowe.

**NOVEMBER SHADES**—**SANTA FE**.—From the story by Wallace Smith. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Irene Cummings. The cast: Linda Cunningham, June Colmer; Mme Jourou, Louise Drouet; Jerry Connors, Alan Lane; Ceglad, Oscar Apfel; At Borgen, Paul Nicholson; Morrie, Marjorie Diell; A Crook, Ben Hewett; Another Crook, Jack Kenney.

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION**

FOR THE FIRST TIME
I can keep my complexion fresh and natural...the whole day long

"For I have found Armand Cold Cream Powder, I take a clean puff and rub the smooth, fragrant powder well into it. Then apply it to my skin. It blends perfectly. The secret is rubbing it into the puff." $1 at all good stores.
This Armand Beauty Treatment will do wonders for your skin. Send 10c for it.

It contains:
I copy Armand's new "Ten Minutes a Day" beauty treatment.
I trial package Armand Cold Cream Powder—Zanzibar shade.
I trial package Armand Foundation Cream—a marvelous discovery for powder base.
I trial package Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream—that liquefies the moment it touches the skin.
I trial package Armand Lip and Cheek Rouge—a new creation!
You must try one of these new Armand Powder shades: Zanzibar, light sunbronze for brunettes or blondes. Starlight, for day or evening."
Corns
vanish after this amazing liquid

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You're Booket shoes, dances, walks again in comfort.

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way harmless. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "GETS-IT" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

NO MORE DANDRUFF

ZEMO

PRETTY ANKLES $3.75
AND CALVES per pair

Dr. Walter's Special extra
strong Ankle Bands of live Para
Rubber will support and shape the
ankle and calf while reducing
swelling. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under outer sole of hose. Relieves
swelling and varicose veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night to get better sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special
Ankle Bands for Men, 5c by
check or money order (no cash) or
postage.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to
Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter
209 Fifth Avenue
New York

Moles
How to banish them

A simple, safe home treat-
ment—10 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Dr.Growth) dry up and drop off

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 123-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

The members of Our Gang go high hat and demand their own chair. Everyone who is anyone around a studio reads a labelled chair. Our Gang made their own signs and if Farina should absent-mindedly sit in Wheeler's chair, this serious breach of etiquette would have to be settled outside.
LOVE'S HEART BEAT

Set to the Golden Notes of the Most Famous Music-Play of Our Generation

Love's immortal melodies—in the enchanting atmosphere of moonlit desert nights . . .
Romantic wild Riff horsemen—weird, fleeting shadows in a land of mystery and fascination.
Haunting beauty of desert vistas—scenes—action—romance—stirring martial airs—that get into your blood—hold you entranced through every glorious moment of song and story.

"The Desert Song" thrills you with its chorus of 132 voices. 109 musicians add their matchless harmonies. Exotic dancing girls charm you with their grace and loveliness.

"The Desert Song" is Warner Bros. supreme triumph—the first Music-Play to be produced as a complete talking and singing picture.

See and hear "The Desert Song" via VITAPHONE.

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

The Taste of the Baby’s Food

If the baby could talk he would say that his mother’s milk makes a strong appeal to his taste. He would also, if able, express verbally his distaste for some mixtures which are forced upon him in spite of his physical protest.

If the baby is fortunate enough to have human milk his taste is satisfied as well as his needs for nourishment. It may happen, however, that his mother cannot nurse him and some substitute for human milk becomes necessary.

The taste of Mellin’s Food is so appealing that the baby takes the mixture eagerly, and rarely if ever is it necessary to force or urge nourishment prepared from Mellin’s Food and milk. The baby’s nutritive demand will also be satisfied if he is fed upon milk properly modified with Mellin’s Food; therefore to force the baby to take distasteful mixtures is a needless and unwarranted procedure.

Mellin’s Food Company

Mellin’s Food
Biscuits
Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean
the baby from the bottle

Mellin’s Food
Biscuits

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin’s Food Company — — — — Boston, Mass.
ID you really come all the way from New York just for that?" a young Chicago housewife asked me in utter surprise. She could hardly believe I had traveled a thousand miles just to ask her and several hundred other girls about their complexions and this fragrant new Camay!

But I had! I knew all about Camay's gentleness, of course, from my own complexion. And I loved its delicate wildflower fragrance.

But just my experience wasn't enough, I felt. So, among other things, I went out to Chicago and talked to women and girls—282 in all, my note book reminds me.

What Chicago girls told me

"There just never was a soap like Camay for my skin," one girl out in Evanston said. "It makes my complexion look so smooth and fresh."

"Camay feels gentler on my skin than any other soap I ever used," and the head of the toilet goods department of a well-known shop who told me this, has a very wide soap acquaintance!

I met enthusiasm like this for Camay's gentleness from girl after girl, in every part of town. Then I decided to go farther. I took my idea to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

Why 71 dermatologists approve Camay

He did this, and Camay came through without a single question-mark. And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 70 dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked them to examine it and test Camay.

too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and Camay's gentle way of cleansing even the most delicate complexions.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's snowflake lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for your complexion.

Free! For you—All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Sensitive skins, are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep; Way to Use Cosmetics, and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-79, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.
“Reach for a Lucky - instead of a sweet”

Toasting takes out every bit of bite and throat irritation

“It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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PHOTOPLAY
AUGUST 25 CENTS
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

Greta Garbo

Why Jack Gilbert Married...
SUMMER!

yet your
POWDER
clings,
rouge stays on
and you look
ALWAYS
LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . .
limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into
caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . .
whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the
joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no
pale cheeks after the swim . . . no
over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's arders . . . no shiny
nose. Adorable summer tan, if you
like; for that is the mode. But you
must remain serenely, coolly beautiful
under all conditions, to fully enjoy
summer . . . and with Princess Pat
beauty aids you may.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up
Princess Pat beauty aids, if used
together, give a marvelous summer-proof
make-up. Why, you can actually go
in swimming and come out with color
perfect—or dance through the evening
divinately assured of absolutely lasting
beauty.

For this wonderful make-up that will
last, you first apply Princess Pat Ice
Astringent—just as you would ordinary
vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice
Astringent cools the skin for hours,
keeps pores of normal fineness, and imparts
supremely beautiful smoothness
to skin texture. After Ice Astringent,
apply Princess Pat rouge for color that
moisture simply cannot affect. Then
use Princess Pat almond base powder—
the softest, most clinging ever made.

And Joy of Joys is
Summertan Rouge

Just think! Make-up that is summer-
proof. Rouge that instantly gives more
glorious tan than the sun ever did. Not
one woman in a thousand actually sun-
burns beautifully.

Every woman—whether blonde or brun-
ette—acquires marvelous sun tan
loveliness from Princess Pat Summertan
Rouge. Gives any degree of tan
you want—from pale honey amber, to
richest tints of golden dusky glow.
Really, it is positively thrilling.

Too, Princess Pat has for you Princess
Pat Summertan Powder . . . an original
and most beautiful of all powders for
the fashionable sun tan effects.

Now in Brilliant Week End Set
Princess Pat Summertan-Rouge—and

Summertan powder—in generous
amounts come to you in the famous
Princess Pat Week End Set. Also Ice
Astringent, Cold Cream, Tissue Cream,
and Lip Rouge . . . lip rouge to harmo-
nize with the new vogue. Is this your
opportunity. The new creations in the
Week End Set will give you the most
shimmeringly beautiful make-up of the
fashionable world . . . and summer proof
make-up at that.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered
for a limited time for Two coupons and $2.00 (co.) Only
each to a customer. Not containing a monthly supply
of Almond Base Powder, which is a beauty aid. The
Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated
bouder box. Please act promptly.

Get
This
Week
End
Set—

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
A play you ought to read

The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters:
Your Dentist and You

You: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

You: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

You: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

You: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement... about food."

D.D.S.: "Soft foods! Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

You: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.
THE NEW SHOW WORLD

Broadway and Hollywood united!
Stage and Screen are one!

These changing times have seen nothing so miraculous as the fusion of all forms of amusement—screen, stage, music, radio—into one. Now, in the talking, singing motion picture you get all that the screen has ever given you—and the living voices of the stars themselves. You get all that the stage has ever offered you—and scenes and action not possible without the far reaching eye of the camera. It's a New Show World and all the arts and sciences are enriching the screen. It's a New Show World; a famous name is leading it! Paramount—with eighteen years of quality leadership. Paramount with the largest and choicest array of talent from all the amusement fields. Paramount, the greatest name in motion pictures, now presents its greatest entertainments—the Super Shows of the New Show World. See and hear them all! "If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town."

Super-Show of the New Show World

- "The Four Feathers"
- "Dr. Fu Manchu"
- "The Cocoanuts"
- "Glorifying the American Girl"
- "The Vagabond King"
- "The Dance of Life"
- "The Love Parade"
- "Welcome Danger"*
- and more

Cream of Screen and Stage Stars
Harold Lloyd & Moran and Mack
Clara Bow
Maurice Chevalier
George Bancroft
The Marx Brothers
Gary Cooper
Dennis King
Jeanne Eagels
Charles "Buddy" Rogers
Ruth Chatterton
Nancy Carroll
William Powell
and more

Seen and Heard in Short Features
Eddie Cantor
Tito Schipa
Rudy Vallee
James Barton
and more

Paramount Sound News
"Eyes and Ears of the World"
* Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp., Paramount release.

Paramount Pictures

Every advertisement in PHOTOWAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14.
As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

ONE more silent picture before you... Garbo will not talk in "Anna Christie." She is making a story by Jacques Feyder without sound. Garbo is anxious to face the "mike."

IN Bill Hart's first comeback picture, Thelma Todd will be leading lady.

LON CHANEY will talk on the screen—as soon as the mechanics are perfected. He also demands a successful dialogue director. Will he become the Man of a Thousand Voices?

MIDSUMMER romancing—Edward Everett Horton and Lois Moran are going places. Buddy Rogers is courting June Clyde. Oster, Anna Lake and Mary Brian seem to care, and Marian Nixon is listening to the honeyed words of Eddie Hillman, a Chicago polo shark. The David Rollins-Dixie Lee romance began during the making of the "Fox Movietone Follics." No date has been set for the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon wedding, with both principals saying it is four or five months off.

THREE new young stars at Paramount—Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll. Gary's first solo picture is "Medals."

WILL ROGERS is all set to begin his picture work at Fox. A $7,000 bungalow is being built for him. John McCormack will have one too, and possibly Janet Gaynor.

WITH her marriage to Jack Gilbert, Ina Claire's fan mail has leaped to 20,000 letters a week. Her former fiancé, Gene Markey, high priced writer, is now one of the leading bachelors of Hollywood. He has been lunching, dining and dancing with Ruth Taylor and other filmland girls.

RUTH TAYLOR will play the lead in "College Coquette" for Columbia. Others are Jobyna Ralston, William Collier, Jr., and John Holland.

THE cast of the all-color Pickford-Fairbanks, "Taming of the Shrew," will include Jeffrey Wardwell, Edwin Maxwell, Dorothy Jordan, Joseph Cawthorne and Clyde Cook.

"FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS" will be Colleen Moore's last picture under her former First National contract. Another company may grab the Irish lass, as Warners are said to be averse to signing her even at the former figure—$12,000 a week. She remains a great draw. When Colleen finishes the film she will charter a yacht and sail Alaskan waters.

WARNER BROTHERS are about to start production of a daring stage play, "Outward Bound." The action takes place on a ship at sea, and all the characters are supposedly dead. Two suicides escape the ship and return to life.

EVELYN BRENT is at last to be starred by Paramount. She has fought off stardom, feeling that a star's life is short, while featured players go on forever.

HIS Paramount contract over, Adolphe Menjou has sailed for Europe. He will probably live at Cannes, on the Riviera, for a while. He did not re-sign.

HAL SKELLY's second picture for Paramount will be "Behind the Makeup." Another back stage story, with Esther Ralston as leading woman and William Powell in a feature role.

PARAMOUNT may waive its rights to a last Richard Dix picture under his old contract. He will then be free to go right to work for RKO under his new starring contract.

DENNIS KING arrives in Hollywood to play his famous rôle in the Paramount filming of "The Vagabond King." King starred in it for two years on the stage. Jeanette MacDonald, famous stage blonde, will be opposite.

DOROTHY MACKAILL has been given a month's vacation, and will holiday in Honolulu.

WARNERS are also to make a Vitascope of "Golden Dawn," Hammerstein operetta. All color, with Larry Ceballos staging the ensembles and Ray Enright directing.

"MAGNOLIA," made several years ago as a silent film starring Cullen Landis, makes its bow as a talkie for Paramount, with Charlie Rogers, Mary Brian and June Collyer. The new title is "River of Romance."

THERE is a rumor that Paramount may yet produce "An American Tragedy," if censors can be placated. Charles Rogers is a surprise choice for the lead. It is an emotional rôle in a rather sordid and very tragic story, and such a part will be a severe test of Rogers' nice-boy following.

FOX is advertising Mary Duncan for one more picture only. Contract not renewed?

RAOUl WALSH'S next picture will be "The Cisco Kid," with Edmond Lowe and Warner Baxter, famous team of "In Old Arizona."

CLIVE BROOK is home from an English vacation to start work on a Sherlock Holmes story for Paramount.

CORINNE GRIFFITH liked life abroad so well on her recent junket in Europe that she will buy a small chateau near Paris and spend three months a year there.

NICHOLAS HAMILTON has joined the film yachties by buying a thirty-four foot yawl named "The Venus." He will sail her himself.

BILLY DOVE'S next for First National will be "Give the Girl a Hand." Alexander Korda will direct.

This contraption is the long-awaited camera equipment for taking three dimension, or stereoscopic, movies. With it are the inventors, John Berggren and George K. Spoor. The machine represents ten years of labor and the expenditure of over three million dollars. A screen thirty feet wide and thirty feet high is used in the projection.
FILM covers teeth
—it dulls them—it destroys them
Yet gleaming whiteness will return if you remove it

SCIENCE discovered the way to keep teeth white and brilliant while seeking a way to combat the start of tooth and gum diseases. This is because dingy teeth and most dental ills come from the same cause. That cause is a dangerous film that creeps over teeth and into crevices—a sticky, dingy coating that stubbornly defies the ordinary ways of brushing.

Today, the approved method of protecting teeth is by removing film, a special dentifrice called Pepsodent has been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

You must fight film
You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it... germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it
Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing film from teeth. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film so that brushing can easily remove it in perfect safety to enamel.

You marvel at the natural whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Get a full-size tube of Pepsodent wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for 10-day tube.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE
Mail coupon to
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Dept. 5A, 1194 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name
City
Address

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ALIBI—United Artists.—An almost flawless tale about a young gunman who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama. All Talkie. (May.

ALL-AMERICAN, THE—Supreme.—How a college sprinter maps up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. Silent. (March.


ALL FACES WEST—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. Silent. (April.

ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart.—Story of the terrible life of a misplaced musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. Silent. (June.

APACHIE, THE—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweethearts. The lifting act—of you believe in such things. Silent. (Feb.


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

BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesterfield.—Quickly-told stuff—and something awful. Silent. (June.

★ BETRAYAL—Paramount.—Not a pretty tale, but fine dramatic fare, with Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper. Sound. (May.

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—FBO—Cowboy Mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July.

BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only 88-90. Silent. (March.

BLACK HILLS, THE—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. Silent. (March.


BLACK WATERS—World Wide.—Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. Silent. (June.


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

BLUE SKIES—Fox.—An orphanage romance, beautifully acted and charmingly directed. Sound. (June.


BORN TO THE SADDLE—Universal.—Three rovers. Silent. (April.

BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE—Sennett-Educational.—One reel talking comedy and funny by turns. Eddie Gribbon is best. All Talkie. (April.

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—M-G-M.—To the astonishment of all, a good picture from the Widmark novel. And, oh, zat Lucy Damilat Part talkie. (May.

BROADWAY FEVER—TiFFANY-STAHL.—Sally O'Neill being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. Silent. (April.

BRIDGES OF SAN SABA—United Artists.—Impressive but slow. Silent. (April.


BROTHERS—Rayart.—A good brotherly love yarn, one a crook and one a nice boy. Barbara Bedford does a heavy. Silent. (May.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Goldwyn.—United States, called melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July.

BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme.—Did you know that night clubbers have the most profundities. This one is an unintentionally funny sob story. Silent. (June.

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

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

★ CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE—Paramount.—Stirring drama of the low affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. Silent. (Feb.

CLEAR THE DECKS—Universal.—Reginald Denny does in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. Part Talkie. (March.


COHENS AND KELLY'S IN ATLANTIC CITY—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. Part Talkie. (March.

COME ACROSS—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July.

COQUETTE—United Artists.—Denatured version of the stage play, with a fine performance by Celeste Holm. And Mary's voice one of the best in the talkies. Of course you'll want to see—certainly remarkable. (April.


DESERT SONG, THE—Warner.—All singing and all dancing opera that is a bit old-fashioned and stagy. Some good singing by John Boles. Part Talkie. (June.


DIPLOMATS, THE—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two-reel talkie that will give you some laughs. All Talkie. (March.

★ DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE—Paramount.—Barrie's playlet, "Half an Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. All Talkie. (March.

DOMESTIC MEDDLERS—Tiffany-Sahl.—The eternally well-worn triangle. Silent. (Feb.

DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. All Talkie. (June.


DRIFTER, THE—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. Silent. (March.


★ DUMMY, THE—Paramount.—In this excellently-told talking crook melodrama, two Hollywood and Metro veterans are cast as the two heroes of the talkies. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. All Talkie. (March.

ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE—Curtiz-Educational.—A clever little dress-suit comedy in one reel, with Edward Everett Horton fine. All Talkie. (April.

ETERNAL LOVE—United Artists.—John Profile Barrymore and Camilla Horn get romantic in the Swiss Alps. Sound. (April.

ETERNAL WOMAN, THE—Columbia.—Frenzised society melodrama with a rubber plot that bounces all over the map. Silent. (June.


EXALTIS FLAPPER, THE—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and upsets royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (July.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Monthly Barometer

The war of words between those who want speech with their movies and those who prefer pantomime and silence is still waging fiercely.

Many of our correspondents have written us a second time, retracting some of their earlier, bitter denunciations of the talkies, after they have seen the amazing progress made by the lip-singinfant of a few short months ago.

The response to attractive singing voices has been marked. John Boles, who played the Red Skidmore in "The Desert Song"; Charles King, in "The Broadway Melody"; Eddie Dowling in "The Rainbow Man"; Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris"; each has had his share of favorable comment for delighting the ears of his listeners. Ramon Novarro's admirers write us that hearing his voice as he sings in "The Pagan" has given them the ultimate in thrills.

Of women's voices, only that of Carlotta King, who sings opposite John Boles in "The Desert Song," has seemed impressive enough to bring forth praise from our readers.

$25.00 Letter

Buffalo, N. Y.

I have been a musician in the movies for many years, almost since the first dark days of their crude presentation to the world, and from my own intimate experience with the industry in general, I must say that the new talkies (despite their struggling infancy) are just about the last word in amusement.

I have "sawed" through thousands of performances in my day, watched with impersonal interest both picture and audience, and it is a fact that people never seemed quite so wholly satisfied with what they got for their money as they have recently with the talkies. To be able to sit and hear, as well as see one's favorite actor or actress on the screen, accompanied by specially selected and expertly applied musical scores, is to me perfection in itself.

I am one musician who is glad to sacrifice my job; in other words, step aside, to give way to what I believe is the greatest, most satisfying and undoubtedly most lasting of all movie attainments—the thrilling talkie.

Mrs. M. Bates.

$10.00 Letter

Forfar, Scotland.

Please, America, Land of the Motion Picture, in the mad rush to produce talkies—and still more talkies,—do not altogether neglect the silent drama. Too many, like myself, nothing will ever take the place of the silent motion picture, which is a distinct art having nothing in common with the spoken word. Of course, there is room for both talking and silent films, but I see it predicted that in a year or two the silent movie will have ceased to exist. If that day ever comes (perish the thought), I'll be content to sit at home of an evening, with a book for company, and meditate upon the good old days when movies were movies—and silence was golden.

Artists of the calibre of Jannings, Bacteroff, Chaplin, Gilbert, Vedit, Garbo, Goudal, Svanson, Davies, Del Rio and Bacchanova have no need of words to express themselves. The art of the silent drama is international; boundaries do not exist. Pantomime is the screen's own Esperanto. And yet this triumph is to be trampled in the dust!

America has done so much—indeed, I might say, everything—to elevate the motion picture to the plane of a great art, that I, for one, shall be sorry if all that good work has been in vain.

David Donald Jolly.

$5.00 Letter

New Castle, Pa.

I have read Mr. Quirk's sympathetic and understanding editorial regarding sound development in pictures and the cry of woe that has come from the deaf. Long ago, pride led me to master lip-reading. I owe it to my vanity that I can now enjoy the new life that animates the picture world. I am deaf, but the best entertainment the world has to give is mine at my favorite theater.

I do not hear the instrumental music. I do not hear sounds, but I do have pleasures that a year ago I never dreamed would come into my humdrum existence. I have laughed at the jokes of Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice. I have cried over the words of Al Jolson and Davey Lee. I have thrilled to the spoken drama of "The Letter" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." I am deeply grateful for the splendid enunciation that comes from the gifted lips of Lionel Barrymore. Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut and Conrad Nagel. Take heart, deaf comrades. You may laugh and cry with the world at the talkies. The way is shown.

Dorie Bland.

Mr. Quirk Dodges a Brickbat

Minneapolis, Minn.

I have just come from seeing what I consider the most amazing talking film of all time, "The Letter." I am not alluding to its very obvious dramatic and historic superiority, but to the illuminating contrast it affords between the finest appearance before the sound apparatus—and the worst.

It goes without saying, that Jeanne Eagels' performance of the unhappy wife stands alone as the best spoken screen appearance to date. It likewise goes without saying that that otherwise admirable fellow who struggled painfully through the introductory foreword (s-s-s-sh—is he around any place?) is unconditionally the worst.

It surely was a let-down to see the man whom we sincerely esteem as the last word in what is or isn't in the business, leave himself open as he has by that fatal episode.

Frank M. Woolen.

It's All in the Point of View

Chicago, Ill.

This letter is also about the talkies and perhaps the fans may be interested in what I have to say.

Sometimes I get disgusted with the movies. I feel that way now about the talkies. I have just read a critic's review on the talking picture[

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]
Outdoors adored...indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July)

AKER, THE—Columbia—Well done expose of spiritualistic charlatans, with Warner Oland fine as the phony seer-chaser. Silent. (April)

FLOATING COLLEGE, THE—Tiffany-Stahl—Based on one of those university crimes, this picture had possibilities that aren’t realized. Silent. (March)

FLYIN’ BUCKAROO, THE—Pathé—How to capture drunks. Silent. (Feb.)

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

FOX MOVIE-TONE FOLLIES—Fox—Lots of good tunes, weird comedy by Skippy Finlay and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July)

FUGITIVES—Fox—Conventional story of a wronged girl and a Horalig Alder district attorney. Sound. (March)

GAMBLERS, THE—Walters—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (July)

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount—A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performances by all-stage cast. Check up this one of great potentialities. All Talkie. (June)

GHOST TALKS, THE—Fox—A talkie farce, Plenty of hughes. All Talkie. (Feb.)

GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July)

GIRLS WHO DARE—Trinity—Seethes fail to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after this one? Silent. (April)

GIRL WHO WOULDN’T TATTLE, THE—Liberty—In spite of its title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You’ll like it. Silent. (June)

GLORIOUS TROLL, THE—First National—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telephone line. You know the rest. Silent. (March)

GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE—Walters—Not a dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It’s speedy, exciting and good fun. Sound. (June)

GUN LAW—Fox—A lot of shooting, all in fun, silent. (July)

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

HARDBOILED—FBO—Hungry story about a tootin’ show girl, but well played by Sally O’Neil and Donald Reed. Silent. (April)

HAUNTED LADY, THE—Universal—Laura Lafflin knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. Part Talkie. (April)

HEARTS IN DIXIE—Fox—Plantation life continued with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. All Talkie. (May)

HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—First National—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill make this melodrama worthy of your attention. Part Talkie. (March)

HIS LUCKY DAY—Universal—Another film story for Rezy Deens, with the star a dizzy rebel. Part Talkie. (April)

HONEYMOON ABOARD—World-Wide—Moments have in a picture comedy made in London and Paris. Silent. (April)

HONKY TONK, THE—Walters—Story of a night club mama with a hard, good girl. With Sophie Thompson and her songs. All Talkie. (July)

HOT STUFF—First National—Collegiate stuff in musical comedy style. Alice White disproves, smokes and dipples, as usual. Part Talkie. (May)

HOTTENTOT, THE—Walters—Hilarious farce comedy. You’ll like it. All Talkie. (July)

HOUSE OF HORROR, THE—First National—Cheap clapptrap mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. Sound. (May)

HOUSE OF SHAME, THE—Chesterton—Domestic drama—if that’s what you want. Silent. (Feb.)

HUNTINGTOWER, THE—Paramount—Imported Scotch—cuddlehead. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. Silent. (Feb.)

IN HOLLAND—Fox—Movie-tone—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCallough. All Talkie. (April)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage—This Issue

Save this magazine—Refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening’s entertainment.

Make this your reference list.

Aloha Hawaii—All Star—111

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Black Watch, The—Fox—56

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Campus Knights—Chesterfield—112

Careers—First National—57

Changing Sinners—Paramount—56

Clean-up, The—Excellent—111

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Far Call, The—Fox—57

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Father and Son—Columbia—110

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Glad Rag Doll, The—Walters—56

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Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:

You have so often said to girls who write you about being self-conscious and ill-at-ease in the presence of people that they don’t know well—”Try to forget yourself and be interested in others.” I’m quoting that exactly as you wrote it to a friend of mine who asked you for advice.

That sounds so easy, Mrs. Van Wyck, but I’m finding it very hard. Self-consciousness has been my besetting sin all through my school life. Now that I am in my last year at college, I begin to worry about facing the world without having overcome my timidity, my childish habit of getting confused, and blushing and stammering when people speak to me.

I feel I have missed a great deal of the fun at school because I have always been afraid of being singled out for attention, of having all eyes turned toward me. At parties and college affairs, when the others get up and do silly little stunts and sing and dance I often long to act foolish with the rest. I try to, but the minute anyone pays special attention to me, then I can’t go on.

I really am a good “eccentric” dancer. My sister is a professional dancer and she has taught me some of her steps. I haven’t let many people know I can dance because I’m afraid I’ll be asked to perform. Of course I don’t mind dancing for a few of the girls I know well.

What can I ever do to cure myself of getting “fussed” so easily? I might want to take up dancing as a profession, or I might want to teach it, but I would have to learn to be more polished, full of fun and doing either. Isn’t there some system of self-discipline you can tell me about, some definite rule to follow?

Elise M.

I can give you some suggestions, Elise, which should help you to overcome self-consciousness. The rest is up to you.

First let’s analyse this thing we term “self-consciousness.” Surely it isn’t the hint of shyness, the lack of complete assurance, that is youth’s great charm. No one would want to see this disappear too early in life.

No, it goes deeper than that. It’s everlastingly concentrating on one’s self, on one’s real or fancied shortcomings, in a miserable, inferiority-complex sort of way.

During our middle teens most of us begin to think of ourselves as separate entities in a world full of mental giants and physically perfect beings. We see everyone around us through the rose-colored glasses of youth, but for some strange reason the glasses get murky and discolored when we turn them on ourselves. And it isn’t until one of the rose blurs has been rubbed off the rest of the world that we are able to dab some of it on ourselves, and bring ourselves into a true balance with other people.

To hasten this readjustment, which has been rather slow in your case, Elise, you will have to be as patient, as kind, as generous with yourself as you would with someone else who needed your help. You will have to stop condemning and blaming yourself, and you will have to begin a system of self-training.

Several years ago I met a scientist who was experimenting with television, at a time when that was only a name—when it hadn’t even approached reality for any except a few research workers. This man explained to me what he was trying to do, gave me a brief idea of the wonders that were being unfolded to him each day in his work. And he made a significant remark, which I often have cause to remember.

He said: “Look around you, at the people you meet wherever you go. Why, they’re only half-alive. They haven’t any breadth of vision, any idea of what is really happening in the world. They can see only those things that are right in front of their eyes. Why don’t they wake up, and really live?”

This applies to the girl who is self-conscious. She is only half-alive. Her mind travels in a limited circle—the circle of self and the circle of her own limitations. The line that marks the circle is purely imaginary, but to her it seems as impregnable as a buttressed wall. It binds her whole being, restricts her interests, warps her outlook on life, makes all her thinking introspective.

You, Elise, have come to the point where you realize you are doing yourself, how you are depriving yourself of many interesting experiences and much of the joy of living, through your excessive timidity.

When you are introduced to a group of people for the first time, you probably go through this sort of conversation with yourself:

“Oh, I wonder what she thinks of me? Is my hair tidy? I hope he won’t think my dress is too short. Why do I wear the black hat today instead of this brown one? I’ll bet my nose is shiny. Her father has so much more money than mine. Oh, my, she’s been to Europe and is so cosmopolitan. How can I ever carry on a conversation with her? I wonder if he’s going to start talking about books. I haven’t read anything new for ages!”

With these thoughts twirling around in your mind, you murmur a confused acknowledgment of the introduction, barely glance at the people you are meeting, and having scared yourself more completely than anyone else could scare you, you try to make yourself as inconspicuous as possible. And by that time you couldn’t make an intelligent or a natural remark to save your life.

Try this method of meeting new people. Look right into the eyes of the person who is being introduced—not in a staring way, but in a friendly, searching way, and ask yourself: “Can I at least be real—someone I shall want to know better?” Instead of worrying about the other person’s appraisal of you, do a little appraising on your own account. Very often you can determine at first whether or not a friendship is to be begun. Learn to meet

Please [P]lease [T]urn [T]o [P]age 113
How would you like to know

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful than you Really Are?


Hollywood holds a make-up secret...a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials, of course...but so different in the effect they produce that even the stars whose rare beauty is adored by millions have called this make-up by Max Factor “beauty magic.”

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Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film...have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars...Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor’s Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood...and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Learn Hollywood’s make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony...FREE. You’ll also receive his book, “The New Art of Make-Up”—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

MAX FACTOR’S Society MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD

“Cosmetics of the Stars”

For the Sun Tan Fashion—Max Factor’s Sum ’r Tan Make-Up—at Drug and Department Stores

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THIS IS THE SOAP
that is helping thousands of women to gain a beautiful skin

ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN!—for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.

THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes will help you to keep your skin free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ENLARGED PORES—what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what an improvement it will make.

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BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads... Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find the treatment on page 7 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

ARE you following the series of beautiful Woodbury users, chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt,Jr., and now running in all the magazines? These beautiful women are only a few of the thousands whom Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments have helped to gain a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today! Let Woodbury's help you to gain "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for large-size trial set!
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For the enclosed 10c—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited; 2215 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
THE little boy who started an avalanche of mammy and daddy pictures in the talkies—Davey Lee. Davey is the only star actually born in Hollywood. He is four years old—going on five. And you’ll see him next with Al Jolson in “Little Pal”
On these pages are two girls with a dash of Spanish ancestry. Anita Page was born Anita Pomares and she is a blonde, blue-eyed Latin. And, too, she represents the new type of girl that is superseding the boyish flapper. Anita is fluffy, feminine and not too thin. Her newest picture is "The Gob," in which she plays the heroine wooed and won by William Haines.
BEBE DANIELS swears that she will make no more tomboy comedies; she is going to change her whole style of acting when she makes her debut as a talkie star. She'll go in for singing and dancing instead of stunts. In "Rio Rita," produced by RKO, you'll discover a new and glamorous Bebe. The picture, of course, is a talkie version of the Ziegfeld stage production.
THIS is the American Girl who will be glorified in Paramount's sound revue inspired by the Ziegfeld slogan. Although new to the screen, Mary Eaton has been singing and dancing on the stage since she was nine years old. Miss Eaton made such a good impression in her first talkie, "The Cocoanuts," that she was placed under contract for "Glorifying the American Girl"
Ruth Harriet Louise Hyams is listed among the newcomers to the screen, but as a matter of fact she played in her first picture five years ago. Perhaps you remember her in "Sandra," although she was overshadowed by the magnetic personality of the late Barbara La Marr. Rediscovered by the talkies Miss Hyams is one of those lucky girls whose voice is as attractive as her face.
FURTHER information on the friendly rivalry between Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. While Mr. Gilbert's marriage was making the front pages of the newspapers, Mr. Colman was reaping columns of praise for his acting in "Bulldog Drummond." So the score stands with Jack leading in romantic interest, but with Ronald slightly ahead in acting honors.
CHARMOSETTE MAKES YOU FEEL POUNDS THINNER

Instantly Charmosette makes you feel pounds thinner—actually reduces your figure measurements. This new fabric elastic, found only in Gossards, perfectly proportions each ounce of flesh—gives that smooth, gloved look—a natural, uncorseted figure outline.

Charmosette is the only elastic that combines the three figure essentials—natural moulding of body curves—unrestrained comfort and support—durability through constant wearing and washing. That is why thousands of women refuse to wear any other type of garment. And Charmosette assures you three times the wear of an ordinary foundation.

Ask your corsetiere to show you all the new types of Charmosette-Gossards, Step-ins, Solitaires, Combinations. Only in Gossards can you buy Charmosette.

Model 9609
A side-fastening Solitaire, combined of Charmosette and Royal Batiste,
$15.00
You can make your stocking money go twice as far!

New York Musical Shows tell you how . . .

Keep all your lovely sheer stockings—whether they cost $1.15 or $10.50 a pair—like new twice as long—then your stocking money will go twice as far!

Wardrobe mistresses of the big New York musical shows tell you how . . . they have thousands of pairs of sheer dancing stockings to care for. They must know—they can’t afford to guess—the very best, safest way to cleanse them.

Comparing the different cleansing methods, they found that

“Stockings always washed in Lux last for more than twice as many performances—give more than double the usual wear!”

Now every musical show in New York uses Lux—to double the life of stockings.

You, too, can be sure of the same wonderful results . . . make your stocking money go twice as far. Simply use gentle, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing stockings with cake soap. Avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, chips, cakes or powders.

RUTH ETTING, featured in the rollicking “Whoopie,” wears exquisite imported hosiery, which she finds wears twice as long with Lux. And girls everywhere are having the same wonderful results—keeping stockings, whether inexpensive or costly, like new far, far longer with Lux.

SUMMING UP for all Broadway producers, the Shubert general manager adds: “We would use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box—Lux cuts stocking bills in half” . . . Lux is so much purer, so much more carefully made—that is why Lux doubles the life of stockings.

MARILYN MILLER, beautiful Ziegfeld star . . . every Ziegfeld show uses Lux. “Our stockings stay like new twice as long with Lux,” says the Ziegfeld wardrobe mistress.
I took it for granted, having spent three years in Washington, that government officials are always too busy dodging issues to discuss them.

There was no necessity of troubling the producers themselves.

They were absorbed in waving the flag and singing the Marseillaise.

And then, too, I had read all they had to say again and again in their own newspapers.

It seems that a wicked and vicious monopoly in America, headed by an archfiend known as Will Hays, and with many, many billions of dollars with which to accomplish its nefarious purposes, will not permit our folks in Fort Wayne, San Antonio, New York and way stations to view the beautiful and artistic efforts of the cameramen of Nice and Paris, and will not give the sheik and hot mamma talent of their studios a chance to show up Jack Gilbert and Mademoiselle Bow.

It also seems, paradoxically enough, that the French people have been so deluded by certain wily rascals like William Fox, Adolph Zukor and Joseph Schenck that they are unwilling to contribute their hard-earned francs to see French films.

These necromancers are trying to Americanize France, and the French people are so lacking in patriotic feeling that they want the Hollywood product or practically nothing.

That is about all they will get if the cute little program of the local talent becomes a law.
THEY want the American producers to buy one French film for every three or four they distribute here.

In other words, unable to make pictures with any entertainment value themselves, they want the American producers to subsidize, endow, and otherwise support with beaucoup d’argent (meaning heavy dough) the patriotic lads who have fallen down on the job, but who, nevertheless, admit they are the brains of the French picture business.

It would perhaps be indelicate of me to suggest that there is a possibility that these boys are in the wrong business, and that there are undoubtedly other Frenchmen who could learn to make good pictures.

There are enough Frenchmen in Hollywood doing it now.

FROM where I sit—outside the Cafe de la Paix, sipping my apéritif in true Parisian fashion, and kidding myself that the swell new hat and cane I just bought are fooling the other American tourists—it now looks as though Demon Hays and his gang of American cutthroats are very willing to get out of the French market, and are mostly concerned about what will happen to certain theaters of theirs if they cannot get good pictures to draw the crowds.

IN the course of my architectural studies and my serious business of sampling the local vintages in a tour of the beautiful chateau country south of Paris, I took in the motion picture cathedrals of Tours, Nantes, and other towns along the route.

I saw French, German and English pictures, relieved only by one old Reginald Denny sub-feature.

The theaters, judging from the thin audiences, are not such hot investments. They rank with second-rate small houses of ten years ago.

Returning to Paris, I attended the Paramount Theater, which is conducted in American fashion, and had a grand time until the so-called feature appeared.

How good it was to see Mr. Fox’s movietone news reel and the old familiar inkwell comedies in which clowns flow out of bottles and giraffes dance the Charleston!

THEN the feature. Some dish! It was all about a serious looking Valentino-type of Spanish nobleman who got stuck on a Lupe Velez type of Spanish tamale who worked in a tobacco factory.

He bought her a seven-foot rope of genuine pearls big enough to play marbles with, but she never learned what love was until one day the nobleman got sore because she locked him outside the palace he bought her as an engagement present or something of the sort, and whaled the tar out of her.

But he forgot to beat her up the next week and she walked out on him, taking along her marbles.

BUT the joke is still to come. Next morning I read an attack on the American motion picture industry by M. Jean Sapene, who is the director of the company that made the picture, and also head man of one of the most powerful Paris newspapers.

In closing, he said, “Without the quota the French industry will have to die, and French thought, its influence, the spreading of its ideas, beauty, progress by the animated image—in short, all that which down through the ages has contributed to its honor, its glory, and its power will disappear, not only from the screens of the world, but our own screen as well.”

The gentleman quoted above made the picture I saw at the Paramount.

Now, taking off my reporter’s disguise and putting on my new French bonnet, the better half and I are going for a real treat.

We are going back to take another look at Notre Dame, and then for a third trip to the Louvre.

EVERYTHING connected with pictures on this side of the Atlantic is a bit quaint, a bit reminiscent of days that are no more to American audiences. I picked up an issue of The Film Weekly, the popular English fan publication, to read a good old-fashioned interview with Pola Negri.

“I AM an extremist in everything I do,” Miss Negri was quoted as saying. “Whether it be love or hate or work or play, I throw my entire self into the passion of the moment. In the way I work I am a little like Emil Jannings.

“I mean that I lose Pola Negri in the identity of my rôle. If I am playing a servant girl, I come home at night and eat humble food, and dress myself in humble clothes.

“If I am playing a queen, a millionairress, a rich society lady, I live the part both inside and outside the studio. Pola Negri is forgotten.”

“AND if you are playing a wicked vampire?” the interviewer coyly inquired.

“Ah, then—that is the difficulty! When I play the vampire, I must ask everyone to—to—leave my house! They cannot trust me, you see, and I cannot trust myself.

“I have to live all alone with my dogs, who are my truest friends and forgive me whatever I do!”

Oh, for the good old days of stars born within the shadow of the pyramids!
Hired to double, she literally became the Swedish star

The Girl who Played

By Lois Shirley

"GOTT! She looks like me!"

Greta Garbo, seated in the dark projection room, saw her exact likeness flashed across the screen. The gowns made for her newest picture were being modeled by her double.

"You like this frock, Miss Garbo?" the costume designer asked.

"Oh, yes. O.K.,” she said absently. Her interest was not in the way the dresses hung, nor how the colors photographed. She was held by the amazing likeness she saw before her. "Dot girl! Gott, don’t she look like me?"

There are two Garbos in Hollywood.

One is the white flame from Sweden.

The other is Geraldine De Vorak, her double. Geraldine’s duties consist in having gowns fitted on her in making wardrobe tests and in standing in front of the camera until the lights are ready. Occasionally she is used for a long shot to save the star’s energy.

She has assumed more specific duties than these. Having become a figment of her own imagination, she has taken it upon herself to play the rôle of Garbo. She is what Garbo should be and isn’t.

She is Greta Garbo’s private life.

Her physical requirements are exact. Greta and Geraldine measure the same to the half inch, weigh the same to the half pound. Their faces are shaped alike.

Geraldine has everything that Garbo has except whatever it is that Garbo has. To the latter has been given a great, vital talent. To the other an imagination only. An imagination so demanding that she has been able to re-create herself in the likeness of the Garbo.

Psychologically, the thing is sound.

Garbo’s own private life does not suit the silver sheet lady of passion. The off-screen Garbo is hopelessly young, as gauche as a farmer boy and as timid as a younger sister. Her tweed coats are the despair of the modistes. She wears her little sports hats pulled tight down over her ears.

Her dislike of grandeur amounts to a passion. It is her delight to pass up limousines in her shiny little Ford. She has attended but one premiere. She has never crossed the sacred portal of Eddie Brandstatter’s Montmartre Café. A publicity man’s camera is a red signal for flight.

These outward manifestations she leaves, ironically enough, to an extra girl on a forty dollar a week salary. Greta takes the cash and Geraldine the credit.

The paraphernalia of stardom is anathema to Garbo. At heart she is a simple Swedish girl, and the sudden success that now surrounds her is not worth a single white-capped wave on a Scandinavian sea.

She is, I am afraid, a bitter disappointment to the executives at the studio. Not from a box office standpoint, mind you. She is not the mania of bright, true gold. But she has failed as a private life star.

Such a dazzling personality on the screen! She might see her picture in every paper in every city every day. But she refuses to do anything to put it there. She leaves the studio at night and goes straight home. She pulls her little sports hat over her eyes and travels the world incognito.

STARDOM bores her, so she leaves her glittering, dazzling, successful garments at the studio. And there Geraldine De Vorak finds them and puts them on.

Strange—that to the one should be given the divine gift and to the other only the desire.

Garbo is the actress. De Vorak, the star.

Geraldine is everything that a star should be.

Tweed coats and little sports hats? There’s not a one in her wardrobe. She wears what Garbo should wear. Small, interesting toques. Clinging velvet gowns. Furs.

Her hair is combed back off her face like Garbo’s. She works majestically into the studio commissary and sits alone at a table. She has grace, where Garbo is awkward. She cups her chin in her hands and imagines that she is Garbo.

Strange—that two women should be made in the same mould. They are alike, completely alike, physically. But one has, in some inexplicable manner, clapped a leather of the bird of beauty.

Geraldine, living in a world of her own making, ignores the difference in their stations. To Garbo the acclaim is nothing. She doesn’t care a Swedish herring.
The Passing of the

Frances Johnstone, one time silent film extra, now secretary in a Hollywood play-ers' agency

Ouida Willis, another silent extra, now saleswoman in a woman's shop on Hollywood Boulevard

Dorothy Irving, one of the old studio extra guard, now a shopper for Howard Greer, clothes designer

The extra girl is gone.

Her beaded evening gown, her gleaming riding boots, her exotic negligence, her thoroughly impractical bathing suit—all of them—lie dejectedly in her clothes closet.

One doesn't need a beaded evening gown, nor a pair of riding boots behind the counter of a five-and-ten-cent store, nor at the steam table of a cafeteria, nor in the nursery of a rich man's home.

When the shadow of the microphone fell across Hollywood, the extra girl put aside her number two pink grease paint and her number six black mascara and took up other tools for other trades. Glamour was left behind her.

A new era has dawned. It is heralded with sound effects. And the new extra girl is a pair of dancing feet, a lithe, hardy body and a throat that can sing "Mammy."

Once beauty spelled film success. Now it is accomplishment.

A few days ago I walked on a new sound stage at one of the old studios. There were fifty girls on the set and I saw not a single familiar face.

I recalled the stages of six months ago. A certain dull, droning atmosphere was felt on the old silent sets. Their only claim to brilliancy was the beauty of the girls with their vivid costumes, their bizarre taste in jewels and their mania for exhibiting their ravishing backs.

The girls themselves were a trifle haughty, a trifle proud. Easy, light patter was at the tip of their tongues and their laughter was sudden and a trifle hard.

They collected in little groups when they weren't in front of the camera. They usually removed the silver or gold dancing pumps and substituted house slippers (silver shoes cost $16.50 a pair in Hollywood). The lazy smoke from their cigarettes wafted to the overhead lights the extra girl's prayer, "May there be work to-morrow!"

Some played bridge in corners. Others bent over pieces of sewing. On very rare occasions one of them read a book. This was unique enough to be considered in the light of news. The rest chatted.

"I tell you, dearie, she gets all her work because her boy friend is the assistant director."

"Where did you get that swell lip rouge, Mabel?"

"Oh, sure, I went to that party, but it wasn't so hot and I didn't stay long because I knew I was working today."

"Remember that beige lace dress I had? I dyed it blue. Looks nice."

The drone of the voices went on all day. Briskness was a social error. It was a dull, stagnant sort of life with boredom as its keynote, but it had glamour and it was comfortably secure. The "dress" extras, those used on the smart sets, were employed about three days a week. It was enough to carry them along. And it was easy work.

But it isn't easy now. Big rehearsal rooms have been built just off the sound stages. Here are to be found dozens of girls and a couple of pianos. Voo-dee-oo. The girls have live, young faces (every chorine used in the Fox Follies was under sixteen) and slim, active bodies. And they're busy. They're working. They're dancing, dancing, dancing.

In one corner three youngsters are doing the most exhausting leaps and catches. In another part of the room a little girl (she hasn't a very pretty face but heaps of personality) is strutting on her toes. The muscles of her legs stand out like walnuts.

The piano is incessant. Ta-ta-ta. Two kids are doing tap work and break-downs. No bridge playing here! No idle chatter! No indolence! It's all work. Fast, exciting, exacting work pitched in a high key.

And there isn't a familiar face. For these few extras are picked up in dancing schools or they come from the local choruses, from the legitimate stage or from New York.

They are alert like the quick music that accompanies their dancing.

But where are the old cohorts? The sinuous, voluptuous extra of a few months ago—where is she?

A group of us happened to drop into a shabby little restaurant on the beach at Santa Monica after a swim. The waitress came to our table for the order. She was beautiful, I noticed, and there was something familiar about her face.

Suddenly I remembered where

Requirements of the 1929 Extra

1. A pretty face
2. A pretty figure
3. Ability to dance
4. A voice
5. Youth
6. Personality
7. Excellent health
I had seen her. It was on a sumptuous set at one of the studios. She had worn a flame colored velvet gown. Crystals sparkled at her throat and wrists. And here she was, a waitress in a shabby, little beach restaurant.

Her hand trembled as she set the waffle batter on her face. She turned away quickly and there was a little tear in her eye. Once, on a set, she had to use glycerine for a crying scene.

When we had finished our meal she called me aside. "Please, for God's sake, don't tell anybody you saw me here. I wouldn't have any of the girls know. I'm just tiding myself over until people get sick of these stupid talkies. It won't be long, will it?" she asked fiercely. "Don't you think the public will want silent pictures again? I took this job because the place was away from Hollywood. I'd die if I saw any of the girls. Maybe if I'd benna my hair it would change me."

Had I wanted to prolong the agony of the meeting, I could have told her of the other extras who would "die if any of the girls saw them."

There's the girl who learned manicuring and goes out in the evening with her scissors and liquid nail polish. She's just "tiding herself over until the public is tired of talkies." She's sure "they're just a fad."

And there's the girl who owns her own car and hires out for taxi service.

One of the prettiest extras I ever saw is taking care of children in the evening. Does she tell them wild, exciting stories of the glamorous days when she stood next to Lillian Gish for a big close-up and when Richard Barthelmess looked right at her and said, "I want that girl to do this bit for me?"

At the Ambassador Food Show recently a beautiful girl presided over the waffle iron. She talked to housewives for hours, trying to impress them with the fact that the waffle batter she demonstrated was better than the kind they made up at home.

The dramatic ability that the home town folks told her she had before she came to Hollywood thus served its purpose.

You meet the girls on the street. They put up a good front. They are a proud lot. Oh, they're just between engagements. It won't be long until they'll be working "steady" again. And isn't it strange that you just happened to catch them in one of their oldest frocks?

The wise ones are not waiting for the talkie fad to be over. They have left the business completely.

In Jessie Wadsworth's office (Jessie is an acting agent) I saw, at the desk, a brisk, efficient, beautiful secretary. "Hello, Miss Wadsworth's office. Miss Wadsworth isn't in. Who's calling, please?"

She turned to me and smiled and I remembered Frances Johnstone, one of the most...
At home—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan Crawford and young Doug were married on June 3rd, in New York. The ceremony took place at St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church, with the Rev. Edward F. Leonard officiating. This is the actors' church, near Broadway, from which Valentino was buried.
The grand old Hotel Hollywood, filmland's first and most famous inn, on a busy, licentious afternoon. Note the orgy in progress on the lawn. What these walls have heard!

The Daring Days of Hollywood

Hollywood Has Vanished Along with Tahiti and Timbuctoo, Says Herbert Howe

The Hollywood hotel, in its flesh-colored stucco, sprawled in the morning sun like a freshly tubbed baby. Wreathed in flowers and the coo of birds, it was all innocence. But tourist ladies poking among the shrubs suddenly recoiled with frightened squawks. There, under a pink Ophelia rose, lay a gentleman in pajamas.

Thus is Hollywood discovered: under the rose, the serpent. Or at least so it was in the palmy days of ten years ago.

At first it was thought that the gentleman in robe de nuit had been winged from his window by a carefree bullet from Texas Guinan's gat. Tex lived at the hotel, and in those days was the two-gun woman of pictures, "the female Bill Hart"; whenever she returned from a tour she was met by her cowboys and escorted to the hotel with a rattle of musketry. The regular guests knew enough to bury their heads in their pillows and pray, but a curious innocent might peer out the window, get punctured and faw down boom among the floral offerings.

But the gentleman was not shot by a bullet. He had been attending a party in his pajamas the previous night. Seated in the window, glass in hand, he suddenly had passed out via the window. Of course, the gossips—and what merry, daring souls they were in those days—insisted that he was in the wrong room when the right man had returned home from location and had been torn from a right wrong embrace to be dropped outside. He was not dead, but sleeping, for men were hardly in that pioneer epoch.

There were no formalities then. A window was as good an exit as a door. On the first night of my arrival I had been called upon to assist a young rapture through a window because, as she hastily breathed, she didn't want people seeing her go through the lobby to her friend's room.

The hotel of those days had sound-proofless walls and everyone's secret was everyone's. Vi Dana talking to her sweetheart in Chicago by long distance at midnight was told to pipe down by a grouch in the seventh room beyond. A brawl on the first floor had people taking sides in their beds on the first. It was just a great big family.

The Thursday night dance was the weekly event in the village. Stars fraternized in perfect equality, for there were no princesses, or marquises, or friends of royalty among us. All was communism.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
You remember her, of course. Katherine MacDonald, the American Beauty. She has made only one picture since 1923. Recently it was rumored that she had been killed in an automobile accident. As a matter of fact, Miss MacDonald has just returned from a tour of Europe with her husband, Christian K. Holmes, a wealthy resident of Santa Barbara. Miss MacDonald owns a wholesale cosmetic establishment and is a successful business woman. Her address is 6312 Selma Avenue, Hollywood.

Kathlyn Williams was one of the first serial queens. At the height of her popularity she married Charles Eyton, then an executive of the Paramount Company. After her marriage, she played in dramatic pictures, notably "The Whispering Chorus." Upon the death of her only son, she dropped all her professional and social activities. Recently she returned and appeared as Anita Page's mother in "Our Dancing Daughters." Her address is 458 N. June Street, Hollywood.

Should Old Acquaintance

Crane Wilbur was a matinee idol. Thousands of girls wrote him silly adoring letters. Wilbur couldn't stand it and, ten years ago, he fled to New York to write and produce his own plays. It meant an uphill fight but he kept at it. "The Monster," "The Woman Disputed," and "The Ouija Board" are some of his plays. He has just signed a contract to write, direct and act in talkies for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is living at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood.

When Ethel Clayton's husband died, she was so grief-stricken that she left the movies. As the wife of Joseph Kaufman, director for Paramount, she had been earning $5,000 a week. A few years ago she appeared in a few films and made a vaudeville tour. Last year she married Ian Keith, a leading man. She is young and attractive and could return to the screen if she wanted to. But she prefers home life. Her address is Highborne Gardens, 1922 Highland Avenue, Hollywood.
Jewel Carmen played with Douglas Fairbanks in "Manhattan Madness" and with William Farnum in "Les Miserables." She was on the way to stardom when an unfortunate lawsuit kept her from the screen for several years. In 1918, she married Roland West, the director. Three years ago she retired from the screen but her husband has persuaded her to stage a comeback in the new talkies. She has a beautiful home at 17560 Reveilo Drive, Santa Monica, Calif.

At one time Theda Bara was one of the greatest box-office attractions. Theda made screen history; she put the word "vamp" into common usage. Theda was the rage. But styles change and stars pass. Theda has tried several comebacks and now she is making voice tests. She is married to Charles Brabin, the director, and if you want to write to her, send your letter to 632 N. Alpine Drive, Hollywood. The "wickedest woman in the world" likes to be remembered by her old friends

Be Forgot?

What yesterday's favorites are doing now and where you can write to them

For several years Ruth Stonehouse has seen other stars rise into prominence, while she has been relegated to the "quickies." But Ruth has the last laugh. In January, 1928, she married Felix Hughes, brother of Rupert the novelist. Mr. Hughes is a voice teacher and has many stars under his tutelage. Ruth gets her lessons free. Her picture career dates back to 1914 and she was one of the most popular Essanay stars. Her home is at 204 N. Rossmore Avenue, Hollywood.

And here is Florence Lawrence, the Biograph Girl and famous before Mary Pickford came into prominence. She was starred in Griffith's first pretentious film, a one-reel version of "Resurrection." In 1915 she joined a new company and was injured in rescuing her leading man from a burning building. The boss sent her roses but she never received a cent of compensation. For three years she was partially paralyzed. Now she has a cosmetic business at 821 N. Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood.
Why Jack Gilbert

Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire three weeks after they met because he had found at last the thing for which he had been seeking all his life. His other experiences, his many romances, his two previous marriages, his famous love affair with Greta Garbo, were mere steps leading to the ultimate—marriage with Ina Claire.

He might well sum up his own reason for the elopement that startled the whole picture world, in the words of the poet:

"I wandered all these years among a world of women, seeking you."

Perhaps it is because they wander in "a world of women" that the sea of search shrinks for happiness is so difficult. They grow confused, they are misled and they make tragic mistakes.

Rudolph Valentino, the greatest matinee idol who ever lived, followed that same path, seeking the right woman, the one woman, who would bring him real happiness, among the thousands who worshipped him. Surrounded always by women who offered him love, he desired the happiness that only love could give, he was constantly reminded of love and of women. He died before he came to the end of his quest.

Certainly, Jack Gilbert has wandered. Unhappily, as most of his friends know. Lonely, with that awful loneliness that comes only in crowds. Restless, feverish, dissatisfied, as are all seekers.

Three times, at least, Jack thought he had found happiness. His first marriage belongs to a dim and distant past, when he was trying and without much success to arouse Hollywood to the consciousness of his existence. Her name was Olivia Burwell, and she lived in the same boarding house. It was a typical marriage of extremity, brought about by propinquity and yearning for romance.

If failed because they didn't know each other, had never really known each other. Jack Gilbert simply married a girl—any girl in the same circumstances would have done as well. Marriages of youth must all face the time when the veil is torn off life. Then the two of them—man and wife—stand face to face, two people, with minds, tastes, aspirations, characters. Sometimes luck has been with them, and they fit. More often, they do not.

Jack Gilbert found himself married to a strange girl who didn't belong in his life at all. Because he was fire-hot with ambition, he was honest enough and ruthless enough and fortunate enough to break the thing then and there instead of allowing it to drag a miserable trail into middle-age.

The second time he tried marriage with Leatrice Joy.

That marriage ran the dangerous course of young success, of two careers, of strong natures at the top of their physical and creative powers, without the wisdom of experience and the divine leaven of tolerance.

After years of struggle and hardship, life opened its doors to young Jack Gilbert and he wanted it. He wanted the things poverty and lack of opportunity had denied him. He then needed a woman who could devote all her time to being his wife and who could weather the storms of his clashes with the world—for Jack had many clashes.

Leatrice, who is an altogether lovely person, wasn't that woman. She had her own career, her own clashes, her own struggles. There was nothing to teach them the mutual give-and-take that any marriage, and particularly the marriage of two striving and successful artists, must have. So much forgiveness, so much tenderness, is needed to bring such a marriage through the temptations of the world. One or the other must yield, since they are not wise enough to find the middle path of harmony.

No amount of love or passion or admiration is enough. Jack was a failure as a husband.
"I simply met the nicest person I'd ever known in all my life," says Jack of Ina Claire

because he was giving too much of himself to the world without.

Lestrice was a failure as a wife because her career and her family and herself came first, and not marriage. Since they were both jealous, violent, high-strung and high-tempered, and very young, they parted in bitterness and misunderstanding.

Certainly, Lestrice had a right to leave Jack if she no longer found it possible to live with him. Whether or not she had a right to leave him as she did, is a question. The memory of what he believed to be her injustice stung Jack to a bitterness that clung for years and bred cynicism and a wildness which spurred him on in what he believed was a hopeless quest—for happiness.

And at last his seeking led him to the glamorous Garbo.

The first question that all Hollywood asked when the amazing news of Jack Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire flashed across the wires was, "What about Garbo?"

THERE can be no question that Jack was quite mad about Greta Garbo. But it was a romance which brought him absolutely no happiness.

Perhaps no greater misfortune can happen to a mortal than to have a passion for someone who doesn't belong.

For two, hectic, unhappy years, Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo loved and fought together. No two people ever lived who were further apart in thought, temperament, taste.

Jack Gilbert loves laughter better than anything else in life. He loves people, talk, gaiety. He is gay and vivid and interested in everybody, what they do, what they say, what they think. His mind is as open and as honest as the day. Temperamental, yes, if by that you mean easily swayed, easily played upon by circumstances and surroundings. But without any hidden, tortuous complexes. He is either violently unhappy or wildly happy. The most lovable thing about him is his sincerity and a child-like simplicity of feeling. He needs—he must have—warmth and light and laughter. The typical Latin.

Garbo is a strange, lonely, deep creature, who does not like people, cannot stand human contact. A solitary soul, little given to laughter. No one knows her, no one quite understands her. Still, sad, cold—a Norse.

Any love affair which is thoroughly unhappy must die in time.

Myself, I do not believe there was ever any question of a

Ina Claire is a type more familiar to New York than to Hollywood. She is no young flapper looking for fame and romance, but a witty and sophisticated woman, with an understanding of men and life. And, incidentally, very much a star in her own right

This is the house that Jack built, overlooking the hills and sea. Here he lived in bachelor freedom until he asked Ina Claire to share it with him. "And so," says Jack, "I never can be alone—so futilely alone—again"
Lest We Forget: Rudolph Valentino

Born in Castellaneta, Italy, on May 6, 1895
Died in New York, on August 23, 1926
Revolution in Hollywood

Broadway’s hordes have swept over the hills of filmland!

By Leonard Hall

A CROSS the sun-baked hills of Hollywood is sweeping the greatest revolution in the history of public entertainment.

It is a quiet war, as wars go. There are no barricades in the streets, no clatter of machine guns, no bombs bursting in air. Slowly, but as surely as death and taxes, the well-entrenched hosts of the silent drama are giving way before the army that bears the banners of a new kind of fun—the talking pictures.

The braver and wiser souls of the old movie horde are going out to meet the talkies, open-minded and ambitious to succeed in the new medium. The die-hards, sticking their heads into ostrich holes, are going down to artistic and business death, to be heard no more.

The war has swept quietly across these sunny hills where the movies of the world are made. So quickly, so softly has come the great offensive that Hollywood itself, whose people live so close to the business of entertaining us, doesn’t realize quite what has happened. But to a war correspondent from outside there is a realization of a new world.

For twenty years our friends of the films had lived and worked in this sunny land above the Pacific shore. They fought and played and loved and labored, grinding out their millions of feet of tears and giggles for our daily pleasure.

Hollywood was a close corporation, and picture making was a delicate and certain art, known only to those who had practiced it for years. Amused, the movie makers saw stage stars sweep into the flickers and flop before the demands of the silent drama.

Gradually the photoplay became a Great Art in their minds—a Great Mystery known only to them, and handed down to their children. Salaries ran into the thousands, and egos ran with them. The makers of films, secure in their hills, looked down upon the world and found it pretty good, though not quite up to their own tight little lives.

Then crashed the shot heard round the world!

SOME boys named Warner turned loose a picture called “The Jazz Singer,” wherein the colossal Al Jolson actually sang songs and talked to his old gray mammy. Hollywood tottered.

For months there was panic. Producers ran in circles, chasing their tails. Actors stormed at the talkies, wept, oiled revolvers, took vocal lessons, ran the scales.

And all the time, from the East, writers, actors and directors from the speaking stage began filtering through the trenches of the photoplay, eager to attack the problems of the talking picture.

The revolution was on!

The armies of the silent pictures rallied to repel the invading host.

The hills of southern California saw the encampments of two armies—the brigades of Broadway and the embattled Hollywoodians. The newcomers from the East were shy and a little bit brash and cocky—the picture people were frightened, and covered their fear with brag and bluster.

“What do these stage people know about picture technique?” screamed the Hollywoodians. “They can’t make films.”

But stage actors, with spotlight dust still on their dinner coats, stepped before the camera and the microphone and gave movie performances to the manner born.

Directors from the theater put picture
Excess
Our film girls check spouses with
By Katherine Albert

Benjamin, speak it too fluently, hamper the professional growth of their wives. There is a strange barrier between them. It concerns money. The men can’t hope to compete with their wives’ salaries, yet can they, without losing prestige, dig ditches? And even if the husbands have money of their own the fame and attractiveness of their wives give them a second-hand position.

Jeanette Loff’s case is fairly typical. Three years or so ago she married Harry Rosebloom in Portland. He was a salesman, she was an organist at one of the theaters. They were young and contented. They were ordinary. Their lives took on the color of every other young married couple in America. His men friends. Her girl friends. Bridge parties. Sunday night suppers. Laughter. Hopes. Ambition. The savings account at the bank going nicely enough, thank you, for Jeanette to have a fur coat next year. Or maybe the first payment on the house.

A picture of Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon taken in the joyous days when the love-birds still twittered. Both were players—there might have been happiness. But soon Polly packed up and departed.

THE play, “Excess Baggage,” ended happily. It doesn’t work out so nicely in real life. And this poignant little drama, set down by the thousands who saw it as fiction merely, is, with the exception of the final fadeout, gospel truth. Its three acts are played out almost daily behind the motion picture cameras in Hollywood.

Every time you cross a studio lot you find yourself knee deep in excess baggage. You see the non-professional husbands of the younger players. Their eyes are bewildered as they, baffled at the state they have found themselves in, realize the fame and glory of their wives.

On these pages you see four smiling brides and four grinning grooms. Renee Adoree and Bill Gill, Helene Costello and Jack Regan, Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman, Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendes—all happy enough until the grins turned to glowers and the husbands became excess baggage—checked at the station.

John Regan, Allan Keefer, Harry Rosebloom, Julian Ancker, Logan Metcalf—unfamiliar names, aren’t they? Yet they are the excess baggage of Hollywood. They were, at one time, the husbands of Helene Costello, Sue Carol, Jeanette Loff, Jean Arthur and Madge Bellamy, respectively.

You remember the stage and film story of “Excess Baggage”? It concerned a tight rope walker whose wife—and also his inspiration—was singled out for a film career. She had been excess baggage to him, her sole raison d’etre being to hand him parasols. But when Hollywood bored down upon them, be found himself the second rate member of the family.

These non-professional husbands who do not speak the easy, unconventional language of the screen or, as in the case of Marian Nixon and Joe

Actress Renee Adoree and Businessman William Gill caught in the act of worshipping each other at the time of their marriage. But soon the royal road to the studio and the dusty path of trade diverged, and Mr. Gill was marked excess baggage in the world of screen art.
Baggage

their non-professional

the Judge

A spoiled dessert. A shopping tour with one of the girls, Christmas presents much too expensive and therefore much more precious. Little sacrifices. Little hopes. Little ambitions.

An ordinary life, if you will. But there is something so secure about being ordinary. There is something that touches glory in being young and contented.

And then the little hopes and the little ambitions grew into large ones. All day long as Jeanette played the organ at the theater she watched girls no prettier than she (hadn’t Harry told her how beautiful she was?) go through their screen tricks. So she came to Hollywood to go into the movies.

Being young and contented had meant something in Portland. But in Hollywood it was being young and unattached that counted. Suddenly her life was changed. She found herself achieving fame and a fair amount of fortune. A fame and fortune with which Harry, her husband, had nothing to do.

It was not being a wife, but being an actress that counted. Harry had no place in her new life.

He came on from Portland, of course. He found it hard to get any sort of job in the new city, but much more difficult to find a position that was worthy of the name he bore, the name of Jeanette Loff’s husband.

Jeanette Loff’s husband. And, like the heroine in “Excess Baggage,” she told no one that she was married. It was not that she was ashamed of him. Gracious, no! But there is something psychological about being unattached. It concerns not so much the fans, as you might imagine, but the directors and producers. Not that any of them wanted to marry her, but they, subconsciously, wanted the knowledge that they could if they chose. A subtle intangible thing that assumed important proportions. Important to a film career.

HARRY went to a couple of parties with Jeanette and they both realized that it was all quite impossible. It was a mixed marriage and by that I mean a marriage between a professional and a non-professional, and it simply wouldn’t work.

They talked it over quite calmly. They were both unreasonable, of course. They were both right. Jeanette, by this time, knew the demands of a film career. Harry couldn’t (or wouldn’t) understand. He was immensely proud of her, but not willing to accede to the dictates of this strange business. Not willing to be tolerant when her job (he couldn’t realize how a mere job could be so all enveloping) made it necessary for her to be nice to and smile at people who bored her. He couldn’t understand why it was good business to be seen at various parties, to give her time to people who meant nothing to her.

And Jeanette knew that this was part of her job, as vital a part as putting on grease paint in the morning. It was nobody’s fault. It was the situation itself.

So they separated, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Dorothy Mackaill smiles happily as the judge hands her the fateful paper that makes her one with Lothar Mendes, the director. It wasn’t long, however, until she grinned when another one handed her a note that made them two again.
PUTTING things down in black and white is a good costume rule for a red-haired girl. Nancy Carroll wears a white silk jersey bathing suit trimmed with black satin squares. The cape is of black velvet lined with white satin.
Mary Duncan has been criticized for obvious vamping. Her exuberance has bedeviled directors into letting her do her stuff. But she is too clever to continue long in error.

Hollywood's New Slayer

Snapshot of Mary Duncan at age of six: Axe in one hand, gentleman's scalp in other . . .

By Herbert Howe

Just about the time you despondently decide Hollywood has been overtaken by the lock-step of civilization, to become as standardized and zipless as near beer, a new siren arrives to shoot the pulse up.

So it is with cries of Hallelujah that I introduce Miss Mary Duncan, with an exclusive snapshot of her at the age of six: axe in one hand, gentleman's scalp in the other. A highly promising kiddie.

The unnecessary axe has been thrown aside but the scalps multiply. Mary's debut in Hollywood society brought frightened clucks from the matrons. Les demoiselles regarded her as a stalker of men, not because of the maniacal nymph she played in "The Shanghai Gesture," but because in Hollywood drawing rooms les hommes gravitate helplessly to whichever corner Mary chooses.

Mary is accused of making eyes. Mary doesn't make them, she just naturally has them. But it isn't the eye so much as the siren laugh that draws the mariner into the Charybdis whirlpool.

Like all the great charmers, she has a spontaneous wit and, what is even more enchanting, a hilarious appreciation of it. Nothing is more alluring to the male than an appreciation of his bon mot. And did not Scheherazade hold the sultan captive for a thousand and one nights by her wit and delicious lies?

I can personally testify to Mary's human wreckage with exhibit A. What was left of my social position collapsed when I met Mary. Invited to a dinner by one of our society leaders (Hollywood has become very Long Island), I dropped in for a cocktail with a friend. Mary also dropped in.

At fifteen minutes to dinner I called my prospective hostess to ask if I might bring bella Duncan. In a voice of sherbet, my never-again-to-be hostess informed me that she expected me to take another lady in to dinner. Mary, it seems, had unconsciously "hired" hostess' husband at a party. Of course, I never did get to the dinner. But, as Eva Tanguay once shouted, who cares?

In view of the kiddie snapshot of Mary with the scalp and axe, you'd never suspect she comes of a fine, old Southern family. Even fine, old Southern families suffer atavism, with cave-ladies recurring. And, despite the snapshot, Mary reminds me not so much of a cave lady as of a character from an old English novel: the one described as a veritable little devil, tossing her saucy curls and driving her horse full cantor. Spirited, as they say.

[Please turn to page 105]
A mere glance will tell you that this is the daughter of John Gilbert. Little Leatrice Joy Gilbert is only four years old, but she takes life seriously, as befits the child of two famous stars.

The three shooting Bosworths, George, the Missus and Hobart. When the Bosworths practice archery on the front lawn, their neighborhood in Beverly Hills is as dangerous as Sherwood Forest was to the Sheriff of Nottingham in the days of Robin Hood.

Picture of a bad man being good—George Bancroft, with Mrs. Bancroft and their daughter, Georgette. Before her marriage, Mrs. Bancroft was Octavia Broske, a well-known prima donna in operettas. Bancroft was a comedian and, if you'll believe it, a dancer.
Some youngsters who may follow in the footsteps of their famous parents

Irving Cummings, Jr., has a swimming pool in his own backyard. The Cummings live in Lankershim, a suburb of Hollywood, where boys may be boys. Not so many years ago, Irving, Sr., was a popular actor and thrilled 'em in serials. But the canny Mr. Cummings gave up acting and became a producer. And so, instead of being an outmoded matinée idol, he is now a prosperous and successful director.

Three colleens who would win any freckled-face contest—Eileen, Mary and Sheila O'Malley. Their dad is Pat O'Malley, born in Dublin and proud of it, and their mother was formerly Lillian Wilks. And while some of your other actors may complain of the dullness of domesticity, Mr. O'Malley can boast of the liveliest home life in Hollywood.

Two little boys who are happy in spite of the fact that they were the storm center of a divorce case. Charles and Sydney Chaplin, sons of the world's most famous comedian, are cared for by their grandmother, while their mother is on a vaudeville tour.
An
Old Fashioned
Girl
Steps Out

By Grace Mack

The film style in heroines changed and Lorna Lane had to take a desperate course

LORNA LANE knew that she looked extremely smart as she entered the gilded reception office of the Supreme Studio. A last look in the mirror had assured her that the black satin frock clung to her figure in a way which only Paris could achieve, and the tight-fitting turban of shiny black feathers which hid her soft hair and most of one eye, added a final note of sophistication. But even this knowledge did not prevent a feeling of nervousness as she stepped up to the desk and asked for Bernard Thornburg.

Not so long ago the inner door would have opened automatically when Lorna Lane entered the reception room. But now the boy at the desk said:

"Mr. Thornburg's in conference. Did you have an appointment?"

Lorna nodded. It was little things like this which made a star know she was slipping.

"Will you wait a few minutes?" he asked. "I'll tell his secretary you're here."

Lorna sank down in the high-backed chair in the corner and carefully drew the fur scarf more closely about her face. There were other people waiting and she had never quite gotten used to being stared at.

It is doubtful, however, if any of those waiting recognized her. Certainly there was little resemblance between this sleek young woman of the world and the wide-eyed, curly-haired ingenue in the old-fashioned crinoline frock, whose picture still hung on the wall of the reception office.

Almost unconsciously Lorna's eyes wandered toward that picture. Once it had given her a thrill to see it hanging there. Now she had a mad desire to jerk it off the wall.

"The Girl in the Crinoline" had been her first big rôle. It had made her, everybody said. But now, looking back on it, Lorna wondered if it hadn't really ruined her.

After her first success in that picture Thornburg had tied her up with a contract. Not very much money at first but it had seemed like a lot in comparison with the seven-fifty and ten dollars a day which she had been earning as an extra girl. Besides, as the company lawyer had pointed out, the contract contained an option clause. If at the end of two years the option were exercised, it would put her in that charmed two thousand a week class.

"The Girl in the Crinoline" grossed more than half a million. Lorna Lane was declared to be a "find" and the company continued to cast her in the type of rôle which had brought her fame. They built up a legend about her. "Lorna Lane, Supreme's Old-Fashioned Girl." They dressed her in pinks and baby blues. They photographed her in lace and turbelows. And Lorna, a little dazed by it all, tried to live up to the legend, off screen as well as on. That, she realized now, was where she had made her biggest mistake.

Then, almost overnight it seemed, the public taste changed. Elinor Glyn coined the word "IT" and cute
When the mask was pulled aside the pale face of Supreme's Old-Fashioned Girl was revealed.

"Do I get the part, Bernie?" she asked weakly.

"Hell, no," Thornburg exploded. "I ought to bar you off the lot for pulling a stunt like that!"

little flappers who always got their man suddenly became the vogue. You had it or you didn’t. Directors said Lorna Lane didn’t. Of course she was sweet and lovely and all that, but she had no sex appeal. She was unfortunate enough to be identified with three pictures which were box office flops. Her fan mail began to drop off. She begged Thornburg to let her try a different type of role entirely. But it is almost as easy for a leopard to change its spots as for a picture actress to change her type, once she is established as such. Thornburg patted her hand and assured her that the idea was ridiculous.

"We’ve sold you to our exhibitors as Supreme’s Old-Fashioned Girl. It would be folly to attempt to play you otherwise. You take care of the acting, Lorna, and leave the business end to us."

[Please turn to page 125]
WHY did Ina Claire marry Jack Gilbert? Adela Rogers St. Johns is at great pains to tell, elsewhere in this issue, why John married the lady. And, as she is the leading comedienne of the American stage, admired and even adored by thousands, old Cal was interested to know why Miss Claire yessed the demon lover.

I found out over a luncheon table in the Claire dressing room on the Pahet lot.

Ina Claire married John Gilbert because she liked his laughter!

At any rate, it was the boyish spirit in him that made her give him a second look. Their second meeting was at a Hollywood party, and the uproarious good time Gilbert had over some silly little parlor game fascinated Ina. She, too, loves to ha-ha—her real name being Fagan and her real nature all the Gaelic gayety that goes with it.

The more she saw of him the more she was attracted by his enormous vitality and good spirits. Astonished, in a week or two she was saying to herself, "Where has this been all my life! I want this!"

And, in a sun-baked little Nevada town, she got it!

WHATSOEVER happens to the mating of Gilbert and Claire, they understand each other thoroughly.

Ina is a brilliant girl, with a keenkutter mind. She has the jump on this delightful playboy she married, and when they are together there is the flash of continual verbal sword-play. It is better than a show.

At present Jack is the fascinated and adoring boy. He makes dental appointments for her, he pops in and out of her dressing room when he can get away from his own lot—he pointed out a cowlick on the back of her blonde bobbed head as though he were showing off the eighth wonder of the world.

In self-centered, movie-minded Hollywood, Gilbert is the great I-Am, while Claire is just another stage star out to try pictures, and this galls

Not a trick photo of one girl, but an unusual camera study of two of the prettiest actresses at the Fox Studios. At the left is June Collyer, at the right Mary Astor. Both girls are five feet, five inches, and the same weight, 115 pounds. Mary is one year older than June.
The Studios

By

Cal York

The newest pupil at Public School No. 17 in New York. Not to be talked out of American pictures by the talkies, Camilla Horn goes with her school books every evening to the English classes at the little red school house on West 48th Street. Her teacher is Mrs. M. J. Petersen.

Leila Hyams' pajama outfit is more elaborate. The suit is apple green and the sleeveless, tuck-in jumper has a printed yoke. The trousers, too, have a yoked top.

Ina no little, though she laughs it off. The queen of New York is not one to be a mere lady-in-waiting in Hollywood.

"Tell Jack that I'm somebody in the theater!" she commanded, and old Cal did.

"Jack," said Cal, "when you two get off at the Grand Central Station, you'll be just an actor carrying Ina Claire's bags!"

And the infatuated Jack, Playboy of the Western World, even took that, and liked it!

Gene Markey was signed to write dialogue for Columbia Pictures and arrived in Hollywood just after the Jack Gilbert-Ina Claire wedding. It was understood that Markey had been engaged to Miss Claire, and the sob sisters took typewriter in hand to say in headlines that a broken-hearted writer had come on to air his grief before the film colony.

"What do you think about all this publicity?" asked Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, when he showed Markey the papers.

"I think it's disgusting," said the writer.

"Don't you care, don't you care," said Cohn. "Don't every story mention Columbia Pictures?"

After a year's trial, Robert Bow, father of Clara, has closed his "IT" restaurant on Beverly Boulevard. For a while things were up and coming, with Clara dropping in frequently to dunk her doughnuts and tear a herring. When Clara stopped coming so did the rest of the trade.

Bow's bistro's café fell in hard lines right at the beginning of its career when the Paramount studio refused to permit the use of Clara Bow's name for advertising purposes. The loss reported to the flaming "IT" girl is reported as better than $10,000.

Before entering the restaurant business, Father Bow operated a cleaning and dyeing business which his daughter purchased for him.

Betty Compson and not Pauline Starke, as previously announced, will play the leading feminine rôle opposite Eric Von Stroheim in James Cruze's picture, "The Great Gabbo."

News of the fact that Miss Compson was to appear in Cruze's production was received with marked interest in the film colony, due to the recent separation of the two, with a reconciliation following.
It was explained in the daily newspapers that Miss Starke was unable to take the role on account of a slight injury sustained from a fall while riding horseback. A well-authenticated rumor, however, has it that she had difficulty in remembering her lines in the production, and that Von Stroheim's shirt front was plastered with her cues. Miss Starke has not made a screen appearance in several months. "The Great Gabbo" was to have marked her come-back.

SOMEONE asked Al Jolson how many times he had sung "Mammy." It didn't take Al, now on his third picture for Warner Brothers, long to figure an answer.

"If all the Mammies I have sung about were stood in single file, beginning at the far end of California, the old South would be practically depopulated," he explained.

THEY tell a story of rare self-sacrifice in Hollywood. Ricardo Cortez was offered the name rôle in "Trader Horn" but refused it. It would have meant glory and money and a vivid come-back for him.

But it also meant being in Africa for eight months away from Alma Rubens when she needed him most.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Prussia asked Anita Page to go with him to the opening of "Show Boat." It threw the family into a state of hysteria. Mamma and Papa Pomares (Anita's parents) have never let their daughter appear in public without them. But a prince is a prince even in Hollywood.

Anita was at last allowed to go, however, but the Pomares couldn't bear to sit at home, so they jumped into their car, dashed to the theater and were on hand to see that daughter was properly chaperoned on the way back.

LEW CODY, who is, by the way, able to call on his friends and attend the Orpheum after his serious illness, says that now that so many Broadwayites are in Hollywood, even if you wanted to write a letter there's nobody to write to.

THE fortieth milestone does strange things to men and women. Charlie Chaplin has crossed that fateful line, and according to his friends all is not so well with the little clown.

Nothing critical—simply that Chaplin, facing the downward slope, has become age-conscious. As you know, he has taken to touching up his gray hair with a more youthful hue, but that is a trifling symptom of the spiritual change.

His friends say that he thinks and speaks a great deal, these days, of the chances and changes of old age, in a gently melancholy way. The old-time mad buffoon is on the way to extinction, leaving a much more serious little person touched by time.

In short, our maddest wag has come to that time-conscious period through which all men and women must pass. And right now, with Chaplin, it is another case of lef, clown, lef.

THE most radiant girl in Hollywood today is Lila Lee.

Gone the slender, pale creature of the last few years. The new Lila is sturdy, tanned by the beach sun, vivid with health and the will to succeed. She is by all odds the most glittering young thing of the moment.

To match this spiritual and physical health, Lila is happy. After a dull stretch, she is busy in the studios on various talking pictures. Moreover, she has an elegant boy friend in the handsome and brilliant person of John Farrow, one of the ace writers at Paramount.

It would do your heart good to see Lila Lee glisten. For we all have a soft spot in our hearts for her, as one of the youngest of the real veterans who have literally grown up with the screen.

FOR the first time in exactly seventeen years, Lon Chaney has been sick!

By that token, for the first time Chaney has begged off posing for studio portraits and other things that take time and strength. Always the first star on the lot, he has struggled through his latest picture on his nerve, and now needs a rest.

Chaney, in health, turns up at nine in the morning, ready for work, in a dingy suit and a knockabout golf cap. He is Lon to the lowest call boy on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. At heart he is still the old vaudevillian—regular as they come, everybody's pal and adviser.

At Christmas time every gal on the lot, whatever her rank, gets a glove order from Chaney, delivered by his own hand.

The other day I saw him on the lot. A mother and a little girl were waiting near the offices. Chaney, in dowdy suit and old cap, picked up the child and fondled her. That was Chaney, the $4,000 a week movie star whose public is everlasting.

We have been advised that Mrs. William Powell, wife of the Paramount star, is returning to the screen. At present she is appearing on the stage in "Burlesque," under her maiden name, Eileen Wilson. For future picture work she will appear under her married name.
WHEN Greta Garbo was in Catalina on location the citizens of Avalon were thrown into a state of constant panic. Local physicians report eight necks broken when sightseers tried to get a look at her. But Garbo appeared in the little village only once.

Dressed in her usual careless manner and with her hat pulled over her eyes, she walked into a curio store, bought a sea shell and, finding she had no money, had it sent to the hotel C. O. D., giving her maid's name.

And the same curio dealer was among the crowd who tried to catch a glimpse of her when she hurried from her hotel to the location yacht.

THE naive curiosity of Ralph Forbes, who is playing an important rôle in "The Green Goddess," with George Arliss, for Warner Brothers, led to this. Forbes was testing the rather extensive botanical knowledge of his friend and co-player in the picture, H. B. Warner, by bringing him small pieces of flora from about the company's location set near Chatsworth, Calif.

"What's this?" he asked Warner one morning, displaying a single, green leaf.

"That," said the obliging Mr. Warner, "is poison ivy."

T may be for solace or it may be for spite, but the fact remains that since Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were married Greta Garbo and Nils Asther have been chummiest than ever before.

Rockabye, Baby Star,
Up at the top;
While the blurs race
You never can flop;
When the blurs stop
Your contract will fall,
And down will come Baby Star,
Options and all!

THIS is the Recipe of the Month, so far as Cal is concerned.

It is the Louise Fazenda cocktail—as smooth and persuasive a concoction as ever soothed a parched gullet.

To serve six people—
One pint of pineapple ice, the juice of one-half grapefruit and two lemons.
I hear, also, that it would be improved if that obsolete fluid known as "gin" were added, to taste. But this, of course, is quite impossible in a prohibition country.

HOW time does fly! Can you believe that little Bill Ince, son of the late Thomas Ince, is old enough to get married? Well, he is twenty now and very shortly will be married to Miss Ada Williams, a Kentucky girl who won a beauty contest in Florida and came West to win further fame in pictures.

Miss Williams has appeared on the screen intermittently, but the best thing she has done for herself is to win the affections of "Nell" Ince's son.

Mrs. Ince is one of the most beloved women of the film colony and Bill numbers his friends by the score. Besides, the young people will have no financial worries.

DR. STEPIN FETCHIT, the eminent sepia comedian, is now the undisputed king of the colored colony of Los Angeles.

Dr. Fetchit took Dr. Herb Howe, whose brilliant interview on the comic appeared in Photoplay, to see the colored aristocracy, not long ago. Their gathering place is a big, noisy and joyous cafe named The Apex.

At a table near Drs. Howe and Fetchit sat a particularly handsome girl of a yellow tint, and dressed to kill.

Fetchit called her over, and Dr. Howe was presented to the belle of the high-toned set.

"Very pretty girl," commented Herb. "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Smith?" drawled Stepin. "Why, she's the wife of that big p'liceman you saw outside the doah!"

TIME was when Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were the most audibly devoted couple in Hollywood. They could be seen any noon at the M.-G.-M. commissary languishing over the soup and crooning sticky phrases.

A daily witness of the procedure penned the following epitaph which Dorothy Herzog ran in her column:

Here lie the bodies of Doug and Joan.
They died as they lived—making sweet moan.

THEN, alas, came the day when the vivacious Lupe brought her Gar-r-r-ee to the commissary. They occupied the table next to Doug and Joan and completely out-mooned the former billing and cooling champs. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
How to Make a

Aged scientist reports on the love life of the domesticated microphone

I WILL try to explain to you, with the aid of a quart of commas and a few semi-colons, how talking pictures are made.

Of the history of talking pictures I will only remark that they were invented by Dr. and Mr. Howe, the young Armenian numismatist, in the early fall of '93, which you remember as Centennial Year, but I remember for an attack of shingles. Our first talking picture was that of a snail crawling across the head of cabbage. Then, you may recall, came the war, and an unpleasant incident it was.

My researches in the modern talking picture were carried on by her assistant, and I gained entrance by lisping, as an actor. I was assisted in my experiments and observations by the famous Case D, the young lady who slept through the burning of Rome and "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

My chief subject was Dr. Adolphe Menjou, that distinguished Siamese model who was sewed into a claw-hammer coat in 1919 and has not since emerged. Our experiments were carried on during the filming of "The Concert," a sophisticated Viennese comedy in which Dr. Menjou appears as a jaded lover, a jealous husband, a Knabe baby grand piano and a flourish of trumpets heard off. He was in process of being directed by Dr. Victor Schertzinger, the eminent composer-director who is still under sentence of death for having composed the song "Marcheta."

After looking at a test tube, eating a piece of litmus paper and drawing pictures on a desk calendar for 1922, I find that the following properties are needed for the making of a modern talking picture. I list them in the order of least importance.

1. Dr Menjou and the actors.
2. Dr. Director Schertzinger.
3. Twelve colored mats to hold things.
4. Eighty electricians, blonde or brunette.
5. Twenty experts, cameramen, technicians, bat-boys, rubbermen and chief seconds.
6. Ten dirty gentlemen to say "Shhahhhh!"
7. A young doctor, fresh from a mail order school for electrical engi-

neers, who sits at a desk, pushes buzzers, yells "Sink it!" and thus sinks the talking picture—in short, makes the shadows yodel, chortle and play dead.

Let us now proceed to the actual making of a talking picture scene. In words of one syllable let us see what actually happens on a great sound stage, among microphones both wild and domestic.

The big felt-lined stage is buzzing with talk. Electricians are knocking over lights, character women are doing the black bottom, blondes are fighting in corners, Dr. Director Schertzinger is pulling out handfuls of his own hair and stuffing a sofa pillow with it. Seated in a chair marked "Miss Compton," Dr. Menjou is trying to keep from falling through his eight inch collar. In a chair marked "Mr. Entwhistle," Miss Compton, an English actress, is trying to say "America" so that it will sound less like "Hemudicah!"

At last Dr. Schertzinger, having pulled out the last hair, says, "Are we all set?"

The young electrical doctor puts down his diploma, swallows his toothpick and says "oh kay!" "Lock the doors!" booms the assistant director.
Talking Picture

By Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall
(Western Electric Co.)

The mighty portals shut out the world.
The professional shushers all begin shushing.
Four cameramen, with dirks in their teeth, are shut into air-proof, sound-proof cells with their cameras and a dozen tarantulas. Electricians maladjust the lights for the last time. Dr. Menjou and a bon-bon blonde take their places on the "set." The blonde looks as though she wishes a cloudburst would descend and melt her. Dr. Menjou has the gay and debonair appearance of a gentleman about to be hanged.

"How are yah fixed, kid?" asks Dr. Menjou, in his best Parisian.

"Oke," says Dr. Schertzinger.

A field piece booms from the roof of the studio. Signal flags are run up at the masthead. Rockets break in the afternoon sky. A bell is rung—once, twice, thrice. A whistle blows sharply.

"Sink it!" says the young electrical doctor into a telephone.

Silence falls. The cameras and the medullae oblongatae, or sound dinguses, are beating as one. Eye and ear are in "synchronization," or "are sunk," as we scientists say. In the mixer they are being mixed, or mux.

Here comes Dr. Menjou, gnawing first at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE ARGYLE CASE—Warners

This is not only Thomas Meighan’s first talkie; it is one of the most logical murder mysteries we’ve yet seen. As a modern Sherlock Holmes—Craig Kennedy sort of sleuth, Meighan is superb. The story is sane, sophisticated and thrilling. High above the plane of the ordinary crook melodrama, the battle is one of wits, not guns. It is vibrant with mental action and suspense.

H. B. Warner is singularly fine in the rôle of John Argyle’s attorney. Lila Lee, as the chief suspect, and Gladys Brockwell, a mystery woman, are both splendid. There are too few flashes of ZaSu Pitts of the querulous voice.

This picture shows a marked improvement in the voice reproductions of the Vitaphone. Howard Bretherton’s direction is highly commendable. All Talkie.

ON WITH THE SHOW—Warners

One hundred per cent everything—singing, dancing, talking and technicolor. The color photography makes it unique.

The situations have whiskers, but the transitions from back stage drama to footlight hey-heys are well done. There is a large chorus with lively dance routines, and tuneful music. The conversation consists of snappy comebacks, 1910 variety.

Performances from the large cast are almost uniformly good, with Joe E. Brown standing out with sparkling comedy interpolations. Sam Hardy scores as the harassed producer, and Betty Compson is optically entertaining. The Blues singing of Ethel Waters is a highlight. Alan Crossland’s direction is competent. All Talkie.

BROADWAY—Universal

The original of all the nightclub and underworld dramas—and still the most effective. You may quarrel with the too lavish settings given the Dunning-Abbott play, but you’ll have no complaint against Director Paul Fejos’ direct and sharp handling of the story.

Here you will find no hodgepodge talkie, trying to get by on the strength of its novelty, but an expert drama, with concise dialogue, tense melodrama and, for the most part, good acting.

Glenn Tryon plays the rôle of the innocent hoofer embroiled in a bootlegging murder.

Tryon is surprisingly good in a difficult part. But he has keen competition in Thomas E. Jackson, a member of the stage cast, and Evelyn Brent, as the vengeful chorus girl, who steals the show. Mr. Jackson is decidedly a talkie find. What a voice! Paul Porcasi, as the proprietor of the night club, also duplicates the hit he made on the stage. Merna Kennedy is not so good and is swamped by superior performances.

“Broadway” is tricked out with theme songs, with special dancing acts and with a mammoth cabaret scene, three times as large as any New York night club.

But these bits of over-elaboration are immediately forgotten in the rush of the melodrama back-stage in the night club.

And so you will not be disappointed in Universal’s version of one of the most entertaining plays presented in several seasons. All Talkie.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

BROADWAY EVANGELINE
THE ARGYLE CASE ON WITH THE SHOW
FASHIONS IN LOVE PRISONERS
THUNDERBOLT

The Best Performances of the Month

Thomas Meighan in “The Argyle Case”
Thomas Jackson in “Broadway”
Evelyn Brent in “Broadway”
Adolphe Menjou in “Fashions in Love”
George Bancroft in “Thunderbolt”

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 14!

★ EVANGELINE—United Artists

THIS is a most unusual picture. It has a synchronized score but no dialogue. It took six months to make and cost a half million dollars. It marks Edwin Carewe’s seventeenth anniversary as a motion picture director. It is the film version of one of the best loved American poems.

The poet Longfellow’s story of the Arcadian lovers, Evangeline and Gabriel, who are torn from each other on their wedding day and spend all their lives trying to find each other, is familiar to every school child.

Dolores Del Rio plays Evangeline and while she does not talk, she sings both in French and English and her voice will qualify when she wishes to talk. In her Norman cap and curls, she hardly looks as beautiful as formerly, but she gives a fine characterization of the French peasant girl and her transformation as the old lady is striking. Roland Drew as Gabriel is satisfactory and Donald Reed as Baptiste is particularly pleasing.

The dramatization by Finis Fox, who has done most of the Del Rio pictures, is a fine elaboration of the original. Everything has been done to make this picture entertaining, pictorially beautiful and historically correct. Miss Del Rio is seven hours in icy cold, fast moving rapids for a scene that runs only a few minutes. The town of Grand Pre is built and burned down at a huge cost.

The picture just misses being notable, but the gorgeous breath-taking settings and the universal appeal of the love story guarantee intense interest. It would be a distinct loss to miss “Evangeline.” Sound.

★ FASHIONS IN LOVE—Paramount

A DOLPHE MENJOU breaks out with a voice, a French accent and the best performance he has given in many a movie moon. Disguised by a ridiculous title, this is “The Concert,” played so successfully by Leo Diritcheinstein. It’s an old school farce of a concert pianist whose spirit to be a Lothario is willing, but whose flesh is weak. Its glaring fault is that a great musician should compose such inferior melodies. Fay Compton and Miriam Seegar, both from the English stage (the former a native of Britain, the latter an American girl) give their first film performances in this country. Both are capable actresses.

But the honors go to the star. His French accent is excellent, although he was born in Pennsylvania. Not a great picture but big entertainment. All Talkie.

★ PRISONERS—First National

THIS is not another “Divine Lady,” but it is an interesting story of a girl’s struggles to lift herself up by her bootstraps. A beautiful Hungarian peasant girl, Ria Riga, becomes involved with the proprietor of a low-class night club where she is an entertainer. To escape him, she steals money and runs away. Her weakness again overtakes her and she steals to buy clothes whereby she can charm one Nicholas Cathay. Alas, alas! It is the irony of fate that he is the lawyer called to defend her when she is arrested. Now, don’t get excited. This is a different “trial” scene. Ian Keith plays the difficult rôle of Cathay, while Otto Matiesen and Bela Lugosi also have important rôles. Ferenc Molnar’s play becomes effective screen entertainment and Corinne Griffith is quite adorable. Part Talkie.
Without George Bancroft and Josef von Sternberg, this would have been just another gangster yarn. But Bancroft gives it a realism; von Sternberg artistry. A best-of-the-month, but crowded over here by six other good films. Fay Wray sheds the crinolines, and the silence, and steps out as a very fast young lady with a lovely voice. She and Richard Arlen, who is excellent, supply the romance.

How Captain King saved India from the mad hordes across the Himalayas. Pretty extravagant and unconsciously hilarious when the brusque captain (Victor McLaglen) makes love to the goddess of the Khyber Pass hillmen (Myrna Loy). McLaglen is not fitted for this sort of role. The film has two superb opening reels, showing the Black Watch entraining in London. Miss Loy is good as Jasmani, the mountain girl leader.

Take off those drooping moustaches, Warner Oland, we know you. And you too, Jean Arthur, even if you do walk around in a hypnotic state. And that big curtain with the blood-stained dragon—why, it's only a prop. Yessir, this is one of those mystery yarns that don't carry conviction. As the title would lead you to believe, this concerns an old Chinese badie with the most ripping methods of committing murder.

Ruth Chatterton, who has done such tense, dramatic work in her recent pictures, has an opportunity for some delightful shadings in the picture version of Maugham's "Marriage Holiday." Clive Brook is excellent as the physician-husband who plays a little with his wife's best friend, the beautiful Mary Nolan. Bill Powell gives his usual suave performance—this time as the "other man." Delightful entertainment.

Don't be skeptical. Lon Chaney actually drives that engine and, if you don't believe it, he'll show you his honorary membership in the brotherhood. His only disguise is grey hair and moustache. As usual, he turns in a sturdy performance. And, this is your last chance to see Phyllis Haver on the screen. She retired, you know, when she became Mrs. William Seaman. Snow storms, train wrecks and floods. Good entertainment.

A Tawdry tale which, if done smartly, would have developed into a good satirical comedy. Here it is just hokum written around a theme song. A shrewd showgirl with brains takes the snooty Philadelphia Fairchild down the line and makes 'em like it. They oppose her marriage to Jack Fairchild until she delves into their private life. Dolores Costello needs better material and direction than she gets here.
First and Best Screen Reviews Here

CAREERS—
First National
All Talkie

AFRENCH magistrate in a small town in Cochin-China finds himself unable to secure promotion, regardless of ability. He is married to a beautiful woman, but she doesn’t have the inside dope on how to promote a husband’s “career.” Her attempts to practice the usual method brings disaster. Billie Dove radiates beauty; Carmel Myers sings a lovely song; Antonio Moreno makes love nicely. Fairly good suspense.

THE WHEEL
OF LIFE—
Paramount
All Talkie

THIS romance of a British officer and his colonel’s wife out in India is a bit disappointing. The picture lacks the workmanlike touch which has lately identified several outstanding Paramount productions. It is Esther Ralston’s first all talkie, and she’s very beautiful. Richard Dix plays with dignified restraint. O. P. Heggie, whose performance in “The Letter” was so fine, is splendid as Colonel Duigan. Expertly synchronized.

THE COCO-
NUTS—
Paramount
All Talkie

THE Marx Brothers are photographed and sounded in their Broadway musical comedy of this title. The thing has been screened in lote, painted back drops and all. This shows signs of hurried production, but Groucho Marx is funny in his rapid fire wise-cracking and there are hilarious moments. His brothers lend assistance. Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw are present but buried beneath the Marx antics. Fairly good.

SKIN
DEEP—
Warners
All Talkie

THIS is another revival. The original was made seven years ago with Milton Sills in the lead. In the Warner-Vitaphone revival, Monte Blue plays the frightful looking gangster (it’s all done with putty and theatrical glue) whose face and soul are re-made by plastic surgery and Alice Day, respectively. A fair crook yarn (aren’t we getting familiar with our underworld?) with Betty Compson as scheming and beautiful as ever.

THE FAR
CALL—
Fox
Sound

AVIVID action story of seal piracy in the Bering Sea. A crooked young sailor plans a raid on the government seal rookeries. He precedes his crew to St. Paul’s Island, where the natives find that he’s the lost son of the founder of the island. The determined crew lands, mutinies, and the boy fights for his family traditions. Boy, what a fight! Short but sweet! Charles Morton and Leila Hyams head the excellent cast.

THE WOMAN
FROM HELL—
Fox
Sound

WHEN Jaime Del Rio wrote this story, it looked like good picture material. The final achievement, however, is divested of value except for the intriguing title. It takes more than modern credulity to believe a city girl would give up the Gay White Way for a home too small to bathe in. Mary Astor is beautiful and Bob Armstrong’s smile tones down his villainy. Mild entertainment. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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Twenty-five prizes of $25 each

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

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in 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 anyone 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, 1930, issue of Photoplay.

9. No solution will be returned unless sufficient postage accompanies the solution and such request is made at time of submission.

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

SUGGESTIONS

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.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
FROM the little gal of Hoot Gibson's Westerns to leading woman for John Barrymore—that's what the talkies have done for Marian Nixon. Marian's success in the microphonic drama is one of the surprises of the season. The demure little ingenue of dozens of minor films is now playing in big-time company.
Photoplay Magazine's New $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

**1 AND 2**
The hair is a blonde, she has eyes of deep blue—
The eyes have the same color plan!
The mouth has been married for two happy years
To screenland's most rising young man!

The hair is soft brown, with a light golden sheen,
The eyes were renamed for a bird,
The mouth is quite new to the films—and her voice
in a talkie was recently heard!

**3 AND 4**
The hair's a New Yorker—and she's a brunette—
The eyes have appeared close to love;
The mouth has been often—too often—to cast.
But her roles she has risen above.

The hair went to school in a convent; the eyes
Just outside the States first saw day.
The mouth posed for artists, and once on the stage—
She's the loveliest star, some folks say!

**RESUME**
Two of them are married, two of them are not;
Three of them were born in the East;
Two girls went to Ziegfeld's best finishing school,
They're wouldn't—that's saying the least!
One starred in a number of fine costume plays.
And one shows the flapper with all her wild ways.
The hair went to college—the old U. of K.—
The eyes did two parts from Van Dine.
The mouth was twice married, his last romance grew
In a picture of Russia—twas fine!
The hair played in stock, and with L. Dietrichstein;
The eyes went to Paramount class;
The mouth took a gallant part in the World War,
And at Ypres he was wounded, alas!

The hair is from England—was there on the stage;
The eyes have a seven year child—
The mouth plays the trombone (don’t take it too hard—
For he’s otherwise quite undefiled)
The hair with Lupe Velez appeared on the screen,
The eyes knew film fame with L. Gish,
The mouth has done villains—oh, when he is bad
He’s as wicked as people could wish!

RESUME
Three came from the West—slightly middle, at that!
And two are extremely brunette.
And two have been married, and one is divorced—
And one is not married, as yet!
Two of them have light eyes, they’re all very tall—
And all are the sort for which womenfolk fall!

1 AND 2

1

1

2

2

3

3

4

4

5

5

6

6
At sixteen, Joan Bennett ran away from school and married. At seventeen she was the mother of a daughter. And now at eighteen, she is divorced. On the opposite page you will find the story of a refreshingly unconventional and interesting young actress, who is determined to live up to the traditions of a daring and fascinating stage family.
WHEN Joan Bennett was sixteen she packed her nightie and her toothbrush and walked calmly away from her boarding school in Versailles, bound for London, a certain romantic swain, and marriage. At seventeen "a little stranger" joined the family. Now, just past eighteen, Joan is in Hollywood with a divorce and well on her way to screen fame. She was Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Bulldog Drummond," and will appear in "Three Live Ghosts" and "Disraeli." Before these pictures she played a small part with William Boyd in "Power."

Now, isn't that a mark for all properly ambitious girls to aim at? Yes, she still has the baby, a beautiful little girl now at the "faw down" stage. The baby was a constant source of embarrassment to the Goldwyn publicity offices during the filming of "Bulldog Drummond." An eighteen-year-old leading lady had no business with a healthy infant, nor even an unhealthy one, for that matter. So baby was kept in the background. Joan herself is intensely proud of her daughter.

It would be surprising to discover a daughter of Richard Bennett to be lacking in at least the rudiments of practical, everyday sophistication. Bennett's family was shocking prim maiden aunts fifteen years ago in Breil's play-pur-panment, "Damaged Goods," and even today, when it seems like a dull evening, he indulges in caustic curtain talks about critics so benighted as to disapprove of his plays.

Joan, the youngest of the Bennett daughters three, is no blot on the family 'scutcheon. She is a poised young woman of the world with amazing chameleon gray-green eyes, and a manner as cool as a cucumber—at once a protec- tion to the lady and a challenge to all up and coming young men.

"Father was furious when I married," Joan explained to me. "He thought that I was too young, and would live to rue the day, so to speak. I never have and I never shall. Every girl, I suppose, has thoughts of marriage and babies. It's one of those experiences one has to have. Well, I've had it, and it's all over with. I don't think I shall marry again. I'm glad I tried it while I was young. Of course, being the youngest of the Bennett sisters, I would be the first to make father a grandfather."

With every opportunity to follow a stage career, this golden-haired, svelte Joan grew up without any burning desire to bear the flaming torch of histrionics to new heights. During her boarding school days in Waterbury, Conn., she was always taking part in amateur theatricals but her favorite studies were languages and music. She was quite sure that her career was to become the wife of some nice young man and settle down in a cottage covered with roses and mortgages.

"My decision to go on the stage was a rather sudden affair," Joan smiled, and those smiles are all to the good. "Father gave me a rôle in the play in which he is now appearing, 'Jarnegan.' I played a bad girl who died in the second act. There was another bad girl who died in the first act. I thought I might as well spend as much of the evening as possible. On the last night of 'Jarnegan' in New York, John Considine was in the audience and offered me the leading rôle with Ronald Colman in 'Bulldog Drummond.'"
How They Manage

Joan Crawford planned her house as the setting for a perpetual honeymoon

Wells' "Outline of History," Ludwig's "Life of Napoleon." "Yes, I am really reading them," says Joan, smilingly. "Doug is crazy about Napoleon just now—"

The dining room, guiltless of rugs, is pure Spanish—large, antique table, twelve chairs, sideboard, china closet, all matching. A tall, painted screen guards the door from the pantry. Green drapes shroud the tall French windows leading out to the patio.

The sun porch has windows on three sides, and is furnished with a gay rug, comfortable chairs, little tables—and shelves galore, all within reaching distance.

These shelves are the home of Joan's toys. You never saw such a wonderful collection of toys, outside of a department store at Christmas time. One precious doll, with lovely long hair, used to belong to Joan's grandmother—but most of the toys are modern, diabolically clever,

A gay rug, colorful pillows and drapes, lamps and comfortable chairs and settees make Joan's sun-porch an attractive place at any hour. The shelves hold her collection of dolls and toyland animals

JOAN CRAWFORD'S charming ten-room house at Brentwood Park was prepared for its master many weeks—perhaps many months—before Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as bride and groom, returned from New York. They were quietly married in that city on June 3rd, as all the world now knows.

One approaches the house over rustic stepping-stones, across a broad, velvety lawn, and through a Spanish patio to the front door. The bright brass knocker on this door represents two heads, male and female, lips pressed in a long kiss.

Joan herself is quite liable to answer the door, with home-like informality. If it is daytime, she will probably be wearing a little sleeveless sport dress and a gay sweater.

The floor of the hall, and of the dining room leading directly from it, is of terra-cotta tiles. A precious old carved Italian chest forms a seat in the hall.

The living room is carpeted in soft green, with rich, brocaded silk drapes hanging from ceiling to floor at the French windows. The center of the room is bare, giving an impression of space. Two settees, upholstered in the same gold fabric used for the curtains, form a nook at the fireplace; a low, round table, laden with smoking paraphernalia, is between them. Other golden chairs, a green divan, and tiny Italian occasional tables, are arranged in confidential mood near the walls—and a grand piano, covered with a rich Burmese drape, supports a large picture of Joan and young Doug together, near a huge vase of gladioli.

A few books in this room, on low tables near cozy chairs—

These gates separate the living and dining rooms in modern fashion. And, as you'll agree, the grill work isn't the only thing decorating the archway
Their Homes

By

Alma Whitaker

Irresistibly funny. A life-size hen that cackles and lays an egg! A life-size baby pig, that walks and grunts! Teddy bears of every shape and size—with provocative expressions. Rag dogs, rag dolls, gorgeous lady dolls, clowns that sing—and, at the end of the porch, a little table about two feet high, with four chairs, and four funny dolls seated in them—with the table laid for dinner. This last outfit was the gift of Doug, Jr., last Christmas. A monster electric railroad, with complete equipment—Joan's Christmas gift to Doug, Jr.

The mistress and the new master of the house stop to admire the beauty of the informal patio garden, abounding with shrubs and bright flowers. A fountain, in the image of a lovely dryad, makes tinkling music here.

"We play with them for hours and hours," confesses Joan.

A second patio garden lies outside of this porch, with a fountain in the middle, and flowers and shrubbery galore. "I'm going to plant some high shrubbery beyond, to shut out the vacant lot next door," explains Joan.

Next the tiny breakfast room—with a pair of twittering love-birds in the window, flirting away in a gilded cage!

Joan has quite a household of pets. Beside the birds, there is "Coquette," the Chow pug, named after Mary Pickford's picture—Mary.
Monahan

Wherein a twenty-minute egg discovers that not all movie stars have marshmallow heads and muscles

"Plenty," said Tug grimly, "and don't be knockin' your future husband. I'm goin' to battle in four semi-finals out there and I leave for the coast tomorrow night. I'd of told you this before if you'd quit gurgin' about Carlos. Listen, baby, you'd better forget that slinkin' shadow and marry me while you're able. Then you won't have to work in no laundry."

Sadie's broad and unfashionable bosom heaved rapidly. She knew in her heart that her chances were few, but she realized that Tug would never be harassed by sex-starved damsels, and her daily perusal of "Advice to the Lovelorn" had satisfied her that the proper thing was to keep him guessing—for a while.

"The mellow chimes of a gilt-edged Parisian clock sounded midnight as a man and a woman entered the magnificent pavilion and paused for a moment, as though dazzled by the cascade of light that streamed like honey from the lofty crystal chandeliers, then, without speaking, they began their fateful pilgrimage down the thick, claret colored rug, watched by careless eyes from the triple tier of marble balconies spaced by Moorish arches. On they went, unheeding the richly tasseled hangings of blue and olive, the uniformed sentries, the galleries of regal paintings, the patrician outline of satin covered furniture."

"The girl walked with the remoteness of a French aristocrat, her rather plain face transfigured by a rapt idealism; the man plodded beside her with head bowed in thought, enormous hands clenched, until a sound like hushed thunder warned him that a multitude was pouring through the doors behind them."

"He had barely grasped the girl's arm before the mob was barking at their heels, sweeping them helplessly forward, not to a guillotine, but into the crisp gloom of an autumn evening in Detroit, for the show was over."

"A biting wind hurried them along Bagley Avenue, but although Miss Sadie Allen's legs were protected by only the sheerest chiffon, she showed no sign of returning to normalcy until Grand Circus Park was reached."

"Once there she allowed her dreamy brown eyes to wander casually over her hulking escort; then, winning at this mundane spectacle, they vaulted once more to the heavens and a long, luxurious sigh escaped from her generous mouth."

"Gee," she mused, "but he certainly is swell!"

"Yeah," sneered Mr. Tug Monahan, "beginnin' with his head."

"The grace of him," said the girl softly, ignoring this coarse allusion."

"The elegant way he grabbed hold of the heroine without even ruffling his silk dressing gown. I just sat there and pretended it was me—alone in the twilight with Carlos Cabrillo! No wonder all you clumsy gorillas are jealous of him."

MR. MONAHAN, who was built on the general lines of a Windsor ferryboat, scowled ferociously. He did this without effort, for nature had topped his torso with a set of second-hand features to which some of nature's children had added a smashed nose and cauliflower ears.

"What!" he bawled. "Jealous of a guy who looks like me bootblack? Go on, Sadie, you're nuts. It just naturally riles me to hear you rave about such a fake, that's all."

"Be careful who you're calling a fake," said Sadie hotly. "Didn't you see him throw those eight men down a flight of stairs?"

"Tug keered incredulously. "Don't you suppose them birds had instructions to take a dive?"

"Certainly not," sniffed Sadie. "Haven't you read how Carlos always lets the villains try their hardest? He conquers them," she quoted from memory, "by virtue of his superior skill and agility, due to his boyhood training in Old Barcelona, where he practiced dodging wild bulls on the family estate."

"He couldn't dodge my left hook," declared Mr. Monahan, "and what's more, maybe he'll get a chance to try it."

"That's right, talk big with twenty states between you," scoffed Miss Allen. "What use has California for a third-rate prizefighter, anyway?"
the Menace

By Stewart Robertson

"I— I couldn't," she faltered. "Perhaps a girl could get used to that face of yours across the table but she'd always be pinning for Carlos. Everything about him is perfect, Tug, he's the best man I've ever seen."

"I can see where I've got to sock that guy," said Mr. Monahan viciously, as he hailed a Cass Avenue bus. "The chances are thousands of dizzy dames all over the country are sobbin' about him, and it's a bet that he wouldn't leave none of you even butter his hair. It's up to me to slug him in the name of all us ordinary fellows, and I'll make that profile of his look like a crumpled fender."

Miss Allen eyed him tantalizingly. "I'll tell him that next time I write," she stated

"Huh?" said her startled companion. "Don't ask me to swallow that. I'm no whale."

"We've been corresponding for three months. Choke on it, if you'd rather."

"I suppose he sends out a circular to all his invisible girl friends, hey? What does he use—a stencil?"

"He writes a classy, dignified letter, on grand purple paper. I keep them all tied with ribbon under my pillow."

"Listen," said the disgruntled swain, "this is the last time I'll fork up six bits for you to gape at that Spanish squawker. I might as well have had a dummy beside me tonight, but I'm not as thick as I look."

He lapsed into an uneasy silence while the bus bumped and bounded uptown until it reached Ferry Street, where the pair alighted. Sadie walked thoughtfully to her boarding house steps and had about decided to smooth Mr. Monahan's feathers with a caress when she was suddenly imprisoned by two muscular arms.

"Come on, give us a kiss," growled Tug, scoring the correct preliminaries for such a favor, and leaning over, he impressed several inexpert salutes on various parts of the struggling lady's countenance. "Yell for Carlos, baby," he chuckled, "and may be he'll drop out of a tree, or somethin', like he done in the picture."

The seething Sadie, with all a female's fury at being anticipated, scratched herself loose and ran up to the door. "You roughneck!" she panted. "You big homely palooka! Don't you ever come near me again and I hope Carlos murders you."

"You look swell when you're mad," observed Mr. Monahan, commencing to amble cornerward, much pleased at this turn of the tide, "and you can tell me the rest tomorrow." He proceeded a few steps, then looked back. The door was slightly ajar and a white face watched anxiously through the opening. "Michigan Central—four-thirty," he called, and the door shut with a petulant slam.

The cavalier departed feel-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Grunting, Tug Monahan tried to straighten up. Then the handsome Carlos Cabrillo let him have a long uppercut to the chin. A thoroughly dazed Mr. Monahan crashed through the rail, made a graceful arc, and popped into the Pacific!
How to Take A Sun Bath

If this advice comes to you too late to prevent sunburning, a lavish application of buttermilk to the affected area will quickly draw out the painful "fire." This does not apply to a severe burn, which should be treated at once by a physician.

Raquel Torres demonstrates the correct system of acquiring a real tan without a painful and sometimes serious burn. This beach helmet is the newest creation in seaside millinery. It amply shades face and eyes, and the netting veil keeps out insects.

Expert advice on how to bronze your skin without burning

The right way. Begin with only five minutes a day, slowly increasing the time. Rub the exposed skin with plain vinegar and protect the eyes from sun glare with dark glasses. Do not expose your feet to the direct sun, but keep them lightly covered.
Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

The Girls of Hollywood

The girls of Hollywood are nice.
They're made of lipstick, fire and ice.
Their legs and arms are tanned and bare,
They wear few clothes with lots of air.
They are quite mannerly at table
And only speak when they are able.
They seldom drink, they smoke a little—
Their actions, talk and tastes are brittle.
And, much involved with simpler joys,
They make few passes at the boys.
In fact, I find, on taking stock,
They're just like Annie down the block!

Good Mean Fun

Science now promises us talkies by telephone. . . . I can't wait to hang up on a courtroom scene! . . . And there'll be plenty of wrong numbers! . . . On dull Sunday mornings in Hollywood newsboys yell "Scandal! In Hollywood! Another good girl gone wrong!" But if you think that sells any papers, you're crazy. . . . The combined salaries of the love-birds, Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, for the next year will be $820,000. Those young things showed real courage to try marriage, and at that Ina will probably spend most of her time over a wash tub until Jack nicks Louis Mayer for a raise. . . . The Kansas City Times wrote a profound editorial on the proposal of Doug and Mary to film "The Taming of the Shrew," and now some fool is apt to say "Well, Mary, if the shrew fits, put it on!" . . . Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia denies his engagement to Lily Damita. Boy, even that's a privilege! . . . Clara Bow's young step-mother is a red-head, too, and one house seems to hold them! . . . For the benefit of love-maddened maidens, Davey Lee's phone number in Hollywood is Gladstone 2605. . . . Now try and get Charlie Farrell's!

The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize of a pair of Mexican jumping beans goes, without a runner-up, to Howard Dietz, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer press agent.

FRIEND ON PHONE IN NEW YORK—"Howard, I want a pair for 'Broadway Melody.' It must be tonight, as I'm leaving for Chicago in the morning."

MR. DIETZ—"We're sold out here. I'll fix you up when you get to Chicago."

FRIEND—"No good, Howard! I want to see the New York company!"

EXTRA GIRL—"Can yuh 'magaine, Rosalie? Me in the pictures eight years, and that sap talkie director ups and says my use of the English language ain't so hot!"

Getting Personal

Norma Shearer is getting very thin, while Greta Garbo has just put on six pounds, as the bosses thought some contour wouldn't hurt. Merely more dangerous curves ahead. . . . Lilyan Tashman is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, but burns up the local dressmakers because she has all her duds made at home. . . . Handsome couple in Hollywood—Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli. . . . Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper always sit side by side at fancy dinner parties and hold hands. . . . State pride in Kansas! A Wichita theater bills Buddy Rogers as "former University of Kansas saxophone player." . . . George Baxter, stage actor, and Pauline Garon, are Running Around. . . . Hollywood is just like the rest of the world. Its commonest cocktail is gin and orange juice. . . . Every English speaking country in the world save New Zealand has at least one theater showing talking pictures. New Zealand steamers are booked up until April, 1937 . . . . Ann Pennington, little stage dancer known as the Knee Plus Ultra, is in Hollywood for pictures. She wears the smallest shoe in the show business—one and a half—and is now red headed. . . . Doug Fairbanks is subject to air-sickness. . . . Lewis, Iowa, had one movie theater. While holy citizens were protesting against the showing of pictures on Sunday, the theater burned to the ground. There are now no Sunday movies in Lewis, Iowa. . . . Fifteen years ago Lon Chaney had just been given a divorce from Cheva Chaney, cabaret singer, and Webb Talking Pictures made their appearance. Their first bill included a talk by Tramp Comic Nat Wills and a scene from "Faust." . . . Laura La Plante is so near-sighted that at the theater she wears horn-rimmed spectacles and uses a lorgnette at the same time. . . . Cecil De Mille wears an enormous pigeon-blood ruby on his left hand. . . . Jean Hersholt, who is a Dane, has never played a Dane in pictures, even a melancholy one. Most people think he is Jewish because of his success in Jewish roles. . . . The creaking of crickets held up the filming of a talkie snow scene at the Pathe studio. As soon as the crickets froze to death, the cameras ground. . . . Talking pictures are going to be made in India in the native dialects. Going to be made? I've heard some!
Details of Leading Contestants and

Left, Helen Johnson, leading woman of "Quickie," submitted in Photoplay's contest by Jac Thall, of Brooklyn. Miss Johnson is one of the distinct screen personalities revealed by the contest.

Right, Edward Jacobsen, of New York City, entered a striking scenic of Manhattan and an unusual drama, "What Does It Matter?" Mr. Jacobsen is an advertising agency art director.

Below, Clyde Hammond, of Youngstown, Ohio, winner of an honorable mention in last year's contest and prominent in the 1929 contest with a drama, "Disappointment," that indicates unusual cinematic skill.

Right, Scott Hardester, who plays the dying doughboy in "Three Episodes," entered by Foto-Cine Productions, of Stockton, Calif. Mr. Hardester does an excellent piece of work in this unusual film.

Above, Wallace W. Ward, cameraman of the Foto-Cine Productions, the Stockton amateurs entering "Three Episodes." Mr. Ward's photography indicates unusual resource and ingenuity.

Right, Eugene Kingman, Yale University freshman, who entered an out-of-the-ordinary study of bird life. Mr. Kingman obtained some extraordinary shots after many hours of waiting and much ingenious preparation.
Films in PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest

Amateur Movies
By Frederick James Smith

THE final awards in PHOTOPLAY's second Amateur Movie Contest now are not far distant. The board of judges, with its aid, has spent weeks in making careful examinations of all the films submitted.

It is possible to describe some of the films reaching the $2,000 contest finals and to tell something about their amateur makers. One of the interesting dramatic subjects is a 16 millimeter film, "Three Episodes," submitted by the Photo-Cine Productions of No. 418 South Stansells Street, Stockton, Calif.

"Three Episodes" reveals the mental flashbacks of a dying soldier in a shell hole in Flanders. Almost all of the acting is in the hands of one player, Scott Hardesty, who portrays the boy. The three episodes reveal a vivid childhood memory of the killing of a bird, a touchdown in a high school football game, and the boy's parting from his sweetheart as he starts for the front. Instead of a dissolve, this amateur organization obtained an original effect for 16 millimeter cameras by moving the camera in and out of focus. The camera slides up to the boy's eyes as he lies in the shell hole and then slips back to reveal him in an incident of the past.

Robert Burhans, who entered a film in last year's contest, directed "Three Episodes." Wallace W. Ward was cameraman, Alice L. Buckle acted as title and script girl, and Edwin J. Fairall was production supervisor. Mr. Ward has been an active amateur cinematographer since he was very young. So, too, has Mr. Byr Burhans.

TWO striking contest efforts were submitted by Edward E. Jacobsen, of No. 9 East 41st Street, New York City. One of Mr. Jacobsen's films was a superbly photographed scenic of New York, and the other was a dramatic effort, "What Does It Matter?" Both are in 16 millimeter film. The drama is a tersely told story of an old man who can't land a job.

The playing of the old druggist, the only role in the film, is done by Fothingham Lysons, an advertising model. Mr. Jacobsen himself is art director of an advertising agency. "What Does It Matter?" was made after business hours, between 9 P.M. and 1 A.M. and required three nights work to reach completion. Mr. Jacobsen was author, photographer, director, electrician, editor and part actor, his hands appearing in one or two scenes as dramatic aids to the one player. Mr. Jacobsen used a Bell and Howell Filmo, with a Cooke f 1.8 lens. He obtained lap dissolves byiris ing down his lens, rewinding his film in a dark room and running the film through again while irisng

Leonard Clairmont, a Hollywood studio retoucher, who entered a striking dramatic film, "Nemesis," costing $92

Steiner, "as I was interested in seeing how much material could be gotten by trying to see water in a new way, rather than by doing things to it with the camera."

ANOTHER interesting 35 millimeter contest contribution came from Hollywood and, while it was made by a studio worker, the contestant comes well within the amateur classification. The contributor is Leonard Clairmont, of 6247 Banner Place, Hollywood. Mr. Clairmont is employed as a retoucher at the First National Studios and has held this position for a year. He has never been connected with the actual studio making of pictures. What I have picked up about making pictures is only what I have seen during my lunch hours," he states.

"The whole picture was made on Sundays, because my actors worked as carpenters and, like myself, were busy throughout the week," Mr. Clairmont's film, "Nemesis," which is based on an old Swedish legend of crime and its retribution, cost exactly $92.50. The camera, an old Pathe, was secured from the California Camera Hospital at a cost of $57.5. The still camera was borrowed and Mr. Clairmont made his own reflectors. The first foot of film cranked on "Nemesis" was the first foot of film Mr. Clairmont ever shot, which is unusual in itself. It was found necessary to retake only one scene.

Mr. Clairmont, by the way, is 24. He came to America from Sweden a few years ago and is now an American citizen. His real name is Einar Leonard Asplund [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]
EAT and Be Merry

"You owe it to your health and happiness to enjoy one satisfying meal a day"

Says Dr. H. B. K. Willis

YOUR daily diet, in order to be efficient, must have that quality which Mack Sennett has always recognized in making his comedy product—roughness.

Roughness in a film is the assaulting of actors' strategic points with the slapstick or the hurling of custard pies.

Roughness in the diet, "roughage," appeases the mechanical demands of the gastro-intestinal tract.

Lack of roughage spells faulty function of the bowel, faulty absorption of food elements and faulty elimination of waste products.

It has been estimated that eighty per cent of our people are constipated. Much of the constipation is the result of a too concentrated diet which produces a small, dry, harddened intestinal mass, which is not only more irritating than stimulating, but which also accumulates in the sacculations of the intestines where it remains for long periods of time rather than being rapidly eliminated, because the small size of the intestinal mass does not supply the urge to the bowel to eliminate it.

THE lower animals, unlike man, are seldom constipated; their diet contains plenty of roughage. The functional activity is best assured by substances giving a large semi-solid bowel content.

The rough native foods, such as the green leafy vegetables, not only furnish the very valuable vitamins but also supply physical urge that the bowels need for proper activity, normally stimulating the mucous membrane lining the bowel and furnishing an intestinal mass which the bowel can move forward with the least difficulty.

As man has advanced in civilization his diet has become more refined and concentrated. Primitive people eat whole grains and whole fruits, and thus secure an abundance of vegetable fiber which is conspicuous by its absence from the diet of their brethren of more elevated social strata.

Cellulose, the woody fiber predominating in certain vegetables and fruits, forms the type of residue which the bowel demands the milling of our cereal grains to such a high degree that little or none of the hull remains, many people today make up for this deficiency by eating bran as a breakfast dish. If plain bran grows monotonous, you may take your bran in the form of muffins or a pudding. You will be surprised to learn what a satisfactory breakfast dish can be made of bran, stewed fruit and cream.

It is not at all uncommon to find a person more or less neurotic who firmly believes that he or she is unable to eat fruit or green vegetables. Sometimes gastric or duodenal ulcers or some other gastro-intestinal ail—
DISTINGUISHED IN THE SOCIETY OF FIVE NATIONS . . . THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE

WOMEN in society are subject to the keenest scrutiny. So they use the four famous preparations Pond’s makes to insure a meticulously cared for skin.

In our own America, young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, “Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial— with Pond’s.” A lovely bride, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr., uses Pond’s “three times a day for charm.” Charming Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, declares, “Pond’s method makes daily treatment simple and practical.”

In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont chooses these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, “I have got the Pond’s habit!” Enchanting Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday— says charmingly, “I like them so very much.”

One of England’s six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond’s “a straightforward way of keeping fit.” Lady Violet Astor declares, “Pond’s has done a wonderful service to women.” Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond’s devotee.

In Spain, the Duquesa de Alba, patrician beauty, says, “No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond’s.”

So, all over the world, Pond’s preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First— for thorough cleansing, apply Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface.

Then— with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond’s Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove every trace of oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin.

Last—smooth on a film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime— thoroughly cleanse with Pond’s Cold Cream, removing with Pond’s Tissues.

SEND 10¢ for Pond’s 4 Preparations

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S newest and best photograph—a portrait study by Homer Peyton. Yes, Charlie is making a comedy called “City Lights,” but no one knows when it will be finished, least of all Charlie himself. It may be for years and it may be forever. The story—in its present version—is a comic tragedy or a tragic comedy telling of the hopeless love of a friendless tramp for a beautiful blind flower girl.
"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Page on Hair Beauty

So dry and dull I envy other girls

Dear Jean Carroll: It's been over a year since I last got my hair cut and it has not grown a half inch since. It is so dry and dull I envy other girls when I see them. My hair also is burst very badly from marcel and from curling it myself. I don't know what to do. E. R., Cleveland, O.

Dear, dear, E. R., I wish I could have caught you a year ago. And how I wish I could hide your curling iron and take away your spending money so you couldn't get a marcel for a month until we do something for that hair.

Then, a special shampoo to help you correct that dryness—that's the next thing I'd wish for you. There is a delightful shampoo especially for dry hair, made by the Packer Company, with whom I am associated. This is the lovely gold-colored Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It leaves dry hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains olive oil and soothing, softening glycerin. It won't make your steeped scalp sting, and it helps the little natural lights to come back.

Use this special shampoo every ten days and get out your hair brush and polish up your hair. And watch! Perhaps, when you see lovely sheen and life coming back you'll decide that straight hair is becoming after all! And do write me what happens.

Oily hair . . . and a special shampoo for relaxed oil glands

Dear Jean Carroll: What is good for oily hair? Sometimes my hair looks as if I have just come from a bath—it looks so damp. I shampoo every two weeks and sometimes I must do it more often. Mrs. B. B., New Bedford, Mass.

Where did that "every two weeks" rule begin anyway? No doctor began it. The doctors who cooperate with the Packer Company say that oily hair should be washed as often as it needs it—that may mean every four or five days until the oil glands become normalized.

The Packer Company makes a shampoo especially for oily hair—Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It could be used every day without deadening the hair. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is slightly astringent in its action—and if you use it regularly, with daily massage of the scalp, you ought to begin to get the better of that excess oil. But probably for sometime you will have to wash your hair at least once a week to keep it looking fluffy and shining.

Dandruff—and a remedy from the pine woods!

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest, I have tried everything I can think of. Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I don't want to alarm you but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious a case. Pine tar has been for years a standard recommendation of physicians in cases of dandruff and skin affections. Use Packer's Tar Soap, shampooing every two or three days at first. Massage the good thick piney lather into your scalp. If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a noticeable improvement, go to your own physician for additional help.

My dear Miss Carroll: Some good news. I want to tell you of the satisfactory results I've had from following your directions. My hair was dreadfully dry, falling out so badly I scarcely had any left. And it was money and horrid looking. I have been using the Olive Oil Shampoo (as well as the Tar Soap) and massage as you recommended. And I must tell you that my hair is getting so nice and soft and so shiny I can see the lights in it again. And it scarcely comes out at all, and I have arrested the dandruff! Very gratefully. Mrs. E. F., Quincy, Mass.

That's a letter to warm any editor's heart! I hope we get many more with the same kind of news. JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty and becoming colors, every Friday 12 noon (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

If any of the letters above describes the condition of your hair, one of the Packer products will help. If you have some special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

Send for samples
(10c for one; 25c for all 3)
JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-4, 101 W. 33rd St., New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose —— cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What was the Best Picture of 1928?

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”
1927
“7th HEAVEN”

VOTE for the Picture You Think Should Win!

Ninth Annual Gold Medal Award

Have you voted in Photoplay’s ninth annual gold medal award?

Get busy—and do your bit for the betterment of pictures.

The Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal is the highest award in the world of motion pictures. Every year the vote is watched with tremendous interest throughout the screen world. The awards of the past eight years—to “Humoresque,” “Tol’able David,” “Robin Hood,” “The Covered Wagon,” “Abraham Lincoln,” “The Big Parade,” “Beau Geste” and “7th Heaven”—have been veritable landmarks of the film’s progress. Remarkable interest will center in the picture selected as the best of 1928, since it must occupy its niche among these noteworthy productions.

In voting, remember the high standards of previous awards. The Photoplay Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography. If you vote this year for a talkie film, take into consideration the sounding of the picture’s production. Chiefly, Photoplay wants its readers to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture’s production.

In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

Will the award for 1928 go to the last silent film or to the first talkie film? You alone will decide! 1928 represents a new epoch in picture making, marking the dawn of the talkie film. There is nothing to indicate how the award will be made this year—but it will offer an interesting commentary upon how much the talkie has met public favor.

Remember, too, that the Photoplay Gold Medal is the only award going direct from film fans to the maker of pictures. It is the decision of the millions of picture lovers themselves.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1928 is appended. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these. You may vote for any picture released during 1928.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123 1/2 pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1928

Abie’s Irish Rose
Alias Jimmy Valentine
Barber, The
Beau Sabreur
Bellamy Trial, The
Chicago
Circus, The
Cossacks, The
Czar, Ivan the Terrible
Devil Dancer, The
Dixie Woman, The
Docks of New York, The
Dove, The
Drag Net, The
Drums of Love
Enemy, The
Fascin’
Fletch’, The
Flying Fleet, The
Four Devils
Four Sons
Four Walls
Gaucho, The
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Interference
Last Command, The
Laugh, Clown, Laugh
Legion of the Condemned, The
Lilac Time
Little Shepherd of Kings
Down East, The
Mau Who Laughs, The
Masks of the Devil, The
Me, Gangster
Mother Knows Best
Mother Machree
Noose, The
Our Dancing Daughters
Outcast
Patriot, The
Racket, The
Remora
Sadie Thompson
Singing Fool, The
Spooky
Street Angel
Trail of ’98, The
Wedding March, The
West Point
White Shadows in the South Seas
Woman of Affairs, A

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 1928.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name______________________________

Address_________________________

76
"What!! a laxative for loveliness?"

It may seem strange to you—bringing this word "laxative" into a discussion of beauty! And—what, pray, has a laxative to do with creams and lotions, with fair complexions and young and supple skins?

It has a great deal to do with them! It is almost all-important! For, unless you keep clean internally, your skin is bound to suffer, and will always lack the clear, fresh bloom which every woman wants!

Those tiny blemishes which baffle the cleverest cosmetics can be defeated by Sal Hepatica! Women who know the saline method, who use salines as the family laxative, know how quickly they purify the bloodstream and bring new color and translucence to the cheek.

In Europe, the wonderful saline springs have for years been thronged with men and women sent there by their physicians to drink the saline waters for the sake of their complexions and their health.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of these saline springs. It rids the body of poisons and acidities. That is why its use is a great relief for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, constipation, indigestion, complexion disorders and many other ills. Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to act within thirty minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. And send now the coupon for the booklet which tells in detail how Sal Hepatica keeps your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it relieves many common family ills.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-89, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name
Street
City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

and his father is chief of detectives of the city of Stockholm.

He studied art in Sweden, but the only job he has found open over here thus far is that of studio retoucher.

Mr. Clairmont spends his spare time contributing to Film-Journalen, a Swedish motion picture fan publication.

STILL another unusual dramatic film (35 millimeter stock) was entered by Jace Thall, of 957 77th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Thall's entry was called "Quickie," and was suggested by Paul Fejos' difficulties in making his now famous experimental picture, "The Last Moment."

Briefly, it depicts the tribulations of a quickie company trying to finish a picture before its bank roll gives out.

"Quickie" has one of the most promising amateur players of any film submitted in Photoplay's contest, possibly the most promising.

This player is Helen Johnson, an artist and art model, who plays the leading woman of the quickie company.

Miss Johnson has never acted before but she has shown an unusual personality and much charm.

"Quickie" was filmed with a Bell and Howell camera.

The actual cranking of the film was done by Mario D Giovanni, an amateur enthusiast who is also a licensed chauffeur. Mr. Thall, however, supervised the details of the photography and the composition.

The exteriors were taken on location in Staten Island. A few borrowed lights from a photographer's studio served for the interiors of the film. Mr. Thall, since he graduated from college, has worked as a publicity writer for a theater circuit.

EUGENE KINGMAN, a nineteen-year-old freshman at Yale University, entered an interesting study of bird and animal life filmed on 16 millimeter stock with a Bell and Howell 70 Millimeter camera. Mr. Kingman used an attachment by which the camera could be operated from a distance.

The camera was shielded by a board, the lens projecting through a small opening. Thus the contestant avoided frightening his timid subjects.

Mr. Kingman lives at 140 Slater Avenue, Providence, R. I.

PHOTOPLAY presents these facts about a few of the contestants whose entries reached the finals.

This summary, of course, does not include all of the fortunate amateurs who successfully passed the preliminaries, nor does it imply that the contestants who described are the final winners. However, some of them will find themselves among the final choices of the judges, no doubt.

Films failing to reach the contest finals are being returned to their owners as rapidly as they are discarded by the board of judges.

ST. LOUIS now has its amateur cinema club.

An organization meeting was held recently under the leadership of J. M. Guyol, who was elected president of the organization. Arnold Kansteiner was named secretary-treasurer and E. E. Star was selected as chairman of the program committee.

The New Utrecht High School of Brooklyn, N. Y., now has its motion picture club. A 1,600 foot (16 millimeter) production, depicting the life of a newspaper reporter, is now in the making. The story was written by Joseph Kester.

Frank J. Buchman has been elected president of the Flower City Motion Club of Rochester, N. Y. At the same election, Mrs. Roland Potter was named vice-president, William Cushing was made secretary and business manager, Mrs. Frank J. Buchman was elected treasurer, and Roland Potter was given the post of supervisor.

The Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club has a club film contest in progress. The competition closes September 31st.

Culver Military Academy has completed its film, entitled "Sinister Sam."

The Bakersfield, Calif., Amateur Movie Club is making its fourth production, "Lingerer Lips," a burlesque on the familiar desert island story. This will run 480 feet in 16 millimeter stock, and the cast includes Walter Norton, Dorothy Beck and Elva Mae Stinson.

The Cleveland, Ohio, Movie Club is planning an amateur movie contest for Cleveland and Northern Ohio.

A silver cup will go to the winner, to be retained by the lucky contestant until the next annual competition.

Building the Sargasso Sea

Two pictures of one of the most astonishing movie sets in Hollywood's history, before and after completion. It is that erected on the First National lot in California for the new version of "The Island of Lost Ships," first made six years ago for the same company by Maurice Tournier. The locale is the Sargasso Sea, that dank and windless waste of water where dead ships go. With marvelous precision the First National artisans turned thousands of feet of new lumber into rotting hulls—fragments of old galleons, great liners of today, modern warships torn by storm and battle. Five hundred feet away the big studio hums busily!

78
Fontaine of Brussels

Beauty Specialist by Appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians

advocates this twice a day treatment to keep skin lovely

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores is the regular use twice daily of a really good soap—and in my experience the soap to use is Palmolive."

25 Rue Ste. Gudule, Brussels

V ISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty adviser to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon...proclaiming him official "Fournisseur," as was his father, since the year 1866.

This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from the women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

"The first step in beauty care"

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage for which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui rend la peau la veloutée" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet). "The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complications begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality.

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap...Palmolive. The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means.

That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in Brussels, is recommended in London, by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson, in Paris, by Cavalieri, Madame Valentine le Brun, Payot, Masse, Vincent, Delord et Bon; in Vienna, by Pestl; in Berlin, by Elise Bock. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: protect beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather, rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular treatment.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.
At Meadowbrook...mad mêlée of ponies, men and mallets...gay chatter runs through the boxes...packages and packages of cigarettes are consumed! That's where the smart smoking world appreciates the greater coolness of Spud's smoke! Back for a tea-time resume of the game...more Spuds...clean mouth, nimble-tongue cigarette...its refreshing cooling effect heightening its full tobacco flavor...making the last cigarette as delightful as the first. Thus, among life's modern pleasures, Spud is the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES
These recipes will add variety to your daily menu

STORED within the humble bran is the nucleus of health and beauty. This fibrous food, rich in mineral content, does an important regulative work in the body, and no housekeeper who has the health of her family in her keeping, can afford to neglect it.

On another page in this issue you will find an article by Dr. H. B. K. Willis in which he speaks about bran and stresses the body's need of it. I merely want to tell you here how you may use bran in cooking, bringing variety to your meals while you are storing up health and energy for the members of your household.

Laura La Plante gives us her recipe for Bran Muffins. These are the ingredients for eight large, or twelve medium size muffins:

| 2 tablespoons shortening | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1 cup flour |
| 1 cup sour milk | 1/2 teaspoon soda |
| 1 cup bran |

First, cream the shortening and sugar together. Then add the egg. Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt and baking powder. Next add the bran to the creamed mixture; then add the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Pour into muffin tins that have been greased and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Laura La Plante is a clever cook who knows the value of presenting healthful foods in attractive and palatable form. The star of Universal's "Show Boat" includes bran in many of her recipes.

GINGER cake made with bran is a simple, healthful dessert for hot weather meals. First measure out:

| 1/4 cup shortening | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1 teaspoon ginger |
| 1 egg | 2 teaspoons cinnamon |
| 1 1/2 cups flour | 1/2 cup sour milk |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup molasses |
| 1 cup bran |

Cream the shortening and sugar together. Add the egg and beat thoroughly. Next add the bran. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add them to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk and molasses. Bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes.

SERVED with cooling drinks, with ices or ice cream, bran tea cakes and cookies provide just the right touch. To make 24 very small tea cakes, use:

| 2 eggs | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1/4 cup nut meats, cut small |
| 1/4 cup flour | 1/4 cup bran |
| 1/4 teaspoon baking powder |

Beat eggs slightly, and add the remaining ingredients in the order given. Fill small buttered tins two-thirds full of mixture. Bake in moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.

For a generous batch of the cookies, provide the following ingredients:

| 1/4 cup butter | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 egg | 1/4 teaspoon cloves |
| 2 tablespoons milk | 1/4 teaspoon mace |
| 1 1/2 cups flour | 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1/4 cup raisins | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup bran |

Cream the butter. Add sugar and egg, and beat well. Pour in the milk next, and then add the bran and raisins, and flour which has been sifted with the spices. Chill, roll thin, cut in any desired shapes, and bake in a moderate oven.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
How 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars keep their skin

Laura La Plante, Universal's captivating blonde star, has no fear of the glare from the huge incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for a close-up—for she keeps her skin flawlessly smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "I've used the famous French soaps and know that Lux Toilet Soap is made the same way—it gives my skin the same marvelous smoothness."

Estelle Taylor, a screen star famous for her beauty, realizes how essential an exquisite skin is to an actress's loveliness. She says: "Every woman wants beautiful skin—but a star must have it. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me in keeping my skin heavenly smooth."

Renée Adorée, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, in the ultramarine and silver bathroom which reflects so charmingly the flower-like quality of her loveliness.

Like nine out of ten screen stars, Renée Adorée is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. She uses it both in her own attractive bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps could give. It is certainly a lovely soap. I so enjoy it."

Lux

*Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.*
irresistibly soft and smooth

"Without smooth skin no girl can be lovely," say 39 leading Hollywood directors

People thrill to it, always—to the subtle magic of a really lovely skin. "Exquisite skin has tremendous appeal," says Tod Browning, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, summing up the directors' experience. "Smooth skin is a vital factor in every screen star's success. No make-up can fake it."

Because beautiful skin is absolutely essential for success in motion pictures, 442 of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, use Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Hollywood has found that the instant, caressing lather of Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin smooth as a flower-petal.

Once you have used this daintily fragrant white soap, you, too—like 9 out of 10 screen stars—will be devoted to it. For it is made by the very method beauty-wise France developed for her finest toilet soaps. Buy several cakes—today.

Betty Bronson, Warner Brothers' fascinating young star, in the bathroom—one of the most luxurious seen in Hollywood—a feature of which is a beautiful sunken marble tub.

Betty Bronson is one of the 442 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Because it is made by exactly the same method as are the finest toilet soaps of France, it keeps the skin as smooth as a gardenia petal. She says about this daintily fragrant, white soap:

"A screen star must have smooth skin—for everything shows in a close-up. I find that this lovely soap is wonderful for my skin."

Anita Stewart, famous star, says: "The more I use Lux Toilet Soap the better I like it. My skin is so velvety-smooth afterward."

Toilet Soap Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake. . . now 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
who now is her step-mamme-in-law. And a black and white cur named "Four Spot"—and "Patrician," the baby bulldog.

Then there is the tiny marmoset monkey, which they wouldn't let Doug keep at the Hollywood Athletic Club before his marriage. Marmoset's band is just large enough to clutch a blackberry out of Joan's palm, but his mouth has to take four bites. "Boots" is the black Persian cat, with four white feet—the proud mother of two kittens, which Joan fondled affectionately.

"And then I have about two million frogs in the pond," informed Joan. "I love their noise—but oh, they do make a clatter. I'm expecting the neighbors to complain any day."

On the ground floor, too, is the library, which also serves as a sewing room. Joan loves to sew. She not only makes many of her clothes, but also most of the drapes for the house, even the shower-curtains in the bathrooms.

Which brings us just naturally to Joan's hope chest. She embroidered countless towels herself, and grandmother has promised four dozen pillow cases and two dozen sheets, a formed with hand-made lace. Joan has designed a monogram, with a big F in the middle and a little J and D balancing it on either side.

Green and gold is the color scheme of Joan Crawford's living room. The center of the room is bare of furniture, giving an effect of coolness and spaciousness. Chairs, settees and small tables form cozy, intimate groups around the sides.

Joan owns two grand lace tablecloths, but prefers the runner and doily plan for the dining room table. The table cloths are reserved for buffet suppers.

In the hope chest, too, was some utterly alluring hand-made, crepe de chine and georgette underwear. Joan cuts the garments out at home and works on them on the set, between rehearsals. I remarked on the extraordinary, orderly neatness of the house.

"I am proud of that," says Joan. "You see, I never had a servant before I went into pictures, so I know how to do everything myself. I am a working girl. I worked my way through grammar school, waiting on tables—doing any sort of work. Then I went to a private school, where I kept a fourteen-room house clean, and cooked for twenty-five children, helped wash and dress them, put them to bed. After that, two years at Stevens College for Girls—where I waited on table. I don't know how to be lazy... I always have to find something to do."

HENCE, Joan is a marvelous housekeeper—and works on a budget system. She keeps three servants—a cook who, because dinner is the only meal to consider, also looks after Joan's clothes. The cook receives $30 a week. Then there is the maid who does the house work for $25 a week. The chauffeur, at $30 a week, also helps with the garden.

"I have no maid at the studio. I can take care of myself quite well—and shall get the house paid off sooner without her," confides Joan.

Joan eats no breakfast, other than coffee, and she lunches at the studio—off a "Joan Crawford" salad. Either chicken and lettuce, or avocado and pineapple. No bread, potatoes, or butter ever. She wants to keep her figure. "And breakfast is the most fattening of all meals," informs Joan.

So dinner is the one meal of the day at home. This consists of a fruit cocktail, with marshmallows; no soup; a small light salad; a roast, two green vegetables, and coffee. Joan admits being a coffee addict. "That and cigarettes are my only vices," she confesses. "I don't drink liquor of any kind—just once I took some champagne at a New Year's party."

When there is company, however, hors d'oeuvres and soup precede a menu similar to the above, and a fancy dessert follows. "But I never give a truly formal dinner," she says.

All the laundry, excepting Joan's own silk underwear, is sent out, costing about fourteen dollars a week. "I love being extravagant with clean things," she explains.

Here is a typical working day for this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 134 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

A Reader of PHOTOPLAY, Montreal.—You are mistaken. Laura La Plante comes from St. Louis, Mo., and not from Ottawa. Nancy Carroll was educated in New York City.

Personalities of the Month

T HIS month we have a few more short biographies for the fan scrap books.  

Eddie Quillan, born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31, 1907. Five feet, six inches tall; weighs 140 pounds; black hair and brown eyes. For twelve years he appeared in vaudeville with his family.

Kenneth Thomson, of "The Broadway Melody," was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has jet black hair and brown eyes. He entered the movies in 1926 and is married to Alden Gay.

Dorothy Burgess, born in Los Angeles, Calif., March 4, 1907. Reddish brown hair, dark brown eyes and weighs 112 pounds. Taken from the stage for the lead in "In Old Arizona."

Carol Lombard, born in Fort Wayne, Ind., and christened Jane Peters. Five feet, two inches tall and has golden hair and blue eyes. Appeared on the stage for three years.

Scotty and Winnie, Springfield, Mass.—Don Alvarez and Bryant Washburn played with Constance Talmadge in "That Last Sunrise." Don played the part of Lascom, and Bryant was known as The Margins. Has the argument been settled?

Eugenia Arnold, Baltimore, Md.—Clara Bow is twenty-four years old and still has a boy name. Love and Lloyd Hughes played the leads in "The Lost World," and Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman played the leads in "The Dark Angel." Greta Garbo is not married.

M. Hennessy, Dorchester, Mass.—Girls, you should stop the arguming during the heat weather. Audrey Ferris has auburn hair and brown eyes. Tully Marshall did not play in "The Bellamy Trial." Now, I've settled both the arguments at once.

R. T., Smyrna, Del.—Richard Arlen is about thirty years old and claims Charlotteville, Va., as his home town. John Darrow played the part of Verde with Jack Holt in "Avalanche."

Ellen Moore, New York City.—Your mother wins. Louise Brooks did not talk in "The Canopy Murder Case." Margaret Livingston did the talking for her. Now it's mother's turn to cheer.

Margaret Lupeke, Milwaukee, Wis.—Your cousin has been misinforming you. I do not send out photographs of the stars. You will have to write direct to your favorites for them, and enclose twenty-five cents for each one. You will find a list of addresses elsewhere in this issue.

Tiny, La Cross, Wis.—Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, in Kenosha, Iowa. He is married to Ruth Helms. His latest picture is "Dynamite." Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. His next picture will be "The River Gambler."

Winopee, Trenton, N. J.—Where did you get that name? William Haines is twenty-nine years old and has hair and eyes which you can get by sending 25 cents to our office at 730 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, III.

Ballard Trigg, Louisville, Ky.—Greta Garbo is twenty-three years old and was born in Stockholm, Sweden. Her next picture will be "The Single Standard."
This Ingram Mannequin is a chart to teach you why

"ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG"

Frances Ingram

YOU could read hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars, but, with all your study and expense, you could never, never learn a more important rule than to take care of the health of your skin.

You, yourself, know that your health has much to do with your spirits from one day to another. And it is the same with your skin—its loveliness or lack of it is an excellent indicator of the care it receives and the health it enjoys.

I have started on my mannequin the six places where the health of your skin is most quickly evidenced. These are the places where imperfections come first—where lines trace on the skin untruthful testimonials of the years. Protect these places—guard well their health—and year in, year out, you can face your mirror with joy.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but to me its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes and tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes incredibly smooth, clear and lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. Also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

P.S. Milkweed Cream is marvelous when you are sunburned. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.

The Forehead... Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes... Puffiness and crow's feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

The Mouth... To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat... Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.

The Neck... Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It waits well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders... Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-89, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name ________________________________

Street ________________________________

Address ________________________________

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Anita Page demonstrates the Oriental art of winding a turban. The scarf consists of two yards of hand-blocked fabric and may be carried in a handbag. At left, Miss Page draws the turban snugly over her forehead. At right, she winds the ends twice around her head.

And this is the turban as it is worn for any outdoor sport. The ends may either be tucked in or left loose at the back.

Half way through the meal, Lape extracted a pocket comb from Gary's coat and coiffed his dishevelled locks, while the big boy from the great open spaces—the guy with the heart of ice—submitted furtively—and actually liked it.

**This is the sad story of a Film You'll Never See.**

J. C. Nugent, late of vaudeville, was brought to Hollywood to direct short subjects. Nugent's first assignment was to film his own act.

In their ignorance the executives, hoping to please, assembled what they thought would be a very nice little cast for Mr. Nugent.

Among the players summoned were Conrad Nagel, Dorothy Sebastian, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Polly Moran and Eddie Nugent.

J. C. walked on the set and looked the players over. "Now see here," he began, "I'm the director of this opera and I don't want any back talk from actors. I'll tell you how this thing is to be played."

The actors gulped a couple of gulps and tried to look nonchalant. Nugent continued, as he turned to Conrad Nagel: "They tell me you're a pretty good leading man," he said, "but I never heard of you, see? To me you're just another actor."

This, of course, was received with loud cheers from Conrad.

"And," said Nugent, looking at Dorothy Sebastian, "I understand you're famous. But you've got to prove it to me."

The complete account of the ensuing two hours is too gruesome to relate. The short subject will not be filmed!

Come to your local theater and take left-overs. That's what a new Fox opus, "Words and Music," will be. The phrase is used without attempt to belittle.

When "Fox Movietone Follies" was made, Lois Moran had

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When "Fox Movietone Follies" was made, Lois Moran had
Why It Takes a Penetrating Foam to Clean Teeth Completely

The difference between Colgate’s and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam released by Colgate’s, the instant it is brushed on the teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly ... it does more! It possesses a remarkable property called low “surface-tension” which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums.

There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay ... and washes them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

The reason why Colgate’s acts in this way is because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate’s a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser ... different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high “surface-tension”) fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

* How Colgate’s Cleanes Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

This diagram shows how Colgate’s active foam (having low “surface-tension”) penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Unless Cal is mistaken it will be the first time this emotional star has used her voice in public since she sang "Towse Mongolay" in "Innocent," fifteen years ago.

A SK for a "Joan Crawford Salad" in the Metro-Goldwyn studio restaurant and you will get this—

The usual foundation of lettuce leaves heaped with diced chicken and raw tomato.

This is Joan's reducing dish, and many lovely ladies are going for it to tone down the contours.

And if you don't think it works, know that Joan, after a diet of this stuff, now wants to get back four or five pounds, and is not above dallying with a few spuds these days.

W RITING of theme songs is becoming one of Hollywood's greatest industries. Every picture has its theme melody, and songs are turned out at the various studios about as rapidly as new-born fliers. Tunes are growing scarce, with about everything in use from Handel's "Messiah" to "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

A good title was suggested for a theme song to the new John Barrymore picture, "General Crack," in production at Warner Brothers:

"You may show your whole face to some other girl but you're only a profile to me."

O NE of the most unusual, and at the same time the most painful, accidents that have occurred to a film player happened recently to Charles Morton, Fox star. He was playing hand ball, when the ball hit his eye, laying it entirely out upon the check. Because he had expert medical attention instantly, he will not lose the sight of the eye, but the accident has been a source of great worry to his friends.

In "Our Modern Maidens."

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., obliges with a few imitations. This is Lionel Barrymore—or it might even be brother John.

body rides up in a hearse and asks you. Those who know him have come to accept this fact cheerfully, or otherwise. However, there is one time that Billie wishes he had been a good boy.

A newspaper woman, during an interview, asked Billie who played the feminine lead with him in "The Duke Steps Out."

"Oh, I don't remember," replied Billie, smiling.

The interviewer took him at his word and printed just that.

And, jolly, didn't Joan Crawford burn and burn.

T HERE is something darned insidious about this theme song business. Even Pauline Frederich, now at work on "Evidence" at Warner Brothers, will warble two numbers for the picture.

Fans will undoubtedly be surprised at the richness of Miss Frederich's contralto voice.

And, looking above, you all know who this is. It's Richard Barthelmess, exchanging a dirty look with the villain.

At your right is an imitation that should bring young Doug a sharp reprimand from the senior Fairbanks.

90
Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy’s

exquisitely tended hands have been painted many times . . .

"It does flatter the finger tips
the new
Cutex Liquid Polish," she says

Her fair, exquisitely shaped hands are famous among artists.

She has been painted many, many times—a great Italian sculptor has immortalized her.

"As for myself," says her distinguished husband Howard Chandler Christy, "I have forgotten how many times I have painted and drawn those beautiful hands."

Her slender, sensitive hands are a true index to Mrs. Christy.

She is the constant inspiring companion of her famous husband. Twice she has been a house-guest at the White House when he painted the portraits of two successive presidents. The court circles of Italy feted her while Howard Chandler Christy was painting the great leader of the Fascisti.

Start using the delightful new Cutex Liquid Polish today. You will love the flattering brilliance it gives your nails! A generous size bottle of unperfumed Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35c. In convenient sets you will find the new Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60c, or the unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50c. The other famous Cutex preparations 35c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12c

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures.

(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren
Depl. 938, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

HOLLYWOOD is full of ghosts, these days.

Lured by the promise of the stage, movie veterans who long ago deserted the camera for the stage are back in the studios, and every studio restaurant is alive with memories.

Crane Wilbur is back at Metro-Goldwyn—Wilbur, who years ago was a Lubin leading man and made love to Ormi Hawley in a big way. He looks fine, is writing dialogue and doing direction, and may act. Willard Mack is on the same lot, writing, directing and playing.

And along with the old timers, there are little girls from the New York stage who are trying their luck at talkies.

One big-eyed child named Zita Johann was a tremendous New York success in an ill-fated play called "Machinal." M-G-M signed her, and now a shy little stranger in a new and busy world, she wanders about the studio in a daze. She is actually so timorous in Hollywood that she doesn't even want to go into the bustling studio commissary alone.

I've dined with Rene Adoree
And gabbed with Lila Lee—
I've interviewed Anita Page
And stared at Garbo free—
O Death, where is thy sting-a-ding,
O Grave, thy victory!

OVER a jug of orange juice, the other day, talk fell on which was the easier market for somebody with something to sell—men or women.

After the story of the great purchase of Director Gregory La Cava, the masculine gender was elected without one "nay."

One night La Cava came bounding home to the little woman full of enthusiasm and a bundle.

"Look!" he cried, unwrapping the big parcel. "Every morning we can clean our teeth thoroughly! How much better than the old family toothbrush!"

The package contained a full-sized dental engine, with all the little gadgets and brushes that go with that horrible operation known as cleaning the teeth. And he had paid plenty.

Mrs. La Cava's comments have not been preserved for posterity, and a shame it is, too!

That $31,000 verdict that Jetta Goudal won in her famous breach-of-contract suit against Cecil De Mille is turning out to be a rubber band that has snapped back and hit her on the nose.

Jetta won both a moral and financial victory against her former boss.

But Hollywood's moguls have a dull but effective way of turning on the screws when their power is successfully challenged, and now La Belle Goudal finds herself out of luck in the studios. She has no work and there is no particular prospect of her getting any.

So the exotic looking Goudal, a vision in her original clothes and picture hat, drives about Hollywood in her mighty car, and talks of a long trip to the Orient, and perhaps all the way around the world.

It was a battle that Jetta won only to lose. And producers and elephants never forget.

Jack Warner, the producer, now qualifies as a detective.

One night he was working late at the studio when there came a tap at his window. Answering the knock, he saw a shabbily young man who gave him a terrible story of hard luck.

Jack good-naturedly told him to come back next morning and go to work in the property department. The man was assigned...
Still lovely looking at tea time

but suddenly his interest was gone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you...

BEtty knew she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him!

And now at tea time—some unaccountable thing had happened. He was no longer enthusiastic. What could it be?

If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you!" Only by the regular use of Odorono, which was developed by a physician to check perspiration, can you be certain of continuous protection.

Why Odorono Gives You Continuous Protection...

Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

It is in the closed-in portions of the body that perspiration causes odor and leaves ruinous stains. Odorono checks perspiration in these places and directs it to more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) for twice a week use for the average skin and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, and for the occasional need everyone has for something to use in the daytime or in an emergency, 35¢, 65¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. C-8, 120 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dip into this beauty powder

If you want to know the meaning of "face powder satisfaction" dip into Plough's Black and White Face Powder and fluff it over your skin. Note how velvety soft it is—how closely it clings—how perfectly it blends in texture and tint—how soothing and pleasing it feels! Then look into your mirror. What a revelation! Gone are all imperfections, every trace of coarseness and sallowness! And in their place is radiant, youthful beauty. All dealers sell the two sizes at popular prices.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[continued from page 10]

ture, "The Canary Murder Case," and would like to quote to you a few words that he wrote, "When you see Louise Brooks hold up her admirers as the Canary, you are really hearing Margaret Livingston's voice." Some jolt it was to me, because it means that if our favorite hasn't a good voice a double will be used, and we will be led to think it is the voice of our favorite. It is not fair to deceive us in such a way.

Am I right—fans? I don't care if the voice is not the best that can be produced; as long as it belongs to the right person, I'll be satisfied.

I have just heard Clara Bow's voice in "The Wild Party," and I think it belongs to someone else. I hope I am wrong.

LUCILLE SPANKLISH.

Bakersfield, Calif.

I may be a little late with my opinion of the talkies, but I certainly enjoy a talkie as much as I do a play on the legitimate stage. I would dislike very much to think that adopting the talkies altogether would mean the loss of such players as Nils Asther, Greta Garbo and several others, but I think dialogue doubling is perfectly all right.

In "The Canary Murder Case," Louise Brooks did not do her own talking, but it certainly didn't spoil the picture.

MAUDE CROSS.

A Little Difference of Opinion

Atlanta, Ga.

Here's to Mary Pickford—a great actress. When I learned that "Coquette" was to be a sound picture, I was afraid the talking would be exaggerated and overdone, as it usually is on the stage when the scenes are laid in the South. To us, born and raised in the South, the usual talkie sounds a little "faddish," but, in "Coquette" the dialogue sounded so perfectly natural it was hard to believe that all the actors were not Southern people. I was proud of the picture, for it is a true interpretation of the Southern voice. I congratulate everyone who had anything to do with the making of "Coquette."

MAYE HEDDON.

Richmond, Va.

Hollywood, the Athens of today, does more to educate the people than any other medium. But sometimes the cast or the director misses in the representation of life.

My home is down where the South begins, therefore my ears are accustomed to the Southerner's way of talking. Surely Miss Pickford and the supporting cast do not think that we Southerners say "sho" for sure, and "luv" for love. In spite of this defect I think that the fine acting in this picture deserves loud applause.

MILTON HUTCHINSON.

The Universal Companion

Salem, Ore.

What would we do without the movies? Coming to a strange town, across the continent from everything I had known, there were several weeks before I had a soul even to talk with, much less a companion. It seemed to me I would have died of loneliness except for the movies.

Going to see my favorite stars was just like meeting old friends.

Sound effects do add to a picture, but I can't get up much enthusiasm for the all-talking films. The action is slowed up too much by a lot of unnecessary noise. But it was a revelation to hear Gary Cooper speak in "The Shopworn Angel." He has the most attractive voice I've encountered in the talkies. And when he 'emoted' I couldn't control a fugitive tear.

SYLVIA L. PETERS.

A Boy Speaks Up

New York City.

A boy is never looked upon as a possessor of any knowledge at all. His opinions are never listened to, and his ideas are always cast out. At a family discussion, if he opens his mouth, he is immediately "shut up" and sent to bed.

But when it comes to movies—a boy's bread and meat—no mere grown-up can put anything over him. A boy doesn't exactly care for John Gilbert and Ronald Colman. They make love too much, and their pictures are, on the whole, too dry. But he loves stars like Victor McLagen, George O'Brien and Gary Cooper. They are the real men—the giants of the movies. Their great build and muscular muscles fascinate him. Doug Fairbanks and Loy Chancy give him his thrills and chills. It's always a treat to see their pictures. For fun, it's William Haines, Greta Garbo and Charlie Chase who hand him his laughs. He thinks they're greater than great.

Of all the girls in the movies, Clara Bow takes his heart, and Mary Pickford picks second place. The rest are all right—sometimes.

These are all his thoughts of the movies. I know—for I am a boy.

HERBERT PELKINSON.

Some Thoughts on Husbands

Waxahachie, Texas.

Here is a whole armful of bouquets for Lewis Stone! He is the best representative on the screen of a husband in real life. So negligent of his wife in the picture "With All My Heart," giving her a little peck of a kiss and going to sleep at the most romantic moment.

Men may be John Gilberst before they are married, but after they are Lew is Stone! May Lewis Stone long remain in the pictures!

HORNETE GREENE.

Constructive Criticism

Los Angeles, Calif.

When one goes to a silent photoplay, however loud the music is or however much the people around are making audible remarks, at least one can follow the titles. There is in the talking films a tendency in some pictures for the unseen orchestra to play too loudly while dialogue is being spoken, and unless this is carefully watched by the producers it is going to utterly spoil the talkies. Just recently I saw a splendid picture called "The Leatherneck," with those sterling players, William Boyd, Allan Hale and Robert Armstrong, and the orchestra played so loudly in many places that I could only with the greatest difficulty hear what was said, and I missed some of it.

It made me so annoyed as it spoiled the fine picture. This is such a serious fault that I hope producers will be warned and take steps to carefully watch this important matter; otherwise, however good their pictures may be, they will be spoiled. And I may add that I have excellent hearing, so those who are not so blessed it would be still worse.

ERNEST R. WILD.

A Successor to Rudy?

Buffalo, N. Y.

I have been an ardent movie fan for years. [please turn to page 103]
"At Home after September 1st—"

Each year thousands upon thousands of those neat, white envelopes find their way through the mails. You know what they are before you open them... an inner envelope, and a trim card—"Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so announce the marriage of their daughter"—and another card—"At home after September 1st, at 101 Moonlight Avenue."

Every one means a new home initiated, a new family begun... a new set of problems faced by "two-who-are-one."

They've many a question to settle, and many a thing to buy. Furniture, kitchenware, linen and china—silverware, cereals, meat and potatoes... Familiar names will pass their lips as they buy—easily, naturally. Advertised products, quality merchandise... reliable... dependable. They've known them all their lives. But now they'll begin to read the advertisements in earnest—comparing values, budgeting expenses, choosing this, rejecting that, reserving the other till hubby gets his raise. They'll manage all right—with the advertisements to help them.

Make it a habit to read the advertisements regularly. The days of helter-skelter selection and blindfolded buying are over. For the sake of time, economy and convenience, have your mind made up when you start out to buy.

Regular reading of the advertisements is one of the essentials of good housekeeping.
to the Dolores Costello set and the same night Miss Costello missed a $5,000 brooch. The third could not be found.

Ten days later Mr. Warner was driving home late at night, when his lights flashed on a man standing under a pepper tree. In a second, the executive jammed on the brakes. "Want a ride?" he called genially, carefully keeping his face in shadow.

All unsuspecting, the quarry stepped into the car. Whereupon Mr. Warner drove straight to the police station and confounded the officers with the sight of the very man they had been trailing so unsuccessfully.

ARTHUR CAESAR, Broadway wit now writing for moon-pitchers and who runs a sort of Hollywood embassy for lonely Manhattanites in our midst, comes forth with this month's smart crack:

"If there's a theme song in heaven it must be 'All God's Chilluns Got Options.'"

ANOTHER matrimonial mistake that we are sorry to disclose.

Those of you who have watched the sunny smile of Douglas McLean on the screen will be sorry to learn that sometimes there is anguish back of it. We know this must be so, for he is separated from his charming wife, Faith Cole McLean.

The McLeans have been married thirteen years and were listed among that small number of "ideal couples," so we experienced a distinct shock when the information reached us that the McLeans were separating, though no divorce proceedings have been started.

DURING the week which preceded the Motion Picture Academy's awards, all those who entered the M.-G.-M. commissary crossed themselves, salamered, or otherwise did obeisance, according to their lights, before a holy shrine. That shrine consisted of a black table on which stood in splendor the coveted gold statuette. A celluloid cover protected it from the itching fingers of directors, actors and writers.

Above it a sign bore the legend, "To be awarded as recognition for the most astounding contribution to motion pictures."

Came the day when the astounded worshippers found that their shrine had vanished — and in its place hung a life-size (believe it or not) picture of that leviathan of title-writers, Joe Farnham.

The legend now read, "To Joe Farnham for title-writing." Many habitues of the commissary took their luncheon at the drugstore across the street.

ESTELLE TAYLOR's friends are always delighted when she entertains, as it means something unusual is in store. At a recent luncheon, Estelle gave all the girls big, beautiful evening handkerchiefs, concealed in the cream puffs which were served for dessert.

The laugh came when we observed the excitement among the servants. It seems they had planned to give the prettiest handkerchief to Estelle, but the guest next to Estelle received a very small cream puff, and Estelle insisted upon exchange, thereby causing panic among the servants when they discovered their ruse had not worked.

AT this same luncheon, fortunes were told by opening the little Chinese cakes that contain printed slips. Estelle's read: "You have a secret rival." Her quick comeback was, "The only trouble about this is that the word secret might have been omitted."

New Orleans, La.

For a good while I have been reading what younger folks thought about moving pictures, the generation that has had them all their lives. But seems like the old folks haven't had a chance to express themselves.

I am an old man, near seventy-five, without kith or kin. I don't know anybody much here in the city except the folks who stay where I do, and when I come home at night to the boarding-house from the library where I work in the day time, there isn't much for an old man to do. All the rest of the folks go out on one sort of a party or another but they leave the old man to take care of himself. And I get pretty lonesome sometimes.

But there's one place I can lose myself and my loneliness and that's in a good picture. I feel that I speak for all the old, lonesome people in this city and elsewhere when I thank the producers and directors and actors who have provided amusement and entertainment for us.

I have seen hundreds of pictures, including the new talkies, in the last ten years, and while I have sat through many bad ones, yet in the main I have enjoyed them all. They portray Life, and to us who have stepped off the stage and must watch from the outside, they help us forget that we have grown old and are forgotten in the mad swirl of things. The young folks go to the movies but they have other things to go to. But to me, it is my only form of amusement and my only way of reviewing the days when I was young and enjoying life, and so I am an enthusiastic movie fan.

The critics say that the pictures are bad. Maybe they are, but I have seen many bad things in my day, and it seems to me that the movies are cleaner than lots of things.

T. E.
PATSY RUTH MILLER means business this time. The multi-engaged young lady, whose current fiancé is TAY GARNETT, Pathe director, has set her wedding date definitely for the Fall and plans are already under way. Pat writes from BEVERLY HILLS to say:

"All I hear is talk of weddings, showers, luncheons honoring... etc. What will Carmel's wedding next Sunday, and May's a few weeks later, and my own in the offering. I can tell you just what the perfect bride is wearing—thinking, and saying." Carmel (Mary) and May (McAvoy) will be married before the ink is dry on this page—and Patsy Ruth soon after.

Pat goes on: "All my life I have looked forward to my revenge. I have donated to showers for some eight years now, and have been awaiting my turn with impatience... but now that it has come I somehow hesitate. It does seem awfully commercial to invite people to a party on condition that they bring a present!—so I am side-stepping showers to the best of my ability, although if anyone wants to give just a good old-fashioned party for me, I shall accept eagerly." And that's the kind of gal the future Mrs. Garnett is.

HOLLYWOOD always gets more than its share of princes and princesses on the loose, but the most interesting nabob it has ever had, by all odds, is LOUIS FERDINAND, Prince of Prussia, second son of the former crown prince of Germany and grand son of the late All-Highest, now the old gardener of DOORN.

Louis Ferdinand is a tall, gangling youth of 21—a Hohenzollern by build, actions and nose. He is out here on the coast purely on speculation. He has a very modest allowance from the present German state, and is now padding it a little by working for the Ford airplane people at about five dollars a day.

But the film colony, always celebrity-hungry, chooses to forget the fact that Louis is dirtying his hands at manual toil. It throws him enormous parties and he is a prominent figure at parties nights, usually with a large party of other invited guests in tow. He has more fun for less money than anybody in Hollywood.

He is an old friend of Lily Damita's from her European era, and is seen places with her a good deal. But his royal heritage didn't keep him from being refused admission to the Fox Hills movietone lot—which is harder to crash than Heaven.

Not long ago Louis was the guest of a well known dialog writer in Hollywood, and wanted to stay the night.

There were only two beds in the bungalow—the spare being normally occupied by the yellow house-boy.

So the prince of Prussia and a Filipino boy should dine for the extra bed! Could the great levelling of the democratic ideal go farther?

The stars all lunch in privacy.
With but five hundred eyes to see—
At every movie opening.
They prance and strut like anything—
Each, nourishing her precious name,
Just stumbles up the stairs to fame!

DOLORES DEL RIO is a lady in search of a voice. "Evangeline" is to be made into a sound picture and the producers are looking for a feminine voice that will match up with Dolores' smile. No, Sophie Tucker won't do.

The sunny beach season is open in California, and if you haven't a shack at Malibu you'll have to crash one of the beautiful beach clubs at Santa Monica in order to spend SUNDAY with the sand and sea.

The Beach Club is a favorite spot. On its gleaming sand you can see, if you're lucky, many of our friends. George Bancroft, looking like the rising sun in an orange bathing suit, parades there, and Jack Mulhall is a familiar figure. Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Cecil, crack horsewoman and smart swimmer, is one
Anita: "I'm going to a party tonight, Marie—with Johnny Brown! Hurry! Let me have my new frock and my Tangee lipstick and... oh, there goes the phone!"

Johnny: (on phone) "Hello, Anita...I'm coming over soon...And I'll tell the world you're going to be the hit of the evening!"

Anita: "Well, after that, I simply must look my best. Thank goodness somebody invented Tangee. Now I know my lips will be lovely, all evening long!"

Marie: (in background) "And it blends so perfectly with mademoiselle's complexion, too!"

Anita: "Of course, Marie, Tangee blends perfectly with all complexities!"

Demond Tangee Today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexities. On sale everywhere, Tangee Lipstick in gossamer case $1, in superb gold and black emerald case $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact $1, Tangee Cream Rouge $1. Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, and Tangee Five Powder finishing the smart, new shade, Tangee Tan $1. 25¢ higher in Canada.

Tangee

Beauty...for 20 Cents!


NAME

ADDRESS

If you want to keep them, they want him. When Emil Jannings, accompanied by Mrs. Jannings, returned to Berlin, the police were called out to keep Emil from being overwhelmed by a mob of his enthusiastic admirers.

Well, fans, if you like the lady on the screen at all, you're going to fall for her hard when you get an eyeful and an earful at one and the same time. She has one of those simply grand figures, slim and rounded; she's as graceful and feminine as the ladies of your dreams; her voice is fresh and sweet, although just a wee bit timid and scared.

The timid voice is the reason for Irene's stage appearance. She's getting some training and experience for the talkies. She said so, when continued applause brought her out for a curtain speech.

I don't know whether that speech was calculatedly naïve and young-girlish, or spontaneously so, but the effect was great, anyhow, and everybody loved it. Personally, I think the speech was the nicest part of her act. And the act was pretty nice, too.

At last William Boyd and Elinor Fair are celebrating their honeymoon and in Honolulu; at that. Yes, they have been married several years but there has never been a time when they could get away until now. It's quite a fad in the film colony to celebrate a honeymoon any time from twelve months to three years after the wedding. That's the reason so many never have a honeymoon. They don't stay married long enough.

The Constable Talmadge-Townsend Nether wedding was solemnized with great formality. Only the family and intimate friends were present at the Buster Keaton home where the event occurred.

It was a most solemn occasion. An organ boomed the wedding March. The party walked in, Constable leaning on Buster Keaton's arm. Not a word was spoken until one of the Keaton children said in a loud voice, "Say, who's dead?"

A funny incident occurred while Leo McCarey was directing "The Sophomore." Leo needed a few hundred boys for a football scene, so he called upon the Fraternity house of U.S.C. and the boys were hired at $5.50 each per day.

After two or three days, work, one rather clever young player learned that two or three regular players were used in the same scenes and received $7.50 per day. So the bright boy incited much rebellion among the other students and finally persuaded most of them not to accept their checks, unless made out for $7.50, instead of $5.50.
The Remarkable LINIT

Beauty Bath is exhilarating . . . on Hot Nights

The luxurious but expense-less LINIT Beauty Bath helps insure a perfect night's rest by leaving on the skin a light, invisible "coating" of LINIT powder that harmlessly absorbs perspiration and gives the skin a satiny smoothness.

MERELY dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your bath, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it is soft and smooth as velvet as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

STARCH from corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a vegetable product, LINIT contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, the quality and purity of Starch from corn are regarded so highly by doctors who treat skin diseases, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of babies.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin.

LINIT is sold by your Grocer.
EMILE...
Exclusive Fifth Avenue
Hairdresser favors
the bobbed coiffure

Revolution in Hollywood
[continued from page 39]

As the great war entered its second year, Hollywood began to understand. The revolution went on, but it was no longer bloody. Benny of Broadway and Harold of Hollywood began speaking when they met on the street. Hollywood grew calmer, less panic-y. Those who had gifts found their reward, those who hadn’t quietly faded from the scene. The old line movie people came down off their high hobby horses and shook hands. The Easterners found fine friends and real people in the film colony, and they ceased to carry chips on their shoulders. Fine actor families from the legitimate stage trekked West, stalked out Hollywood chains and became citizens of that weird, wonderful world of make-believe.

People like James Gleason and his wife and son set up tepees—the Gleasons, for many years in and of the theater.

HAPPIER, too, but still a little dazed by the speed of the revolution. We had to learn everyone on the boulevard,” said one, a little wistfully. “Now I see mostly strangers.”

But for the most part there is happiness in both armed camps—Broadway and Hollywood have joined hands and tomahawks together are revolutionizing the business of the films.

You realize—least of all the old Hollywoodians—the extent of that great change.

Our favorite film stars study lines, when they used to lie in the sun. The other day Rene Adoree went to Arrowhead Springs—not to loaf, but to bone up on the dialogue of her next picture.

The once quiet studios now hear our English bent, not to mention the tooting of tense saxophones, the beat of barber shop tenors and the rattle of machine guns.

The great invasion from the East goes on. A check of the studios shows at least 250 of the theater’s best and finest laboring in the studios sacred to the feared photoplay. A hundred of these are players, and a half a hundred are playwrights. Song writers,
Stage directors, staggers of dances swell the total. Directors of stage and screen work together on pictures without once biting each other. Players of the theater and players of the studio stages not only work together in the same cast, but eat, laugh and live together in perfect concord.

AND so the first phase of Hollywood's greatest revolution is over, though the tide of change rolls on.

The first great advance has been made. The hosts of the stage and screen are gradually living down and fighting off fear and distrust, and are laboring hand in hand to the greater glory of the photoplay.

The trues and finest of the theater and the studio survive, as they always have and will, whatever their medium. The incompetents and drones are perishing, as was inevitable. The great war has done more to shake out the wastrels and two-for-a-nickel reputations of the film world than anything in the history of Hollywood.

Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard meet and shake hands, grinning. They have joined forces, and fight under the same flag.

For when bigger and finer talkies are made, Broadway and Hollywood, allies, and not enemies, will make them!

How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

Famous Joan: A glass of fresh cold water and a cup of coffee at 6:30 A.M. A cold shower. Then the long business of professional make-up—and another cup of coffee. Arrives at the studio at 8 A.M. Lays out all her changes required in scenes for the day—dresses, coats, hats, shoes, bags, jewelry, handkerchiefs, gloves, so that she can jump into them without aid. Fixes her hair. Arrives on the set at 8:45 promptly—and works till 12:30 or 1:00 P.M.

Then that very light lunch—and a telephone visit with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Possibly a new make-up for the afternoon scenes. Work till 7 P.M. Sees the "rushes" of the day's work. Enjoys a slow, quiet drive home and tries to relax. Eats a leisurely dinner at about 8:15 P.M. "And I never overeat," says Joan.

After dinner she removes the studio make-up and gets into comfortable clothes.

Joan never fails to make the day's entries in her diary. Joan has kept this diary since long before she was in pictures. "And I try to be really frank with myself," she says, "since it isn't for publication."

Sometimes young Doug may have to work late—and Joan joins him for dinner, wherever he is.

As a general rule she tries to go to bed at 10 P.M., taking a warm bath first. No wonder she made so many towels!

On Sunday her schedule is different. She rises a little later, and young Doug takes her to Pickfair. During the autumn and winter they spend nearly every Sunday with Doug and Mary at Pickfair. At twilight they all go down to the United Artists Studio and take steam baths in the private equipment on the lot, Joan with Mary in her bungalow, and young Doug with his dad. They return to Pickfair for dinner, see a picture run off in the evening, and Joan goes home and to bed at 10 P.M.

In the summer, however, they go to the beach, but fifteen minutes away, and lie in the sun on the sand in their bathing suits.

Incidentally, Joan calls Doug, Sr., her "Uncle Douglas"—but Mary is not "Aunt Mary."

Joan confided how she came to buy her very first house two years ago. "You see, I support

Wiltng weather is no problem to those who know the magic lasting quality of Vivaudou's toiletries... For loveliness of person—Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. Fragrant—deodorant—it keeps you immaculately cool and fresh. For loveliness of face—Vivaudou Mavis Face Powder...clings devotedly; in lovely tints...Vivaudou Rouge brings a delicious bloom that is lasting; in glowing tones...Vivaudou Lipstick in exquisite shades—stays on...Be your loveliest with Vivaudou's charming toilettries. At your favorite beauty counter.

VIVAUDOU

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my mother and grandmother, and so hadn't saved a penny out of my first two years' salary. But I saw a wee house that I coveted at Beverly Hills, and I asked Mr. Mayer to lend me $6,000 for the down payment and take half my salary. He arranged it with a bank for me—and besides that half of my salary, I was paying $400 a month off the principal and $150 a month interest. I almost went without proper clothes, I had to be so stingy. But I adored the little place and made every stitch of drapery for it myself. Then I wanted a larger house, and a friend had built this one—so I exchanged my equity of $12,000 for the payment due on this one, which cost $7,500. I expect to have it all paid for easily in four years—and then intend saving up every penny I earn on that last year of my contract. I paid cash for all the furniture—so the house is my only debt." Which means, of course, that the Cadillac limousine is all paid for, too. Joan often drives this car herself—but never when she is tired after a day's work.

Before going upstairs, we must peer into the kitchen, which Joan says "is my pride and joy." It is a large one, with green linoleum, and green outlining the ivory paint. The cook stove is green and white and all the utensils are of matching green. Even the jolly looking colored cook wears a green dress. One large cupboard is full of pretty dishes and glassware—a housewife's delight. Drawers are full of lovely dish towels and every kind of superior equipment.

A huge electric ice box occupies a large wall in the pantry off the kitchen. In this pantry, too, lives Marmoset, the monkey—the pampered guest of the household, because he belongs to young Doug.

JOAN calls one's attention to a clever system for draining all cooking odors out of the kitchen up through the ceiling. No aroma of boiled cabbage can ever pervade her house. There is also a downstairs bathroom and dressing room, carried out in the same green color scheme. The servants' quarters are above the garage.

Ascending the staircase, the walls are lined with seventeen charming original Creoulouse etchings, brought back by young Doug from Paris. In the upstairs hall hangs the first pen-and-ink sketch young Doug ever made—a hefty prize fighter and a snake.

The guest room is all French 15th Century—two beds, hand-painted wooden furniture; books—set off by an adorable Chinese rug. A huge closet is filled with Joan's clothes. The bathroom is in green, and every detail is carried out exquisitely.

Then we come to a highly masculine room, rich, reeking of lordly comfort. A low double bed, with a velvet spread, bearing the Fairbanks crest in the center. A dressing table, with handsome masculine toilet articles spread upon it. Books—another pen-and-ink drawing by young Doug in the Doré manner, entitled "Chaos"—a lovely pastel in an inglenook, also done by Doug, entitled "Solitude." "Yes, I may as well admit I prepared this room for Doug," Joan says as she views it proudly. "It does look rich and masculine, doesn't it?"

Joan's own room is charming—another very low double bed, with a canopy effect at the head—and a regal lace coverlet which Joan made herself. Dozens of dainty, tiny pillows, many of their exquisite cases being Joan's own handwork, too.

The carpet is soft green, and two antique gold brocade chairs match the golden drapes at the windows. A fascinating dressing table with a valance—which, however, opens out cleverly and reveals every conceivable kind of drawer and receptacle beneath. Joan's toilet articles are silver. There is a hand-painted chest of drawers, too, and a low table with books, books, books—many of them themes which may be used for Joan's pictures.

Closets in her own room, closets in the hall, closets in her bathroom, and the one in the guest room—all filled with Joan's clothes. Oh, the orderly precision of them! All coats in this one—eleven super-creations, several of all-fur, including crinoline. Day dresses, street clothes, evening clothes, all in separate closets and arranged with meticulous order—forty dresses, thirty street hats, five dinner hats, and so on. And shoes—sixteen pairs of sports shoes, nineteen pairs of street shoes, eighteen pairs of evening shoes—

Al Jolson's "Mammy" troupe, assembled for his production of "Little Pal." The sweaters were Al's gift to his co-workers. In the center, of course, you recognize Jolson and Davy Lee. Marian Nixon is the girl in the picture and the others are Lloyd Bacon, director, Lee Garmes, cinematographer, George Gross, Vitaphone expert, and Frank Shaw, assistant director
and therefore qualified to judge, but have never before done so. After seeing "The Desert Song" I can no longer remain silent. May I offer my appreciation to Warner Brothers for making such a magnificent production and for bringing real romance back to the screen? I hope it becomes the greatest hit of pictures. It certainly is perfect. I also have another bouquet to offer Mr. John Boles for his splendid acting and singing. He has the most perfect screen voice so far heard. And his singing would melt a stone. We have been looking for Rudy's successor for a long time. We needn't look farther. We have him. Congratulations, Mr. Boles, for being the best sheik I have ever seen. I'm sure you could oustshine any male star if given a few more pictures like this one. Here's hoping we see more of you.

EVELYN M. FESS.

**Photoplay in the Class Room**

Syracuse, N. Y.

You might be interested in the practical way I have been able to utilize the covers of your magazine.

This is not a direct compliment to the actresses, but rather to the artist who designed the covers for February, March, April and May, representing the four types of coloring and the shades to be worn by each type.

I have cut out the figures, mounted them on a large cardboard with a color chart, and am using them and part of the reading material in teaching lessons on costume design. The interest of the pupils is stimulated, due to their interest in and liking for the actresses.

MARION E. GEE.

**Bouquet for Talkie Comedies**

Berkeley, Calif.

I'm for the new "look and listen" pictures. They're great!

I've heard people say when the radio first came out—"Give me the old phonograph. Those radios will never amount to much." But as time went on they bought a nice radio and away went their old love, the phonograph. As there'll always be the good old phonograph there'll always be the good old silent pictures.

Talkies may be bad for the deaf, but they're better for poor eyes. There's something for everyone and every condition, so no one ought to complain.

My biggest kick comes out of those new talking comedies. There isn't an ill person who needs a better tonic than a good, comical, "look and listen" comedy.

H. GOEKLER.

**Movies as Educators**

Indianapolis, Ind.

Some years ago two women who lived in a sawmill town decided to start a circulating library for the benefit of employees and their families. A small house was donated and a start was made with fifty dollars for books. When the library outgrew its quarters, the women decided to raise money for an auditorium, which would also house the library.

With the cooperation of the lumber company an artistic building was erected, but a bothersome debt remained. A motion picture machine was bought and good pictures shown three nights each week. A small admission fee was charged. In a surprisingly short time the machine was paid for, the debt lifted from the building, and the whole atmosphere of the town changed.

If anyone has doubts about the educational

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**They set her down as an Indelicate Girl**

A light dusting of Amolin would have kept her exquisite

**1. Always use Amolin under the arms when dressing for any social activity.**

**2. The most fastidious women use Amolin after the bath all over the body.**

**3. Sprinkled in the shoes or on the feet Amolin gives soothing comfort.**

**THERE is one offense against society for which no woman can forgive herself—the slightest vestige of personal odor. Neither great beauty nor smart attire can atone for this indication of laxness. To be ever certain of your wholesomeness, always after your rites with tub and towel sprinkle over your body a featherly film of Amolin.

For Amolin, to touch and to appear a delightful toilet powder, is a delicate deodorizer as well. It actually absorbs odors as they arise. It is a sure, safe defense against the least trace of personal indecency.

Use Amolin freely—it does not retard the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities. And far from harming, it protects your silken underthings.

Immaculate grooming suggests many uses of Amolin. And you can use it liberally. For it is refreshing, harmless and inexpensive. Dust this delightfully smooth powder under your arms after bathing. Sprinkle it into the garments you wear near your skin, into your slippers. Amolin has a clear, cool fragrance while you are using it, yet is odorless on your body. For its purpose is not to substitute one odor for another, but to destroy every trace of personal odor.

Be as active as you wish: shop, ride, play tennis, golf, or put in a strenuous day at the office. Amolin will safeguard your personal daintiness all day long.

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**Amolin**

In two sizes—30¢ and 60¢.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
value of motion pictures, here is concrete proof: The poor and ignorant began to dress better, to take an interest in beautifying their homes, to read and study. Thanks to the movies, that lonely, remote settlement blossomed into a charming little city.

MRS. Lillian Hamilton.

More Posies for Joan


I also have a foolish ambition. It is the same as Mrs. H. E. Hanson's of Chicago; to meet Joan Crawford and tell her how beautiful she is; also to wish her every happiness, and the best of luck.

CONSTANCE TURNBULL.

Recipe for a Happy Marriage

Rochester, N. Y.

The movies are helping to keep my marriage a success. Our existence is a busy one. My husband's profession is exacting, and on my days off, there is a house to manage, two children, and a part-time career.

This is the way I reason. If a man enjoys watching attractive women, attractively gowned, in an agreeable setting, in the films, he will react to the same thing at home. So I try to recreate in our home, so far as possible, the atmosphere of beauty and charm that affects us so powerfully on the screen.

I've heard women say that the beautiful movie stars make the competition very stiff for wives. Not at all. When you go to a picture and see John Gilbert appearing to get a thrill from Greta Garbo, go home and put a little of that allure in your house. A pretty dress, shining hair becomingly done, a few soft lights, a grate fire, a little love light in your eyes. Your own John Gilbert will play up and Romance will always be at home for you.

No, I have nothing to blame the movies for, nor do I compete with them. I use them!

M. W. C.

Our Sentiments Exactly

Butte, Mont.

I have a suggestion to make to the folks who write in about the "terrible pictures" offered to the public, and the number of new faces on the screen. Read "The Shadow Stage." You don't have to see any show you wouldn't like, because the criticisms are fair and true. And the cast of characters is presented for every release, so you can see whether your favorites are included. There's no need for anyone to be disappointed or disgruntled with a production, with Photoplay around.

RUTH CURDY.

Attention, Directors

Rome, N. Y.

In all-talking pictures I have noticed that when a particularly mirth-provoking line has been made by the actor on the screen, the words immediately following are drowned out by the laughs and clapping of the audience. To me and to many it is distinctly annoying to have this happen, and since the audience cannot be prohibited from expressing their amusement, it is up to the director to take notice.

MARY FULLER.

The Daring Days of Hollywood

(continued from page 33)

Nazimova made histrionic eyes at her husband, who turned out years later not to be her husband at all. Madeline Travers—where is she now?—steamed about in a billow of foxfurs, like a happy, dreadnought. Gloria Swanson danced merrily, unlisted. Louise Haun, Betty Blythe, Mabel Normand, Alice Lake, Dorothy Dalton, Mary Miles Minter, Elaine Hammerstein, Clara Kimball Young—merely names, where are you? Say nothing of such things as the stealthy-footed Valentino, then a nobody, Bill Hart, Bill Desmond, Warren Kerrigan, Gene O'Brien, Earlies Williams, the Parnam Brothers, Hayakawa—most charming of gentlemen—Wally Reid, Charlie Ray, Fatty Arbuckle, Con- traforlse, Bill Russell, George Walsh, Carlyle Blackwell.

My, my, life is short—in Hollywood! Ten years and most of us are through.

On my arrival in Hollywood I got off the car ten blocks too soon and staggered through a jungle of blackness until I sighted the lights of the hotel. Now the boulevard is brighter than Broadway, with more colors than Joseph's coat.

We used to lunch with Betty and Hatty at their Come-On-Inns, where heart secrets were heard and prophesied. Nothing is more false, less than the beauty, this rare gives you some beauty. Unbeatable complacency, the beauty of the white face and gold hair, and the skin is transformed, into Lily Loneliness. LARGE TRIAL FREE. Alice R. Arnold, Dermatologist.


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

STRAWBERRY FROST, new. Most marvelously complete but beautifier. Blushes, but not a drop of oil, perfectly harmless. Will give you same beautiful, captivating me. ALLURING LOVELINESS that gives you most beautiful eyes forever. Nothing is more false, less than the beauty, this rare gives you some beauty. Unbeatable complacency, the beauty of the white face and gold hair, and the skin is transformed, into Lily Loneliness. LARGE TRIAL FREE. Alice R. Arnold, Dermatologist.


ITCHING in any form is usually relieved at once by a touch of soothing Resinol.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Hollywood's New Slayer

MARY'S father had reason for feeling she should study law. She'd need it sooner or later. At the proper age she was packed off to Cornell to study ways of evading justice. There she joined Chi Omega sorority and a dramatic class, and never did study how to achieve heart balm.

Mary never, never will need heart balm; others may.

In her sophomore year she responded to impulse, characteristically, and ran off to New York, with the determination of being an actress. Being cut off from the Virginia base of supplies, she sold herself to the Schrafft candy stores as a dietician. Everyday she made a sniffling tour of the kitchens, muttering "O.K." She was born an actress.

Yvette Guilbert was as much impressed as the Schrafft executives by her histrionic ability and chose her from applying thousands for an exclusive dramatic class. Eleanor Duse, in turn, accepted her as a pupil for a school which that incomparable Italian projected before her death. Mary Gardien declares she is the only one of the younger actresses with a flame. Garden graphically said it. Duncan is flamboyant and buoyant and wholly reckless. In this she is also true to type.

SCREEN sirens, including Mary, have been presented as very designing operatives. Life sirens rarely are. Or rather, their designs are so sub-conscious that they are free to give all their power to charming and being charmed. By sirens I do not mean the go-getting ladies who get headlines about their diamonds, their alimony and other loot. That's not witchery, that's burglary.

It is time that the bung about IT is exploded. Everyone has sex but everyone hasn't the courage to be herself, and that's what personality demands. The individual is reckless, instinctive and without design. He is so confident that it never occurs to him to pose or plot.

Mary doesn't play a game. Most women do, charming women never. Mary is direct. She will haul you as marvelous, with out-flung arms, or she will forget you exist the moment after

THE FLATTERING SUBSTITUTE FOR SLEEVES...AND STOCKINGS TOO

It is comfortable and gloriously cool—this vogue of sleeveless, backless sport frocks, fragile chiffon evening gowns and of course stockingless legs—and it's smart too. But bare arms and bare legs demand flawless skin, of the dull lustre of transparent velvet. And yet—what woman has a skin so naturally perfect that she can adopt this mode without a little inward hesitation?

To meet the demand for unblemished loveliness Dorothy Gray has created an entirely new preparation called Finishing Lotion. Smooth this fragrant liquid into your skin. Immediately it acquires a soft velvety look, smooth and beautifully even in tone. There is not the slightest stickiness, nor any dryness of skin. Finishing Lotion clings lightly, lending an enchanting bloom.

Finishing Lotion comes in seven shades to harmonize with your particular skin tone. There is Blonde, a delicate flesh pink; Natural, Aureate, with a hint of peach; Rachel; Tavern, a warm golden tan; Orchid is a very alluring shade, for evening use only, and Sunburn for the lucky ones who have acquired a natural tan.

Finishing Lotion and all the other exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations and make-up accessories may be obtained at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.
The fact you are marvelous doesn’t mean that you can bank on the future, because in another moment the out-flung gesture may be acceded another. The true siren lives for the moment with perfect self-confidence of the future. If you brought up the problem of sex she’d explode with laughter, for, as I’ve said, all great charmers have a natural sense of humor.

When it was decided that Mary should go to London to appear in "The Nervous Wreck," following her dramatic success in New York, she wired her sister to join her. "You have nothing to worry about, dear," said Mary. "I have plenty of money. All you need to do is go down and spend it." Her sister went to the bank and discovered exactly seven dollars.

It was during "The Shanghai Gesture" that Broadway went mad over Mary’s lighting. She played a well-bred young lady who went violently man-mad. To get the role to a nicety she inveigled one of her society friends to give a party to which the debutantes and their gentlemen friends were invited. One of the deb’s, after several cocktails, became the unconscious model for Mary’s rôle.

Mary has been criticized for an obvious vamping. Thedabariah, was the opinion of some. Her directors have been blamed, and not without justice, because a director, in his effort to put over an ultra-charming personality, is liable to fall into stereotyped lines.

But I suspect much of the fault has been with Mary. Her exuberance, the fascination of her confidence and her natural effervescence have endeveiled directors into letting her do her own thing. And when they see how it’s done, they, like the mark made faint, she has overemphasized. Stage technique becomes cantorial in pictures.

Mary, however, has too much wit and observance to confine herself entirely to music-hall and has switched herself on to the screen very soon and stung her axe into box office records. And then, gentle, men, hang on to your toupees!

### Eat and Be Merry

(Continued from page 72)

**Proof that You need Mum hangs in your own Closet**

Most women have read about Mum, but often the woman who reads does not apply the message to herself. Yet no one is exempt from perspiration, and all perspiration has an odor.

The proof of offense hangs in many a woman’s own closet. A tint that can linger in a wrap which has not been worn for days is certain to offend the sensibilities of others at the time—be sure of that!

Why run even a remote chance of offending when protection is so simple a matter? A dab of the snowy cream called Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor of the underarm—or elsewhere—and then you are safe in the closest contact. You have definitely removed all chance of embarrassment for several hours.

There is nothing harmful in Mum, or in its habitual use. That is why Mum is a boon to womankind in still another way—for the service it performs in connection with the sanitary napkin. Investigate this important use of this true deodorant which is rapidly displacing all less effective precautions.

Mum is delightfully easy to use and quite inexpensive, particularly in the large 60c jar, which contains nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar. Both sizes sold everywhere.

Eating makes necessary the restriction of the bulky foods from the diet.

Agar-agar, a gelatious substance made from Japanese seaweed, is a perfect substitute for rougighthouse.

Agar-agar absorbs water in the gastro-intestinal tract and increases enormously in bulk. It supplies a mass of the proper size and consistence when mixed with the other intestinal debris. Each person will need a different size dose of agar, from one to three tablespoonfuls, daily, usually proving sufficient for most situations. It can be taken "as is" with the aid of a drink of water, or it can be mixed with a breakfast food.

**There** are many mineral oil and agar preparations on the market. Some have catharsis added. I think we should look askance at such shot-gun prescriptions. One person may need a tablespoonful of agar a day while another may need a half-dose. A third may need some medicine to stimulate the intestinal muscle, but why should all three receive the medicine which only the one may need? Constipation and its correction will be discussed in a subsequent article.

While it is true that agar-agar and mineral oil oftentimes solve the problem, nevertheless, there is a good objection to their routine employment. Mineral oil may be fine for sewing machines but it does interfere with the proper absorption of a small child. Agar, because it soaks up water like a sponge, causes an excessive amount of fluid to be secreted into the intestinal tract, absorbing at the same time a certain amount of the soluble elements of the food which have been digested, depriving the body of them.

The person who needs agar-agar to insure proper elimination must eat a little more protein than the one whose elimination is normal. It must be remembered that agar is not a food.

You will supply the necessary amount of roughage in your diet, if you will eat a dish of bran at breakfast, a liberal salad, two good servings of soups and vegetables, and a dish of fruit at the other meals. Such a procedure will not only give you plenty of bulk, insuring proper intestinal activity, but it will also give you the necessary vitamins to supply your needs.

Your food must not only supply sufficient bulk but your meals, like the well-known cigarette, must satisfy. The filling power of a foodstuff is known as its satiety value. A low satiety value in the diet produces a hungry, grumpy devotee who soon abandons the dietetic regimen which fails to satisfy. One likes to feel full after a meal.

The foods which remain longest in the stomach and the small intestine are the most satisfying. The length of time food remains in the stomach and the amount of gastric juice stimulated by its presence there measures the satiety value of the foodstuff. Therefore, it has a high satiety or satisfaction value. It stimulates the secretion of gastric juice and remains proportionately longer in the stomach. A high satiety value means that the foodstuff has been pointed out, and its great satiety value gives a sense of satisfaction to a meal of which the vegetarians knoweth nothing.

Make stands next to meat and the richer the milk the greater its satiety value. Contrary to popular belief, cooked eggs are better than raw eggs because they are more readily digested and because their satiety value is higher. Even raw eggs leave the stomach much more quickly than do soft-boiled eggs. Hard-boiled eggs remain longest in the stomach and occasion the greatest secretion of gastric juice.

Oysters have a low satiety value, as does fish, except the fishes rich in fat. Bread has a relatively low satiety value and is accompanied with more time and more gastric juice than the foodstuffs mentioned. To this end has been pointed out, and its great satiety value gives a sense of satisfaction to a meal of which the vegetarians knoweth nothing.

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vegetables, served with an oil dressing, and finally a dessert. Even a small black coffee if you like it.

Such a meal remains a long time in the upper gastro-intestinal tract, calling forth the greatest amount of secretory activity upon the glands which play an active part in the processes of digestion. Such a meal gives the greatest degree of personal satisfaction.

Your meals can be made to satisfy you even though you are trying to reduce, without resorting to any such violent measures as one young star confided to me she practiced recently.

I noticed that she was losing weight rapidly and asked her what trick diet she was following.

She smiled and said, "I am a Roman."

Not understanding, I pressed her for further information.

"Oh," she said, "all of us girls are doing it now. We eat whatever we want and after the meal is over, we get rid of it by simply sticking a finger down the throat."

This young miss had her history, as well as her digestive apparatus slightly messed up. The Roman epicure regurgitated after a banquet so that he could eat more. The movie maid "snaps her cookies" so she can eat less.

It is hardly necessary for me to condemn such a repulsive practice. It merely shows to what lengths girls will go to get the figures that the hard-hearted producers seem to favor because the camera lies, at least in so far as the matter of curves goes.

The trailing evening costume comes back in style. Barbara Stanwyck, a recruit from the New York stage, wears an orchid satin wrap, with a circular flounce for a skirt and a flounce cape effect. The dress is of crepe in a lighter shade of orchid and also has a circular flounce skirt that touches the floor in the back.

Outdoor Days! Get all the sun-tan you can. Play—play to win—but save your skin. Trust it to Frostilla.

Pat this cool-feeling, fragrant lotion on face and neck, hands and arms. Legs, too, if you're an advocate of the new nudity. Then don your sport socks, your sleeveless tennis frocks—and greet the sun!

Thru the day's play, Frostilla will stand sentinel. You can swim, sail, hike, motor, golf or just loll—without fear of over-sunning—or a dried-out, cracked complexion that just won't take powder.

Know the pleasure of using Frostilla before and after you play. Know the satisfaction of saving your skin thru the summer months.

Frostilla is 50c and $1, at all stores in the U.S. and Canada. An attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Dept. 644, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y., and Toronto, Can. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 34th St., N.Y.)
That assistant directors stand up when she passes by. And Geraldine has so reconstructed her mind that she fancies they stand up when she walks on the set. In reality they do not even find her a comfortable chair.

Geraldine sits close by the star all day long on the set. She watches her every move. When interviewers arrive and Garbo refuses to see them, Geraldine fancies that they have sought her and she imagines what she would have said to them. What magnificent interviews she could give. Would that she were Garbo?

In her simple room with its meagre furnishings at the Studio Club, her life is really lived. The little, plain bed becomes a canopied duchess with solid gold cupids to hold back the silken drapes. Her ordinary white bathrobe becomes a sunken pool of black marble and gold. The ivory comb and brush set is genuine Lalice stuffed in diamonds. She wears the figurative crown of the queen, while Garbo, herself, chooses the staid, quiet atmosphere of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

It is Geraldine’s delight to be mistaken for the star and it is a common enough mistake for Garbo’s awkward sloth and dowdy clothes to allow her to pass unnoticed in the crowd. Geraldine has the grace and is to the manner of stardom born. An out-of-town visitor told a friend of his great news.

"Where does anyone get the idea that Garbo never goes out?" he said. "Why, I saw her at Plantation the other night with a bunch of people. She was the gayest of the gay. She was dressed in a gorgeous dress and was the center of an admiring group. And she was sweet enough to smile graciously at everybody."

Upon that particular evening Greta Garbo, the actress, was in her room in the hotel reading a script.

Her private life had been at Plantation.

The rumor spread in Hollywood that Garbo had come back from Europe several weeks before scheduled time. One of the newspaper reporters had a friend who said that Garbo was seen in a smart shop buying a pair of grey suede gloves. Her double had needed gloves.

In order to supplement her meagre income Geraldine is one of the regular models at Montmartre on Wednesday. As she arrives and leaves the sight-seers mistake her for Garbo.

Geraldine De Vorak was born to Hollywood stardom, as Garbo was not. Garbo acts for the camera. Geraldine pleases the public.

The other extra girls complain that the double is haughty. What woman who wears the royal raiment would not be? It is her right to live up to what she has made herself.

There is little in common between star and double. Garbo sits in wide-eyed wonder at the striking likeness between herself and her stand-in girl. Geraldine dismisses Garbo with a gesture. She is Garbo.

But the Frankenstein that she has built within herself has become her undoing. She copied the master too closely. She made herself too nearly in the image of Garbo.

Garbo arrives on the set at her own leisure. Geraldine arrives on the set at her own leisure.

Garbo, the great actress, may conduct herself thus.

Geraldine, an extra girl acting as double to a star, may not.

Geraldine’s slight contract was broken. She returned to the extra ranks.

Garbo’s new double does not look so much like her, but her hair is more nearly the same color. It is better for the lights.

Will she now become the Garbo rôle? Or has Geraldine floated so long upon the etherian waves of stardom that her life will always be colored by the amazing interlude when she played at being Garbo? Has she so definitely become a star that the long discouraging hours of extra work will be only a cross that every star must bear? Surely her imagination will override time and place and discomfort!

**Excess Baggage**

**HER SECRET**

**Form-Fitting**

**NO-BAK BRASIERE**

(Patents Pending)

The new, perfect undergarment which faithfully interprets the "natural" body lines of the present mode. On the beach or in the boudoir it achieves smartness of style—grace of manner—individuality! Her secret has features possessed by no other so-called backless brassieres. There’s nothing else just like it. Used and endorsed by many of Hollywood’s leading screen stars and now available to you through all smart stores and shops. Maxwell & Klein, 1115 North Serrano Ave., Hollywood, California.

**FREE BOOKLET**

Send for free copy of “Helpful Hints on Modern Dress” by Shirley Maxwell, Hollywood style authority. Write your name and address on the margin of this coupon, tear it out and mail today to Miss Maxwell personally. Miss Maxwell will answer any questions you may have regarding problems of figure and stress occasioned by the new styles. Write her today.

What a Glorious Difference!

"Here, at last, is a brassiere that is Invisible, Non-Binding, Form-Fitting, Lifts and BACKLESS!!"

Now I can wear the new form-fitting and backless styles with freedom and comfort. This brassiere doesn’t bind. It supports! It gently lifts, corrects and brings back to normal position. Eliminates flabby sagging. Keeps the figure trim, alert, well-poised! Every line conforms to Nature—that’s why it is so comfortable. I hardly know I have it on!

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when Evelyn Lederer Keeler (Sue Carol) left her husband and came to California. She found a spot in pictures and didn’t go back to Chicago. Allan was forgotten and she became engaged, after her divorce, to Nick Stuart, an actor. This gives them an even chance for happiness.

They are in the same business, with the same hopes and ideals, the same knowledge of the requirements of the motion picture profession. Hundreds of professional marriages have succeeded. The mixed ones fail. And the wise gals are those who, when they fall in love and prepare to marry a man outside the business, give up their own screen work.

MAVI ALLISON gave it up when she married the editor of Photoplay and has become a regular contributor to Cosmopolitan Magazine. Margarette Clark did it and is happy. Phyllis Haver has left the screen forever to become Mrs. William Seaman. The other day, when she refused to talk about her husband or her plans, she made a pertinent remark: "William doesn’t understand the business. He doesn’t know that we tell everything for publication. He would never understand why I should be discussing him and our affairs publicl. And I know that he would never be able to realize what our lives on the screen require. I have found a man I love. I have found someone who satisfies me completely and I’m not taking any chances on readjustments. I’m not going to try to teach him what the necessary gestures of a film star are. I’m just leaving the screen so that I can be happy with a non-professional husband."

Marian Nixon fell in love with a prize fighter, Joe Benjamin. Unlike Jack Dempsey, he had no patience with the film folk or their ways. Divorce was inevitable.

A lengthy blurb in the newspapers recently told that Jacqueline Logan’s love for Larry Winston, from whom she has been separated for over a year, is to undergo a super-test. He is to spend the summer in Europe, while she is to stay here. If they still love each other upon his return they are to be re-married. They may be married; they won’t be happy. For Winston is the scion of the historic Bradbury family.

John Regan was also a scion of a wealthy family, but Helene Costello found him excess baggage and they were divorced a few months together. Regan had been a childhood chum of Helene. There is nothing that brings on incompatibility more quickly, Helene finally gave up trying to watch him sitting around the house all day, while she worked from eight to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. But it was not possible for him to take a position that might lower her professional prestige.

CONSTANCE BENNETT divorced her multi-millionaire husband, Phil Plant, not long ago. She is coming back to go into pictures.

Constance Talmadge recently married Townsend Netcher and will give up the screen. Netcher is a wealthy Chicago boy.

Janet Gaynor has been reported engaged to Lydell Peck, a lawyer. Shouldn’t she pause to consider the example of Rene Adoree, who found that nothing but trouble followed after her marriage to William Gill, a business man?

Madge Bellamy’s marriage to Logan Metcalf, a broker, was a failure. Ethelwyn Chace soon got a divorce from Dale Hanshaw, a non-professional. And Josephine Dunn who, by the way, played the leading role in the screen version of “Excess Baggage,” learned, to her sorrow, what it meant to have a non-professional husband and a career.

Those in the profession, writers, actors, directors, executives, editors, publicity men, understand.

The rest, the brokers, the shoe men, the salesmen, the millionaires, can only bring unhappiness to this wire.

They will always be excess baggage.

---

**New Beauty--So Easily--So Quickly!**

CHARM: BEAUTY: POISE: the eagerly sought slenderized form of graceful proportions--they are all yours, quickly, surely, safely!

Just 15 minutes a day of gentle, pleasant manipulation with the Battle Creek Health Builder works wonders in removing superfluous flesh--in arming the coveted figure of fashion. No dangerous dieting or back-breaking exercises are required--only the effortless, non-fatiguing oscillations of the Health Builder!

**Good Health Begins Within**

And at the same time, the Health Builder's penetrating massage arouses the sluggish organs; enlivens the latent muscles; relaxes the nerves. It regulates elimination; aids in digestion and assimilation; strengthens and revitalizes the body--and brings the fresh glow of whole-health to the cheeks.

Because the Health Builder is synchronized to the human nerve impulses, it stimulates rather than fatigues...and remember, the Health Builder never causes nervous! Being the scientifically correct exerciser, the Health Builder is preferred by countless thousands of thinking men and women of all ages.

**Write for Unique Home Demonstration**

Send today for your FREE copy of "Health and Beauty in 15 Minutes a Day"--replete with illustrations and vital beauty facts, also full details about our NEW home demonstration plan. No obligation--so mail NOW!

Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Gainsborough

An English production of Margaret Kennedy's novel of the mad Sanger family—and particularly the tragic story of Tessy, daughter of the eccentric musical genius, George Sanger. Done with taste and intelligence but terribly photographed. Mabel Poulton is excellent as Tessy and Ivor Novello admirable as Lewis Dodd. This may not have general release, but it is worth viewing if you have the opportunity. Silent.

FATHER AND SON—Columbia

COLORIFYING the American father. What happens when dad marries a blonde adventuress from Paris—and somebody kills the bad gal. Papa takes the blame to save sonny boy and sonny boy to save papa. But a record made by a toy record-o-phone reveals the real murderer. Jack Holt and little Mickey McManus deserve better by the movie gods. Dorothy Revier is the bad blonde from the boulevards. Part Talkie.

THE SOPHOMORE—Pathe

NO necking, no drinking, and yet the first all-talking college picture is a riot! Leo McCarey has carried forward all his sure-fire comedy touches, and Bill Conselman has applied his very best "Dressed To Kill" technique. The burlesque radio announcer is a scream. A college prom, a riotous class play, and a football game with the hero carried off the field on his first play! That's new. Eddie Quillan is the star and his stock will soar after this picture. Dandy entertainment. All Talkie.

COLLEGE LOVE—Universal

THIS post-graduate edition of "The College Gians" is one of the first two all-talking collegiate pictures to be made. Different college, different names, but they cut all the cute California capers. Fickle frat pins jump from one sweater to another—there's football, its subsequent flag-waving, croony jazz, and moonlight necking. Dorothy Gulliver is the college gal. The regular series stuff, much elaborated on and well directed and synchronized. You'll like it. All Talkie.

THE TIP-OFF—Universal

NO matter what they do with him, they can't wear Bill Cody out. He moves about the screen at high speed and at the fade-out he's not even out of breath. This time—oy, guess! Crooks! You know. The film finds that's dying the hardest death of any that ever hit Hollywood. We can talk crook. Listen. "One guy steals another guy's dame, so the first guy squeals to the bulls." It's quite easy. Silent.

Overhead expenses on the sound stages are terrific and so Herbert Brenon has worked out a plan that saves time and money. Rehearsals are held on skeleton sets before the permanent sets are built. In this way a company is ready to work without a hitch once the production actually gets under way. Here is a rehearsal for "Lummox" and on the set are (left to right) Karl Struss, cameraman, Fannie Hurst, author, Herbert Brenon, director, and Winifred Westover, who plays the title role.
“Hard to say, but I often have to warn the girls”

—Says a woman athletic director about this problem of feminine hygiene

Scientific deodorization is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
UNTAMED JUSTICE—Biltmore

FOR a minor picture promising little, this one is quite good. Based on a fairly original crook plot, the action takes an unexpected trend and keeps you guessing. With several good actors, a smart dog, horse, and rabbit, to say nothing of the air mail, thrown in, the film is a veritable three- ring circus. David Torrence, Virginia Browne Fair, and Philo McCollough head the cast. Pardely we forget the horse and dog. Silent.

CAMPUSS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield

A CELLULOID disaster which even Marie Quillan, sister to Edward, flower of the Quillan girls, could not avert. The picture is so unimportant that you forget it is a weak carbon copy of "The Wild Party." It is intended to portray fashionable boarding school life, but the most thrilling details are so glaringly misrepresented that the director-writer could never have possibly been any nearer a girl's seminary than a school catalogue. Save the shekels. Silent.

HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathé

A STUPID, mobish movie that's suspiciously like "The Sin Sister"—and nowhere near as good. Three blonde, a banker, a truck driver, and a dick are snowed in for a week in a country church. It's intended to scale the heights of human drama, but due to clumsy direction, it is utterly vague and ridiculous. The usual charming William Boyd smile is hidden behind a week-old beard, and anyway, Bill's losing his girl's figure, or so it seems. All Talkie.

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOFOLY

The month of August, 1919, is a great period in the history of the infant motion picture—truly the golden age of the silent drama, now thunderous with sound.

The learned Julian Johnson, with his usual discernment, goes into a loud chant over a certain D. W. Griffith picture called "Broken Blossoms"—wherein the wishful Gish and a boy named Barthelmes perform wonders of beauty and pathos. "The very finest expression of the screen so far," says Julian.

Mary Pickford hits the top of her cute-kid stride with "Daddy-Long-Legs," new this month. Fairbanks is crashing through "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo." Chaplin thundered out with "Sunnyside." Dorothy Gish delights with a new comedy called "I'll Get Him Yet." "Mighty days," the blustering dogs days of '19.

WE wipe our brows and bow to the hot spell by running no less than four pages of stunning bathing girls, snapped on the comedy lot with the thermometer 105 and no shade.

Jane Starr, Dorothy Terry, Josephine Hill, Mildred Hurst, Peggy Davis, Virginia Wearst—unfamiliar names in 1929. No doubt today they are all happy wives and mothers—only stealing away to the attic now and then to shed one little tear over the mighty bathing suits of their golden days.

A HANDSOME picture of Wally Reid and son, Bill—just a shader.... Wes Barry, when he was cutting. An article exposing the fact that Anna Q. Nilsson's middle name is Querencia, though I still can't see why..... Mickey Nelan becoming an actor again in a Pickford film..... Evelyn Gossnell and Meda Grace-Swanson with very long hair—and very uncomfortable, she tells Delight Evans..... Tom Mix adopts a bear—at least his press agent says he does, which means about the same thing.

TWO little girls are in the spotlight. "Two Strange Women," our story calls them. One was named Carol Dempster, the other Clarine Seymour. Both were chosen for great things by D. W. Griffith.

Now? Well, Little Dempster is evidently in retirement. She never worked for anybody but the old master.

And Clarine? Many of us remember how, at the very door-sill of her way to fame in Griffith films, she contracted pneumonia and died, taking from the photoplay one of its most promising and glamorous girls.

WE publish a picture of Bill Hart eating an ice-cream soda, no doubt causing the sudden deaths of thousands of small boys. Viola Dana has a new leading man and his name is Kenneth Harlan..... Tom Meighan,

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Have Exquisite, Alluring Skin—quickly—easily

—yes, you can! Capture for yourself the priceless gift of smooth, white skin, so dear to women of the stage and screen. Learn for yourself the charm, the fascination of an exquisite complexion. Already thousands of lovely women are using one famous preparation, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, to make and keep their skin flawless.

No tiresome waiting, no disappointments. The Nadinola way to skin beauty is easy and quick. This amazing skin beautifier is sold with money-back guarantee. Though Nadinola contains the quickest and surest skin-bleaching properties known to science, it will not harm the most delicate skin.

Spread Nadinola on your face, neck and arms at bedtime. Instantly you feel its tonic effect on your sluggish skin tissues. While you sleep it gently clears away freckles and tan, blackheads, oiliness, sallowness and all skin blemishes. Soon you have the clear, exquisite skin which will mean so much to you.

Get a jar today and begin tonight. Watch the quick improvement, the steady return of precious new beauty. Ask for Nadinola at your drug or toilet goods counter—$1 for extra-large, economy size jar. Or, send coupon below, and we will mail Nadinola, postpaid, with gift sample of famous Nadine Face Powder and valuable booklet on beauty, free. Pay your postman $1, on delivery. Mail this coupon—NOW!

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

DEPT. 28, NATIONAL TOILET CO.

Paris, Tenn.

Please send, postpaid, extra-large jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream, with directions for use, and money-back guarantee. I will pay postman $1 on receipt.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________________________

City and State: __________________________

Don't Risk Spoiling Your Social Life

With a Doubt of Your Personal Cleanliness

That confidence of complete cleanliness, which means so much to a woman, may be yours with the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

The satisfaction of knowing you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It is easy and pleasant to use and does not diminish body odors quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It is very soothing and healing—extremely effective—yet not harmful. The $1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution of the strength best suited to your individual needs.

At Druggists, Drug Stores or direct from The Stirizol Mfg. Co., 10 Water Street, Chauncey, N. Y.

STIRIZOL, Very Refreshing

Ladies' WRIST WATCH, invented and patented by Hemingway—Brands the Time for Life. Delightful! $7.50-

nothing finer. More than 150,000 sold. The Skinning Up Watch. 12 month guarantee. Send 25c for descriptive leaflet. Send money. We trust you.

U. S. SUPPLY CO. Dept. 57

GRENVILLE, PA.

Remember Clarine Seymour? Death took her just as she was growing famous in D. W. Griffith pictures

"The Miracle Man" safely in the bag, is now a real star, with his first picture, "Male and Female."..... Joe Moore, youngest brother of Tom, Owen, and Matt, has come marching home from the ways. He is the husband of Grace Conard, the serial queen, and some queen..... It is reported that Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin may return to the screen, this Mrs. Chaplin of the royal line being Mildred Harris, of Rockaway Beach, writes in to ask Pearl White's exact age—a favorite question in 1919—but the answer man just snickers it off.

Wanda Hawley has been made a star, and William Duncan's wife is suing him for divorce, and Lillian "Dimples" Walker is trying a come-back.

Syd Chaplin has signed with Paramount, and Mae Murray is working in a Jersey studio, and Tex Guinan's two-reel Westerns are on.

Florence, Iowa—Eugene O'Brien has three leading women in "The Perfect Lover"—Mary Boland, Lucille Lee Stewart and Martha Mansfield. What's that? He'd have to be perfect? Oh, you rascal! Write again, Flo!

Every advertisement in PHOTOFOLY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Girls' Problems

(continued from page 16)

people intelligently and observantly and your self-consciousness in this direction will fall from your shoulders like a cloak that you drop with one motion. When you stop worrying about how you are impressing other people, then your natural poise will return and, whatever other impression they may get of you, you will know that you haven’t said or done anything foolish in your confusion.

If you have a talent for dancing and you know it will bring pleasure to others and perhaps profit to yourself, then it would be unwise of you to let self-consciousness stand in the way of the development of that talent. It’s simply a matter of summoning up courage the first few times, forcing yourself to get up and start concentrating on what you are doing instead of on your audience, until you become used to performing before people.

Many professional performers are shy by nature and, off-stage, are somewhat reserved. But they have learned the secret of losing themselves in the performance, the thrill of doing something that is pleasurable to themselves and to others. A responsive audience carries away their stage-fright, once they have plucked up the courage to get started. You will probably have the same reaction, if you will uproot your fears and give yourself a chance.

I wonder how strong a sense of humor you have, Elise. Can you see the funny side of situations, can you enjoy the amusing little eccentricities and oddities of others? Or are you opening? But do you turn this softening light of humor on your own frailties and faults? Do you laugh at yourself after some awkward blunder, or do you foolishly escape? Can you poke fun at yourself for being a blushing, stammering schoolgirl, mentally stand off and look at yourself and laugh at the spectacle you create? If you can do that, if you can laugh tolerantly at your faults and take note of your virtues, you will then be able to strike a happy balance in your actions and thoughts. But the more you condemn and blame yourself the more miserable you will be, and the more you will be impressed with your own inferiority as contrasted with the perfection of everyone around you.

You don’t have to be the “life of the party” wherever you go. Very often the life of the party is so busy keeping up the tradition of being lively and making everyone else happy that she hasn’t much time to enjoy things herself. If you are rather quiet by nature, don’t attempt to change your whole disposition, your whole attitude. But make up your mind that you are going to have a good time and add to the general pleasure. If you have something to contribute to the entertainment, don’t be selfish and withhold it.

Get up and dance, Elise. Pull yourself out of the corner. Leave your worries at home when you go to other people’s houses. Get into the spirit of the occasion.

Cultivate a good disposition and a sympathetic attitude toward others. Never overlook an opportunity for enlarged education or greater culture. Don’t avoid contacts with people who know more than you do. Make them your text-books. Watch how they act, listen to what they say, study their choice of words, their dictum. Don’t be afraid to express your ideas and don’t merely echo other people’s thoughts, unless they are yours also. Enter into every conversation. If you can’t contribute to it, show that you are an interested listener. But don’t sit on the fringe of things, alone with your own thoughts. It gives your hostess and your fellow guests the feeling that you do not approve of their entertainment, that you are untouched by anything they have to say.

SHE IS A BEAUTY

WHY NOT HAVE THAT SAID OF YOU?

THERE are millions of girls and women who can multiply their beauty if they will. In a single evening they can get results delightful and amazing. In a little time they can gain attractions which every woman covets.

Stars of the stage and screen know how to do this. Beauty is their career. And they—without a penny of recompense from us—tell in these pages, month by month, their premier beauty help.

If you will listen to beauties and to beauty experts, you will always use Boncilla clasmic pack in your efforts to appear at your best.

These Come First

We beauty experts approve the arts of make-up, but we know that they fail unless a basis is created, and that basis is this:

A radiant glow
A clear, clean skin
An animated look
A soft, smooth skin

The skin must be cleansed to the depths. The causes of blackheads and blemishes must be removed. DEAD SKIN and hardened oil must be taken out. Enlarged pores must be reduced. Blood must be drawn to the skin to nourish and revitalize it. That’s the way.

With older women, there are little lines to eradicate here are wrinkles to combat. Perhaps sagging muscles must be strengthened.

The best ways known to do all these things are combined in Boncilla clasmic pack. The most famous beauties, the greatest beauty experts, seem to agree on that.

BUSTER KEATON presents arms at the wrong time in a comical scene with Dorothy Sebastian in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Spite Marriage.”

A Test for Tonight

Last night you are to mingle socially, do this in preparation. Apply Boncilla clasmic pack. For a few minutes, let it carry out its wondrous purpose. Then add what make-up you desire.

Look at yourself in the mirror. Listen to what your friends say. Never again will you start a glorious evening without this matchless help. If you are young, your beauty will glow; if you are older, new youth will appear. We promise delightful results.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla clasmic pack. Tubes, 50c and $1 — men’s, 50c. Or send the coupon with 1c for a complete beauty packet—a week’s supply of the four Boncilla aids, including two creams and the powder. It will be a revelation. Clip coupon now.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
One of M-G-M’s newest starts awakening her skin with Boncilla clasmic pack.

This photographic test is modeled by Miss Sebastian. Her uniform is prepared by her personal beauty expert, Boncilla Laboratories, Inc., gladly writing a truthful testimonial, but neither offers nor pays money for them.
If you haven’t had many opportunities to meet people of larger experience than yourself, don’t be discouraged if you are a little shy with them. That’s a normal reaction and it will soon wear off. Let them lead the conversation and you will be drawn into it naturally.

AND finally, cure yourself of the self-conscious person’s worst fault, over-sensitivity. True sensitiveness is an aid to social intercourse, as it is in every phase of living. But so-called “touchiness” has spoiled many a promising social and business career. Don’t look fortrilling sights and slurs. Don’t put the most uncompromising construction on everything that is said and done to you.

Try to look your best, act your sweetest, and use your sense of humor at least as often as you do your powder puff.

ELIJA: You have diagnosed your own case. You are not popular with boys because you play practical jokes on them and make them appear ridiculous; you say, “I talk a lot,” which probably means you talk so much that no one else can edge in a word. You are not honest in your friendships—you tell petty lies in order to get out of awkward situations which you yourself have brought about. You add, “When I meet the right man I will calm down.” But can’t you see that when you meet the right man he won’t know you are the right girl for him, if his first impression of you is wrong? You’ll have to calm down a little before you meet him—not do a sudden, right-about-face afterwards. I know it’s the fashion to be a little reckless, but you will find as you grow older that fundamental standards have not changed. Be as gay and light-hearted as you please, but don’t make your friends the butt of your jokes. Don’t monopolize the spotlight. Its constant glare will become monotonous both to you and to others.

BUDDY: Five feet, eight inches tall and slim. And you asked what you can do about it! Nothing, except thank your lucky stars. That’s a lovely height. I’m glad you haven’t fallen into the error of slumping, of bending your shoulders in a misguided attempt to hide your height. That’s the biggest mistake a tall girl can make. Height is considered a queenly attribute, and one should carry it like a queen.

LORRAINE: My book of reducing exercises will give you some arm movements that will slenderize your upper arms. Yes, you are over-weight, about ten pounds. I wouldn’t advise any system of reducing for a girl of sixteen. Just cut down on ice cream sodas, candy and cake and get plenty of outdoor exercise—tennis is ideal for the

Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Hellman Blum, a Los Angeles attorney. Miss Myers was married on June 9th. Instead of wearing the conventional white, Miss Myers’ wedding dress was of beige chiffon, trimmed with old lace from Mr. Blum’s mother’s wedding dress. She wore no veil, but a lace cap fashioned from Mrs. Blum’s wedding handkerchief. She carried a bouquet of white gardenias.
A.W.: If you have never had long hair and have weathered that first stage of growing out, why not let it get long enough to put up becomingly and decide whether you prefer it to a bob? Then if you don’t like it, you can always have the long hair snipped off in a jiffy.

Beverly: Bending and squatting exercises which make the muscles rigid in the right direction are helpful in correcting bow legs. If possible, go to the Y.W.C.A. or some other gymnasium in your city and take a course in corrective gymnastics.

Doris: Since the young man has written to you first I do not think you will make any mistake by answering him. I should write him a casual but friendly letter, just as if you had been hearing from him right along. Make the letter short, but write in a natural manner. It is always well to avoid taking an injured or neglected attitude with a man, for nothing annoys him so much—especially if he is in the wrong! It is a promising sign that the young man has found you “wear well” and stand comparison favorably, since he has grown tired of the other girl and come back to you. Perhaps your friendship will be stronger because of this temporary lapse.

Beverly: You write me, “my nose is my only ugly feature.” Then experiment with various ways of arranging your hair and decide which one makes your nose seem less prominent. Wear hats with soft, graceful brims. Make yourself as attractive as possible, physically and mentally, and then go ahead and enjoy your youth. You will find that happiness does not depend much upon a shapely nose. Its roots go much deeper than that.

Leella C.: You don’t have to do anything you feel is unignilified or not in accordance with your ideas and ideals in order to be popular. You do have to cultivate an agreeable personality and make yourself companionable to boys. I think my article in Photoplay of last March will help you. Read it.

Margaret M., Columbus: If your mother objects to your entering a dramatic school and you feel you have talent for writing as well as acting, why don’t you interest yourself in a short-story or journalistic course? You will find several such courses advertised in the pages of this and other reputable magazines or there may be a good school in your own town.

Jack: I think you are going with the wrong crowd. You needn’t drop them entirely, but stop being so intimate with them. You have the right ideas for a girl of your age and these other girls are making you older than you should be, and self-conscious.

Clara: For your age and height your weight should be about 110 lbs. Your height is about normal for a girl in her late teens. The May issue of Photoplay carried an article chock-full of splendid advice for the brown-haired girl. It will answer all your questions about what colors to wear and what shades to choose in cosmetics.

Katherine: If the man has left your firm and does not get in touch with you himself, I don’t believe there is anything you can do but forget him. He evidently isn’t as interested in you as you are in him. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I shall be glad to send you my leaflet on the care of the skin.

---

**Thanks to ZIP**

**IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT**

Not only Removes — Destroys!

Now hair growths can be effectively destroyed. Only by removing the cause, can you be free of unsightly growths. ZIP gently and harmlessly eliminates the cause, and effectively destroys the growth. Money-back guarantee.

It is so simple, so quick, so delightfully fragrant, so pleasant, this one-minute application of ZIP. It has been universally praised by Beauty Editors, and by the Medical Profession, as well as by stage and screen stars for destroying hair on face, arms, legs, underarms, and back of neck. That’s why hundreds of thousands of women gladly pay $5.00 for this Epilator.

Call to have

FREE Demonstration

Sold Everywhere by the package

Madame Berthe, SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AV.
New York
(Ent. on 46 St.)


Beauty Salons — and elsewhere

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 86)

V. M. W. of Long Island, N. Y.—Sally Blane was born in Salida, Colorado, July 11, 1910. She did not appear on the stage prior to her movie debut. Richard Dix and Gary Cooper are still single.

Arthur Bly, Chicago, Ill.—Joan Crawford’s real name is Lucille Le Sueur and she hails from San Antonio, Texas. She is twenty-three years old. Gary Cooper’s real name is Frank J. Cooper. He is twenty-eight years old and claims Helena, Montana, as his hometown.

Jeanette Freer, Rochester, N. Y.—Tell your brother to smoke a herring. I really think he is jealous of the handsome Gary, who is twenty-eight and not forty, as your brother claims. Richard Barthelmess is thirty-two and Bessie Love is one year younger.

M. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—Dorothy Mackall was born in Hull, England, March 4, 1904. She is divorced from Lothar Mendes. Her next picture will be “Hard to Get.” Davey Lee is four years old and his next picture will be “Little Pal.” Buddy Rogers’ next will be “A Man Must Fight.”

Shirley Andry, New Orleans, La.—Perseverance always wins. Here I am alive, even in the rescue. Carroll Nye was born Oct. 14, 1901, and is married to Helen Lynch. His latest picture is “The Squall.”

Ellen Burns, Milwaukee, Wis.—The theme song of “A Woman of Affairs” is “Love’s First Kiss.”

Mrs. H. H. Lisle, Schenectady, N. Y.—Caroline Van Wyck referred your letter to me. Polly Ann Young was born in Denver, Colo., Oct. 25, 1908. She is five feet, four and one-half inches tall; weighs 117 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Her two sisters, Loretta Young and Sally Blane, are also in the movies. Does this information help you?

S. R. A., Streator, Ill.—Antonio Moreno was born Sept. 26, 1888, in Madrid, Spain. Both his father and mother were Spanish.

Ralley, Indiana.—What a question box you turned out to be. Here goes for the answers. The Rabbit in “Alie’s Irish Rose” was played by Camillus Presta. Larry Steers played the part of John Hallow in “Redskin.”

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Pain ended
in 3 minutes this new way

One drop of this amazing liquid and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a lo- cal anesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once. Ask your druggist for “GETS-IT.” Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

“GETS-IT” World’s Fastest Way
Frank facts about REDUCING

THERE is no denying that many of the present day methods of reducing are extremely injurious to the health. Starvation diets not only make the face and body look drawn and haggard but they sap the strength and often impair the health. Chemical baths usually effect only temporary reductions and are very weakening. Medicines and pills that act on the glands are also dangerous— they frequently tend to throw the whole system out of balance.

Lose 2 to 6 pounds a week easily... sensibly

But now it is no longer necessary to resort to these remarkable new kind of reducing garments, many overweight men and women are losing from 2 to 6 pounds a week in a safe, natural, healthful way.

You simply wear these garments a little while each day—while doing your morning setting-up exercises—playing golf—or even while working around the house.

How Fat Is Banished

Fat is the fuel that keeps the body going. As we move about, this fuel is burned (oxidized). But due to the foods we eat or lack of exercise, fat is often produced faster than it is consumed. Naturally it accumulates on the body.

In order to get rid of this excess fat, oxidation must be speeded up. Formerly this was accomplished through strenuous exercise, but this method was slow and tiring and often overtaxed the heart.

But while wearing the Olympic Reducing Garments, mild exercise and activity have the same reducing effect as strenuous exercise—without any of its harmful consequences.

The garment excludes air from the body and circulation is stimulated. As a result, more oxygenated blood is rushed to the fatty parts and fat is oxidized more rapidly among the blood stream. The solid residue is then carried off in the blood stream while the moisture is given off through the pores.

Liberal Trial Offer

To introduce the Olympic Reducing Garments to the public we are making a special trial offer which allows you to try them out right at home without a pennys risk on your part. Send for details and free illustration booklet today. Simply fill out the coupon and mail now! No obligation whatever.

Olympic Reducing Garment Co.,
Dept. 158, 116 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

Without obligation, please send me details of your generous TRAIL OFFER, together with fully illustrated booklet on the new OLYMPIC REDUCING GARMENT.

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The vogue for delicately colored pillow slips and sheets of linen, crepe de chine or cotton can be easily followed at great savings by tinting your white ones. Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water and bottle it. This Tinting Fluid can be used like blueing, a few drops at a time for successive washings to keep the tint uniform. At your druggist's—15¢ per package.

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*for Tinting or Dying*

Send forever Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated booklet to Dying, Tinting, Bleaching, Cleaning, etc.

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Please send your free booklet to
Name __________________________
Address _______________________
It’s All Over Now

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

dressing rooms, listening to the talk of the actors and watching the process of makeup. When I finally went on the stage myself there seemed nothing strange about it.

"I THINK" the most delightful time of my life was the year I spent in school at Versailles. There were just eight girls in the school, all Americans. I still see those girls from time to time, or correspond with them. Most of them are married now.

"The girls I knew in the American boarding school have dropped out of my life. I rather disapprove of American schools for girls, in fact.

"In France we lived in a lovely chateau set back in great gardens. Each girl had a beautiful, big room and private bath—none of this trailing down hallways with bath salts and towels. The instructors were understanding, real human beings, and were charming to our friends when they called.

"We met interesting people and carried on conversations in French. There was an incentive to read good books.

"Twice a week we went to the Opera Conique and during the winter season to the Paris Opera. About the most unpleasant feature was being dragged to the Louvre and listening to full lectures. I dislike being made to do things.

"It was while I was in school abroad that I first saw Ronald Colman on the screen. It was in The Dark Angel, and that at time I could scarcely read the French captions on the picture. But I cried and cried over it. I never dreamed that some day I might be playing with the same man."

"Few people know that Joan spent a great deal of her brief married life in Hollywood. Her husband's business brought him to the film capital, and the young wife settled down to afternoons at bridge, dinner, and more bridge in the evening. She hated it then, but now, in a different environment in the same town, she likes it.

"Her apartment is in a huge, chateau-like structure in Hollywood. The windows of her pleasant French living room overlook a small, walled garden, and beyond is busy Franklin Avenue with its perpetual stream of motor and street car traffic.

She chose this particular apartment because she likes the noise.

"EVEN after I am in bed at night I like to listen to the noises in the street and feel that life is still going on, although Hollywood is not much of a night-life town. Street cars passing below never disturb me, but the croaking of frogs in the garden nearly drives me frantic."

"I like crowds, but not the mobs that gather outside of the Montmartre Cafe and at picture premieres.

"It is rather dreadful and morbid. In New York we used to lunch at the Ritz and always there were many people about. No one there bothered to stare at others."

"Critics have approved of Joan's work in 'Bulldog Drummond.' Shortly after the completion of the Colman picture she joined the cast of 'Three Live Ghosts.' She is looking forward with keenest anticipation to working with George Arliss in 'Distracted.' It will be hopefully an all-English cast and she is wondering how her voice will measure with those of the troopes.

"Off the screen Joan looks a little older than her eighteen years. On the screen she appears even younger. But she is eighteen. If you don't believe it, Joan will produce her birth certificate, and it reads: 'Born February 27th, 1911, at Palisades, New Jersey.'"

Here’s That New Way of Removing Arm or Leg Hair

So Many Women Are Asking About

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But That Utterly Avoids Inviting Bristy Re-growth

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty chy in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And — the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel finer than you've ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

WANTED—Men and Women

To Represent Large Reputable Firms

Who Sell Direct to Consumer—Liberal Commissions Offered

Read All About Their Unusual Offers

in the Current Opportunity Magazine

On Sale at All Newsstands

Sample copy sent on request.

Address: Dept. PM8, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Why Jack Gilbert Married

(continued from page 37)

Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just what Helen does to keep her hair so attractive. It always sparkles! It never seems dull—like so many other girls, her hair does!

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just see Golden Gilt Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25¢, or send for free sample!

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Gilt Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "lively-twine-like little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the beauty of your own individual shade of hair!

—J. W. KOBI—
630 Rainier Ave., Dept. H, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

DR. HANDE'S

Teeth Lotion

Your dentist has or can get Dr. Hande's
Teeth Lotion for you.

For trial bottle, send 2c stamp and
druggist's name to Dr. Hande Medicine Co.
105 No. 5th St., Dept. 315
Sun-tan makes Maybelline
more necessary than ever!

The Sun tan complexion is de-
servedly popular, but due to its
darkness, it tends to lighten the
lashes and brows and to reduce the
brilliance of the eyes. Overcome
this by furnishing suitable contrast
for your eyes, in the form of darker,
long-appearing, more luxuriant
lashes. Your eyes will then appear
vividly brilliant, larger, much more
expressive—and, your Sun tan com-
plexion will be lovelier than ever.

But—be sure you darken your lashes
with Maybelline, because genuine
Maybelline produces the exact,
desired effect instantly, harmlessly,
and is the easiest-to-use eyelash
beautifier. You'll be immensely
pleased with genuine Maybelline.

SOLID Maybelline as shown in the upper
illustration at the right, and Waterproof
Liquid Maybelline may be obtained in Black
or Brown at all toiletry goods counters—25c

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Special Six Months' Subscription Offer

So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay
during the $5000.00 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest we
are making a special six month rate of

$1.25

(See page 58 for full particulars regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid
disappointment. So many of our
readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in
many instances we were unable to supply back copies. If your dealer can-
not supply you with June and July PHOTOPLAY, just send 50c to
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and they
will be sent by return mail. If you prefer to take advantage of our Special
Six Months' Contest rate, send $1.25 and we will mail you June and
July PHOTOPLAY and enter your subscription for 4 months, starting with
September issue (total 6 issues).

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 12-H, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $1.25 (Canada $1.50; Foreign $1.75) for which you will kindly
enter my subscription for Photoplay Magazine for six months. Send me the June and July
Photoplay and enter my subscription for four months effective with September issue.

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KATHERINE MACDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC
KAMEKO BEAUTY PRODUCTS, HOLLYWOOD

WATERPROOF!
Yet easy to remove!

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S Lash Cosmetic is the one that removes quickly and cleanly. Yet you may swim, dance or what you will, and it is absolutely water-proof. Liquid. Easy to apply.

Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic makes eyelashes seem long and luxuriant and enhances the charm and sparkle of your beauty...but absolutely without artificiality.

At most toilet goods counters or $1 direct to Katherine MacDonald at Hollywood.

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC
KAMEKO BEAUTY PRODUCTS, HOLLYWOOD

You will enjoy luxurious comfort at The Drake, food unexcelled anywhere, and this unusual added advantage: you will be out of the noise and confusion of downtown Chicago, yet within easy walking distance of its shops and theatres. Rates as low as five dollars a day single room with bath, six double. Special discounts for extended stays. Write for Illustrated Booklet, Edition 6.

Under the Blackstone management known the world over

The DRAKE HOTEL Chicago

The Passing of the Extra Girl

[continued from page 31]

attractive extras who ever wore a pair of false eyelashes.

"I got out just as sound effects came in and
I'm out for good," she said. "There was nothing more for me, since I couldn't sing, nor dance, nor make a noise like a duck. So I went to secretarial school and here I am."

A SMART young saleswoman at the Russell Shop on Hollywood Boulevard, who asks, "What can I do for you, Madame?" turned out to be one Ouida Willis, an exotic, vampish extra.

In Beverly Hills, at Dan Jones Realty Company, I discovered Natalie Napp who used to work in pictures four or five days a week. She is Jones' secretary.

At Howard Greer's smart "maison" is a clever little person employed as a shopper. She is Dorothy Irving, one of the old extra guard.

These are the lucky girls. These are the clever girls who saw the crash coming and got out of the industry into good, steady jobs.

One girl had a good break when she was employed to advertise a new make of automobile by riding around in one of the snappy models. Now she's selling cars and doing nicely.

It is the type of picture most adaptable to the talking device that has brought about the change. The new school admits only spectacular musical shows and intimate drama. In neither of these can the ten-dollar-a-day "dress" extra be used. Mob scenes will always be. And the crook pictures need character types, but such work pays only $5. The mob talent is different from the dress extra.

When Hollywood turned audible, Central Casting began to recast. Notices were posted at all the studios that anyone qualified for talking work was to re-register immediately. The new application blanks have spaces for such accomplishments as singing, dancing, foreign languages spoken, animal noises made, sound imitations, whistling, etc.

Marian Mel, in charge of women at Central, is concerned with the situation. "There was a time when a type could be used in various ways," she said. "For instance, if a girl looked distinctly Latin we could cast her as an Italian fisherman's daughter or a French maid or may be a harem beauty.

"But now the Italian fisherman's daughter must speak a few words of Italian. The French maid must sing a little song in French and the harem girl must be able to do a Nautch dance.

"It isn't beauty that counts half as much as the ability to sing and dance and make noises.

"We have all sorts of strange registrations. One man can make a sound like a wolf's howl. Now the company could get a real wolf, but it's better to have a man because he will howl when he's told. Wolves are not so accommodating.

"One man registered with us speaks Lettish. We have dozens who know Arabian and we have all the dialects of all the various countries.

"WE'RE casting for voices rather than faces now. I sent a blonde girl out to a studio to play a French maid. But she was French and could speak the language and that was all that counted. It's an entirely new business."

The modern type of extra is better off than her predecessor. When a girl has been trained for a dance number another can't be substituted at a moment's notice. So the dancers and singers are put under contract for the entire picture. These girls receive about $60 a week when they're working and about $30 when they're rehearsing. This is an improvement over the chorus girl conditions in New York where they rehearse for nothing and sometimes work on a show for six weeks that only lasts on Broadway for two.

The girls used in the Fox Follies are under a yearly contract. They work hard while they work, but they often have several weeks layoff with pay.

How are these good jobs obtained? What are the new requirements? Here's what the modern extra must be:

She must have a pretty face.
She must have a pretty figure, 
She must be able to dance. 
And to sing. 
She must be young. 
And have personality. 
And excellent health. 
Hordes of chorus directors have been brought 
on from New York to train the girls. These 
are the new moguls. These are the men whose 
favor must be courted. 
Sammy Lee, once a director for Ziegfeld, 
now training the girls for the M.-G.-M. Revue of 
Ladies, goes about his work in a business- 
like fashion. 
"I gather together several hundreds of girls," 
said, "and begin by picking them for face, 
figure and personality. This weeds out a lot of 
them. Then I have them walk across the 
age stage at a time. That shows me whether 
or not they have grace. Many are dropped 
even after this simple test. 
Next I have the pianist play bars of music 
in different tempos. The girls walk to this and 
the time changes as they walk. This betrays 
their sense of rhythm. Finally I begin with 
ACB steps. If they can learn an easy routine 
in an hour I think they have good possibilities. 

"I HAVE never knowingly overworked a girl, 
but the hours are long and the work is hard 
it takes a strong, healthy kid to stand up 
under the strain. Each girl who works in the 
chorus must be a specially dancer. 
And how they've lied to me! I suppose the 
poor things need the work. But they've told 
me how good they are, in how many shows 
they've danced and I've found that they 
didn't know march from waltz time. 
There is a new crop, of course. The only 
extra girls who can be used now are the ones 
who can dance. But many times the girls from 
the ballet schools have much to unlearn before 
they can do jazz steps," 
Maitland Rice, who did the casting for the 
Fox Folies, gathered five hundred girls together 
and chose fifty from the group. Every possible 
source was exhausted. They were found in the 
dancing schools, on the stages and in the 
cabarets. 
In order to test their qualifications, Rice 
sent them first to Fanchon (of Fanchon and 
Marco) where they were tried out in dancing 
numbers. Next they were given individual 
voice tests. Each one sang a bar or two of 
some popular melody. After all this the real 
work began.

Famous Feet 

how they're kept 
free from corns 

Helen Morgan's 

Famous Feet 

"Fish gotta swim and birds gotta 
fly... but nobody's gotta keep a 
corn... Just say 'Blue-jay' to 
Mr. Drug Store Man!" 

So writes Helen Morgan, paraphrasing the famous song she 
sings in "Show Boat."

For 29 years, Blue-jay has been conquering the nation's corns. So gently 
and so conveniently! But now comes a still finer Blue-jay. With a new-style 
white pad that will not bulge the daintiest slipper... Soft and 
cool as velvet. Relieves shoe-pressure and pain at once. And 
an improvement in the famous Blue-jay medication, too, to speed the depar-ture of the corn. If Blue-jay has 
made corns needless in the past, today a corn is a greater folly! The new 
Blue-jay awaits you at all drug stores, 
at no increase in price! For calluses 
and bunions, ask for the larger size 
Blue-jay.

Blue-jay

The safe and gentle way to end a corn

You never lose ivory 
in your bath— 

it floats!

99.4% pure

The dark-town strutter and his 

bride, Stepin Fetchit was 
recently married to Dorothy 
Stevenson, a belle of Los Angeles' 
Harlem. Mr. and Mrs. Fetchit 
spent their honeymoon in 
New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
About the only thing that the old extra can do in the new medium is to be a show girl. This requires only beauty and grace. But there are so few show girls needed. The girls who get the real work are the little dancers. And there can be no faking. They must know how to dance.

The chorus girls are young and spritely and cute and much better off financially than the old extra girl.

So farewell to the beauties of the silent films. The extra girl is still in Hollywood but she is now your saleslady or your nursemaid or your waitress!

**WHAT EVERY EXTRA SHOULD KNOW**

**CENTRAL CASTING CORPORATION**

Registration for SPECIALTIES in SOUND PICTURES

In making my application, I understand that this registration is only for the following specialties in Sound Pictures and not for motion picture extra work.

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**APPLICANT—DO NOT FILL THIS OUT**

| WHAT MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DO YOU PLAY | |
| ARE YOU A SIGHT READER | |
| SOUND ImitATIONS: Animals, birds, noises, whistle, etc | |
| WHAT LANGUAGES DO YOU SPEAK | |
| WHAT DIALECTS DO YOU SPEAK | |
| HAVE YOU HAD SOUND PICTURE EXPERIENCE | |
| HAVE YOU HAD RADIO EXPERIENCE | |
| **WOMEN** | |
| BEAUTIFUL | MISCELLANEOUS |
| COMEDienne | MAIDS |
| CHARACTER-YOUNG | NURSES |
| CHARACTER-M.A | PART |
| CHARACTER-ELDERLY | RIDING |
| CHARACTER-BIT | SPECIALTIES |
| CHARACTER-LATIN | SWIMMER |
| CHARACTER-BLONDE | SMALL |
| CHARACTER-TALL | STUNT |
| HAG-OLD | SPINSTER |
| DRESS-Blond | TALL |
| DRESS-YOUNG | THIN |
| DRESS-M.A | UNDERWORLD |
| DRESS-ELDERLY | VOLUPTUOUS |
| DRESS-BITS | |
| DRESS-LATIN | |

**WARDROBE**

| SPORTS | |

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
An Old Fashioned Girl

(continued from page 47)

He promised her that they would have another good story for her soon. Her next picture, however, turned out to be a Jonah. Three different directors worked on it, and it was in the cutting room for weeks and then finally shelved.

Lorna was farmed out to a quickie company who wanted someone with a name to play an old-fashioned girl in a Civil War picture. It was a flop picture, cheaply made, and it did her more harm than good.

MONTHS of idleness followed. Of course she continued her salary just the same, for she had a contract. But now the contract had almost expired and there had been no mention of taking up the option. Lorna had already seen the writing on the wall. A year ago it would not have worried her. Some other company would have been glad to sign her up, or she could have been sure of plenty of work as a free-lance. But she had been cut of for months. Her name was not worth so much now. With everybody having gone suddenly crazy over the talkies, and with preferential stars, she knew that unless she did something immediately she was absolutely finished. She had not saved anything. Her salary had not been enough to keep up her thought. Perhaps she had been a little extravagant, but being a star is an expensive business.

Her restless fingers fastened and unfastened the jadie clasp of her watch. "Just one good picture would bring me back," she reflected. "If only Thornburg will let me play the lead in 'Lady Blackbird.'"

It was in anticipation of this that she had dressed so carefully for the interview. There indeed was a role which would put Lorna Lane on top of the heap again. If only she could somehow convince Thornburg that she could play it.

Each time the buzzer sounded she looked up expectantly. Finally the boy at the desk nodded to her.

"Hello right, Miss Lane. He'll see you now.

She tried to get hold of herself as she hurried down the corridor toward Thornburg's office. It was ridiculous to feel so shaky and nervous. Thornburg had always been decent to her. He had invested a lot of money in her, building up her name. Surely he couldn't be so unbusinesslike as to throw away without giving her another chance.

"Hello, Lorna," he said casually. "Pardon me while I sign these letters."

A YEAR, even six months ago, he would have crossed the room to take her in his arms and give her a light, impersonal kiss. She remembered that he used to send her a huge basket of flowers every week with a little card on which he had scribbled: "Old-fashioned flowers to the sweetest flower of all." But that was when she was making money for the company and her fan mail was flowing in.

Thornburg signed a sheet of letters and made two telephone calls. Finally he leaned back in his chair and looked across the desk at Lorna.

"What would you be doing now?" he asked.

"The leopard's changing her spots," Lorna replied with a little forced laugh.

"Don't like it. Not your type!" He reached for a cigarette and inserted it in a carved ivory holder.

"But, Bernie dear, I'm so sick of being a type.

"Unconsciously the red mouth pointed out the manner of 'The Girl in the Crinoline'"

"Sorry, Lorna, but I can't see you as anything but an old-fashioned girl with ruffles and picture hats. The public, as you certainly ought to know, feels the same way about it."

"They've never had a chance to see me in anything else. You've hung me with hoop skirts and curls and rubber-stamped me your old-fashioned girl. You've never given me a chance to show you whether I can really act or not."

Thornburg inhaled his cigarette and said nothing. The business of handling stars was an old story to him. They always thought they knew more than the producer.

"Listen, Bernie," Lorna drew her chair closer to his desk. "I've made money for Supreme. You know that.

"Well, the last pictures haven't grossed so much."

"That was because they wished weak stories on me. You know and I know that it would take just one good story to bring me back.

Thornburg was drawing little squares on a pad of paper, seemingly more interested in that than in what Lorna was saying.

"PLEASE, Bernie, give me a break. I deserve it. Let me play the lead in 'Lady Blackbird.'"

"What?" Thornburg burst out laughing.

"Lorna, you're kidding!"

"I never was more serious in my life."

"Then all I can say is that you must have gone cuckoo. Why, that calls for a girl with nerve and daring. What a nice amusing I'd get if I ever put you in such a role."

"Just because I've always played Pollyannas is no reason why I can't play anything else. Use your imagination, Bernie."

"My imagination!" he echoed. "Say, it would be just as easy for me to imagine Mary Pickford playing Lady Mabelth as you playing Lady Blackbird."

"But suppose I was a hit. Think what a feather that would be in your cap. All I'm asking is a chance to show you what I can do. I'll even make a test if you say so. Please, Bernie."

If Thornburg caught that note of desperation in her voice he gave no sign.

"Forget it, Lorna," he said with finality. "We've practically set the girl for 'Lady Blackbird.'"

The telephone jingled and he lifted the receiver off the hook.

"Hello, Miss Lane, she said. "Hello, Lorna, she said. "I'm glad to see you again. Miss Lane, she said. "What have you been doing, Jerry?"

She looked up at him from under plaintive lashes, hoping to see again in Jerry's eyes the flame which had once burned there.

An Old Fashioned Girl

[Images of Lorna Lane and Marjorie Mondell, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. W. W. Mondell of Wyoming, noted for her appealing chic and beauty.

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FRECKLES

Just finished my first talkie. They say it’s a knockout.

It seemed to Lorna that his smile was even more winning than before, and that he remembered it. Perhaps because it was such a contrast to the deep-set blue eyes in which there was always a hint of sadness.

"Thornburg’s just sent for me for a marvelous part. A sort of taming-of-the-shrew story, he says. I tame the shrew. That humorous twinkle which every feminine fan knows, crept into Jerry Conway’s eyes.

"WHAT a break for the shrew." Lorna put something on which felt like a smile but her lips were rigid and she hurried away before he could see the tears which she was keeping to keep back.

There is a saying in Hollywood that you must never accept an office boy. He may be tomorrow’s producer. Lorna thought of that now as she drove away from the studio. Little had she dreamed when she had broken her engagement with Jerry that she would be begging for the chance to play opposite him.

Now, even greater than her desire to win back her lost position in the picture world, was the desire to win Jerry back. She simply had to play Lady Blackbird. Intuition told her that once Jerry held her in his arms, even though a camera were grinning the scene, his love for her would be awakened. She had muffled her interview with Thornburg. She should never have argued with him. She well knew Thornburg’s weakness. Beneath his hard-boiled exterior he was sentimen
tal. She should have pleaded with him, cried, as only she could cry. She would call him up as soon as she got home and try to make another appointment.

Then, as the car halted in traffic, and Lorna’s eyes rested for a moment on a cos
tumer’s window, an even better idea came to her, an idea she could carry out in the comfort of her room.

"There’s something of a show place though few knew of it. He had purchased enough of the coast line to insure privacy and in addition he had built a store well fortified. And she had seen the view from the passerby. On the other side of the house, rough steps, carved out of rock, led down to the sea. ‘A nice secluded spot for a murder,’ his friends often kidded him."

Dinner was over. Thornburg, Jack Fox, the director, Casey Galt, the scenario writer, and Jerry Conway had gone into the miniature theater which formed one wing of the house. This little theater would seat about fifty guests and here Thornburg often staged private pre
vies.

It was luxuriously appointed and he had recently installed sound apparatus for reproduction of the record type of ‘talkies’.

Here man and woman were whisked into shape and here the group had been discussing the forthcoming production of ‘Lady Blackbird’.

Casey Galt had just finished outlining his “treatment” of the story.

"Sounds good, Casey,” Thornburg stroked his chin, “all except the ending. We’ve got figure on something different for the fade-out.”

"But that’s the artistic ending,” insisted Casey. "Anything else would be just hub." "All right,” says Jerry. "Give it to them. We’re in this business to make money.”

Thornburg turned toward the projection booth. “Are you ready, Eddie?”

"O.K. Mr. Thornburg,” the operator called back.

"I got a print of The Tiger Lily so we can take a look at this girl Chiquita,” Thornburg turned back to the others. ‘She’s idea of the Blackbird all right. What do you think of her, Jack?’

The director grinned. “Those black eyes of hers certainly pack an awful wallop, if you ask me.”

"Say, I heard a good one about her the other day. Casey Galt broke in with the bit of gossip concerning the newly im
polored Spanish star.

"They say she’s TNT to handle,” commented the director. "Have you signed her up yet?"

"Not yet. I want to see how she looks on the screen first. All right, Eddie,” he signaled to the operator. ‘Let’s go.’

Someday Mr. Thornburg switched the lights and the room was in darkness except for the charred ends of four cigarettes and the single beam of light which reached from the projection booth to the screen.

They were so engrossed in the film that nobody heard the side door open a few inches. Nobody saw the figure which slipped through the opening and stood for a moment with back close against the wall.

The black-eyed Chiquita had just flashed across the screen when a woman’s voice, but certainly not Chiquita’s, sounded above the whir of the projection machine.

"Put ‘em up!’

The three men seated on the couch jumped up simultaneously. Only Jerry Conway who had taken a seat at the side of the room re
mained quiet, quickly grading his cigarette up to the next.

"Lights!” shouted Thornburg.

"Keep your lights doused,” ordered the voice, ‘and your hands up."

The pair of hands went up automatically. Through the milkly light from the projection machine their startled owners could make out a masked figure in riding breeches and boots, with some sort of a pair of saddle
doff-shots pointed ominously toward them.

"What-the-hell!” muttered Thornburg.

"Can talk. I’m off a run boat—see. Reverse a cutter’s been chasing us. We give ‘em the slip just now and we’ve dumped our stuff in your cellar."

"My God, you can’t do that,” broke in Thornburg.

"Can’t, eh? Try and stop us. And so you guys won’t do any talkin’, we’re gonna take you for a ride. Keep those damned hands up, I say again!"

A faintly弓ed voice came from the announcement of the proposed ‘ride.’

"Get through this door,” ordered the voice.

"And no funny business. I got men outside— and they’re hauling in the road."

The three men who had produced one of the screen’s outstanding melodramas found themselves behaving exactly as their fictitious char
tacters might have done. With hands up, they started for the door.

JERRY CONWAY, however, seated in the dark corner, apparently unseen by the in
truder, had been doing some quick thinking. It struck him that there was something phony about the way those guns were being held. He had heard in the southwest of a new gun tricks himself. He measured the distance between where he sat and the door. Then his long, little body shot across the floor and with an extremely knowing kind of a smile he said, "Boo!"

He was prepared to have her whirl at him with the other. Instead, she screamed. Before he could grab her, she had dropped to the ground.

"Quick, somebody—lights,” Jerry whis
ered hoarsely.

"My God, you’ve killed her!” Thornburg was already leaning toward the lights.

But the lady had only fainted. And when Jerry had jerked off her slouch hat and mask it looked for a moment as though the men were being stripped of the limp figure of Supreme’s Old-Fashioned Girl.

"Well, for cryin’ out loud.” gasped Jack Fox, the director, as he stepped into the nearest chair and began to wipe his forehead.
Thornburg was too dazed to even speak. Jerry lifted her in his arms and placed her on the couch. Slowly she opened her eyes. "Do I get the part, Bernie?" she asked weakly.

"What part?" Thornburg finally found his voice.

"Lady Blackbird."

Then Thornburg exploded. "Hell, no!" he shouted. "Say, I ought to bar you off the lot for pulling a damned fool stunt like that—"

"But you said the girl had to have nerve—"

"And you didn't have it, did you?" he flung back at her. "When it came to a showdown, you loafed—"

Lorna's lower lip trembled and her eyes filled with tears. As naturally as if she still belonged there, Jerry Conway took her in his arms. "Lorna, you darling little idiot, what if those guns had gone off."

"They—weren't loaded," she managed to speak through her tears.

"Weren't loaded?" broke in Casey Galt who was close enough to catch what she said. Then suddenly he clapped Thornburg on the shoulder. "I've got it, Bernie!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Here's the end of our story." He gestured toward Lorna and Jerry.

"I don't get you," grunted Thornburg.

"We'll play our heroine sympathetic—see," explained Casey. "She's in love with Jerry, but he's on the make for another dame—Chiquita, we'll say. The heroine, who is just an old-fashioned girl, reads this book—see—and in desperation she decides to impersonate the Blackbird and kidnap her man. Swell hokum and the audience won't know until Jerry jerks off the mask that it's really the old-fashioned girl."

Thornburg shrugged. "Then we might as well throw the book out of the window."

"Why not? You've still got the title!"

But neither Jerry nor Lorna had heard the new version of the story. "It's wonderful—holding you close to me again like this," Jerry was whispering. "Every love scene I've played I've closed my eyes and imagined you were the girl."

"And every love scene I've played I've wished you were the man—"

Quite oblivious to his audience, his lips crushed against hers in one of those long kisses which every Jerry Conway fan knows.

For a moment the others were quiet. Then from Casey Galt: "And there, gentlemen, is the fadeout for the picture," he pointed to Lorna and Jerry who had suddenly become aware that they were being watched.

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CHICAGO

BASHFUL?

"Darn it!" said Barb. "Are you nervous, worried and confused?" And the young lady sat down and burst into tears. "I can't stand it! " she sobbed. "I've tried every method of keeping his attention o

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Monahan the Menace

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

ing rather sportive, a condition that remained until five minutes before the Twilight Limited pulled out for Chicago on the following afternoon. An apparently chastened Sadie, on parole from the flinty blue eye of the shadow of a pillar, and they enacted one of those stifled railroad station farewells in which two unimportant people are quite sure that the whole world is cavedropping.

Miss Allen allotted him several refined kisses, carefully closing her eyes each time in an endeavor to conjure up the coveted Carlos, while the unpowered Tug glimpsed his satisfaction. Then, disintering a square of cardboard from a capacious pocket, he handed it to her.

"This'll help you remember you belong to a he-man," he announced. "Take a look at that left hand, baby, it can do a lot more than answer mess notes."

Miss Allen gazed ruefully upon an 8 x 12 glass print of a partly nude savage posed strain-
edly in a belligerent attitude and managing to look uncommonly like a two hundred pound simian. And as she examined the lumpy鳄

tails, strange to the nudes, the paper's love lore seeped through her brain. One of them, "Never let him get too sure of you," sounded quite plausible, and so she trusted a nebulous advance of her own instead of the image:

"It looks sort of coarse," she murmured, "but maybe I'll keep it out of sight under my pillow."

"That's talkin,'" said Tug, mounting to the observation platform, only to halt with one leg dangling over the rail. "But say, wait a minute. Not altogether that sad Carlos. You'd better burn them all up."

Miss Allen cast a wary eye up the platform and saw the conductor signal. "Burn nothing," she said coolly. "Of course, I could find room on my dresser, this chrome, providing I moved one of the six I have of Carlos to a nice frame on the wall. Thanks for the idea."

"What's the idea of the sudden switch?" bleated the pucilitist. "You were callin' me honey a minute ago."

"It means that Carlos is still the best man," advised Sadie. Imagine this shopworn face of yours considered by Carlos."

"I'll kill that sissy!" howled Tug, as the train began to move. "All right, you two-dime, go on back and sharpen your collars if you don't want the next champ."

"You couldn't swing a towel for a real fighter," jibed the girl, "and here's what you get for insulting a lady. Her capable hands ripped Tug's mouth wide open, scattered them over the track while the heavy weight stared bovvinely. "So long, stupid," tinkled Sadie, blowing a sarcastic kiss, as the worried warrior, brandishing his huge fists in impotent rage, was borne swiftly into the dust, registering a most excellent quality of bestial hate.

Four days later, Mr. Monahan drifted into San Francisco along with the morning mist and, after considerable bragging to cynical sports editors, endeavored to stake his claim amongst the pugilistic lads that adorned the preliminaries. After half paralyzing his opponents with a series of hideous expressions, he finished the affairs with a flurry of color-producing wallops but there was nothing personal in the execution.

Like all crusaders his eyes were fixed on a subliminal goal, and every book, jab and upper cut landed theoretically on the debonair Carlos. His plans were simple. After accumulating a stake he would invade Hollywood, ambush his rival, return to Detroit fortified with press clippings and a bankroll, and drag the wilful Sadie to the altar.

At the end of his sixth battle Tug found himself with a popularity caused more by his battered countenance than his microscopic ability, a libelous cartoon in the Chronicle and an offer from a Los Angeles promoter to show his wares at the Hollywood Stadium.

Pushing over a home guard at Fresno on the way south, the elated Mr. Monahan, feeling the day of vengeance drawing closer, pranced out into the sun as a donkey of the colony and tangle dangled with an unnamable Mexican. The spirit of Carlos seemed to hover tormenting around the swarthy one, so Tug glanced at the clock and administered the knockout after two rounds of crudely slow punishment.

Then, lurching through the crowd to an accompaniment of ribald remarks amnest his appearance, he retired to the dressing room and stretched himself luxuriously on a railing slab. Mr. Monahan decided, and—

Hey, boyfrighten," piped a voice from the doorway.

Mr. Monahan rolled over and surveyed calmly a little man with eyes like shoe buttons. Beside him stood a dark, good looking youth carelessly dressed in flannel trousers and an orange slipover.

"Don't you got?" said the little man admiringly, edged closer. "Maybe you'd like to cash in on it, yes?"

"If you're a manager, heat it," grunted Tug. "I don't make enough jack to cut with any camp stool coppers."

"That's right," nodded Mr. Zoop. "Next faces I'm always lookin' for and anyone with a musk like yours would make a nifty menace."

Tug scratched his head and said more heavily thinking. "Yah?" he inquired suspiciously.

"What is it?"

"A guy who preys upon purity," Mr. Zoop informed him. "Not only is he the size, the type that you ever catch up to it, you understand, thanks to Will Hays and the Quebeck censor, but ain't it a swell occupation? You insult the gal for five reels and take a slam in the jaw for the blowout."

"Real lightweight stuff," put in the other man. "You'll be as full of frustration as a Greenwich Village playlet."

"Too much language," husked the mystified Tug. "All I got was somethin' about a rap in the jaw."

"It ain't real," beamed Mr. Zoop, and thought of gettin' paid for chasin' Rosie Redpath—"that obstinacy. Look, I'm laughin'! Anyhow, Carlos wouldn't hurt you."

Mr. Monahan leaped from the slab and draped himself sketchily with a ragged towel. "Who," he bellowed.

"This shelter right with me," announced the president. "Carlos Cabrillo, himself."

"He's weak," inquired the raging prize-fighter. "Not if I'm sensible, he don't.

"Why not?" countered Abe. "A couple dozen wouldn't make a dent in that schwatzbubbe."

The unheeding Mr. Monahan was busily scrutinizing the rakish youth. "Just a second," he said abruptly. "Why aren't you in those yellow-outfits? Where's your sideburns? Go on, he's no Spaniard; he talks like he comes from Brooklyn."

"You dig sideburns?" sneered Mr. Cab-

rillo, "his voice severely stung. "Brooklyn, your eye. I'm from the Bronx and no Detroit gaseater gets gay with me. If you're mixin' the real me up with those passionate pictures of,
mine, you'd better change your act. I'm only the Cordovian Kid from eight to five."

Tug stared incredulously. Was this the decline of Sadie's velvety ideals? Impossible—yes, as he stared Carlos unconsciously fell into a theatrical posture and turned the famous profile to the light. Mr. Monahan's righteous anger flared anew. His hoarse brain waves concerning a humiliating revenge kept him silent, and he merely wrinkled his countenance under the stress of unaccustomed thought. "You feel dizzy?" asked the solicitous Mr. Zoop, not recognizing the symptoms.

"Something just came to me," said Mr. Monahan in the manner of an artist who has decided to paint a square egg. "What's the wages for this racket?"

"Three hundred a week," promised Abie, "and a contract suck full of whereass. More money if you have to talk, but at last we get plenty footage with that hairy ape front of yours. Where do you live? I'll send an automobile to bring you over to Culver City in the morning."

Tug gave him the information and headed for a shower as the picture men withdrew. The lanes of icy water stimulated him to flights of fancy and soon he was grinning at the front; the laughter of Mr. Cabrello. "Bang—smack in the bugle!" he chanted. "Zip—off goes an eyebrow! Slam—a little more red on them ruby lips!" and in the midst of his shadowy boasting Mr. Monahan stepped upon the soap, gyrated wildly for an instant and then crashed profoundly into the unresponsive tiles.

His entry into the picture industry caused a ripple of curiosity among the backlot tellers at the Stupefaction Studios and it became part of the day's routine to inspect Tug's murderous features. Women stared timidly, the pretty men with thankfulness and the less fortunate menaces regarded him enviously. No makeup was allowed to conceal the Monahan countenance; only a slight coating of vaseline brought out the highlights like the scars and riddles on a topographical map, and even this slipperiness of substance was transformed into "leopard oil" by the publicity department.

After a few days of practice he was added to the cast of "Docks and Dereglets" and put in a pleasant time leering through trap doors at Rosie Redpaw's den in ineligible tracts, or scuffing with her in dimly lit alleys. The flamboyant Rosie, diffusing the fragrance of Parma violets, seemed, to Tug's aesthetic vision, an unsuitable type for a working denizen, but he pursued her with all the dishonorable intentions ordered by the director.

Next morning saw the dawn of the day of retribution. Announcement was made that light scenes would be filmed, and as the plot required a whale for the locale, the cast motored down to San Pedro where one had been rented from a steamship company. Tug, with the uncanny attraction of the criminal for his victim, clamored in beside the slimy Carlos and, assembled as much as possible, launched into speech.

"A handsome guy like you must get a flock of masch notes," he lisped.

"Nine hundred a week," said the star.

"Tangled up with any dames?"

"Three, and they certainly keep me busy."

Mr. Monahan burst with silent fury. And this was the bird who had the inside track with feminine hearts!

"Look here, big fellow," said Carlos, watching him closely. "You don't seem to like me. What's the trouble? I get on first rate with everybody else." Tug grew slightly purple as he nursed his wounds. "Or perhaps you're trying to keep in character so as to give a good performance. If that's so, good luck to you."

Mr. Monahan mumbled indistinctly and maintained a murky silence for the rest of the trip. They reached the whale to find the cameras ready for them, and under the prodding of an assistant director Tug changed into greyish overalls and armed himself with a dangerous looking wrench made of balsa wood. Carlos, already dressed in a first mate's uniform, freshened his makeup and then attached the hated sideturns, which were composed of red hair glued to strips of adhesive tape.

"I'll need you two in about an hour," said the director as he shunted them to the end of the dock, and you'd better rehearse that crap while you're waiting. You come rushing at Carlos, Monahan, and scowl your prettiest. He defies you. Then you plunge forward swinging the wrench—one, two, three, slow tempo. Full measures each time and follow through with every blow. Carlos backs up but as you get ready for the fourth wallop he pops you a couple, and you stagger into the railing which gives way with you.

"Guess again," suggested Tug with an apprehensive glance at the water forty feet below.

"Don't get upstage with me," cautioned the director. "I won't stand for it from anyone who supports themselves. When I put you in position for this shot the third blow will bring you opposite a section of railing that's been sawed. You simply tumble through into a net just under the edge, so there's no danger. A stunt man does a real fall that will be snapped from below later on. Don't forget, now—one, two, three steps and go halfway with the fourth. Then Carlos cracks you, and you fade, but be sure to give me hatred, agony and evil on the way!"

"I'll slip you a lenient," promised Mr. Monahan, as he squared off with Carlos and blundered through the time action like a horse on

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“So that’s it,” said the brown-haired damsels, regarding him from suddenly narrowed eyes.

“What a refreshing lover you must be, going to all this trouble. Well, I expect I’d better not be in the way when they begin, but I certainly will be watching you.” She sauntered away, nodding here and there, and finally was lost from view in a little knot of lookers.

“Monahan up!” shouted the director, scurrying to the battleground. “Now, I want you to come running into the picture, my bucko, until you reach this chalk mark. Then you glance at me whistle, and after that you go into the scrap. Carlos, where’s Carlos?”

“Right here,” called Mr. Cabrillo, approaching from the rear. His well built figure was set off by the navy blue uniform and his profile beneath a gold braided cap would have sent Sadie into transports of ecstasy. His black eyes smoldered at Tug for an instant, then he smiled with the scornful superiority of a foregone winner. “All set,” he told the director, and immediately assumed a salt water swagger.

The cameras began to whir at the director’s signal. Carlos, instead of retreating with the third blow, froze, his tracks and rocked the astonished Tug with a left to the wind that drove him against the rail. Granting with anguish, the counterfeit stoker tried to straighten up, but a looping uppercut knocked him through, the weakened support. Then panic broke loose on the dock, for the force of the blow had sent Mr. Monahan to the outer edge of the protecting net, whence he bounded into the air and described a blurred arc before vanishing under a couple of waves.

A flurry of advice reached him as he came to the surface, but on opening his mouth to yell, he shipped several quarts of the Pacific Ocean and disappeared once more, thrashing helplessly. It was all too apparent that the indubitable menace could not swim. A rope was lowered and frantic orders were dispatched for
a boat, but Carlos, watching anxiously, saw that immediate action was required. With workmanlike precision he hauled in a moment from a protruding stringer and then dropped into the creamy water.

A second later Mr. Monahan's disinterested head popped forth and Carlos, purring contentedly, turned the pugilist over on his back and towed him to the beach.

AFTER a little manhandling in the guise of first aid Tug swore feebly and sat up. "You pulled me out?" he croaked.

"Certainly, you dummy," snapped Mr. Cabrillo. "Do you think I wanted you to drown? I can get enough publicity without committing murder."

"You're a game guy," said Tug brokenly, "and I guess I owe you my life."

"That's all right. You can pay me the two bits any time."

"Somebody wised you up," mused Mr. Monahan as memory scared him. "It must have been that nice little dame or I'm a monkey's uncle."

"Never mind that now," said Carlos. "Here come the gang all full of questions. Keep your trap shut and I'll stall them. Hello, Al!" he grinned at the breathless director. "Too much sunshine, or something—got my signals mixed and hit poor old Monahan too soon. Awfully sorry. Do you want a retake?"

"Retake!" scoffed Al. "Boy, that was a natural if ever there was one. You're not hurt?"

"Just a little. Monahan's who's under the weather; he feels sort of double crossed, too, and I don't blame him."

The director looked down at the gasping gang and wished he could keep him for his work on this picture, but I'll want him for all my under-world stuff from now on. What a face! Monahan, old kid, you did a great piece of work; it looked all real to you. Get yourself a good rest here and I'll call you at lunch time."

TUG passed the afternoon inspecting the progress of the picture but no amount of furtive peering could detect a hermit of a face. He was hard to understand as a dry congressman's ally. He sighed unhappily and began speculating on the attractiveness of a hermit's career. He had reached the point where he saw himself, white-bearded and leonine, creeping out of his cave in the Grand Canyon to die disdainfully before a hating crowd of repudiated school teachers when the director called it a day, and he became aware that Carlos had halted beside him.

"Still sore at me for protecting myself?"

"Not so much, but you've done me a lot more damage than that—with your girl."

The little Mr. Cabrillo studied the menace and a shade of amusement crossed his face. "You're not as tough as you look, Monahan," he said. "Feeling like a sap, eh? Forget it; I was a bigger one when I first hit Hollywood. What do you say to coming home to supper with me? Perhaps I can get you straightened out."

The dazed prizefighter allowed himself to be loaded into a car and found it impossible to emerge from a trance until they rolled in at a driveway leading to a miniature White House. A musical hall thrilled through the warm air, and Tug stared across a smoothly shaven lawn at a trim figure, followed by two little girls, coming toward him.

"Those are the three women I was telling you about," remarked Carlos. "It's a wild life we lead."

For some reason, Mr. Monahan felt himself quaking. A cool hand lay for a moment in his grimy paw and a pair of candied eyes smiled up at him.

"I'm glad you didn't hurt my husband," said the brown haired girl.

"A, lady," he protested, and then stopped, bowed and exulted. But later, having had his palate tickled by the creations of a Filipino cook, he sprawled at ease in the living room and entertained his hosts with lurid tales of carnage in the ring. Carlos listened appreciatively, but his wile, exhibiting symptoms of impious curiosity, finally darted in with the all-important question: "What about the girl?"

Mr. Monahan, who had been aching to approach the subject but lacked the gumption to do so, rose cautiously to the bait. "She's one of the million who think you're their own personal idol," he told Carlos, "which is a bad break for me because she's the only steady I ever had. I almost had her lassoed last year until she saw you in 'Wrecks of Sex,' and ever since she's been moaning like a sick pigeon. We had a bust up over your newest picture, and out I came to drag you, but after this I'll never be able to look her in the knees again."

Mr. Cabrillo coughed uneasily. "You haven't told us her name," he reminded.

"Sadie Allen, Doc-trot, Michi- gan."

"Do you know her?" Carlos inquired of his wife.

For answer the dainty Mrs. Cabrillo went over to a desk, withdrew a morocco banded ledger and ran her finger down a long list of A's.

"We certainly do," she announced. "I wrote her for the fourth time on October 29th, and sent another photograph."

"Cockeyed censors!" cried Mr. Monahan. "You mean to say you don't write them letters yourself?"

"Hardly," laughed Carlos. "I wouldn't have any time to work if I did that."

"And I suppose you don't sign the photos, either. Haw, haw, haw!" rared Tug, as he thought of Sadie's art gallery.

"I ain't heard such good news since a referee gave me a slow count in Philly. You care are a smooth worker to get it all organized like a real business."

Mr. and Mrs. Cabrillo did not join in the merriment, but looked at him seriously. "But it is a business," declared the star. "I'd like to answer a lot of my mail but I can't do it and make pictures as well, so my wife and two secretaries attend to it. Don't you see that the fans are my biggest asset—that the amount of mail I get influences my salary? Take your Miss Allen, multiply her by a thousand, and perhaps you'll see why Abbe Zoop puts box car numbers on my cheque."

"I never was much on figures," confessed Tug, "except that I like 'em plump. So there's nothin' between you and Sadie."

Mrs. Cabrillo hid a smile. "She probably sent a particularly nice note," she told him, "which is why she received a personal reply. Most people ask for just a photograph. You haven't any real rival, Mr. Monahan, so you'd better not be discouraged."

"It's not such a cinch to be handsome," said Carlos. "I can't help my looks any more than you can. I get four thousand a week because I caught on with the ladies, and if they want to think I'm a passionate pilgrim, how can I stop them? It takes acting, too. Kosie was eating cinnamon toast yesterday, and I can't stand the taste of it."


"Oh," said Mr. Cabrillo reflectively. "Look here, why don't you stay out here and cash in on that face of yours. Then send for your girl when you've got a bungalow to put her in? If you go back to the fight game you'll end up by imagining you're Paul Revere."

AINT it the truth," beamed the pugilist, "then his face clouded. "But when Sadie sees you in prison I'll laugh."

Carlos frowned thoughtfully. "Women are strong on first impressions," he observed. "My wife fell in love with me at a wake because I looked so cheerful when I handed around the sandwiches. Now, if I'd been——" He broke off and eyed the menace apprehensively. "Ever hear about the Einstein Theory?"

"Saw it up in smaller chunks," said the puzzled Tug.

"Well, according to him, everything is comparative," said Mr. Cabrillo with elaborate

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nonchalant. "That's all you need to know now." In November, Mr. Monahan had been an unlovely chrysalis; by March, he burst forth a gaudy Hollywood butterfly somewhat dazzled by his own brilliance. Cruelty being the natural order of chrysalis, thereby making the hero's inevitable triumph all the more glorious, the vindictive Tug pursued his roles of ruffianism as fast as one director could hand him to another.

A desultory correspondence had been carried on with the rebellious Miss Allen, although, acting on a hint from Carlos, Tug said nothing about their friendship from his pocket.

When the first ripples of success reached Detroit, she affected to believe that she was being taken for a ride, and then receded coyly until the arrival of an engagement ring completed her surrender.

The release date of "Docks and Derelicts" endeared Mr. Monahan with that large section of the public which loves vicious terror. Condescending monitors trickled from the pens of vipersich critics and Sadie, watching the widefront idol with more than a little awe, decided that spinach would do if you couldn't have broccoli, and wired Tug that she would leave for the coast on the next train.

Five days later she was back rudely up the ramp at the Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles, looking eagerly for Tug's familiar thatch, when an untidy young man touched her arm.

"I got a ten spot that says you're Sadie Allen," he said huskily.

That spruce young woman eyed him with detestation. The across-town gardener in a twilled linen suit, his hair was like a tangle of brushwood and he had needed a shave for the past three days.

"That's my name," she nodded. "What's the matter with your Tug?"

"He's on location, the big tomato," said the young man, grinning evilly, "and after hearing him brag about his swell looking girl I thought I'd get a peek at her so I told him I'd meet you.

He appropriated her luggage and led the way to a glistening motor car.

"Hop in, miss," he invited, "and I'll roll you out to the hotel."

Miss Allen congealed with dignity. "Don't get so familiar, she cautioned.

"And why not," chuckled her companion, "after you raving about me for months." He pushed her roughly into a seat and climbed over her.

"Limb up your eyes, baby," he advised, "and then congratulate yourself at being this close to your Carlos."

"Do you mean to say," stammered Sadie, "that you're—"

The kid himself, said Mr. Cabrillo, hiccuping slightly as he started the car. "This is a break for you, Queenie, for what did I do but leave eight frills in Beverly Hills weeping their eyes out for me."

Sadie stole a quick glance at the chiselled profile, now a mere pasty outline as his jaw hung slack.

A feeling of revulsion gripped her, yet she was unable to tear her eyes from the magnet. So this was the way heroes looked when they weren't being prompted! Plainly, the lambent Carlos was as earthy as any street chump.

She sat through with misery until the car slid to anchor down an unrefractory side road on the fringe of Elysian Park.

"You look like a live one," cooed Mr. Cabrillo, undulating toward her in exactly the same manner he used in "Wrecks of Sex," "so I guess I'll put my trade mark on you."

And, getting a half nelson on the shrinking Sadie, he bent her shingly face to her, but not, a close observer would have noted, all the way. "Kiss me," he demanded, and it became unpleasantly apparent that he was addicted to the eating of licorice.

This final blow spurred the horror-stricken girl to hasty action, and breaking loose by main strength, she faced the shattered idol. "Drive me to that hotel or I'll have Tug attend to you," she warned.

"He won't be back until late this evening," sneered Carlos. "What right has that ugly ogre to a princess like you, anyhow? Come on, give me that kiss."

"I wouldn't give you the right time," rasped Sadie, "and Tug is a fine, big, upright man, and I love him."

"You mean to say you'd pass me up for that crackpot?" asked Mr. Cabrillo, fishing another stick of licorice from his pocket.

"I certainly don't!" cried Sadie. "I thought you were so wonderful, but you're nothing but a wrong number to me. I should have had the chance enough to know that before I rescue lost my Tug. Are you going to take me to that hotel or do I have to scratch that swell nose of yours."

"Heh, heh," sniffed Mr. Cabrillo, registering disdain. "Well, there's plenty of other dames who'll let me trample on their hearts, girlie, so I guess I'll sidetrack you."

He drove swiftly to the Roosevelt and deposed Miss Allen with the doorman.

"You wouldn't change your mind?" he said insincerely.

"I ordered his passenger," before I forget a lady, "All right," growled Carlos, "but mark my words, you proud hussy, you haven't seen the last of me."

Then for a moment the engaging smile that thrilled feminine hearts flooded his unshaven face.

"Good luck, Sadie," he said clearly, and as she turned curiously, he swerved the car quickly into the traffic before he started laughing.

Eight o'clock found Sadie at her window watching the soft purple dusk of the California evening creep across the ragged foothills to spout out the pastel shades of twilight. The sky was filled with the song of the nightingale, a fact that mysterious blur, but where, pondered Miss Allen somewhat impatiently, was the home-spun thread that belonged to her? Truly, love was more elusive than spinning an accorndy-plaied shirt.

The purple was melting into velvety blackness when the door crashed open to reveal Mr. Monahan bulging from his overcoat with a fact that mysterious blur, but where, pondered Miss Allen somewhat impatiently, was the home-spun thread that belonged to her? Truly, love was more elusive than spinning an accordion-plaid shirt.

Having profited by a close study of Carlos' technique, he advanced determinedly and unfolded Miss Allen in a classic embrace, to which she yielded without undue struggling.

Tug was no parlor snake, she told herself as a rib or two crept dangerously. Here he was, starchy, pressed and scrubbed to a fresh virility that overcame such handicaps as a squared profile.

Finally, after ten minutes of the usual amorous nothings, he came up for air.

"I'd of got here sooner, but we've been doin' desert stuff out in the Mojave for the last three weeks and I was forced to get cleaned up," he advised. "Did Carlos take good care of you, honey?"

"Don't mention him, the rowdy scalawag," sniffed Sadie.

"Hey," admonished her suitor, "you don't want to be knockin' him like that. Why, he hadn't been lookin' at you for weeks and there'd been nobody to meet you. Although," nuzzled Mr. Monahan, wrinking his brow, "just the other day they held me over is beyond me, because I didn't do nothin' to speak of."

"He tried to play you for a sucker, that's all."

"You can't talk that way about my pal," asserted the mystified Tug. "Shame on you, for blessin' me with the reports and the reports and the reports and all. Maybe he still looked weary after three weeks of inhalin' sand but, he's a swell actor and a swell gentleman for lookin' after you when he could have been
home with his wife and kids. What's got into you, anyhow—you used to be nuts about him.”

"Wife and kids!” screeched Sadie. "Oh, the, the—"  

"Cut it out,” said Mr. Monahan sternly. "He's a grand guy, and I wouldn't harm a hair of his head. Furthermore, he's just what you used to call him and he'll play the part tomorrow.”

"I hate him,” sobbed the girl. "All I want is you.”

"That's a kayo line," chuckled Tug as he kissed her, "but we can't get along without Carlos. Whoever heard of a classy weddin' without a best man?"

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LUCKY BOY—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking. Part Talkie. (March.)

LUKE AND JENNIFER—M-G-M.—Some very funny parts. Part Talkie. (June.)

MADAME HICHER UP THE M-G-M—Three-reel talkie, with Robert Edeson and Helen Bresworth in fine voice. Heavy dramar. All Talkie. (April.)

MAN I LOVE—Paramount.—A slight story, but you’ll like Richard Arlen’s work. All Talkie. (July.)

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

MISTRESS OF THE WATCH—M-G-M—Beautiful love story and little girl. Part Talkie. (July.)

MOTHER’S DAY—Pathé.—Just another Jolson plot, only this time the singer is an Irishman, Morton Downey. All Talkie. (July.)


MY MAN—Warner.—A chance to hear Pan American singing all her best songs. Not a story, but a good Vitaphone novelty. Part Talkie. (March.)

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND—M-G-M.—Beautiful and thrilling all-color production based on Jules Verne’s story. Entertaining fantasy. Sound. (May.)

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

NAVAYO—Goodwill.—Lives and habits of the Navajo Indians, shot among them. Very educational. Just a little longer news reel. Silent. (May.)

NEW YEAR’S EVE—Fox.—Dripping with sentimentality and sticky with melodrama. Sound. (January.)

NOISY NEIGHBORS—Pathé.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. Part Talkie. (Feb.)

NO MORE CHILDREN—Broughton.—Tasteless and worthless birth control propaganda. Don’t be fooled, it’s just stupid. Silent. (June.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an old, but good, stage farce. A pleasant evening’s entertainment. All Talkie. (July.)

NOTHING TO WEAR—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn’t hard to watch. Silent. (March.)

NOT QUITE DECENT—Fox.—Louse Dresser also does an Al Jolson. Can you bear it? Part Talkie. (July.)

OBJECT, ALIMONY—Columbia.—He done right by turning the little shop-girl, but it made all a tripe and freakish picture. Silent. (April.)

OFFICE SCANDAL, THE—Pathé.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. Part Talkie. (Feb.)

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

OUR MODERN MAIDENS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. in a sequel to “Our Dancing Daughters.” Must you be told that it’s a mediocre hit? Part Talkie. (July.)

OUTLAWED—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! Silent. (March.)

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

PAGAN, THE—M-G-M.—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Ramon Novarro, Rene Adore and others. See it. Sound. (April.)

PAWNS OF PASSION—World Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

PEACOCK FAN, THE—Chesterfield.—A quickie mystery melodrama that could only happen in the films. Tom (“Big Paradise”) O’Brien in it. Silent. (May.)

PHIPPS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie scripted by Texas Guinan in forget before you leave the theater. All Talkie. (Feb.)

RAINBOW, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. Sound. (Feb.)

RAINBOW MAN, THE—Sono-Art—Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does his version of the Jolson role. He has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Warner.—Latin Cantina stories mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable, but the picture has a certain pull. Part Talkie. (March.)

RED SKIN—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent cast of an Indian love story that will delight your eye Sound. (Feb.)

RED SWORD, THE—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a log chance for our old pal, Curried Myers. Silent. (April.)

RESCUE, THE—Goldwyn—United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best, but an unsatisfactory short. No Oscar for his plow, but good atmosphere and detail. Sound. (March.)

RESTLESS YOUTH—Columbia.—Just a very one, very cheap—story. Silent. (Feb.)

RIVER, THE—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Dorothy. A drama that is not for the children. Part Talkie. (March.)

ROARING FIRES—Elbee.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July.)


SALVAGE—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. Silent. (June.)

SATAN’S REIGN—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. Silent. (March.)

SATURDAY’S CHILDREN—First National.—It was a Paliku prize stage play, but the movie version is slow. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (July.)

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN—First National.—I love the title, don’t you? But unfortunately it’s just a horsepede mystery story. Sound. (Feb.)

SHADY LADY, THE—Pathé.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. Part Talkie. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI—Universal.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the mothah, fighting vainly to save all from the bow-wows of bordom. Silent. (May.)

SHIE GOES TO WAR—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. And the battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great, picture. Sound. (June.)

SHIP MATE—Educational.—In the Navy with Lapiero Lane. Plenty of lauguage as the pies and dishes go whuzzing by. All talkie. (July.)

SHIPS OF THE NIGHT—Rayart.—South Sea beat with someone who’s never eaten a doughnut. Too much Conrad plot, but good atmosphere and detail. Sound. (July.)

SHOW BOAT—Universal.—Lavish production of a great musical novel that deserved less obvious direction. Part Talkie. (June.)

SIDESHOW, THE—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little billy plays the lead in this story of a minstrel’s battle for success. Silent. (May.)

SILENT SENTINEL, THE—Columbia.—A crook drama, of all oddities! Silent. (Feb.)

SIN SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. Sound. (June.)

SKY SKIDDER, THE—Universal.—They are all back now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. Silent. (May.)

SMALL TOWN SINNERS—Hugo Braun.—German films, with most of the action in a barroom. Silent. (May.)

SOME MOTHER’S BOY—Raysart.—Quiddle bokum, Silent. (June.) [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]
NOT SO LONG AGO, perhaps within the memory of the reader, horseless carriages whizzed by at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and innocent bystanders declared that "wonders would never cease". Only yesterday, it seems, the talking motion picture was an illusive hope—something for inventors to dream about. Today it is an actuality, universally known and already regarded by a public, accustomed to marvels, as an accepted and established form of entertainment. In a surprisingly brief period of time the miraculous has become a commonplace.

A Glance Backward

Since Movietone is now the accepted method of talking picture production, it may be well to trace the growth of this new form of dramatic expression.

In 1911, Theodore W. Case started to experiment with a process of photographing sound on film. In 1916, Earl I. Sponable joined him and they worked together.

Early in 1926, they presented their idea to William Fox as a workable basis for perfectly synchronized reproduction of sound and action. With characteristic keenness of judgment and foresight, Mr. Fox recognized the potential value of the idea and agreed to finance further experiments in his own laboratories.

In January, 1927, Fox Movietone was first introduced to the public at the Sam Harris Theater in New York. In October, the first all-Movietone newsreel was shown at the Roxy Theater in New York.

Developments came swiftly. June of 1928 saw the first all-dialog comedy in two reels—the Fox Movietone production "The Family Picnic." Six months later, the talking picture emerged as a distinct, full-fledged entertainment with the presentation of "In Old Arizona," the first feature-length, all-dialog talking picture ever made almost wholly out of doors. "In Old Arizona" not only broke all box office records—it definitely established the talking picture as a separate, distinct medium of expression—neither screen, nor stage, nor yet a hybrid combination of both, but a unique, different form, requiring a new technique and offering new possibilities for artistic development.

His judgment in the future of Movietone so completely vindicated, William Fox spared no energy in the development of this new medium.

Fox Movietone News quickly became a three-issue-a-week feature, revealing the vocal images of such famous personages as Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Colonel Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Premier Mussolini, King George Fifth of England, King Alfonso of Spain—preserving not only their likenesses, but also their living voices, their very personalities, for posterity. Today fifty special Fox Movietone News trucks are in service the world over—reporting in sight and sound what happens when it happens in England, France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Italy, India, China and Japan. One unit has actually circled the globe!

At Fox Hills, California, a new $10,000,000 studio has been especially created for the production of talking pictures. This gigantic plant, occupying 180 acres, is actually a city in itself—Fox Movietone City. Here alone, twenty-five complete recording units are now in operation.
Many of the products of Fox Movietone City have already scored phenomenal successes throughout the United States—"The Black Watch", "Thru Different Eyes", "The Valiant" and "Fox Movietone Follies".

A Pledge for the Future

The tremendous provision of physical facilities for the creation of Fox Movietone productions is impressive. But more wonderful still is the assurance of the future of Movietone.

From the ranks of concert singers and stage players Mr. Fox has recruited some of the most brilliant stars of this generation—John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, William Collier, Will Rogers, George Jessel, Walter Catlett, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Duncan, to name only a few.

To provide the vehicles in which these stars will be presented to the public, Mr. Fox has assembled a veritable host of outstanding dramatists, composers and playwrights. Oscar Straus, the famous Viennese composer, has composed the first operetta for Fox Movietone, "Married in Hollywood." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, famous as popular song writers, have written a musical comedy, "Sunny Side Up," in which Janet Gaynor is to be heard. Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of "What Price Glory" have written "The Cock Eyed World" in which Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe will appear under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

Never before in the history of motion pictures has there been marshalled in its service so varied, so magnificent an array of talent! Never before has the theater-loving public been able to look forward to such a feast of rare and excellent entertainment as is now in the making in Movietone City!

And under the intelligent, resourceful and courageous leadership of William Fox, Movietone will live up to the high promise it holds. It will take the place it justly deserves in the realm of theatre art—a place unique and distinct.

This is a pledge to the great entertainment loving public of America. And the entire Fox organization is united in a determination to keep that pledge!

Now Victor McLaglen as Flagg and Edmund Lowe as Quirt

_talk in THE COCK EYED WORLD, directed by Raoul Walsh_

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell

_sing in an original musical comedy_

SUNNY SIDE UP

composed by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson

ELINOR GLYN'S

first talking picture

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS

enacted by Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan

Will Rogers

_talks straight from the screen in Homer Croy's story_

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

directed by Frank Borzage with dialog by Owen Davis

Norma Terris & J. Harold Murray singing

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

an original operetta composed for Fox Movietone

by Oscar Straus

Lenore Ulric

_in her talking screen debut_

FROZEN JUSTICE

with Louis Wolheim

Warner Baxter

_as THE CISCO KID_

_in a colorful outdoor talking picture_

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED

SOMME, THE—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. Silent. (Feb.)

SONNY BOY—Warner.—They've put poor little Davey Lee in a bedroom farce! The kid is swell, the film disappoints. Part Talkie. (May.)

★ SPEAKING—Fox.—The talkies' first melodrama of the prize ring and the under-cover barrooms. Fast entertainment. All Talkie. (May.)

★ SPEED CLASSIC, THE—Excellent.—An auto-racing picture—and just like all the others. Silent. (Feb.)

SPITE MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best that Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don't miss. Sound. (April.)

SQUALL, THE—First National.—All about a bad, bad baby vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July.)

SQUARE SHOULDERS—Pathé.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. Part Talkie. (March.)

STOOL PIGEON—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. Silent. (Feb.)

★ STRANGE CARGO—Pathé.—Another mystery, this time on board a yacht, with an all-stage cast. All Talkie. (Apr.)

★ STRONG BOY—Victor McLaglen in a rattling good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage stealers. Sound. (April.)

★ STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE—Paramount.—Talkies' thrilling serial comes to the screen and makes a coring melodrama. Talkie. (July.)

★ SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—Jack Holt in one of the best Westerns in months. And Jack's a sheriff. Devine! Silent. (April.)

SYNCOPTION—RKO.—Gay and jazzy night club entertainment that will enliven your evening. All Talkie. (June.)

SYNTHETIC SIN—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. Sound. (Feb.)

★ THAT PARTY IN PERSON—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ THIS IS HEAVEN—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Vilma Banky talks and it is charming! But the story—Cindrella, No. 123456789. Part Talkie. (May.)

★ THREE PASSIONS, THE—United Artists.—Rex Ingram produces an old-fashioned story of English high life, with Alice Terry still an ice cake. Sound. (April.)

★ THREE WEEK-ENDS—Paramount.—It has Charlo Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. Silent. (Feb.)

THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warner.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July.)

★ TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Bear Geste" atmospher. Silent. (July.)

TRACKED—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. Silent. (Feb.)

★ TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES, THE—FBO.—Easy-going Western, with Tom Tyler just lipin' into the scene, Tom and Frankie Darro together. Silent. (April.)

★ TRENT'S LAST CASE—Fox.—A mystery story, treated like a farce. And very good, too. Sound. (June.)

TRIAL OF MARY DUCAN—M-G-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is a literal translation of one of the best recent plays. and a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. All Talkie. (June.)

TROPICAL NIGHTS—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. Silent. (March.)

TROPIC MADNESS—FBO.—Turbulent melodrama of England and the South Seas. Silent. (April.)

TRUE HEAVEN—Fox.—A poly story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and Big George O'Brien. Superlative.—But the one about the innocent boy, the nurse, the revenge! Silent. (May.)

TYRANT OF RED GULCH—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. Silent. (Feb.)

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actions of this picture. It's different and it has primitive charm. (July.)

★ UNEASY MONEY—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. Silent. (Feb.)

★ YAVACUB BOND, THE—FBO.—Mostly just a story. Silent. (July.)

★ VEILED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. Sound. (Feb.)

★ VOICE IN THE STORM, THE—FBO.—Just before the hangover, mother. The old one about the innocent boy, the nurse, the revenge! Silent. (May.)

★ WEARY RIVER—First National.—Barthelmess' first talkie, with the star as a reformed cowboy. Another popular sensation. Part Talkie. (April.)

★ WHAT A NIGHT!—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a a gaggy—and gag—newspaper story. Silent. (Feb.)

★ WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE—Raroart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-grass racing story, with Helene Costello and Rex Lees. Silent. (July.)

★ WHERE EAST IS EAST—M-G-M.—Another Chaney bed-time story, with a touch of Kipling and Sess. Silent. (July.)

★ WHY BE GOOD?—First National.—Colleen Moore at her maudlin and nicest. Peppy and entertaining. Sound. (April.)

★ WILD BLOOD—Universal.—Rex, the wonder horse, gets a rough demotion as a particularly childish Western. Silent. (April.)

★ WILD ORCHIDS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in a story that proves that the talkie is still the triumph. The scene in Java—the details are superb—and the picture is an absolute sensation. Sound. (April.)

★ WILD PARTY, THE—Paramount.—Clara Bow's first talkie. Clara is a smooth crook. It's a collegiate story—and that's what they want. All Talkie. (June.)

★ WINGED HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson gives up his pony and takes the air, with Ruth Elder his flying partner. Vague plot. Silent. (May.)

★ WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Eudora will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ WOLF SONG—Paramount.—Mountains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. Part Talkie. (March.)

★ WOLVES OF THE CITY—Universal.—Action thriller, with Bill Cody saving Sally Blane from the raving Black-Crow. Silent. (April.)

★ WOMAN I LOVE, THE—FBO.—Mad husband sets out to murder man for making love to wife. Excited? Neither are we. Silent. (May.)

★ WOMAN IN THE NIGHT, A—World Wide.—Entertainment with a slow and sentimental story. Silent. (June.)

★ YELLOWBACK, THE—FBO.—More Royal Mounted Police, with the usual help from the scenery. Silent. (March.)

★ YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal.—An orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July.)
Photoplay Magazine

—Advertising

Section

Casts of Current Photoplays
Complete

for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALOHA HAWAII"—All Star.— Adapted

by

Directed by Alfred A. Grasso.
Photography by H. Lyman Broening. The cast:
Lani. Winona Love; Lomo, Lawrence Barber; Pele,
Alfred A. Grasso.

Libby Keanini.

THE"—

WARXERs.^From the
"ARGYLE CASE.
play by Hariiet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins.
Adapted by Harvey Thew, Directed by Howard
Bretherton. The cast: Alexander Kaylon. Thomas
Meiglian; Hiirh-y, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lila
Lee; Mrs. Martin, Gladys Brockwell; Bruce Argyle,
John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatl, ZaSu Pitts; Joe. Bert
Roach; Satn, Wilbur Mack; FJnley. Douglas Gerrard;
Kitty, Alona Marlowe; Skidd, J. Quinn.

THE"—

Fox.— From the
"BLACK WATCH,
Mundy. Scenario by John Stone.
Directed by
John Ford. The cast: Capt. Donald Gordon King,
Victor McLaglen; Yasmani, Myrna Loy; Lieut.
Malcobn King, David Rollins; Colonel of the Black
Watch, Lumsden Hare; Reiaa Ghunga, Roy D'.\rcy;
Mohammed Khan, Mitchell Lewis; Major Twynes,
Cvril Chadwick; Harrim Bey, Walter Long; Field
Marshal. David Torrence; Black IVatch Officer, Pat
Somerset.
novel by Tabot

"BROADWAY"—Universal.—-From the play by
Dunning and George Abbott. Scenario by
Photography by Hal Mohr. Tlie cast: Roy Lane,

Philip

Glenn Tryon; Pearl. Evelyn Brent; Billie Moore,
Merna Kennedy; Dan McCorn, Thomas E. Jackson;
Crandall. Robert Ellis; Nick Verdis, Paul
Porcasi; Porky, Otis Harlan; Lil. Marion Lord; Mose
Levett. Fritz Feld; Dolph. Arthur Hausnian; Joe,
George Da\is; "Scar" Edwards. Leslie Fenton;
Maizie. Betty Francisco; Ruby, Ed>-the Flynn; Ann,
Florence Dudley; Grace, Ruby McCoy.
S.'eve

"CAMPUS KNIGHTS"—Chesterfield.—From
the story by Albert Kelly. Directed by .Albert Kelly.
Photography by M. A. Anderson. The cast: Prof.
Ezra Hastings. Raymond McKee; Earl Hastings,
Raymond McKee; Audrey, Shirley Palmer; Edna,
Marie Quillan; Pearl, Jean Laverty; Dean IVhitlock,
J. C. Fowler; The Matron, Sybil Grove; The Janitor,
P. J. Danbv; Pearl's Lawyer^ Leo White; The Spori,
Lew Sargent.

"CAREERS"

First Natio>jal.

—From the play

by Alfred Schirokauer and Paul Rosenhayn. .Adapted
by Forrest Halsey. Directed by John Francis Dillon.
Helene, Billie Dove; Victor, Antonio
The cast:
Moreno; Horlense, Thelma Todd; The President, Noah
Holmes Herbert; The Woman,
Beerj'; Carouge,
Carrael Myers; Lavergne, Robert Frazer; Btwa Player,
Sojin.

"CHARMINGSINNERS"—Paramount.—From
the story by Somerset Maugham. Aaapted by Doris
Anderson. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast:
Kaihryn Miles, Ruth Chatterton; Robert Miles, Clive
Brook; Anne-Marie Whitley, Mary Nolan; Karl
Kraley. William Powell; Mrs. Carr, Laura Hope
Crews; Helen Carr, Florence Eldridgc; George Whitley,
Montagu Love; Margaret, Juliette Crosby; Alice,
Lorraine Eddy; Gregsoyi, Claude Allister.

THE"—

Excellent.— From the
Bernstein. Scenario by Carmelita
The
Directed by Bernard McEveety.
cast: Oliver Brooks. Charles Delaney; Susaii Clancy,
Betty Blake; "Hunch," Le\vis Sargent; 7rmmy. Harry
Myers; Frank Lau-rence, J. P. McGowan; Captain
Clancy. Charles Hickman; Hard Boiled Foley, Bruce
Gordon; "Rags," Himself.

"CLEAN-UP,

story

by Isadore

Sweeney.

"COCOANUTS. THE"

Paramount.— From the

by George S. Kaufman. Directed by
The cast:
and Robert Florey.
Hammer, Groucho Marx; Harpo, Harpo Marx; Chico,
Chico Marx; Jamison; Zeppo Marx; Polly, Mary
Eaton; Boh, Oscar Shaw; Penelope. Katherine
Francis; Mrs. Potter. Margaiet Dumont; Yates, Cyril

Ftage play

Joseph

Santley

Ring; Hennessy, Bapil Ruysdael; Bell Captain, Sylvan
Lee; Dancers, Gamby-Hale Girls and Allan K. Foster
Girls.

—

"COLLEGE LOVE" Universal. From the
by Leonard Fields. Adapted by John B.
Robert Wilson, George Lewis; Eddie
The cast:
"Flash" Thomas, Eddie Phillips; Dorothy May,
Dorothy Gulliver; Jimmy Reed, Churchill Ross;

stor^'

Coach Jones, Hayden Stevenson.

"CONSTANT NYMPH, THE"—Gainsborough.

—From

•

the novel by Margaret Kennedj', and the

play by Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean. Continuity by Alma Reville. Directed by Adrian Brunei.
The ca. t; Sanger. George Hcinrich; Linda, Mary
Clare; Tessa. Mabel Poulton; Paulina. Dorothy
Boyd; Toni, Benita Hume; Kate, Yvonne Thomas;
Susaii. Erna Sturm; Lewis, Ivor Novello; Roberto,
Tony de Lungo; Ike, Peter Evan Thomas; Trigorin,
Robert Garrison; Florence^ Frances Doble; Dr.
Churchill, J. H. Robeits.
1

—

"EVANGELINE"—United Artists. From the
poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Screen play
by Finis Fox. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast:
Evangeline, Dolores Del Rio; Gabriel, Roland Drew;

Father Felician, Alec B. Francis; Baptiste. Don::ld
Reed; Basil, James Marcus; Benedict Beliefontaine.
Paul McAllister; Gcnrernor-General. Lou Payne; Col.
Winslow, Lee Shumway; Michael, the Fiddler, Bobby
Mack; Rene LeBlanc, George Marion.

THE"—

"FAR CALL.
Fox.— From the novel by
Adapted by Walter Woods.
Directed by .Allan Dwan.
The ca?t: Pal Loring.
Charles Morton; Hilda Larsen. Leila Hyams; London
Nick, Ulrich Haupt; Captain Storkerson. Stanley J.
Sandford; "Soup" Brophy, Warren Hymer; Schmidt.
Arthur Stone; Kris Larsen. Charles Middleton; Lars
Johannson, Pat Hartigan; Red Dunkirk. Ivan Linow;
Black O'Neil. Dan Wolheim; Helms, Randolph Scott;
Haycox, Charles Gorman; Aleut Chief, Bernard
Siegel; Wing. Willie Fung; Pete. Harry Gripp; Ling
Fu, Frank Chew; Tubal, Sam Baker.
Edison

"FASHIONS IN LOVE"— Paramount.— From
the stage play "The Concert." by Hermann Bahr.
Adapted by Louise Long. Directed bv Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Paul De Remy, Adolphe Menjou;
Marie De Remy. Fay Compton; Del phi ne Martin^
Miriam Seegar; Frank Martin. John Miljan; Miss
Weller, Joan Standing; Levisohn. Robert Wayne; Joe,
Russ Powell; Jane, BilUe Bennett; Valet. Jacques
Vanaire.

AND SON "—Colltmbla..—From

"F.ATHER

the

story by Elmer Harrip. Continuity by Jack Townley.
Directed by Erie C. Kenton. The cast: Frank Fields,
Jack Holt; Grace Moore. Dorothy Revier; Miss White,
Helene Chad\vick; Jimmy Fields, Mickey McBan;

Anion

Lebaii,

Wheeler Oakman.

THE"—

R-AG DOLL,

THE"—Warners.—From

the story by Harvey Gates. Scenario by Graham
Baker.
The cast;
Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Annabel Lea. Dolores Costello; John Fairchild, Ralph
Graves; Bertha Fairchild, Audrey Ferris; Nathan
Fairchild. Albert Gran; Aunt Fairchild, Maude
Turner Gordon; Admiral, Tom Ricketts; Sam Underlane, Claude GilUngwater; Jimmy Fairchild, Arthur
Rankin; Miss Peabody. Dale Fuller; Butler. Douglas
Genard; Barry, an Actor, Andre Beranger; Press
Agent. Lee Moran; Manager Foley, Tom Kennedy;
Hannah, Louise Beaver; Chauffeur, Stanley Taylor.

"HIGH VOLTAGE"— Pathe.— From
by Elliott Clawson. Directed
Photography by John Mescall.
William Boyd; Detective, Owen
Lombard; Diane. Diane ElHs;
Bevan; Banker,

LIEDERMAN,

The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle BuHdina.'
Stuntt of WreslUnQ."
•Secrets of Strength:' 'H'T,
Hifiltli
Endurance." etc.

"FLYING FOOL.
Pathe.— From the
story by Elliott Clawson.
Dialogue by James
Gleason.
Directed by Taylor Gainett.
The cast:
The Flying Fool, William Boyd; Pal, Marie Prevost;
Jimmy Taylor, Russell Gleason; Tom Dugan, Tom
O'Brien.

"GLAD

EARLE

the story

by Howard Higgin.
The cast: Lineman,
Moore; Girl, Carol
Stage Driver,

Billy

Phillips Smalley.

THE"—

"IDLE RICH.
M.-G.-M.— From the
play "White Collars," by Edith EUis. Adapted by
Clara Beranger. Directed by William De Mille. The
cast:
William Van Luyn, Conrad Nagel; Helen
Thayer, Bessie Love; Joan Thayer. Leila Hyams;
Henry. Robert Ober; Mr. Thayer. James Neill; Mrs.
Thayer, Edythe Chapman;-J'om Gibney, P?ul Kruger;
Frank Thayer, Kenneth Gibson.

"MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU. THE" —

—

Paramount. From the story by Sax Rohmer.
Adapted by Florence Ryerson and Lloyd Corrigan.
Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: Dr. Fu
Manchu, Warner Oland; Lia Eltham. Jean -Arthur;
Dr. Jack Petrie, Neil Hamilton; Nayland Smith. O. P.
Heggie; Sylvester Wadsicctrth, William Austin; Sir
John Peine, Claude King- General Petrie. Charles
Stevenson; Li Po, Noble Johnson; Fai Lu, Evelyn
Selbie; Weymouth. Charles Giblyn; Trent. Donald
Mackenzie; Clarkson. Lawford Davidson; Fu Mela.
Laska Winter; Singh, Charles Stevens; Rev. Eltham,
Chappel Dosset; Chinese Ambassador, TuUy Marshall.

"ON WITH THE SHOW"—Warners.—From
the story by Humphrey Pearson.
Scenario by
Robert Lord. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast:
Ntta, Betty Compson; Sarah, Louise Fazenda; Kitty.
Sally O'Neil; Ike, Joe E. Brown; Sam Bloom. Purnell
B. Pratt; Jimmy. William Bakewell; Twins. Fairbanks Twins; Durant, Wheeler Oakman; Jerry, Sam
Hardy; Dad, Thomas Jefferson; Pete, I^e Moran; Joe,
Harry Gribbon; Harold, Arthur Lake; Harold's
Fiancee. Josephine Houston; Father, Henry Fink;
Berl. Otto Hoffman; Ethel Waters. Ethel Waters;
Harmony Four Quartette, Harmony Four Quartette;
Four Covans, Four Co vans; Angelus Babe, Angelus
Babe.

"PRISONERS "—First National.— From

the
story by Franz Molnar.
Directed by William A.
Setter.
The cast: Riza. Corinne Griffith; Nicholas,
Ian Keith; Sebfi, Otto Matiesen; Kore, Baron Von
Hesse; Lenke, Julanne Johnston; Autit Maria. Ann
Schaeffer; The Man, Bela Lugosi; Warden Rtmmer,
Charles Clary.

"PROTECTION" —Fox. —From

the

story

by

Directed by Benjamin
Photography by Joseph Valentine. The
cast:
Wallace Crockett, Robert Elliott; Chick Slater,
Paul Page; Myrtle Haines, Dorothy Burgess; Big Jim
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.
Stoloff.

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Does She Love You Enough?
Give a Thought to Your Physical Self
If your wile or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with
you. give a thought to juur physical self. A woman looks
at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his aoility to
protect her: provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance
floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim: "Oh. what a handsome manl" she's not looking at his face alone. She's
sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that
graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head,
those strong, muscular arms and legs. They thrill any
Woman Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man
to be like that. A re you?
Well, you can be!

Build Strong, Handsome^ Healthy Bodies

I

People call me the Muscle-Builder.
I make men's
bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100.000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers
and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and
skinny men. weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method
of scientific body building I go all over your body,
strengthening your internal organs, broadening your
shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you Inside
out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting he-man any
woman will be proud of.
In just 30 days I add one whole Inch of live, flexible
steely muscles to each of your arms and two full Inches of

muscular .strength across your chest. Your legs
become straight and strong, your head snap back
and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to
stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you
are going to make with that girl of yours! How proud and
happy she will be!
90 Days and You Have One
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treat you with a new respect,
love ttnd aflection in her eyes

Do More Than Promise;

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Guarantee

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everylhine a man desires.
What a picture you'll be in a bathinR suit! What a sight in ft gymnasiuml You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aferee»ive. erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to
get it, just commands attention.
Well, that's the storv in a nutshell. If yoxiTc man enough to work
a little for the sake of your strength, success and happinesH, jirst sit right
down and m.iil me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny and you can
see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Eorle Liedcr-

man. the Muscle-Builder.

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and— it

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"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMEIVT"
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photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the firtet
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you're dead. Come on. then. Take
this book, you had better roll over
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no strings attached, no obligation. GR.\B IT!

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Conquering NEW WORLDS

And now—the achievement de luxe—all-talking VITAPHONE Pictures in full natural COLOR!

Warner Bros. VITAPHONE—soaring to new triumphs daily—brings to you—wherever you are—the great galaxy of world-renowned entertainers.

Vitaphone takes Broadway to the Main Streets of the nation. Metropolitan stage successes—dramas—romances—the golden voices of the world's great singers. Vitaphone has made such famous successes as "The Singing Fool"—"Noah's Ark"—"The Desert Song"—and now that all-talking, natural color triumph "On with the Show."

Bear in mind always—only Vitaphone has the life-like Vitaphone Voice. Watch for local announcements of genuine Vitaphone Talking Pictures.

You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Radio comes to the Screen

Radio . . . colossus of modern art and science . . . now takes its place in the world of motion pictures.

With the release of the first two of its super attractions, "Rio Rita," and "Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures inaugurates an era of new entertainment standards. This new era is the result of the union of great amusement and industrial interests.

Included in this union are such organizations as the Radio Corporation of America; the Victor Talking Machine Division of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America; the National Broadcasting Company; the General Electric Company; and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company; and such amusement enterprises as RCA Photophone, Inc.; the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit of Theatres, and the RKO Distributing Corporation.

Commanding the cream of the world's talent, and scientific facilities, Radio Pictures will disclose for the first time the true potentialities of electrical entertainment on the screen.

Watch for Radio Pictures' first productions. Be prepared for revelations in investiture, in tonal qualities and in entertainment values generally.

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A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America

Radio Pictures' Coming Dialogue Attractions

"Rio Rita"... Florenz Ziegfeld's greatest stage hit.

"Hit the Deck"... Vincent Youman's nautical musical comedy.

"Night Parade"... From the stage play, "Ringside."

"The Vagabond Lover"... Starring Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

"High River"... A Herbert Brenon production, from the play, "High River House."

"Radio Revels of 1929."... The first annual screen review to be released yearly by Radio Pictures.

Radio Pictures

BEBE DANIELS
To be featured in the title role of "Rio Rita," and starred in three other all dialogue and music dramas for Radio Pictures.

Rod La Rocque
The "always welcome" star, who will appear in two special productions, with all dialogue and music, for Radio Pictures.

Rudy Vallee
The voice that has . . . a personality that has won the world . . . To be starred, with his "Connecticut Yankees," in "The Vagabond Lover."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPHAT MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
To Mrs. J. M. L. of Seattle who complained that I didn’t name the 72 skin-specialists who tested and approved Camay for delicate complexions

I just the other day you wrote me that you read one of my Camay articles in your Delicator. You said you were interested to know that 72 eminent American skin specialists had approved Camay. But you objected that I didn’t tell you who they were and what they actually said about Camay. So I am going to tell you! Not their names, for each one is a physician of highest standing in his profession, and reputable physicians are not publicity seekers. They are scientists, to whom one goes for professional—and confidential—advice.

But I can tell you about them—enough to assure you that they are leading men in their special province—dermatology, the study of the skin. Many of them head the departments of dermatology in our largest universities.

“My family joins me in approving Camay”

And I can tell you exactly what they said—as long as my space holds out! I’ll start off with a comment from a Professor Emeritus of Dermatology in a great New England university:

“My family joins me in approving Camay. It has a dainty, attractive scent, and its free lathering qualities make it an agreeable and satisfactory soap.”

Another authority, who is professor of dermatology in another great Eastern university and one of the foremost skin specialists in New York City says: “I used Camay myself and sent a cake to a daughter whose skin has always been rather irritable. All the members of my family who have tried Camay like it very much indeed.”

No other complexion soap in history has received credentials from the Nation’s highest authorities on skin care.

But, dear Mrs. L., my own complexion had already told me Camay was a wonderful soap.

Before I had been cleansing my face with Camay’s soft smooth lather more than a week I realized that Camay, more than anything I had ever found, was helping me keep my skin fresh and clear.

So, when these important medical men found out by scientific tests and experiments exactly what I had discovered in my own bathroom, I was naturally much pleased with myself!

Helen Chase

Face your world with loveliness is a booklet of advice from America’s leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. It will be mailed free if you write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YV-89, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap

*Certification—“I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 eminent dermatologists of America who approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this page.”

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association; editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)
Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing fails to clean thoroughly,
Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre,
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

The beauty, the sparkle . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.
A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . color tones . . of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.
Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.
That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . beautiful hair . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . rich, creamy lather . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . just see . . how really beautiful your hair will look.
It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.
You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."
I use lipstick only once a day!

A most amazing lipstick—Kissproof! I put it on once in the morning and know my lips will look their loveliest all day long, no matter what I do! It never stains—never needs retouching—but just keeps my lips always looking naturally youthful!

Kissproof, the modern waterproof lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full natural color—just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tips. You have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red youthful coloring is as natural as if it were your very own—and as permanent as the day is long!

We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof stays on—what healthy, natural coloring it gives. At all toilet counters or send for our—

**Special 20-Day Trial Offer**

—and we will send you prepaid

20-day supply Kissproof lipstick

(Special brass container)

20-day bottle of Delica-Brow

(The original waterproof lash and brow liquid)

—and a liberal supply of Kissproof rouge and Kissproof powder.

Kissproof, Inc., 9-P

538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed 20¢ for which send me a 20-day supply of Kissproof lipstick, 20-day bottle of Delica-Brow. Also include free samples of Kissproof rouge and Kissproof powder.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________

Delica-Brow makes eyes alluring—instantly. At your dealer, 75¢ or send coupon.
**Pink Tooth Brush?**

It's an SOS from your gums

Don't think that merely cleaning your teeth once or twice a day can keep them free from danger. Quite the contrary... it won't, and it doesn't.

For, as any dentist will tell you, one sure way to wreck the health of your teeth is to let your gums become tender, soft, unsound. And if you sometimes see a tinge of "pink" upon your morning tooth brush, it's proof before your eyes that your gums are weakening... that your teeth are in peril.

How soft foods endanger the health of our gums

Gum troubles start in the dining room. Modern soft foods rob gums of work. Circulation grows languid. Tissues become tender and inflamed. Resistance to infection is lowered. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea often get their start in just this way.

But it's all so unnecessary. For with Ipana Tooth Paste and a light massage you can offset the damage done to your gums by your diet.

How Ipana and massage build firm, pink gums

Your dentist will gladly explain why massage is so good for your gums... how it stirs the flagging circulation, firms and invigorates the dormant tissues. And he will show you how to perform it with the brush, easily and quickly, as you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments the mechanical effects of massage.

Start with Ipana today

So whether your tooth brush "shows pink" or not, start now with Ipana. Its use is a precaution and a protection against the ever-present danger of gingival disorders.

Send the coupon if you would like the 10-day sample. It will quickly prove how gleaming white Ipana leaves your teeth... how refreshed it leaves your mouth.

But the better way is to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month and makes a fairer test of Ipana's power to tone and strengthen your gums.

---

IPANA Tooth Paste

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen!

With Paramount Short Features of the New Show World you see and hear The Whole Show on the Talking, Singing Screen. And what a show it is! C. A Paramount Talking Picture, rounded out with Paramount Sound News, and talking, musical short features. Bringing the biggest stars of The New Show World—stage, screen, music, radio—to you. C. Christie Talking Plays featuring outstanding stars of stage and screen. C. Paramount Sound News—eyes and ears of a new world. C. Paramount Screen Songs—the whole audience sings! C. Paramount Talkartoons—humorous novelties—the cartoon figures actually talk! See and hear The Whole Show on the Screen—by Paramount—your guarantee of quality entertainment from the first moment to the last!

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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The World’s Leading Motion Picture Publication
PHOTOPLAY

For September 1929

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2
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JOHN BARRYMORE, George Arliss, Irene Bordoni and Charlotte Greenwood are just a few of the stars in Warners' forthcoming "Show of Shows."

MAYBE it was the need of a holiday—maybe it was to avoid meeting Gilbert on the lot. Anyway, Greta Garbo has been vacationing at Arrowhead Lake. Soon she will start one silent picture to be finished before she starts the talking "Anna Christie."

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ALTHOUGH every company says it will not hire Von Stroheim to direct for it, Von received two directorial offers while acting in "The Great Gabbo" for Jimmy Cruze.

NO plans have been made for Vilma Banky. She is on a personal appearance tour, and her Goldwyn contract has only six months more to run. Rumor has it the contract will not be renewed.

THE Dorothy Mackaill-Jack Mulhall team has finally broken up. Dorothy has come home from a Honolulu vacation to start work on "The Woman on the Jury," with Alice Day in the ingénue rôle. Her next will be "Queen of Jazz."

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Niles Asther has turned into a male Greta Garbo since the talkies seem to have stopped his career. He's gloomy, morose, solitary. Because of his thick accent, no pictures have been planned for him, though he is still under contract to M.-G.-M. He lurks in the mountains.

BESSIE LOVE has no scars on face or neck from the very serious motor accident she was in, her surgeon says.

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WHEN Marian Nixon marries Edward Hillman, Jr., late in the summer, she will not retire, but will make only three or four pictures a year instead of the eight or ten to which she is accustomed. The couple plan a three month honeymoon.

DOROTHY GULLIVER is still in college. After four years in the "Collegians" series for Universal she has been signed by First National—for a college picture.

BILLIE DOVE is scheduled to make "On the Riviera," an original story by Ferenc Molnar.

GEORGE BANCHFROT has started work on "The Mighty," after a two weeks' yachting trip in Mexican waters. Dorothy Revier has been borrowed from Columbia for the lead.

M.-G.-M. has sent a sound truck to Africa, where "Trader Horn" is on the make. The company will be on the hot continent six months more. Another location trip will be that of Tod Browning's company which goes to the Bahamas to make "The Sea Bat."

CLARENCE BROWN will direct his first comedy. It will be "Navy Blue," with Bill Haines and Anita Page.

VIVIENNE SEGAL has been picked for the prima donna rôle in the Warner filming of the operetta "Golden Dawn." Walter Woolf will sing the hero part.

FOX has renewed the contract of Charles Morton, at $400 a week.

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Last Minute NEWS from East and West

JACK MULHALL will have Lois Wilson as leading woman in a new series.

LEATRICE JOY, happy with her new found singing voice, is rumored for the lead in First National's "The Lady in Ermine," operetta.

NEIL HAMILTON will play opposite Evelyn Brent in her first starring picture for Paramount—"Darkened Rooms."

DOROTHY ARZNER will direct Ruth Chatterton in her next for Paramount, "Sarah and Son."

RICHARD ARLEN, after six months' steady toil, rates a vacation. When he comes back to Paramount it will be as a real star in "The Lost God," with Fay Wray as his leading woman.

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Hollywood's newest bride and groom! May McAvoy and her banker-husband, Cleary, right after the ceremony and just before they left for a Honolulu honeymoon. Lois Wilson, May's best girl friend, was maid of honor, and all Hollywood packed the church.
Please accept FREE... this 10-day way to sparkling teeth

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon

HAVE you ever used Pepsodent? Of those in the United States who brush their teeth 6 people in every 10 have. A dentifrice so widely used, so utterly and entirely different from all others is worth your while to try.

Will you write for some? Your tube will contain a 10 days' supply, which is enough to work a surprising change in teeth and gums. Teeth are whiter, more brilliant, far less subject to decay. Gums are firmer and of better color.

Why teeth are dull

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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

ALBIE—United Artists.—An almost flawless talkie about a young man who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama. All Talkie. (May.)

ALL-AMERICAN, THE—Supreme.—How a college sprinter mope up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. Silent. (March.)

ALL AT SEA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Dan-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. Silent. (March.)

ALL FACES WEST—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. Silent. (April.)

ALOHA HAWAII—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

ANVIL AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart.—Stay of the terrible life of a mismanaged musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. Silent. (June.)

★ ARGYLE CASE, THE—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS—Columbia.—Past service staff in another mythical country. Virginia Valli. Silent. (May.)

BELOW THE DEADLINE — Chesterfield.—Quack crook stuff—and something awful. Silent. (June.)

★ BETRAYAL—Paramount.—Not a pretty tale, but fine dramatic fare, with Emil Jannings, Esther Rasbon, Gary Cooper. Sound. (May.)

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—Cowboy Mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July.)

BLACK HILLS, THE—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. Silent. (June.)

BLACK PEARL, THE—Rayart.—Lean-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. Silent. (April.)

BLACK WATCH, THE — Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (May.)

BLACK WATERS — World Wide.—Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. Silent. (June.)

BLOCKADE—FBO.—Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. Part Talkie. (March.)

BLUE SKIES—Fox.—An orphanage romance, beautifully acted and charmingly directed. Sound. (June.)

BONDMAN, THE—World Wide.—Foreign version of Hall Caine's novel, messed up by poor photography. Silent. (June.)

BORN TO THE SADDLE—Universal.—Three roosing cheers! A real good Western, with action and humor. Ted Wells is dead man. Silent. (May.)

BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE—Sexton-Education.—One-reel talking comedy and fumy old turns. Eddie Gribbin is best. All Talkie. (April.)

BRIDGE OF SAN LOUIS REY, THE—M.G.M.—To the astonishment of all, a good picture from the Wilder novel. And, oh, 216 Lily Damita! Part Talkie. (May.)

★ BROADWAY—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiloquent settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ BROADWAY FEVER — Tiffany-Stahl.—Sally O'Neil being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. Silent. (March.)

★ BROADWAY MELODY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Brilliant all-talkie of backstage life, with Bessie Love astounding. All Talkie. (May.)

★ BROTHERS—Rayart.—A good brotherly love yarn, one a crook and one a nice boy. Barbara Bedford dares do a heavy. Silent. (May.)

★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND — Goldwyn—United Artists.—Great melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (June.)

★ BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme.—Did you know that night club hostesses have hearts of gold? This one is an unintentionally funny sob story. Silent. (June.)

★ CAMPUS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding school as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

★ CHRISTINA—Fox.—Slender and improbable story made beautiful and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (June.)

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—Chesterfield.—Last that you could care about in a big way. Silent. (March.)

★ CLEAN-UP, THE—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

CLEAR THE DECKS—Universal.—Reginald Denny stars in the slicest farce plots in the world. Part Talkie. (March.)

★ CLOSE HARMONY—Paramount.—Brilliant talkie of backstory vaudeville life. Fine fun, with Maps Rudge and Nancy Carroll ace. All Talkie. (May.)

★ COCOanuts, THE—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Apr.)

★ COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. Part Talkie. (March.)

★ COLLEGE LOVE—Universal.—"The Collegians," elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (June.)

★ COME ACROSS—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ CONSTANT Nymph, THE—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

★ COQUETTE — United Artists.—Denatured version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary's voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you'll want to see—and hear—her. All Talkie. (June.)


★ DESERT NIGHTS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of Jack Gilbert's least fortunate vehicles. Sound. (March.)

★ DESERT SONG, THE—Warners.—All-singing and all-talking. There's a lot of Georgia in this hit old-fashioned and forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. All Talkie. (June.)


★ DIPLOMATS, THE—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two-reel talkie that will give you some laughs. All Talkie. (March.)

★ DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE—Paramount.—Doris's showcase. "Half an Hour." emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. He is tellingly acted and well worthy your time and money. All Talkie. (March.)

★ DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. All Talkie. (June.)

★ DRIFTER, THE—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. Silent. (March.)

★ DUKE STEPS OUT, THE—M.G.M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ DUMMY, THE—Paramount.—In this excellent all-talking crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—ZaSu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—steal honors from a lot of stage stars. All Talkie. (June.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
From the Private Dressing Tables of Famous Hollywood Stars

TO YOUR DRESSING TABLE...come these magic aids to VIBRANT BEAUTY

FOR FIFTY YEARS stage stars, and more recently screen stars, have had one great beauty secret. The feminine public has long sought just a hint, but among the profession a sphinx-like silence reigned. Now, for the first time, the sponsors of these famous beauty preparations offer to YOU the same magical beauty aids that are being used back stage on the movie sets, and in the private boudoirs of the world's most famous beauties. Their secret is now an open secret...the riddle of their thrilling beauty, for half a century the envy of countless women, is solved. One word is the key to alluring loveliness...a word that bids fair to become a name synonymous for beauty in every boudoir...STEIN'S!

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Secrets which famous stars prized above all else are in this free booklet. Read what the feminine world has long waited to hear...peek into the very dressing rooms of Broadway beauties and Hollywood stars. Send for your copy of "From Behind Guarded Stage Doors" today. It's free!

STEIN COSMETIC CO., INC., 51 Madison Ave., New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Monthly Barometer

JUDGING from the month's mail, talkies are 'ceasing to be a nine days' wonder,' and interest in their novelty has been superseded by critical analysis of their entertainment value. There are conflicting opinions concerning the necessity for precise diction and carefully trained speaking voice. The majority, however, seem to feel that since the screen will henceforth influence the speech of so many people, it as already so powerfully influenced their modes and manners, it is necessary that it preserve the finest traditions of our colorful American language.

There have been many letters from parents, declaring the trend toward sophisticated dialogue and situations and the portrayal of underworld scenes and characters. There have also been some plea for the good, old-fashioned happy ending, instead of the sometimes more true to life dénouement.

Address your letters to Brickbats and Bouquets, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Those who make pictures, those who act in them, and those who comprise the photoplay's vast audience, may find your opinions interesting and your suggestions helpful.

$25.00 Letter

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Timidity has always been my stumbling block. Even in the old schooldays, years and years ago, I had a special button on my coat which was twisted or turned while I recited. When one day some pranking children cut it from my coat I stood, blush and stammering before the schoolroom, unable to voice a coherent word.

Time partially crippled this fear—god, but still, at most unwanted times, his head crops over the brim of my consciousness and I suffer again the ignoble pain of an indecipherable terror. But experience has helped me to forge a sword to banish this demon. When in a crowd of any type, temporarily at a loss to get my bearings, I deftly turn the conversation to the movies and, presto, the light is shifted from me and my words to the opinions of everyone present on the shadow stage and its stars.

Individuals are forgotten, and the conversation is immediately a disputed conglomerate of likes and dislikes. Sometimes I shudder at the antagonism I have raised, in my self-preservation, but I am thankful that the motion picture gives me power to banish this terror that has always haunted my life.

Surely a force great enough to enter into the consciousness of all the world as acutely as the movies do, cannot be denied. They are the world's common ground. They level all classes, and on them all men meet as equals.

Harry J. Hall

$10.00 Letter

Syracuse, N. Y.

Just another letter about the talkies, and this one in praise of that sound invention that has brought joy and life to those unfortunate folk—the blind.

I am a member of the Syracuse Charity League, an organization whose main work is helping the Lighthouse—an institution for the blind. The other day we learned from the director of the Lighthouse that the talkies have been wonderful in helping and encouraging those sightless people.

These men and women living in the world of darkness have some friend read the synopsis of a picture, so they are acquainted with plot and characters, and then they go to the theater. Once there, knowing the story of the picture and hearing the screen sounds, music, and voices, they let their minds run riot, and who knows but that in the vivid land of imagination they produce as fine or finer pictures than the ones we more fortunate folks can see with our physical eyes?

Although talkies have never been a favorite of mine, when I know they are assisting a work in which I'm so interested I cannot help but express my appreciation.

Irene Edmonds.

$5.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

Will someone please tell the screen people that all this agitation about learning to talk is the bunk? For an English drawing-room comedy we need modulated inflections and Oxford accents, maybe. But who the heck said we need E.d.r. comedy?

The great mass of moviegoers speak the American language, with the 'r's' where they belong and consonants slurred. Precise diction is high-lut to us, and nothing will more surely and more quickly alienate our affections. For one college professor who walks out in disgust when the hero says 'his' and 'constitutional' a thousand flappers will seek a new suppressed desire when the old one pulls, "Chairmed, I assuah yah.

Oh, there are exceptions, of course. We expect characterization. I'm talking about "straight" actors, playing modern Americans. These people can talk, can't they? It's talk—natural, every-day human voices we want to hear, not a stilted, ironed-out parroting of some self-styled expert. Let our actors do it their own way—the voices that have been good enough for them all their lives are plenty good enough for us. We're not worrying if their pronunciation wouldn't pass muster at Harvard—neither would ours.

Tell them this from all of us. "Quit worrying! We've loved you silent and we'll love you speaking—if you'll just go ahead and be yourself!"

Nina Brown Baker.

The Menace of the Microphone

New York City.

Now that the talkies have become an American institution, I suggest that a few more restrictions be placed on the voice. If an actress has an asset of personal attractiveness, let her not have the liability of an unaccentuated and uncultured voice. Beauty was able to hide much in the silent drama, but not so with the talkies. The star's voice and manner of speaking should be carefully analyzed, so that the...
Go back a few years to this New York woman’s life.

Think of her not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that black white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in bold masculine hand “Wake up.”

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years. That hint, brutal as it was, put her on the right track.

Haloitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn’t announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For haloitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks haloitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

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What was the Best Picture of 1928?

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”
1927
“7th HEAVEN”

Last call for votes on the Photoplay Gold Medal Award for the best motion picture of 1928! All votes must be in the office of Photoplay by October 1st. Votes received after that date will not count. The Photoplay Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures going direct from the film fan to the producer. Each year Photoplay presents a gold medal to the producer of the motion picture deemed the nearest ideal by its readers. Back in 1920 the Photoplay Gold Medal was devised by James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of Photoplay, as the best method to encourage the production of better films.

Look over the list of past awards on this page before you cast your vote. Be sure that it goes to a picture worthy of standing with these eight great films.

Remember that the Photoplay Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography. If you vote this year for a talkie, take into consideration the sound of the picture. More than all else, Photoplay wishes its readers to consider the ideals and motives governing its production. Also, consider the worth of its dramatic message.

It is possible that the award for 1928 may be the first talking film to be thus honored. Again, it may go to the last of the long line of silent films. In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

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 1928.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name:

Address:

Fifty Pictures Released in 1928

Abie’s Irish Rose
Alix J. Jimmie Valentine
Barker, The
Beau Sabreur
Bellamy Trial, The
Chicago
Circus, The
Cossacks, The
Cowtown the Terrible
Devil Dancer, The
Divine Woman, The
Docks of New York, The
Dove, The
Drag Net, The
Drums of Lore
Envy, The
Felix
Fool’s In, The
Flying Fleet, The
Four Devils
Four Sons
Four Walls
Goofy, The
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Interference
Last Command, The
Laugh, Clown, Laugh
Legion of the Condemned, The
Lilac Time
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The
Man Who Laughs, The
Masks of the Devil, The
Me, Gangster
Mother Knows Best
Mother Machree
Noose, The
Our Dancing Daughters
Outcast
Patriot, The
Rocket, The
Ramonita
Sadie Thompson
Singing Fool, The
Speedy
Street Angel
Trail of ’98, The
Wedding March, The
West Point
White Shadows in the South Seas
Woman of Affairs, A
WHAT MAKES THE PICTURE TALK?

Your enjoyment of a Sound Picture depends largely on the quality of apparatus used. It pays to go to theatres equipped by the makers of your telephone — the Western Electric Company.

When you go to hear a Sound Picture you wish to be certain that the voices will be clear and natural; that the musical accompaniment and the sound effects coming from the screen will be thoroughly pleasing.

Near you is probably at least one theatre which assures just that, because it is equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. This apparatus, made by the makers of your telephone, is installed and inspected by engineers trained in this new art.

The reliable quality of this Sound System has been recognized by over 2,000 theatre exhibitors — exhibitors who have a habit of considering their patrons' satisfaction and who therefore believe that it is worth a little extra investment to secure equipment of proved results.

In selecting Western Electric these exhibitors knew that the correct transmission and reproduction of sound is an extremely difficult problem, as is evidenced by the wide differences in quality between various radios and phonographs. They knew that it was Western Electric's experience with this very problem which, after years of unsuccessful effort by others, finally made Sound Pictures possible.

This same organization which brought the telephone to its present excellence will likewise constantly seek to improve Sound Picture apparatus still further.

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HORSE OF HORROR, THE—First National.—Cheap chapstrip mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. Second Rate. (May.)

IDLE RICH, THE—M.G.M.—LITERAL translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Apr.)

IN HOLLAND—Fox Movietone—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCullough. All Talkie. (Apr.)

INNOCENTS OF PARIS—Paramount.—Inconsequent plot made delightful by the charming personality of Maurice Chevalier. All Talkie. (May.)

JAZZLAND—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. Silent. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Chesterfield.—Bootlegging, serious drinking, gunfire and pure night-club girls in an impossible hodge-podge. Silent. (Apr.)

LAWLESS LEGION, THE—First National.—A cowtown story, with Ken Maynard, that is good enough for anybody. Silent. (June.)


COMMERCIAL ART needs more trained men and women! Thousands of advertisers are buying hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of art work every year. They employ well trained artists, both men and women, in steady positions, paying fine salaries the year round. Artists who have their own studios are well paid for individual drawings. SUCCESS awaits the men and women who can visualize the wonderful opportunities that an art career holds in store for them. It means FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE!

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Age

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Address

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 157 ]
Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls' Problems

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

My question may be an unusual one, but I know you can give me some helpful advice. I am a business girl employed in an office where an attractive appearance means a great deal, and I want to look well-dressed and well-groomed every minute of the day for office. I have a salary but I can't spend it all on clothes. I live at home and I give my mother a certain amount every week, pay for my own music lessons, and put a small sum in the bank. So you see I have to shop carefully.

I am getting tired of black and dark blue, but the lighter colors sell so easily, and I think they look out of place in an office. Do you think that's an old-fashioned idea?

Do you think styles have changed so radically this year that I will have to give away a dark blue wool-crepe dress I have had for three years? It isn't badly worn, except at the cuffs, but waistlines seem to be so much higher this year and lines so different from what they were. It's a two-piece dress, a style which is especially becoming to me, with a narrow belt around the hips. It would be hard to make over, yet I don't like to wear something that is really out of date. The other girls in the office seem to have more money to spend for clothes and they always dress right up to the minute. I have to maintain the standards they have set in dress, in order to have the same business opportunities.

Please give me some hints about clothes and grooming, and tell me how to select a wardrobe that is substantial and yet attractive.

VIOLA K.

VIOLA, don't throw out anything from your last winter's wardrobe or anything you have been wearing this summer if it can be made to look presentable and up to date. No matter how many new clothes you buy, it is a good thing to have as many extras and Fashions as possible. It gives you the opportunity of airing your garments well between wrappings, and of sending them to the cleaner frequently. Don't make the mistake, however, of hanging on to old clothes that you know you won't wear, or of wearing clothes that are hopelessly out of style and unsuitable. That is not economy. You won't feel happy or comfortable in them, and they will upset your composure and your sense of well-being; unconsciously if not consciously.

Yes, I believe it is a rather old-fashioned idea to assume that only black and dark blue are suitable for office wear. It is true that dark clothes are more practical for business, except during the hot summer months, but in these days of inexpensive clothes and low rates for dry cleaning, girls do not feel they must wear blue and black exclusively, unless the office or store rules require it.

There are lovely shades of brown, dark reds and wines; gray-blues which are neither light nor dark and which resist satisfactorily the inroads of soil and wear. There are dark, rich plaids for the girl of slender figure; black and gray checks; many colors and combinations of colors that are not too bright and flashy for business and do not show grime quickly.

The important thing to remember, Viola, in assembling a new season's wardrobe is that hats, coats, shoes, bosomery, gloves, bags and dresses must harmonize in color if they are to be worn as an ensemble. If you have only one coat, all accessories must be dark, neutral. Then it won't matter what color dress you wear or what color hat and accessories you use—they will not clash with your coat.

YOU may be partial to red, but unless you have several hats don't indulge in a red one. It might look charming with your coat, but supposing you elect to wear a purple dress one day and you want to take your coat off in a restaurant or any other place where a hat is worn?

The rule to follow is not to buy any article of clothing without first thinking about its relation to the other things you will have to wear with it. And if your wardrobe is quite limited, it is well to select a dominant color note and plan every purchase in harmony with it. That automatically prevents any color clashes.

While there is a strong tendency on the part of fashion designers to place belts higher, and consequently fit garments more snugly at the waistline, the wool-crepe dress you describe is so well cut and tailored that it is not to be quickly outmoded. Therein lies the great value of purchasing clothes that are not faddish in cut or color—they do not go out of style quickly.

Why not freshen this dress with new cuffs, to replace the worn ones, and an attractive collar? There are such crisp white organdy sets in the shops now, some of them edged with a band of color. There are the lovely colored linen ones, and the ever-popular dainty lace sets.

Sometimes a string of bright beads, or a chic belt, will give variety and newness to an old frock or the needed touch of color to a dark one. It tailored suit, and separate skirts and blouses, are extremely satisfactory for business wear. One skirt, supplemented by a variety of blouses, will give you a fresh-looking, attractive outfit at minimum cost. The new yoke-top skirts and tuck-in blouses are especially easy and suitable for an office.

What Clothes Shall the Business Girl Select?

Is This Month's Discussion

CAN the girl who earns a moderate salary achieve the well-dressed, well-groomed appearance that is every normal girl's ambition? Is it necessary for her to follow every changing whim of fashion, to buy a quantity of new clothes and new accessories each season? These are some of the problems we discuss this month.

Perhaps you can help solve your problems—those that are so close to you that you may value the opinion of an outsider whose viewpoint is unbiased. I am also at your service for advice on questions of personal appearance.

My complexion leaflet, including treatment for blackheads, will be sent you on request. Please send 10c if you want my booklet on safe and sane reducing methods.

All letters requiring a personal reply should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please print your name and address clearly on both your letter and the return envelope.

Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Now is the time to look over your last season's clothes, to salvage those that can be made presentable and up-to-date, and to use them as the basis for your new fall wardrobe.

brown; dark reds and wines; gray-blues which are neither light nor dark and which resist satisfactorily the inroads of soil and wear. There are dark, rich plaids for the girl of slender figure; black and gray checks; many colors and combinations of colors that are not too bright and flashy for business and do not show grime quickly.

16
L'ORIGAN
COTY

The loveliest of all perfumes — which women of international chic hold as their highest favourite. The cut-crystal flacons are luxuriously lovely on the dressing table but there are also exquisite smaller sizes — especially the quarter ounce in its metal case — an adorable creation.

TWO OUNCE CUT-CRYSTAL FLACON IN SMART RED LEATHER CASE — $7.50
Purse sizes: one ounce $3.75, half ounce $2.00,
quarter ounce in rose modernistic crackle or platinum finish case $1.50, refittable with the regular quarter ounce size — $1.00

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714 Fifth Avenue, New York

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VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS

by John Barrymore
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
F. Scott Fitzgerald

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a curvy-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a song of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

* * *

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual—long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace; a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones; a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage and hopes to act professionally some day.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap and see how much it will do for your skin!

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for the costs and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2217 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.


MISS JULIA EVANS, of St. Louis, Missouri, chosen from among Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed here with the famous Benda masks.
Lois Wilson was saved from vaudeville and the quickies by the dear old chattering snapshots. When the new invention was no more than a whisper, Lois joined a stock company in Los Angeles and learned a lot about speaking lines, so when the search began for talkie players, Lois was one movie star whose vowels and consonants were in good working condition. And, incidentally, Lois has achieved her persistent ambition and she is now associated with light comedy rôles, instead of being eternally cast as a lovelorn heroine.
JOHN GILBERT'S Juliet—on the screen. Norma Shearer appears in the Balcony Scene with Jack as her Romeo in "The Hollywood Revue of 1929." The revue will include everything from a bit of Shakespeare to more than a dash of Ziegfeld. Miss Shearer has the distinction of being the first woman to play a Shakespearean rôle in the talkies. And it is no small achievement to recite blank verse before the all-too-modern microphone.
John Gilbert's Juliet—off the screen. Although Ina Claire has not appeared on the screen for ten years and although her first talkie for Pathe has not yet been released, she received twenty thousand “fan” letters in one month. That record mail, of course, piled up during the month after her marriage to John. Which proves that all the world loves a lover—and his wife. Miss Claire’s first picture will be “The Awful Truth.”
MARILYN MILLER snubbed all movie contracts until the talkies came along. When First National offered her $100,000 to make a film version of "Sally," Marilyn deserted musical comedy and took her dancing shoes to Hollywood. Little incidents like that make things look black for the new theatrical season and explain why so many New York managers are having their theaters wired to accommodate the triumphant talkies.
Do you think she looks like Edna Purviance, the leading woman of Charles Chaplin's early comedies? Chaplin selected Virginia Cherrill to play the heroine in "City Lights" because she is the blonde, blue-eyed Purviance type. Miss Cherrill is a Chicago society girl. Her first studio experience was a "bit" in "The Air Circus." But you didn't see her in that picture because hers was one of the faces on the cutting room floor.
One of the first heroes of a theme song—Richard Barthelmess. Richard has worked himself up to be one of the highest salaried stars on the screen simply by playing poor, hard-luck boys. It's more than a gift; it's an art. And don't forget that his career has been one of consistently good performances.
THREE FEATURES MAKE
THIS NEW FOUNDATION
INDISPENSABLE TO THE
COMFORTABLE WARDROBE

THREE SPECIAL FEATURES
BLEND TO MAKE THIS NEW
GOSSARD A MOST COMFORT-
ABLE AND EFFICIENT FOUN-
DATION... THE DAINTY FABRIC,
COOL AND LIGHT, PERMITS
FREE CIRCULATION OF AIR
ABOUT THE BODY. THE DESIGN,
GIVING A TRIM, UPLIFT LINE
TO THE BUST, CURVES LOW AT
THE BACK, ANSWERING THE
NEEDS OF SUN BACK DRESSES.
THE PANTIE SKIRT OF CREPE
DE CHINE FINISHES THE GAR-
MENT, COMPLETING IT AS AN
UNDER COSTUME. IT IS THE
ONLY GARMENT YOU NEED
WEAR UNDERNEATH YOUR
GOWN, AT ONCE GROOMING
THE FIGURE LINES AND BRING-
ING A LOVELY COOLNESS TO THE
BODY. YOUR CORSETIERE WILL
SHOW IT TO YOU. MODEL 3636, $5

The H. W. Gossard Co. Division of Associated
"Do women with maids have lovelier hands?"

We asked 305 Famous Beauty Shops...

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

We put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country...here is their answer—

"With all our experience we cannot distinguish between the hands of a woman who has maids to do all her work and those of the woman who uses Lux. Lux gives real beauty care."

Isn't it wonderful to know that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin...keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking.

And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1½ a day!
"THERE is nothing the matter with the talkies. They are mechanically perfect. The trouble is with the dumb stars who are making them.

"Someone has got to teach Hollywood how to use the instrument. I don't believe there is anyone out there who knows anything about it. There are others out there beside Al Jolson, but you have to get them from the stage."

NO, Auntie, this is not the squawk of a soreheaded ham actor knocked into oblivion by the microphone. It is a broadside fired by no less a personage than Florenz Ziegfeld from his "Follies" fortress in New York.

It is just another perfect instance of a man talking through his hat about a medium concerning which he knows practically nothing.

FLO ZIEGFELD is the man who, after twenty years of musical show producing, allows his productions to run until one o'clock in the morning on opening nights and then cuts them to fit an evening by throwing out bodily expensive scenery, costumes and actors.

In twenty years, for all his brilliant talents, he has never learned any smarter way to produce an air-tight show than to cut it in two and throw away half. In his "Follies" days it was nothing for him to heave out a $20,000 scene after the première. Certainly he can hardly give the wasteful photoplay any pointers on the conservation of talent and money.

When Flo Ziegfeld, master of the American revue, learns his own trade well enough to judge the entertainment value of a scene before he unveils it on opening night, we shall be willing to listen patiently to his criticisms of the "dumb stars" who are laboring in the new field of the talking picture.

WILLIAM FARNUM recently opened in a play at Great Neck, Long Island, New York's summer colony of stage folk. He gave the greatest performance of his career.

The day before the opening, Bill Farnum sat at the death-bed of his brother, Dustin Farnum. Their devotion was more than family love; it was a great and loyal friendship, unmarrred during all their years in the theater by any trace of professional jealousy.

And yet the evening following his brother's death, Bill Farnum made a great come-back following his years of illness and discouragement.

The critical professional audience that attended the opening witnessed one of those inspiring events that keep alive the best theatrical traditions.

There is a place in the talkies for Bill Farnum—and it should be a big place. He has the brains, he has the heart and he has the indomitable spirit that makes acting an art and not a trade.

THE Actors Equity organization is out to unionize all actors and to tell the producers who shall work and who shall not work in motion pictures. There is a lot of talk and ruction about it in Hollywood, but I cannot
waste your time discussing it. All we want is good actors.

If Greta Garbo hasn't got a union card of Actresses Union No. 8989, what do we care? From where I sit it looks like a racket designed on the latest 1929 Chicago model.

Motion picture actors do not need a union, but certain professional organizers feel the need of one.

It might give them a little more power and a higher salary.

The Great Master of Comedy has been roused by the talkies. The Sleeping Lion of the slapstick has awakened with a roar. Professor Mack Sennett has contributed his Big Moment to the talkies. The Professor has invented chirping celery. In a recent two-reel comedy, the celery on the dinner table joins in the family fight.

Little things like that are milestones marking the progress of the New Art.

At this writing there has been no settlement of the American picture problem in France. After a month's observation of the terrain in Paris and outlying cities of France the whole thing, in my opinion, has resolved itself down to this—the French producers want American producers to endow their incompetency.

If the American picture producers would stick together and walk out of France for one year and permit the French producers to try to satisfy the French audiences, these French producers would be shown up in unmerciful fashion.

Those stars who have been spending money on lessons in high tea English had better return to their original Kansas accents. Phony English accents—learned in ten sessions with an elocution teacher—aren't going so big with audiences.

This is no plea for slovenly, illiterate speech, but just a reminder that our own American language, clearly pronounced and intelligently spoken, is better than the messy English accent so much affected by third-rate stock company players.

A genuine English accent, spoken by a British born actor or actress, stirs up no resentment among audiences. It is the real thing and it rings true. But it can't be faked and some of the players who hoped to impress the microphone by springing a swank accent are merely meeting with vulgar snickers.

For instance, one young player who had been making good in the talkies decided to go in for culture and took lessons from one of the thousands of elocution teachers now swarming to Hollywood. She sprang her new accent in a simple little American comedy and the broad "a's" were as out of place as a full dress suit at a picnic.

When the picture hit the audiences in the Middle West and box office reports were read, the producers notified the actress that unless she went back to her unaffected Ohio accent her contract would not be renewed.

Here's a reason why Ramsay MacDonald was elected Premier of Britain. One of Premier MacDonald's first official acts was to line up his ministers before a microphone and camera and introduce them to the public by way of talking pictures. This was good politics and good publicity.

Premier MacDonald's ministers will be known to the world as definite personalities, not merely as names figuring in the duller political news. The new Labor government is using a popular medium to make itself an intimate part of the life of the nation. The most conservative institution in the world—the English government—employs the newest and most progressive invention to address the people.

Mr. Gladstone might not have approved of the movie scene on the lawn of 10 Downing Street. But how Lord Disraeli would have loved it!

The leading show case among the beaneries of Hollywood is the Montmartre Restaurant.

There, on Wednesday and Saturday noons, the shrinking actors are dragged from their lairs to prance and pirouette before their scrambling, cooing public. There necks are craned, whispers whispered, gossip gabbed, dirt dished.

In that tense and noisy eating house the movie actor dims the glories of the Prince of Wales and Colonel Lindbergh. What stares are stared—what nonsense is talked?

And what is the first dish the haughty waiter in the spotted vest brings to your table? Nothing but a huge platter of ripe and succulent bologna!

Superb commentary, even though unconscious, on the great exhibition of little egos.

And as the bounding Jack Gilbert said years ago, no matter how thin they slice it at the Montmartre—it's still salami!
Uocal Boy Makes Good

John Boles is lucky in having a voice and face that synchronize

Go tell Aunt Rhodie
Go tell Aunt Rhodie
Go tell Aunt Rhodie that her old grey goose is dead.

AND that was John Boles' first singing lesson. If you were born in the "yes, ma'am" and "no, suh" belt you can go on from there and repeat the other forty-eight verses. There are forty-eight more verses, done to a tune about as gay as the Congressional Record.

John Boles could sing them all when he sat on the wide front porch (called a gallery in the South) of his grandparents' home in a little town not far from his birthplace, Greenville, Texas.

The last census reports do not, I'm afraid, give Greenville a very high rating. Maybe you'd need a few extra fingers to count the inhabitants on your hand, but you can certainly list the streets in that fashion. Would you call them streets? There is no paving at all and the sidewalks are made of planks set up above the mud of the road. If a wagon got stuck during the rainy season, it had to remain there until the rainy season was over. Kismet.

GREENVILLE, being a loyal Southern hamlet, had remembered its heroes by naming these muddy thoroughfares after them. There was a village well at the corner of Lee and Stonewall avenues.

In another little town, not far away, lived John's grandparents, and it was with them he spent the summers. It was they who encouraged him to sing. He used to lead all the other children when they gathered on the gallery during those long summer evenings.

His mother had a dear friend who had ventured past the so-called city limits of the town. Romance clung to her like a gag man to Joe Miller's joke book. It was bruited about that she had once danced with Sam Houston.

She had lived in Paris. Actually lived there for several years and it was from her that John learned of the world to which the muddy roads of Greenville led. She taught him to speak French and he, seated at her feet on the wide porch, deftly swinging a palm leaf fan, resolved to see the great world some day for himself.

He went through grammar school and high school and was, in both of these institutions, the leading singer. He always appeared as the headliner in the Friday afternoon "entertainments."

It was his ambition to become a doctor and so he went to the University of Texas, at Austin, and took his degree just in time to join the army.

WITH his knowledge of French as a background he was immediately put in the intelligence department in France. He was overseas eighteen months, but when he returned the threads of his existence were too raveled to be woven into a pattern again. He felt he had lost too much to return to school, so he gave up the idea of medicine and turned, as every good Texan should, to the raising of cotton.

All during this time he was singing and when Oscar Seagle came to Austin on a concert tour Boles determined to see him. The day he sang for the star, he had dragged himself out of a sick bed. His fever was as high as the notes of his songs.

But Seagle was entranced at the beautiful quality of his voice and persuaded him to come to New York to study. John phoned [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]
Racketeers of

Pity the poor star who must de-
from an army of ver-

A HOLLYWOOD husband discovers that his famous wife is too friendly with an equally famous director. He loves his little mate with that same deep affection a rattlesnake holds for a rabbit, but he burns with righteous indignation, rants about the sanctity of the home, threatens sensational divorce proceedings, and then—ah, then, to his delicately attuned ear comes the sweet tinkle of silver dollars.

His flinty heart mellows. He will be magnanimous. He will admit her accusations of mental cruelty and connubial incompatibility. He will be a gent, e'en though his heart is breaking. And he will deposit to his bank account a small fortune, contributed by his loving spouse and her noted admirer.

That, in case you fail to identify it, is a racket.

A Cahuenga Casanova borrows the girl friend’s phonograph records—he will bring them back tomorrow night. Does he? Certainly not!

Tomorrow evening he presents them, with appropriate gestures, to yet another lady love.

That, also, is a racket.

Between these two extremes of grand and petty larceny you will find an amazing number and an infinite variety of bright ideas for getting something for nothing, of transferring coin of the realm from the pockets of those who have it to the billfolds of those who haven’t and are too stupid, lazy or dowright ornery to earn it by the sweat of their receding brows.

There are, in truth, more racketeers in Hollywood than ever congested the streets of Chicago. An honest Cicero beer baron would resent being classed with some of the staggering army of moochers, spongers, panhandlers and cigarette borrowers who ply their profession north and south of the Boulevard. But on the other hand, the town has harbored a number of very astute operators whose records of remunerative achievement might well excite the admiration and envy of any dishonest man.

THE ultimate objective of this energetic army of sharpshooters is, as you may well imagine, that comparatively small and practically defenseless group of stars, writers, directors and executives who are, as the Hollywood High School lads describe it, “dough heavy.” Of course anybody with cash in the bank or readily negotiable securities is eligible, but the thousand a week and up people are the big, juicy peaches every Hollywood racketeer yearns to pluck and carry home for breakfast.

I’ll venture to say that right this instant not less than a hundred men, women and perhaps children are pondering some scheme to carve a slice out of Mary Pickford’s bankroll; that several hundred have designs on the life savings of Harold Lloyd; that untold thousands are trying to figure out some new and easy—it must not involve physical labor or it isn’t easy—way of getting something for nothing from anybody who has it.

The most lucrative racket, for those who can get away with it, is blackmail. It stands as a constant menace to screen
Hollywood

By

Bogart

Rogers

The most lucrative racket, for those who can get away with it, is blackmail. It stands as a constant menace to celebrities, be they guilty or innocent. It has been practiced successfully and attempted unsuccessfully countless times in the past and it will no doubt forever remain a source of annoyance.

With fame and fortune dependent so materially on the bubble reputation, the screen star twitches convulsively at the mere mention of a nasty public scandal. Guilty or not, the outcome always promises to be disastrous. The accusation makes more noise than the vindication, and in the meantime the Ladies’ Club of Bird Center is likely to post bans. If the price is reasonable, it is more convenient to pay off than fight.

How do these extortionists work? Well, for instance—

There was a lawyer named Herman Roth. He represented Ben Deely, one of the husbands of the late Barbara La Marr. He knew his Hollywood, did Mr. Roth. He knew that when a screen star was at the height of popularity and in the big money, that was the time to snatch for the pocketbook. Miss La Marr was riding the crest. Mr. Roth decided that perhaps something could be accomplished if Ben Deely sued for divorce and named a score or two of correspondents. He knew, of course, that the mere filing of such a suit might wreck her career. But he didn’t file the papers—there isn’t much money in just filing a divorce suit. He merely let Miss La Marr and the gentleman who had thousands of dollars invested in her pictures know what he was planning to do. Oh, yes. He was going to name a long list of correspondents, and a lot of well-known fellows were, too. He would do it immediately—unless, well, he might reconsider and perhaps drop the matter entirely—but a lawyer had to be paid for his services just like anyone else.

Barbara La Marr decided she wouldn’t stand for the shake-down. So she told Mr. Roth she would pay for his silence and arranged a meeting. She paid him in nice new bills. And when he had thanked her profusely, tucked the bills in his pocket, promised to forget the affair and bowed a polite adieu, a newspaper reporter and a large policeman closed in on him and appropriated the bills, which had been carefully marked.

For this little service to Miss La Marr, a jury awarded Mr. Roth a nice new denim suit covered with service stripes.

The moment anybody’s salary in Hollywood tops the hundred a week figure some several hundred, or perhaps thousand, racketeers start concocting some scheme to cut in on it. The agents and business managers are always in the front rank. Now let it be understood that there are many reputable agents and some very capable and honest business managers. But there are just as many who are neither reputable, capable or on the level.

The favorite agent racket at the moment is this:

Everyone, of course, knows the financial possibilities of a “find,” a new screen discovery with a chance to scale the heights. They start off as seven-fifty a day extras and ascend like rockets into the thousand dollar class. An interest in their potential earnings may turn out to be worth a fortune.

The self-confessed agents peel
H A U N T E D houses, to look the part, should be gray, grim castles with a surrounding moat, and at least a somber hat or two circling about the turrets. Houses which shelter poignant memories should be vine-covered cottages with old rose gardens. Tragedy houses can be anything from hovels to mansions, for tragedy is as old as the world and as new as next season's hat—and no respecter of persons.

Hollywood has its dwellings of tragedy. There they stand, the heartbreak houses of heartbreak town.

High up on the ledge of a mountain is Falcon's Lair, the home left by Valentino when he went to New York, never to return. There is Fred Thomson's beautiful hillside home, and Joseph Schenck's great mansion on Hollywood Boulevard. Then there are the houses of Barbara La Marr, William Desmond Taylor, Roscoe Arbuckle, Charles Ray, Mary Miles Minter and Harry Langdon. Sheltering their memories, outliving the fame and sometimes the lives of those who passed through their rooms, those who have laughed and loved and have gone from the screen.

They do not look like the harboring places of tragedy, these

Hollywood houses of sorrow. They stand back in well-kept gardens. Their walls gleam in the bright sunshine of Southern California. Red tile roofs are a blaze of color. People pass by unthinkingly and forgetful. But the walls could tell stories of romances ended, careers shattered and death.

A ROMANTIC but foolish legend says that Falcon's Lair is haunted. Irresponsible stories have been told of a caretaker who fled screaming down the hill, never to return.

This is the house that Valentino bought and rebuilt for Natacha Rambova. It was furnished magnificently with treasures gathered from all over the world. At Valentino's death household and personal effects were sold at public auction. Shopgirls bought his scarf pins, struggling clerks purchased articles from his wardrobe. At last Falcon's Lair stood barren of its furnishings. Then the weird stories of the place began, just as they circulate about any house that isn't occupied.

There's a road that wanders about a hill in Hollywood, and along this strange little road are picturesque cottages. Among these cottages is a small brown house, nestling in the shade of giant eucalyptus trees. You have to climb down from the road to get to the upstairs of the house. It is a different sort of a dwelling and it is cursed with beauty. Barbara La Marr built it, and here she lived during the last tragic year of her life.

IT was here that she undertook one of the strictest of diet regimes. She lost her health and was dying when she made her last picture. She died before it was completed. And now, strangely enough, the house that once belonged to the too beautiful girl is occupied by the too beautiful boy, Philippe de Lacy, the war orphan who so many times was close to death during his babyhood in shell-torn France.

Farther down-town, on Alvarado Street in Los Angeles, there is the house that could tell a tale of the strangest murder mystery in the annals of crime. S. S. Van Dine has never evolved a more baffling plot, and this plot has never had a solution. Perhaps it never will.
Mansions

Some fine dwellings that stand as monuments of shattered careers

By
Cal York

In 1922 William Desmond Taylor was murdered in this imposing building, and his death signified the writing on the wall for Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter.

Both stars, the greatest of that day, were brought into the case. There was an avalanche of publicity from which they never quite escaped.

Curiously enough, Miss Normand and Miss Minter were living within two blocks of each other at the time. Mabel's house has been transformed into a flat building, with business structures creeping upon it. Mary Miles Minter's beautiful residence, in which she never found the semblance of happiness, is a club.

Now Mabel is very ill and Mary Miles Minter is living in Paris.

The year 1922 is one Hollywood will never forget. For the first time the actor realized that he could not dance without paying the piper's price. Fame before had seemed a safe, assured thing.

Never again could it be "the public be damned." At the same time as the William Desmond Taylor murder, Roscoe Arbuckle was on trial for his life in San Francisco, the aftermath of a gay holiday party.

The fat fellow who had made millions laugh would never be a favorite on the screen again. He, too, was paying the piper. The trial cost him his place among the stars, and his wealth. His big cars, specially made, were sold. He lost his great

Here, in the hillside home of Frances Marion and Fred Thomson, dwelt youth and wealth and romance. After Thomson's death it was sold to an Eastern capitalist.
hacienda of Fred Thomson. Here was youth and romance and wealth. Thomson, the athletic star, was the idol of Young America. His wife, Frances Marion, was one of the most successful of scenarists. Their romance read like a story book.

Frances Marion had been introduced to Fred Thomson during the war, when the tall, curly-haired boy was a chaplain of the Forty-fourth Division. She had journeyed down to San Diego with Mary Pickford, the honorary colonel of the regiment, to see a service football game. Fred had made a forty-yard run, and then was tackled by four husky sailors. His leg was broken in three places.

MARY and Frances visited him in the hospital. That was the beginning of the romance. They were later married in France. When he returned from the war he became Mary Pickford’s leading man. Fame came easily to him.

Fred seemed the last person to die in youth. He had such a splendid physique and lived such an exemplary life. Yet he did not survive an operation.

The Thomson hacienda has since been sold, at a sacrifice, to an Eastern capitalist. The place held too many poignant associations for any member of the motion picture colony to desire it. Fred and Frances were a marvelous host and hostess.

Now Frances Marion is living in Charles Ray’s former residence in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Five families knew tragedy in this handsome residence. Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and Emil Jannings lived here at unhappy moments in their careers.
What Would You Do If You Had a Million?

Anita Murray would rather play extra in pictures than a lead in society

By Herbert Howe

What would you do if you had a million? That question is the favorite spigot for dreams. Personally, I'd do just what I'm doing now, because if I wanted to do anything else I'd do it without the million. But not everyone has such a fortune in egoism; neither has everyone the privilege of junching with beautiful million dollar extras and beautiful bankrupt stars.

In Hollywood all the people I know are planning to get a million and get out. Where they will get to when they get out I have no idea, though I could tell them where to go and it would cost them nothing. It is with relief from this sing-song that I discover an individual with a million who wants to get in instead of out.

You might have felt sorry for her the first few days seeing her plain and dumb among the extras, the talkative, gaudy henna-or-peroxide professional extras; she so obviously was not professional. But your sympathy would have been pre-sumptuous, for in a week she was one of them—talking her head off, she says.

Acceptance by the extras of Hollywood is a social triumph compared with which the breaking through castes of India and Newport is like finding a speakeasy.

Naturally, one has to be a Morrow of diplomacy, and the way in which Anita escapes detection in getting to her big roadster each evening might be compared to Lindbergh's genius for evading photographers.

She has no driver's license and only personality has kept her out of jail, but she will not risk her chauffeur and town car for fear of losing her hard won position in extra society. An extra in town car with chauffeur would be targeted instantly for invidious remarks.

A friend told me all this about Anita and added, "and you can't get her to gossip about anybody!"

Surely, said I, there's a freak in our midst who must be exposed if Peter the Hermit is to hold his position, and straightway I stalked her to her bungalow suite in the Ambassador Hotel. "Hello!" she said, spooning an orange at a luncheon table. "Hello!" I said, aiming my hat at the best corner.

Anita continued to spoon the orange cannibalistically. She's on the eighteen day diet and an orange is preferable to an interviewer unless, of course, you're really a cannibal.

Maybe it was Anita's nonchalance that made me feel so much at home, maybe it was her love of food and then again, more probably, it was her easy humor.

Anchovy, she reminds me far more of the good old college campus than do Joan Crawford or Clara Bow. There's no artifice about her complexion or manner. Doesn't need any. Has gray eyes like Gloria's and upsweeping lashes unfreighted by mascara. Very young, still somewhat gangly, yet has the poise and confidence of power.

She showed me some snapshots of herself as a kid, the homeliest kid I ever did see. If Anita's beauty progresses at the rate it has she'll be Miss Hollywood in 1930.

Most of her life has been spent in a convent in Montreal where she did some fine etchings and oils. With travel and every cultural advantage, she
ALTHOUGH she has been in lots of pictures, you never really saw this girl on the screen until the presentation of "Drag." She is the new Lila Lee—sophisticated, clever and beautiful. At twenty-four Lila, with a lifetime of experience, starts on a new career. On the opposite page you will find the story of the courageous child actress who wouldn't be forgotten.
Cuddles Grows Up

By
Katherine Albert

And Lila Lee swears that she'll never play a sweet ga-ga rôle again

They called her Cuddles, because she was such a cute, chubby little girl. And the name was all right, in its way, when she was a child in the Gus Edwards Revue. Then she went into pictures and they renamed her Lila Lee. But the curse of Cuddles still pursued her.

On the screen Lila drank ice cream sodas, which were fattening and uninspiring. She looked pale and wan when the villain eyed her. And all the time she wanted to do the vampining.

She was a pretty bad actress back in those early days. She was a bad actress but a good woman, and maybe that's how all the trouble started. The producers got their adjectives mixed.

Three things have happened to Lila simultaneously. She has grown up, she has made a comeback and she has turned bad. Her life was so crowded with events that it was difficult for her to get in any thinking. Experiences came too fast to be analyzed.

At thirteen she discovered herself a Paramount star. At eighteen she was the wife of James Kirkwood and at nineteen, the mother of a baby son. It is just recently that she has been able to solve the real meaning of these happenings.

Now, at twenty-four, she finds that she has been piling up experiences that serve her right royally.

"It's like putting money in the bank," she said. "You keep on doing it, week after week, and all of a sudden wake up to the fact that you have quite a lot stored away."

Lila has quite a lot stored away. She's just beginning to use it. She's just beginning to get back of herself and find that she's a person—quite a sophisticated, humorous person.

Her comeback has already been entered in the film history books. It takes so little time to make history in Hollywood. When she discovered that she was over-publicized as a star and that her public would have no more of her, she went to New York and found work on the stage. When she returned, Hollywood had forgotten her and she thought herself foolish to have left.

But it was that very stage experience that brought her back to the screen when the talkies came into vogue. Otherwise she might still be an over-publicized failure. But when the microphone did become important and there was a demand for Lila Lee, she woke up to the fact that her forte lay not in sweet, ga-ga roles, but in something more serious and vital.

She overcame the Cuddles...
That little gray home in the West is no longer for rent.

The bird who first glorified it from a piano on West 46th Street has moved in—with his Mammy.

The home-cooked bacon, the sugared yams which his Mammy was scheduled to turn out, are also in the picture.

Mammy, however, isn’t doing the cooking; but daily you can find those who write the nation’s songs gathered around tables in Wilson Mizner’s Brown Derby, Henry’s, and Eddie Brandt’s Montmartre.

For ten years they’ve been singing the warning: “California—Here I Come.”

They’ve come,—and how! That yearned-for Golden Gate has sprung a hinge in opening wide to let ‘em in. And they’ll never ask for more.

It is now a question as to which has absorbed which. Is the motion picture industry a subsidiary of the music publishing business,—or have film producers gone into the business of making songs?

To the song-writer himself, the question means nothing. All that matters is that he has never been so happy in his life. Never before were things as easy for a composer or lyricist as the present. That goes, financially, artistically and comfortably. Named in the order of importance to the song-writer.

During the so-called “good old days,” the song-writer sweat agonies before an idea came for a song. There were comparatively few production writers who were given situations on which to build themes.

After writing it, the trouble of getting the song marketed began. If the composer or lyricist was under contract to a music publisher, that difficulty was easily removed. Even then, his work was just starting. A staff of “pluggers” were assigned to get the song placed. This meant personal interviews with vaudeville stars, band leaders, radio entertainers, cabaret performers and even circus trouppers. The function of the “plagger” was to convince such persons of the tremendous merit contained in the new song, in order to warrant their learning it and placing it in their routines or repertoires.

Individuals in all branches of the amusement industry were showered with courtesies by the representatives of the publisher or by the song-writers. These attentions varied in size, according to the artist’s importance.

Many rated only a lunch. Others were given theater tickets, or admissions to baseball or football games or fights. The very highest of the high were “cut in.”

In this fashion many of the better known orchestra leaders, black-face comedians, revue stars and vaudeville headliners obtained a percentage of royalty on a song featured by them. Such methods were (and still are) supposedly forbidden by members of the Music Publishers Protective Association.

The taboo was (and still is) overcome by the simple expedient of naming the singer or musician as one of the song’s writers.

Some hits of the past have had as many as eight writers named responsible for a lyric or a melody.

The more bands or
of Tin-Pan Alley

By Jerry Hoffman

THE first song written for a motion picture, to be sung as part of the film's action, was "Mother I Still Have You," in "The Jazz Singer." It was written by Louis Silvers and Al Jolson, who sang it. Had the number or the picture been released a year earlier, its sheet music sale would have been from 500,000 to 500,000 copies instead of 30,000. This reason for the small number of sales, even with Jolson singing it, was the few theaters equipped for sound at the time of the picture's release. Incidentally, Louis Silvers may be termed the advance guard of the song-writers now flowing Hollywood. He was the first to establish permanent residence in the film colony under the new era. He came with Jolson, with whom he has been associated for seventeen years in the theater, conducting the orchestras for all Jolson shows.

However, the possibilities shown by "Mother I Still Have You" caused motion picture producers to realize that here was an element worth considering. It was further impressed a year later when "Sonny Boy" swept the country as one of the greatest selling hits in the history of popular music.

Sonny Boy may or may not have been a "natural." It was played and sung often enough during the course of "The Singing Fool" to stamp it indelibly on the minds of its hearers. Incidentally, the method of its creation is one of those freak tales which eventually will come to be regarded as a choice bit of fiction. But it's true.

Because of the tremendous interest of its readers in theme songs of motion pictures, Photoplay will inaugurate a new service department. Beginning in the October issue, Photoplay will review phonograph and piano records of the music used in screen productions, so that you may know where to obtain recordings of your favorite songs.

Photoplay is the first national publication to give its readers a specialized music service, and its music reviews will be up to the high standard maintained by its Shadow Stage.

WITIHN a month of a film's release, the average motion picture song with commercial possibilities will sell from 100,000 to 500,000 copies, plus an equal number of records. Formerly, the average good number, with very rare instances, would be fortunate to sell 30,000 copies in three months.

For example: Last June, the "Fox Follies" opened in fifty-seven cities over the entire country on the same date. Within three weeks, "Breakaway," "That's You, Baby," and "Walking With Susie" had sold over 100,000 copies and records. Had Con Conrad, Archie Cotter and Sydney Mitchell written those songs for a theatrical production or just as popular numbers, it would take the time for the show to play over the entire country or the acts using them to appear in the same territories to produce results probably not so good.

AFTER he had his song with hundreds of acts, the songwriter's worries were far from ended. There was the job of keeping that song in the routine or repertoire of the performer as long as possible. Personal jealousies among actors or orchestra leaders; a sore throat or laryngitis suffered by a singer; peeves at the song-writer or his firm often resulted in a song being taken out of an act after one or two weeks.

There is a big difference in writing songs for motion pictures. To a song-writer there is no greater comfort than the knowledge that once a number is set in a movie—it stays in.

The song stays in. To a layman, the big thing in motion picture exploitation of songs would appear the increased financial returns resulting from a greater appeal. That is a minor consideration to the professional writer. The star who sang it originally may have paralyzed vocal chords a week later; the song-writer may say the nastiest things about the star's mother or wife. But regardless of what happens—once that picture is released, the song is TV.

Act using a song, the better became its commercial value, for it reached the ears of so many more music-buyers. If a song was a "natural," the work was easier, for many performers would voluntarily use it. A "natural" in songwriters is a number that clicks with the public the first time it is heard. It doesn't require constant plugging, for its melody is whistled and learned easily.
ALICE WHITE, in a futuristic setting, is a girl followed by two shadows. One is a talkie shadow and the other is silent. First National is surrounding Alice with plenty of singing and dancing in her musical film, "Broadway Babies"
SONGS across the Sea

Meet Maurice Chevalier,
Unofficial Envoy
of France

By Dorothy Spensley

MADAME Chevalier walked across the room with Adolphe tugging on leash.
M. Chevalier watched her reflectively.
Adolphe is as proud a wire-haired terrier as ever thrust his nose aristocratically aloft, and has to be taken out for air occasionally.

"Adolphe Menjou gives us Adolphe," Chevalier beams. On the wall of the dressing room is a thumbtacked picture of Charles Chaplin. "To Maurice from Charlie," it says, and an autographed photograph of Jesse Lasky, to whom Chevalier is contracted. On the desk are leather-framed pictures of Mary and Douglas Fairbanks, Joan and Douglas, Jr., and a small drawing of Madame Chevalier.

Over all, though, is Jesse Lasky. Some consider this a mark of diplomacy. But they do not know Chevalier. It is a gesture of devotion. It was Jesse Lasky who discovered him and in twenty-four hours signed him to American pictures.

In France they call him the Idol of Paris. In America they call him the Idol of Seattle or Louisville or Hoboken or Jersey City or wherever "Innocents of Paris," a really bad picture, is playing.

The publicity department is responsible for that. Responsible for sending out copy that is easily transferable from theater manager to small or large town paper.

It is all very confusing, this thing of fame. It is all very confusing, this thing that makes idols. That makes people shriek and yell and scream and stamp when one slim man with full lower lip and tight upper, with glistening teeth and flashing smile, with snapping fingers and syncopated limbs, with a blue-eyed wink and brown hair, comes strutting out.

It is all very confusing until you meet Maurice Chevalier, and then you understand everything. You understand personal magnetism, mob adoration, gloves split from applause, fan worship, the supreme ability—the genius—that lifted itself above a worthless first picture and made him an ascending American idol.

You understand Chevalier as he sits groping for modest words to explain just how the French public feels about him; just how he cannot desert them permanently for perhaps greater glory on the American screen.

His wish is to make three pictures a year, one in Hollywood, one in New

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
BIG chance for eligible men in Hollywood! Come West, young feller. Take the stars to parties. Be the Steady Frame. Fill up their date books. Preside at their tea-tables.

The picture gals are starved for romance. Hollywood is a manless town.

Let's look the situation squarely in the face. Let's get out the magnifying glass and the forceps. Lay the false moustache and the poison bottle on the table there. Let me have a bit of twine and an old skate strap. That will do very nicely, thank you.

Now, in the first place, where are all the men in Hollywood?

Yes, yes, I know, a lot of them are at Aileen Pringle's, playing dominoes. But they can't all get in her house, much as they want to.

Where are the rest? They don't become hermits. They don't commit suicide. They don't go in for arson and wake up in jail.

Then why do these picture gals lean wanly on their chins and sigh for romance?

It's as easy to find a young man with enough money to spend and an inclination to spend it as it is to discover a rich man who wants to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

CERTAIN blades and ladies are coupled together like freight cars, only more permanently. Certain names just go together. The Smith brothers, Joan and Doug, Wells and Fargo, Gary and Lupe, Trade and Mark, Sue and Nick, Bebe and Ben, Hope and Charity, Jimmie and Myrna, Olive and George, ice cream and cake, Charlie and Virginia. You know what I mean. However, this permanent mating doesn't help the love-lorn gals of the village.

Let's consider the matter with due seriousness.

Here are the unattached young men: Matty Kemp, Buddy Rogers, Nils Asther, Grant Withers, William Collier, Jr., Hugh Trevor, Johnny Hines, Tom Tyler, Pat Rooney III, Ramon Novarro, Billy Haines, Walter Byron, Hugh Allen, William Bakewell, Larry Kent—I can't, for the life of me, think of another.

But the girls! Oh, here you have a list like a ship. Betty Bronson, Josephine Dunn, Mary Brian, Alice and Marceline Day, June Collyer, Gwen Lee, Sally Eilers, Raquel Torres, Anita Page, Lois Moran, Barbara Kent, Alberto Vaughn, Lois Wilson, Mary McAllister, Loretta and Polly Ann Young, Helene Costello, Renee Adoree, Sharon Lynn, Alice White and more—oh, countless thousands more!

These gals appear at an occasional first night, at the local ice cream parlor, at the important party with one man or another. Maybe an affair is rumored and then it's flat as a pancake.

FOR all the young men I've named eligible, in the strict sense of the word. Nils Asther, as melancholy as a Swedish herring and about as animated as the Rock of Gibraltar, has no use for the average woman. He is not one to flirt (fancy Nils sitting) from flower to flower, as we of the old school laughingly say.

Johnny Hines, Pat Rooney III, Billy Haines and Billy Bakewell are a trifle too smart cracking for the languorous ladies of filmdom who crave romance in a large way. Fun is fun, but it's better in vaudeville than under a California moon.

Hugh Trevor, having paid court at the mansion of La Belle Pringle, finds that other women pale in comparison. The remarkable Aileen graces a Tia Juana bar or a theological institute with equal gusto. It rather takes the edge off.

Novarro can't be prised away from his little theater, his music and his Europe. Walter Byron is so English that the girls don't know if he's asking them over to tea or if he's just asking them over.

You don't see very much of Hugh Allen, Tom Tyler, Larry Kent and Buster Collier these days. So that leaves, of all that formidable group, only Matty Kemp, Buddy Rogers, Grant Withers.

Matty was once engaged to Sally Eilers. It was the first love for both. Then Sally broke her engagement and allowed the third finger of her left hand to be encircled by a ring that William Hawks bought. But now, so they say, the ring is about to find a good home with Marceline Day. It hasn't happened yet. In the meantime, Sally is occasionally seen with Matty. But Matty has 'em all around.

Grant Withers came to Hollywood as a hero of the Pueblo flood. A hero is a hero whether he did anything or not. Grant's
A Manless Town

RUSSELL PATTERSON

specialty seems to be those girl friends who look abstracted if any event prior to 1907 is mentioned.

Buddy is a gay blade. He's been reported engaged to Claire Windsor, Mary Brian, June Collyer—but it doesn't seem to stop his solitary court lessons.

Now you might include Harry Crocker, except that he's too busy being gag man for Marion Davies' parties. So there you are. Don't come to Hollywood, girls, looking for a man. Get 'em and bring 'em if you're determined to come to the colony.

This problem is more acute than what to do with a bum larynx that won't say "mammy" when it sees a microphone.

You might think that the situation doesn't exist. You might accuse me of making this up just to amuse myself. I assure you that it doesn't amuse me. Haven't I heard Josephine Dunn cry to the heavens for a steady flame? And Gwen Lee moan at the sad fate that leaves her as boyfriendless as a slice of cinnamon toast? Renee Adorée has a yen to find some nice bozo to take her places and do things for her.

But where are the men to be found? In the first place, there are more women than men. More girls think they have a chance in Hollywood than boys. And, in the second place, the men who are in Hollywood are surfeited with beauty. Nowhere in the world are there so many eligible, attractive, well dressed, smiling young women. Beauty is as dull as sin.

Everywhere you look you see gorgeous blonde heads. Deep black eyes. Velvet skins. Alabaster shoulders. By all the gods, Laura Jean Libby in a former incarnation visited Hollywood and found her adjectives. Thus the men become indifferent, selfish. They go ham actor.

Picture, if you can, the typical Hollywood man. He sits upon a large throne of his own making. It is gilded with his own imagination. He is as supercilious as a hotel clerk. And his attitude is that of "Why shouldn't these dames pay for their own meals? I'm taking 'em out. They've got a chance to look at me through seven courses." He walks the boulevards and accepts, as his just due, the adoring glances cast his way. Hasn't he a perfect profile?

Isn't that enough to satisfy the most exacting damsel?

And the actresses have a fine contempt for their fellow actors. Deep, deep in their hearts they hate them. Yet they can't lower themselves by appearing socially with any lesser lights.

Now, here's where the visitor within the gates comes in. There's nothing romantic about being kissed by a man who has just kissed you all day in front of a camera.

The girls meet the Eastern trains like flappers meet fleets. They're looking for any young man with a million dollars. Or any young man on expense account. Or any young man with a nice manner. Or just any young man.

There are now in Hollywood four foreign gentlemen, known as the four Spanish boys. One of them, it seems, is a big beet sugar daddy. Literally. He owns sugar, lots of it, in Cuba. The rest of them are equally well sugared. Nobody knows exactly what they want of the film colony. But they entertain the picture gals.

They arrive in great style at Montmartre. There is a general air of sprucing up. Thousands of powder puffs scamper across thousands of noses. And the girls, loitering over their coffee, hoping that something will happen, say in very much the musical comedy manner, "The Spaniards, the Spaniards," and they almost add the accepted tra-la.

The big butter and egger, Townsend Netcher, cut a swath for quite a while in Hollywood until Constance Talmadge decided that he was no good running around loose and attached him. They are married now.

A certain personable young man from New York came to Hollywood to represent a well known advertising company. His expense account was unlimited. Word of this spread among the gals. He has more dates than he can keep, because he has New York manners.

The picture men, bored with beauty, as I've said, forget those little details which Elinor Glyn says every woman loves. They forget to send flowers, to provide cigarettes, to order a meal properly. And that's where the out-towner excels.

But the out-towner goes away eventually, leaving the situation exactly as it was. And Hollywood remains a manless town.

But there is a nice code of ethics among the girls. Knowing how hard they are to get, the...
Herb's Three Paying Guests

Rex Ingram—"A fine artist and a striking individual. There was no need to fictionize. The copy just rolled off"

Mabel Normand—"I never dare write the truth about Mabel because it would only be credible in fiction"

Ramon Novarro—"Ramon is the only friend I've ever had who could sing while he shaves but doesn't"

Confessions of a Press Agent

By Herbert Howe

Now that stars are boisterously confessing their loves and lives like sinners getting religion from Aimee, I feel their press agents should go do likewise... It's the only job left them.

As an old offender who has reformed (Hallelujah) let me be Horrible Example A and lead the sinners to the platform with hows of conscience.

I glowed to the compliment of Fannie Hurst when she said she thought it took more imagination to build a stellar character around some wop wailer than to write fiction such as hers.

It pains my vanity to confess the truth: Believe me, Fannie, if press agents had the imagination you imagine there would be such an over-supply of literature that Mr. Hoover would have to devise an Authors' Relief Bill.

Recently in Photoplay I referred to an old friend whom I used to hear sing while he shaved, with the only tributes being raps on the wall of the adjoining apartment; imagine my surprise to hear him tweet from the screen a veritable chickadee.

Imagine more my surprise at a downpour of letters asking if Ramon Novarro really had a double for his voice in "The Pagan," the assumption being, I suppose, that I never had another friend. The truth is Ramon is the only friend I've ever had who could sing while he shaves but doesn't.

He prefers Parsifal to the Barber of Seville.

As one whose faith was equal to tasting bootleg holler before Mr. Hoover made it unfashionable, I would suppose that in view of all the stories printed of Ramon's talent he would be above suspicion. But the public seems to feel that all stories about stars come from publicity men and that all publicity men are imaginative geniuses.

Anyhow, Ramon did and does sing "The Pagan Love Song" and doubtless could make a lot of money on the side doubling for his colleagues who would be mocking birds.

I did publicity for the Rex Ingram company in Africa for "The Arab." On the boat on the way home Rex got woefully conscientious (his stomach hurt him), and remarked that he was beginning to believe his own press agent and that that was fatal.

It was complimentary to my genius, but I never wrote anything about Rex that I didn't believe, and a saner man than he would have hesitated some of it. A fine artist, a striking individual, there was no need to fictionize. The copy just rolled off. And if there is anything I appreciate it is rolling copy with most subjects I find it telling.

Of the dozen stars I've done publicity for in the past not one ever wanted gilding. They all thought they were swell just as they were.

We know that honesty pays, for George Washington was elected because he told his father he hewed the cherry tree. (Incidentally, it was not his press agent's yarn but his own confession, hence not to be trusted implicitly.)

I wrote so much about Pola Negri that I was suspected of being her press agent. Ah, cynical world, that believes no longer in chivalry! One lady did... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]
Help John McCormack Select His Movietone Songs

Vote for your ten favorites on the ballot below

WHAT songs do you want to hear John McCormack sing in his Fox Movietone production?

That is a question uppermost in the minds of Fox Films executives. The beloved Irish tenor has become so thoroughly established as an American institution that all music lovers are familiar with his repertoire.

McCormack will sing ten songs in the Movietone production about to begin shooting and microphoning in Ireland, with Frank Borzage directing.

In the ballot below, you will find a list of McCormack's best loved songs. Check your ten favorites. In the blank spaces you may write in any of McCormack's songs which may have been omitted from the list.

Mail your ballot to John McCormack Picture Director, Fox Studio, Los Angeles, Calif.

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To John McCormack Picture Director
Fox Studio
Los Angeles, Calif.

I suggest that John McCormack sing the ten songs designated:

| Believable Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms | At Dawning | Beneath the Moon of Lomardy |
| Silver Threads Among the Gold | The Rosary | Wearing of the Green |
| When Irish Eyes Are Smiling | Ave Maria | Kathleen Mavourneen |
| When You and I Were Young, Maggie | Mother Machree | Dear Love, Remember Me |
| That Tumble-down Shack in Athlone | Roses of Picardy | I Hear You Calling Me |
| Somewhere a Voice Is Calling | Moonlight and Roses | My Wild Irish Rose |
| Serenade (Softly Through the Night) | Dear Old Pal of Mine | A Little Bit of Heaven |

Name ____________________________
Street Address ____________________
Town and State ___________________
BEFORE anyone could reach him, Johnny’s father had skinned down from the rafters and gathered his son in his arms. So light a small burden! So white and pinched a little face!
FATHER KNOWS BEST

By The EDINGTONS

Illustrated by C. A. Bryson

His mother rechristened him Marion Glendenning and taught him it was vulgar for boys to fight over theaters... and have his own dressing room... and contracts!

She spoke dreamily, her eyes looking into some picture of her own. When Johnny's father made an explosive sound of wrath, she turned pale, and pressed her heart, but repeated with weak-voiced tenacity:

"Yes... Marion Glendenning!"

"Marion Glendenning!" he mimicked disgustingly. "That's a hell of a name! How do you get that way? What's the idea? Ain't my name good enough? It's the name you married me by, and by God it's the name my kid was born under! He was born Brown, and Brown he's going to die!"

Johnny's mother shivered away from him in distaste.

"Do you have to shout and curse?" she asked scornfully.

"If you'd behave like a gentleman, I'd explain to you!"

"I don't know anything about behaving like a gentleman, and I don't want to. I'm trying to act like a man. Go ahead and explain, but it'll take a damn lot of explaining to get that fool name over to me!"

"I guess you must be blind. If weren't I wouldn't have to tell you why. Marion was made for pictures! Everyone else sees it. They all tell me I'm silly to let you stand in his way... and I have to take it from them... how you, his father, working right there in the studio, won't lift a hand to better your own child."

The man went suddenly, oddly calm.

"Let me get you straight," he said quietly. "Are you trying to get me to say you can put Johnny in pictures?"

"Yes, I am, she said, meeting his cold eyes defiantly.

"Well, it won't do you any good. You know how I feel about kids in pictures. I've seen a lot of 'em. D'you think I want my kid going to a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown? D'you think I want him to be wise to everything in the world... spoiled and petted and pampered, before he's got a chance to know what life means, or what it's all about? Not by a damned sight! He's going to grow up like a normal kid. He's going to go to public schools. He's going to get his face dirty, and his shirt torn off. He's going to be real. He's not going to be a spineless, egotistical little snob! If he wants to go into pictures after he's through high, I don't care. He ought to know his own mind by that time, and he can make a lot of money, and get a lot of good things out of life from the openings he gets in a studio. But I'm going to let him decide when he's old enough to know what he's doing!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
"Home, Francois," says Mary Duncan to her footman. The wax figure who lends an air to Miss Duncan's motor needs neither salary nor uniforms and he'll work twenty-four hours a day. It's the Hollywood Gag of the Month

I wonder if George Bancroft's kids
Have hand grenades for toys,
And find in nitroglycerin
Their greatest childhood joys?
And do they, leaping bright from bed,
Fill nurse full of red hot lead?

ONE of the most amazing episodes in the life of Hollywood is the discovery of Bebe Daniels. When all the microphone excitement hit the village, Bebe found herself without a Paramount contract. A few months later she signed to sing the name role in "Rio Rita" for RKO. She had never sung before. She has had lessons for only two and a half months. She took but one piano lesson when she was a child, but gave it up because the teacher would not let her play by ear.

It's just one of those strange things for which there is no accounting. She seems to have a natural ear.

"I don't know a whole note from a sixteenth," she said. "And I'm afraid, afraid that this will leave me as quickly as it came."

She sang for Tierney, author of "Rio Rita," and John Boles the other day. John threw up his hands. "What's the use?" he wailed, "what's the use of my studying and practicing when an untrained person sings like that?"

Bebe has her instructor sing a song for her three or four times and she has it note for note. And that's gospel truth!

MAY McAVOY and Maurice Cleary were united in the holy bonds of matrimony to the tune of grinding cameras and loud speakers. Outside, on the steps of the Church of the Good Shepherd, the camera men had stationed themselves long before the ceremony began and a microphone was nearby so that the public might hear what the stars had to say about the wedding.

Oh, it had all the publicity tricks of a première performance.

True to movie convention, Gertrude Olmstead was one of the bridesmaids. The others were Mildred Davis Lloyd, Helen Ferguson, Gloria Hope, Edith and Irene Mayer. Lois Wilson was maid of honor.

May looked charming in conventional white satin and long veil. Her name will go down in the annals of nuptial history. She was, to my knowledge, the first bride to answer "I do" so that the entire congregation could hear.

CLIVE BROOK has just returned from England where he conferred with Galsworthy about "Escape," which he is to make into a talkie. His experiences were many and varied.

The English reporters (only they're called journalists) met him on the ship and fired a hundred questions at him about Hollywood. Clive explained gently but firmly that he'd lived in the film capital many years and had never attended an orgy.

The next day the papers carried the headlines, "Hollywood Is Dull Place."

That evening he made a personal appearance at one of the theaters. The crowds mobbed him as he tried to slip out the stage entrance.

At last his friend, Douglas Furber, hailed a taxicab. The driver looked

Look closely, ladies and gentlemen, and you will see "Buddy" Rogers under the make-up. "Buddy" is up to some new tricks in "Illusion"
“What’s the matter?” he asked the lad. “Don’t you think that’s funny?”
“No, I don’t,” said the boy, “and I don’t have to laugh, anyway. I’m quitting Saturday!”

NORMA SHEARER tells this one on herself.
In her party at the opening of “The Trial of Mary Dugan” was Ina Claire, the new Mrs. John Gilbert. At the close of the performance a gushing person of feminine persuasion rushed up to Miss Claire.
“Oh,” she gasped, all hot and bothered, “you’re Ina Claire. I think you are marvelous. Are you going to do ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheyney’ for the films?”
“No,” Miss Claire replied. “My friend, Norma Shearer, will play in that.”
“How nice,” exclaimed the stranger, not at a loss for words. “Miss Shearer, why don’t you get Miss Claire to show you how to do it?”

THE off-screen romance of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell causes as much interest in Hollywood as it does to the fans the country over. Their liking for one another has been a sort of on-again-off-again-Finnegan affair.
Apparently they were in love at the time of “Seventh Heaven,” and then, a little later, Charlie became engaged to the cool and collected Virginia Valli. Recently Janet announced her engagement to Lydell Peck, a young San Franciscan.
Those who should know say that Janet and Charlie had wished to attend together the opening of “Four Devils,” in which the little actress is starred. The best compromise was a party in which fiancées were included, a rather typical Hollywood compromise.
In this village of many “busted” romances, people are sitting back and preparing themselves for a probable exchange of engagement rings.

IF for nothing else Carmel Myers’ name will go down in history as one of the few picture gals who knows how to behave at her own wedding. If you had witnessed some of the three ring circuses that pass as weddings in Hollywood, you’d know how amazing it was:
That she invited only her real friends (most film brides use the telephone book as their guest list).
That, having been married once before, she wore creme instead of white (most divorcées use flowing veils).
That her every move was dignified and exactly as it should have been.
 Incidently, Ralph Blum, a Los Angeles lawyer, was the groom and the ceremony was the first one performed in the new B’nai B’rith Temple.

**How dull the early movie days**
   **When prize fight films were duller!**
   **Now gants are shot in Movietone—**
   **Black eyes in Technicolor!**

N OT even a shining new Packard roadster could keep Betty Bronson in Hollywood this summer. Although she was under consideration for the rôle of Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew," Betty has sailed for England to be on hand for the graduation ceremonies at Oxford University.

The particular attraction is a young American who gets his sheepskin this year. Last spring the boy came to Hollywood to see Betty during his mid-term vacation, and gave our town an authentic glimpse of an English collegiate. It is beginning to look serious, and there may be a Mr. Betty Bronson soon.

After her stay in England, Betty will spend some time on the Lido. She was accompanied by her brother, an undergraduate at Stanford University.

H AS the Love luck turned?

Little Bessie Love got pretty badly cracked up in an automobile accident not long ago.

There was the matter of a long cut over one of those Lovely eyes, but surgeons reported that it will not leave any scar.

This grief, right on top of the great Bessie Love hit in "Broadway Melody," with a grand future seemingly in the bag. Let’s hope that wreck was just an interlude of bad breaks in the happy succession of Love hits. No little girl in pictures more deserves the best.

A LTHOUGH it may be a very quiet affair, quiet perhaps to the extent of being secret, it is possible that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart will be married soon. Sue has been rushed by almost every eligible man in Hollywood but she has had eyes only for Nick.

There is nothing to stand in the way of the marriage. Sue’s divorce from her first husband is now final. He was married again a few months ago. Chicago papers carried headlines saying Sue Carol’s husband marries again. Scarcely what one would consider welcome publicity by Sue’s successor.

EVELYN BRENT had just signed her starring contract with Paramount. Bill Powell clutched her warmly by the hand and said, with a choke in his microphone voice, "Congratulations, Betty. Isn’t it marvelous to be a star? Think of all the advantages. Now you can ride in Shriners’ parades."

RAMON NOVARRO has a complaint to register against Photoplay. It seems that we told about his traveling through Europe incognito by wearing a pair of dark glasses. Since then every man with eye trouble who has set foot on the Continent has been under suspicion. And Ramon, himself, was recognized everywhere he went when he was abroad this time just because he wore dark glasses.

He tried growing a beard when he went to Berlin. But the Berliners pierced the disguise. After much thought he hit upon an excellent plan. He threw away the dark glasses and shaved off the false whiskers and went about Europe as Ramon Novarro and nobody recognized him.

YOU and I will never know whether it’s cause and effect or effect and cause. Anyhow, here are the newest developments in the life of Dolores del Rio.

Hollywood felt sure (as Hollywood usually does) that the Mexican beauty would marry her director, Edwin Carewe. But she didn’t. Carewe married his divorced wife, Mary Aiken, instead.
A new "best dressed woman" for Hollywood, Irene Bordoni arrived with scores of trunks and a half-dozen servants, to give the natives something to talk about. With her are Robert North, Galen Bogue and Clarence Badger—all of her production staff. The clothes are French, so is the accent, and so—oddly enough—is Miss Bordoni.

Does Dolores care a snap of her castanets? Not much. There's one of those red hot romances afoot with del Rio and Roland Drew, her leading man. They go about getting seen at all the places where people get seen.

Incidentally, Miss del Rio is looking for a director. Carewe has given up the task.

STRONGHEART, the first of the dog stars, is dead at the ripe old age of thirteen years. He retired from the screen several months ago on account of ill health. He is survived by his blonde wife, Lady Jule, and numerous children, scattered throughout the country. Burial services were private.

Some day Strongheart, dead and gone,
Gawking at a heavenly bone,
Will hear wafting at the gate,
And his ears will stand up straight.
"Hey!" he'll snap. "Go let him in!
Barks to me like Rin-Tin-Tin.
Ah there, Kinty. How and where
Are those human dads down there?"

If, after seeing all these weepy pictures, you have a tear or two left, save them for Walter Byron.

The young Englishman was signed by Sam Goldwyn over a year ago to be Vilma Banky's leading man. He made one picture with her, "The Awakening." He was good. Flappers wrote fan letters to him. Gloria Swanson saw him and picked him as her leading man. Joyously, he persuaded Goldwyn to loan him.

Last August the first scenes of "Queen Kelly" were made.

Joan Crawford wears a tattooed sweater, decorated all over with the best examples of collegiate wit and art. The heart dedicated to Dodo is a pictorial warning that all of Joan's more serious thoughts are centered upon Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., which is the way a young bride should feel.

And then, a few months ago, things happened. The Swanson picture is now shelved. Odds are even on whether it will be released or not. But in the meantime Walter has missed several good opportunities and there are no plans for him at all.

But Al Jolson in any place or circumstance he'll sing "Mammy!" He'll dash it off to the tune of many thousands of dollars. But his brother, Harry, it appears, is only Al Jolson's brother. Universal found that out when they signed him, gave him several tests and bought off his contract.

This is the story of Gene Markey's black eye. And it goes to prove, little kiddies, that whatever else you jump at, you mustn't jump at conclusions.

Marion Davies had a party. Gene, the erstwhile fiancé of Ina Claire, arrived with Ruth Taylor. A few minutes later Ina and Jack Gilbert arrived. Ina introduced her husband to Markey. It was rather a strain.

A few minutes after that Gene went into another room just as somebody was going out. Gene actually, honestly collided with the door. And there wasn't any raw beefsteak handy, so the eye swelled and darkened.

What did Hollywood say? Dunt es! What does Hollywood always say at a moment like that? Fortunately for both Gene and Jack there were witnesses.

Bayard Veiller, the playwright, came forth with the announcement that talking pictures would make English the universal language.

"What will some of the producers do?" queried one of the local smartcrackers.

Pauline Garon was lunching with an acquaintance at the Brown Derby. Lovell Sherman greeted the friend and came over to the table.

In all innocence the third party turned to Pauline and said, "My dear, have you ever met Mr. Sherman?"

"I don't know whether or not I've been formally introduced," said Pauline, "but I was married to him for a couple of years."
THE manufacture of theme songs for motion pictures, my latest statistics prove, is now the third largest industry in the United States, being led only by pretzel-bending and pickle-warting.

The manufacture of whip-lash tassels is now, according to my figures, a poor fourth, while the antimacassar and what-not industries are practically nowhere—except, of course, in the dictionary.

You are all familiar, no doubt, with the thousands of immortal theme songs already ground out to accompany our present day films. Among those already historic are, "I Love You Because I Love You, So Why Do I Love You?" "Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, I Love You" and "Pathe News Weekly, No. 142, 1928, I Love You."

The uninformed may think that the confection of these melodic macaroons is an art, or at least a craft, practised only by artistic craftsmen, or crafty artists.

If they do, they're nuts.

My scientific researches and laboratory tests in Hollywood, made with the assistance of the famous Case D and Dr. Herb Howe, youthful Abyssinian chiropodist, prove beyond a doubt that the construction of theme songs is at present a stupendous industry, comparable to the re-stringing of zithers.

It was my rare privilege, recently, to visit one of the immense foundries on the West Coast where motion picture music is manufactured.

My investigations were carried out in the factory of Unspeakable Films, Inc. My guide was Eustace L. Beethoven, now its foreman, and widely known in the musical world as the composer of "Abattoir Zephyrs."

The Theme Song Foundry of Unspeakable Films occupies a large barracks-like building on a patch of desert several miles from the heart of Hollywood. It is surrounded by a high, barbed-wire stockade, electrically charged. Machine guns, delicately screened with gay chintz, peer coyly forth hither and then thither.

"These precautions," Dr. Beethoven told me, "are not only to prevent the entrance of spies from other companies, but to keep scurrilous traitors in our own camp from escaping with some of our priceless original and copyrighted rhymes.

"Only last week, I am sorry to say, we had to shoot and kill one of our staff lyricists who was trying to bolt over the wire. On the body we found one of our greatest treasures—the rhymes 'moon,' 'June,' 'croon' and 'tune.'"

"Did he have 'loon' on him?" I asked. The only reply was a smart kick on the left rear fender.

In this suntint, homelike factory the journeymen serve out their six month sentences, manufacturing the theme songs that will fill our madhouses and cemeteries after a few months of broadcasting.

As we drew near the great plant we heard a tremendous wailing, somewhat resembling the tribal call of editors devouring their young.

"Don't be alarmed!" smiled our guide. "Merely trying our new product on nervous cases borrowed from the sanitariums."

Once inside and searched, we found orderly confusion.

"This is a fine day for your visit," said Dr. Beethoven. "Eight of our crack men are just going to work on the theme song for our new special, 'Maudlin Mothers.' If you'll be as quiet as a mouse, you can watch."

"Goody," I answered.

Eight young men, wearing tasteful leg-irons, sat at eight pianos. On a dais stood a uniformed foreman, holding a stop
Theme Song

Tune Foundry in Hollywood

By Prof.
Dr. Leonard Hall
(Wurlitzer)

Illustrated by
Ken Chamberlain

watch in one hand and a pearl handled revolver in the other.

“Now, boys,” he cried, “all together when you hear the gun! No inching up, no yelling, no biting your neighbor. Six minutes only on this bebby, and remember, we’ve gotta have something novel, something snappy, something really HOT! One, two, three—”

“Bang,” went the revolver, and “Crash,” went the eight pianos as the eight young men hurled themselves upon the keyboards. We held our ears. Six minutes passed—six terrible, nerve shattering minutes. Then the pistol barked again.

“All right, boys. Back to your rooms!”

Seven of the artists staggered out. The eighth, unfortunately, had been killed by the first shot.

“It really doesn’t matter,” laughed our guide. “We’re getting a new shipment in from New York today.”

In less than three minutes the new theme song for “Maudlin Mothers,” with Miss Greta Bow’s picture on the cover in four colors, was handed us.

“That’s what I call production,” beamed Dr. Beethoven.

“Exactly eight and three-eighth minutes elapsed time. Just try that!” handling a copy to Case D. She tried it gingerly.

“Well, it tastes a little inky,” said my Assistant, “but one won’t mind that on the radio.”

“Do you want to hear it?” asked our guide.

“No,” I answered.

Sitting down at a piano, he played and sang—

“The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me,
Little Maudlin Mother O’Mine!
I count them over every one apart,
Little Maudlin Mother O’Mine!”

“Well, how do you like it?” he asked.

“Great!” I answered. “I’ve been crazy about it for years. I didn’t know you had Ethelbert Nevin here!”

“Nevin? Never heard of him. That’s mostly the work of Wolfgang von Stebbins, our star Mammy Man. We have Mammy Men, you know, as well as Novelty Men, Home Town Men and Sweetie Men. But Wolfie is really our ace. He did ‘Mammy, Put Sammy in His Little Pajammony,’ you know.”

“No, I don’t,” I replied.

“Little Maudlin Mother O’Mine!” went on Dr. Bee-

thoven, “will be on the air in fifteen minutes over a network of five thousand stations. In about twenty-two minutes, the first copy will be sold in Silo Center, Ark. Tonight Rudy Vallee will be moaning it for the records. We expect to sell seven million copies by the end of the week. The picture, of course, was released day before yesterday, with complete score and sound effects. Did you ever hear a mother sounding maudlin?”

“No, frankly,” I replied. “What is it like?”

“Did you ever hear a mother cow whose calf has a pin sticking it somewhere and whose husband drinks? It’s something like that, only a bit tenderer and more harrowing.”

“You work pretty far ahead, don’t you?” I said.

“You said a flue-ull,” replied Dr. Beethoven. “We’re drinking stuff for the 1936 pictures, just now. We don’t even know what some of them are, but we’re stocking up with staple Mammys and Kiddies just the same.”

“We have some knockouts on the fire. There’s a little thing called ‘Indian Love Call’ that should be a panic. Some of our other hot numbers are ‘Valencia’ and ‘Onward, Caesar Soldiers.’ We’re getting up a piece called ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ for a war pic they may do in ’34. It’s got a kick like a jug-head!”

“Well, we must be jiggling along,” I said. “Thanks for your time!”

“Not at all—a real pleasure,” said Dr. Beethoven. “Would you like a few grace notes and arpeggios to take home? Fresh this morning. Try one of these cadenzas. Right off our own ranch!”

“Goodbye,” we said, our arms filled with sheet music and G-Clefs.

“Goodbye,” called our guide. “Drop out next month. We’ll be doing some interesting stuff on that big one, ‘The Passion of No-Kan-Leak Rubberized Shingles and Sheet Tin.’”

“We won’t,” I promised, and we were whisked back to town.

As we entered the lobby of our hotel Sousa and his military band of eighty men were playing “Little Maudlin Mother O’Mine.”

“Aww, chestnuts!” remarked a small boy.

“That’s what I call production!” I said to Case D.

“Now, boys,” said the foreman to the eight theme song composers, “all together when you hear the gun. No inching up, no yelling, no biting! Just six minutes to write this bebby, and remember, it’s got to be a novel number, something snappy and really HOT!”
AN almost extinct species of entertainment—a silent picture, Adela Rogers St. Johns’ “The Single Standard” was a best seller and interest does not lag when Greta Garbo brings to the screen the unusual Arden Stuart. Arden Stuart believes that women should be permitted to meet life as men do. She attempts to do this. When she meets an artist of the same ideas, they dream together. It isn’t permanent and Arden marries her girlhood sweetheart, and becomes buried within convention’s adamant walls.

John Robertson’s direction is admirable. Johnny Mack Brown is most convincing as the devoted husband and Nils Asther gives a splendid interpretation of the woman of today at war with herself. Fine entertainment for adults. Sound.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

YOU should hang your head in shame if you’re not able to answer the most technical questions concerning backstage life. How educational the pictures are!

If you’re not already tired of hoofoers and troupers, you’ll enjoy this. In many ways it has more than the play, “Burlesque,” from which it was adapted. The characters achieve a definite back stage life. And you can see Hal Skelly’s expressive face and putty nose in close-ups.

The story, as you know, concerns a clown who can’t refuse a drink. It has tremendous heart appeal and looks deeply into the shallow, but lovely, soul of a comic. In spite of the fact that he is drunk on his wedding night and leaves his wife to take a big job without even writing to her, she goes on loving him indefinitely.

Skelly, who created the role on the stage, gives an excellent performance, doing his best work in the hysterical climax where he leaves his wife, as he thinks, forever.

Nancy Carroll comes in for a big share of the laurel wreath. She is natural and charming and uses her head for something besides her permanent wave. Equipped with stage experience, this little girl has climbed to the top of the sound film successes.

The backstage atmosphere is well done and, if you’re Turkish in your tastes, you’ll care for the beef trust chorus in a large way. There is a big dance number and some bright music (no picture is without them these days) but the story is the thing. And that survives all the intricacies of the talking apparatus. All Talkie.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

THE SINGLE STANDARD—M.G.M.

NOT a splashy feature as was Richard Barthelmess’ “Weary River.” A simple, domestic story, it has a genuine dramatic hold, due to Mr. Barthelmess’ acting and Frank Lloyd’s direct handling. And to the sparkling work of Lila Lee. David Carroll buys the Paris (Vermont) Courier and then marries the wrong girl. His bride and her family attach themselves to Davey and the Courier sinks under the weight. So Davey runs away to New York, where he scores a success as a writer of songs. At the end there is a Paris divorce in the offing, with the right girl waiting.

Miss Lee is the right girl and Alice Day is the bride. You’ll be amazed at Lila’s performance of a flip villager who later makes good in New York as a revue designer. Barthelmess gives a delightful performance. All Talkie.

THE DANCE OF LIFE—Paramount
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE DANCE OF LIFE

THE HOLLYWOOD REVIEW OF 1929

THE SINGLE STANDARD

DRAG

THE GREENE MURDER CASE

PARIS BOUND

THE FOUR FEATHERS

DANGEROUS CURVES

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard"

Hal Skelley in "The Dance of Life"

William Powell in "The Greene Murder Case"

Richard Barthelmess in "Drag"

Nancy Carroll in "The Dance of Life"

Lila Lee in "Drag"

Ann Harding in "Paris Bound"

Fred Kohler in "Broadway Babies"

Jean Arthur in "The Greene Murder Case"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140

★ HOLLYWOOD REVIEW OF 1929—M.-G.-M.

This is a great show for the money. And there's something in it for everybody.

Like Shakespeare? Well, you'll find Jack Gilbert and Norma Shearer as Romeo and Juliet. Like low-brow slapstick? Well, there are Laurel and Hardy in a comedy act as low as they come. Like big musical numbers with glorified gals singing and dancing? All right, there's the hit, "Singing in the Rain," and many breath-taking girl numbers.

Besides all this there are your favorite screen stars who do their bits expertly. Marion Davies is remarkably good in "Tommy Atkins on Parade." And can that girl tap dance? Watch her! Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Bessie Love, Ukulele Ike, Charlie King and Gus Edwards are howlingly funny in a Gay Nineties number. Gus, by the way, does more than his share by appearing in the show, writing most of the numbers and directing some of the dancing acts, although Sammy Lee, of Ziegfeld Follies, directed most of them.

Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny deserve especial praise for their work as masters of ceremonies. Besides those mentioned there are Joan Crawford (photographed rather badly), William Haines, Anita Page, Nils Asther, Buster Keaton, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Gwen Lee, the Brox Sisters, Natacha Natova and June Purcell.

Whether picture revues will ever be as good as the real thing is still conjecture. This is strictly a revue with no semblance of a story, for which Producer Harry Rapf deserves credit. There are bad spots, but it is, to date, the best of its kind and great entertainment. All Talkie.

★ THE GREENE MURDER CASE—Paramount

This second of the fascinating Van Dine murder mysteries to reach the sound screen is a vast improvement over its predecessor, "The Canary Murder Case." Better story, better acting, better direction, better synchronization. In the Greene Case instead of one murder, a whole family is attacked, each death eliminating the temporary major suspect. Breath-taking suspense throughout.

Naturally, William Powell is superbly suave as Philo Vance. E. H. Calvert and Eugene Palette are again excellent as the district attorney and homicide sergeant, respectively. Florence Eldridge, recruited from the stage for "The Studio Murder Mystery," is highly commendable. An outstanding performance is given by Jean Arthur, who quite distinguishes herself. All Talkie.

★ PARIS BOUND—Pathé

If you like a problem, see this. None of the intimate, marital appeal of the play is lost in the movie version.

It is the first film vehicle of Ann Harding, the original Mary Dugan of the stage version. Her own particular brand of mauve beauty, her eccentric manner of dressing her hair and her strange grace give her a distinct screen personality. You already know about her acting ability. One of the interesting moments occurs when Leslie Fenton, as a young musician, plays his rhapsody, an amazing piece of music, in the Rhapsody in Blue manner, written by Arthur Alexander, while a tutarist pageant done with masks is double exposed.

Its sophisticated dialogue, its thesis, which concerns fidelity, its smooth acting and that startling musical sequence make this worth while. All Talkie.
Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Paramount

Sound

The romantic A. E. W. Mason yarn of the regeneration of a coward is grafted upon the realistic film shot two years ago in the Soudan by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack. Cooper and Schoedsack are the men who filmed "Grass" and "Chang" and they caught a great rhinoceros riot for this film. In the Hollywood portion, Richard Arlen stands out as the coward who isn't. An excellent film.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE—Universal

Part Talkie

Paul Fejos had the time of his life figuring out weird camera angles in this film, originally called "Erik the Great." Veidt appears as a stage magician. He loves his pretty assistant, ineffectively done by Mary Philbin. Leslie Fenton is cast in a particularly offensive rôle, and Fred Mackaye, a handsome newcomer, shows promise. Everybody overacts and a striking plot has been wasted to make a director's holiday.

BROADWAY BABIES—First National

All Talkie

Alice White's newest portrayal of a cabaret cutie—and better than anything she has done thus far. But Fred Kohler steals the film as a great big Detroit bootlegger who is the soul of honor and adulteration. The Detroit gentleman loves our Nell, but he gives her up to our hero, finally, along with a big wad to star her. Phoney story—but a lively melodrama, thanks to Kohler.

DANGEROUS CURVES—Paramount

All Talkie

Clara Bow wears tights and the picture is called "Dangerous Curves." The little circus girl is a good influence in the life of Richard Arlen, the tight-rope walker and circus star. When he looks too long on wine that is red, she goes on and does his act—and almost dies. A venerable situation. A typical bow performance. Richard Arlen is splendid. Stuart Erwin is outstanding in a comedy bit. Peppy.

THE FALL OF EVE—Columbia

All Talkie

A Farce concerning a buyer who hits the big city with an order, if his friend will make whoopee. The boss engages his secretary to help him put over the deal and a party follows. Matters are complicated when Gertrude Astor and Patsy Ruth Miller claim that they are Mrs. Tom Ford. Finally Patsy owns up that she is Mrs. Ford, Jr. Arthur Rankin, Ford Sterling, Betty Farrington and Jed Prouty help keep you entertained.

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox

All Talkie

Possibly you read this mystery yarn by Earl Derr Biggers. In the film version that famous Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, is reduced to a minor figure. The man hunt leads from London, to India, to the Persian desert and then to 'Frisco. Excellent work by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. Good melodrama, although too rambling. Still, the desert sequence will get you without question.
AROMANTIC Latin idyl about a girl who could sing, and a boy who could play. A bit slow, at first, but the picture rises to sustained emotional interest. Classical music is rather a pleasant change from the jazz prevalent in most talkies. Jean Hersholt is characteristically fine as the old maestro. Kathryn Crawford and John Reinhardt, as the artist lovers, achieve some dramatic beauty in their more poignant scenes.

A SHOPGIRL on her holiday mistakes a plumber for a movie star. And falls in love. You know the rest. Disillusionment—but love triumphs over all. Dorothy Mackaill is excellent as the flip salesgirl and Jack Mulhall is a humorous plumber on parade. A neat bit is contributed by Eddie Gribbon as a fresh life-guard. This is light stuff, but not bad at all.

FURTHER movie proof that most chorus girls are nice young things who won't accept money from men. Laura La Plante goes back to a pretty bad program picture and proves how a little circumstantial evidence will make a plot. Laura, herself, does well enough with the material at hand, but Neil Hamilton is a trifle too bounding for real romance. Wild parties in gentlemen's apartments. Oh, well, if you like that sort of thing.

WHEREIN a flock of wild and leaping youngsters in wide pants and practically no skirts at all consistently invade any given homestead like an army of pestilential locusts. They kick back the rugs, knock the piano unconsolently, and execute violent contortions popularly referred to as "Joy Street." The object is to let joy be unrefined—and it is. All very amusing, perhaps. Lois Moran and Nick Stuart are really good.

UNDER the title of "The Brass Bowl," this was one of Eddie Lowe's first films. It has been revived as an all-talkie with Alan Birmingham, from the stage, playing the dual rôle of the gentleman and the burglar who look exactly alike. Although the plot is a trifle old-fashioned (there's much looking about for the evidence), the film is entertaining, and deft work is done by Birmingham and Leila Hyams.

IN spite of "mikes" and mixers, they do turn out an old-time rip-snorring movie now and then. George Fitzmaurice has made one in this new Billie Dove picture. It opens with speedboat polo and an airplane crash and ends with a rescue in mid-ocean. A silly, far-fetched yarn with a few amusing spots. It talks now and then. Dove speaks pleasantly, but Rod is hopeless.

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT—First National

THE LOVE TRAP—Universal

JOY STREET—Fox

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National

PART—Universal

Masquerade—Fox

THE CLIMAX—Universal

All Talkie

Sound

All Talkie

Part Talkie

Part Talkie
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty Prizes of $50 each</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
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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 compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in 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 anyone 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 this, the September issue. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of Photoplay.

9. No solution will be returned unless sufficient postage accompanies the solution and such request is made at time of submission.

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

SUGGESTIONS

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.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
A

N ornament to any home—Bessie Love. The boulevards of Hollywood are crowded these days with friends who always knew that Bessie would make good and be one of the great stars. But only two years ago Hollywood was just as crowded with people who thought that Bessie was an awfully clever kid but "not the type" for big-time productions.
Last Call for PHOTOPLAY'S 1929 Cut Puzzle Contest

1 AND 2
The hair went to convent and later to school,
The eyes are a citizen, now,
The mouth in a popular play of the South
Has recently triumphed—and how!
The hair started out as a comedy queen,
The eyes are a Mrs. Director,
The mouth was the find of young Douglas MacLean,
She's so bright that she needs a deflector!

3 AND 4
The hair came from over the sea to be starred,
The eyes played the old social game—
The mouth has been married three times—and the third
Put a title in front of her name.
The hair—she was born in St. Louis. The eyes
First saw, in Chicago, the light:
The mouth—yes, she's married—with Colman co-starred,
And she's five feet, six inches, in height!

RESUME
Two of them are blondes, and one is a brunette,
And one has brown hair and gray eyes.
And two knew divorce—and two girls were born
In the city where gang wars arise!
The stage never owned them—not one or the other—
But one had a foreign stage star for a mother!
The hair was once married, and one time divorced;
The eyes have gone back to his land.
The mouth was twice married, his daughters are two,
And he knew the world war at first hand!
The hair has turned gray (it but adds to his charm),
The eyes had a vaudeville act;
The mouth has produced many plays of his own—
For gymnastics they never have lacked!

The hair is the luckiest husband of all,
The eyes trod the boards on Broadway;
The mouth has known loss, in this talkative time.
Because of the words he can't say.
The hair has played kings—but his stuff is ace high!
The eyes have a just married son.
The mouth had a part, made by S. S. Van Dine,
And his screen fame has only begun!

RESUME

Each one has known marriage, and also divorce,
None of them has eyes that are brown;
And two are old-timers, and one's rather new,
And one, overseas, won renown.
Three had stage careers—one in Brooklyn was born,
(This last, by departing, has left fans forlorn!)
MYRNA LOY was only a stock player at the Warner Brothers Studio. She played minor menaces and posed in seductive portrait studies. The Warners had so much faith in her ability that, when the Vitaphone came along, they promoted Myrna to leading rôles in some of their most important features.
The Siren from Montana

By Richard Colman

Dark reddish hair—eyes that change from gray to green and blue—a rosebud mouth. Add them up and you have Myrna Loy, the Menace from Montana!

The history of Myrna Exotic Loy, whose real name is Williams and who began it all in Butte

MYRNA LOY isn't her real name. The Myrna is authentic, but her last name is good, old, substantial Williams. And she was born in Montana. A Hollywood poet, and there are poets in Hollywood, was inspired by the strange Oriental eyes of the girl, and he called her Myrna Loy. Myrna Loy she became.

The Montana background is hard to accept. One of her friends told her she should not mention her birthplace, that it destroyed an illusion. But Myrna is an amazingly honest girl, and perhaps her birthplace adds to an unusual story.

Montana is not a prosaic state. In the first place, it is breathtakingly big—rich mountains and fertile plateaus. In the early days of mining wealth Butte was one of the best show towns between Chicago and San Francisco. It was here, so the story goes, that Al Jolson first donned blackface. It was the burnt cork that changed the mediocre performer of that time to the great star he is today.

Years before that Fred Stone was playing Topsy about the state in a tent show production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And Montana has sent to the films Kathleen Williams, Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler and Julian Eltinge.

Montana also sent Myrna Loy. Indisputable evidence to this fact, even if Myrna appears like the slim princess of a fabulous tale of Arabian Nights.

She is racially a mixture of Welsh, Scotch and Swedish. Such a mingling of bloods could scarcely fail to create an interesting person. She has the reserve of the Welsh race and a good deal of the canniness of the Scot. As to the Swedish heritage—didn't Sweden produce Garbo, the exotic?

If her personality is a contradiction, outwardly her facial features are more than a contradiction. Myrna has the strangest eyes of the screen. They are narrow and slanted and they seem to see farther and deeper than most eyes. They are twin chameleons, changing from gray to green and blue. And they are a little cruel.

Beneath the eyes is a nose that is just a nose. Her mouth is a rosebud—detestable expression for a perfectly good mouth. Her hair is dark reddish-brown. All the most successful sirens of history had red hair. She has nice, splattery freckles, and freckles are always reassuring.

HER manner is shy, and paradoxically, assured. Elinor Glyn would undoubtedly say that Myrna had that certain indescribable something, and who am I to contradict Elinor Glyn?

"I never really went to school in my life," she told me. "I had private instruction in the courses everyone should have. That part of my education seems unimportant. I loved to draw, model statues, and to dance. I took dancing almost as soon as I could walk.

"When I came to Los Angeles with my family I went on with my dancing. I began with ballet work and then took Spanish and Oriental dancing from a wonderful Spanish teacher. I studied with Ruth St. Denis for a time. She was a great inspiration to me, for she has the marvelous gift of grace.

"It was while I was dancing at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood that Natacha Rambova saw some pictures of me. She was preparing for a motion picture production, and she wanted a number of girls. I was chosen to play a sophisticated girl, and I was given an amazing, black trailing gown to wear. After that I was offered a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
How They Manage

By

Alma Whitaker

Where Clara Bow lives. Not a very big house, containing seven far from large rooms. Furnished according to no particular period or style, it reflects the varied tastes of its owner—the aggregation of all her ideas on house-furnishing and home-making.

CLARA BOW, for all her shock of dazzling red hair, her flamboyant IT-ishness, her reckless flapper intensity, has a remarkably sensible head on her shoulders. Mind you, she is no housekeeper herself and is a dub at finance, but she has the sense to know it and to grapple with a brilliant young secretary to her soul. Said secretary, not much above Clara's own age, Daisy De Voe . . . (her name was De Boe, "But we couldn't have two Bows in the family," grins Clara), is a miracle of placid efficiency. She runs all Clara's affairs, financial and domestic, does all the purchasing, pays all the bills, sees that the income tax is settled to suit Uncle Sam's exactions. And manages marvellously—except Clara's personal allowance.

"Clara has never yet kept within the allowance I feel she should," sighs Daisy, "and I have given up the struggle. I just try to make up the difference by cutting down on the household expenses." Clara has purchased a comparatively modest little home in Beverly Hills—quite big enough for a bachelor-girl establishment, but no mansion. Seven rooms, and not very big rooms. Original too, in that she has not gone in for 18th Century interior decoration . . . no Napoleonic splendor . . . but just bought to suit herself. Her taste runs considerably to Chinese, to be sure, but she hasn't been arbitrary about it. Where a jolly, doway, comfy, modern, American divan and an overstuffed chair caught her fancy, it just went in to take its place next to the Chinese hand-carved wood and iron chair with claw legs and a mother-of-pearl inlaid back, and was expected to be sociable.

The effect is good—and very sociable. This little girl, who was a very humble nobody a few years ago, has shown ex-

illuminated in color. The lamp cost $75, and its charms are reflected back in an Italian mirror. A little Sarouk rug, which cost $250, adorns the floor. With the drapes, Clara's hall represents $910 worth of miniature charm.

THE living room furnishings cost a total of $7,624.50, lots of it represented by French needle-point tapestry wall pieces at $500 each, and Chinese rugs ranging from $1,250 down to $27.50; Chinese chairs at $75, a handsome davenport at $1,000, a carved, cushioned love-seat at $350, a phonograph at $450, an Italian lamp at $125 and very effective French window and door drapes of costly material. The fireplace has tall, Chinese brass candlesticks at either side, and in the center the huge silver cup won by Clara from the Wampas—the trophy for the baby star who had reached the highest achievement.

The Chinese room. This little room is decorated in the rich colorings and fabrics of the Orient and furnished with many valuable Chinese pieces. Bridge games are won and lost here, often the setting for gossip over the teacups.
**their Homes**

Clara Bow's Beverly Hills bungalow is run on a strict budget system, worked out and kept effective by her efficient secretary.

There are lots of jolly things that come under the heading of **objets d'art**—a model of the Mayflower, a Grecian screen, Chinese plaques, warrior shields, velvet batik wall panels, etc. Smoking paraphernalia stand around sociably—one marble ash tray caught Clara's fancy, for $85. Oh yes, and French dolls—several of them on a Chinese chair, and valued variously at $37.50, $18.50, etc. The books in this room—piled on a table near an autographed picture of Elwin Glyn—are "The Art of Thinking," "Dark Hester," "Elizabeth and Essex," "Henry VIII," "Jerome," "Katherine Paris," and "Manon Lescaut."

**HERE** it may be remarked that Clara is avidly studying elo-
cution and English literature—her instructor arriving at noon for two hours every day. Clara must read aloud, write reviews of the books, essays, etc., and she sticks to it nobly.

Off the living room there is a "den," which is really Daisy's office. It is just a wee box of a room, furnished with a handsome desk, a saucy red typewriter, a big picture of Clara on the wall above the desk, a bronzed Roman bench, a carved chair, and a duck of a window seat with black velvet cushions and orange drapes. Another French doll here—with red hair—dressed in black lace. Also a piece or two of Korean pottery and an Hawaiian guitar. It cost $1,028 to furnish that little den.

In a narrow corridor stands the linen cupboard. Daisy buys the linen wholesale—everything good and plain . . . a couple of hundred dollars' worth, perhaps.

A spare bedroom is occupied by a young man cousin at this writing, out West to break into the movies. It's a stylish little room, with a four-poster bed and walnut dressers, all in gold and blue, furnished at a cost of $1,349.75. His bathroom boasts scales and Roman shower curtains.

There is a Frenchy touch about Clara's own bedroom—old rose rug, with cano-
pied curtains of a deeper rose, the canopy effect also gracing the head of the bed. The bed was specially made and cost $250. The dressers, chest of drawers, chiffonier, bench, etc., are of ivory enamel. An autographed portrait of Valentino as *The Sheik* stands beside Clara's bed. Floor lamps, night stands, an ottoman, bed flowers, more dolls, saucy telephone stand, Old French prints on the wall, give this room a rather crowded effect. Clara's toilet articles are of shell, enameled in blue, and jewelled. A large blue velvet jewel case adorns the dresser.

Clara's bedroom is valued at $2,506.75 —on the exact accounting of the admi-
able Daisy, who watches every outgoing nickel. No fireplace here—just a little electric [please turn to page 78].

Clara's bedroom. The bed is cano-
pied and covered in old rose, matching the canopied window drapings. The rug is a lighter rose, and the furniture is ivory enamel. An autographed portrait of Valen-
tino in sheik's costume stands on a table next to her bed.
It Happened in Hollywood

By

Vivien R. Bretherton

How Seville Hawthorne came to Great, and what befell

There was a time, perhaps, before Peter Dunsany became famous as Peter the Great, when he'd believed in chivalry and all its accoutrements. When he'd been ten, for instance, he'd had a very definite desire to go riding about the world on a white horse, fighting dragons and rescuing damsels in distress.

When he'd been twenty he'd exchanged the white horse for a speedy roadster and the dragons had been dropped by the wayside, but he'd gone on rescuing damsels, from boredom or whatever ailed them. He'd been a genius at rescuing.

But by the time he had been transposed from Peter Dunsany, obliging cavalier, to Peter the Great, feminine America's big moment, the influence of the white horse and the distressed damsel had gone down to final defeat.

Peter the Great had had opportunities to learn what plain Peter Dunsany had never imagined, namely, that it is the men in this world who need the rescuing.

Not that Peter Dunsany stayed awake nights worrying about the Fate that had cast him into such a world. Fate, indeed, had been more than kind to him. It had given him, to begin with, a line of forebears who had made the name of Dunsany synonymous with fame on the English stage.

It had obligingly endowed him with his own share of his trionic ability, so that when the Armistice was signed he'd stepped into the public eye as another of those delightfully restrained, charmingly accented young actors which England produces so easily.

And when the era of importation hit the motion picture industry of America, he had answered the call, and had promptly stepped into a popularity that grew with each new picture he made.

Yes, the world was very satisfactory to Peter Dunsany, at thirty. And Hollywood was an advantageous place in which to live.

And the motion picture industry was a very clever thing. It gave him, to be exact, four thousand dollars a week, and all it asked in return was that his pictures stayed at the head of box office successes, which they invariably did, Peter being a very fine actor as well as a star.

Beyond that he was permitted the little peculiarities which set him apart from his contemporaries, such as refusing to
Filmland to capture Peter the during the thrilling chase

"go Hollywood," living in an inaccessible house, collecting books to read instead of to be photographed with, and politely but firmly declining to have his name linked with women, visiting celebrities or black marble sunken baths.

Now Peter Dunsany, who had once believed in chivalry, had also held a healthy contempt for people who indulged in eavesdropping. Nevertheless, upon a certain day in late October, he was eavesdropping for all he was worth. Which was quite natural, since he seemed to be the chief topic of conversation of the two who discussed him so coolly.

He couldn't see who they were, since they occupied a table behind a pillar of Matton's, Peter's favorite lunching place, but he knew what they were—their voices having that delicate assurance possessed only by attractive women. He listened, with growing indignation.

"My dear," a very lovely voice was saying, and sounding as if it meant it, too, "I am going to get Peter the Great or die in the attempt!"

Peter stiffened at the proprietary air with which she used the name that was as definitely his as "America's Sweetheart" was Mary Pickford's. He wondered, curiously, if this were the new Andalusian actress who had announced herself as madly in love with him, on the strength of which he'd been dodging her for a month. He made certain that escape was open behind him and cocked his ears again.

A second voice came, lazily intriguing. "You never die, darling, in your attempts. Peter the Great, I perceive, is yours before the first shot is fired. But—"

Peter could almost see the pout on the first voice's lips. "That was so like you, Claire, to have a little 'but' up your sleeve. I suppose Peter the Great is already spoken for—or else surrounded in silence."

The lazy voice sighed. "As if anything in Hollywood were silent now," she murmured. "However, I have heard it said he isn't on the market."

"He will be," stated the first voice, so firmly that Peter jumped. Then, confidingly, it continued, "Darling, don't you love the dignified way in which he swaggers across a room? He'll match so perfectly my present manner—discreet, to say the least."

WELL, thought Peter, she wasn't the Andalusian, after all.

Nobody, not even herself, could call that lady discreet. He passed by the "swaggering," as just one more thing to be endured for the sake of that four thousand dollars a week.

The second voice spoke. "Discretion is the better part of valor? Is that your idea, Seville, darling?"

Seville! Spanish! Peter sat even more stiffly alert. Of all women, he most distrusted these foreigners.

Seville, evidently, felt the need of emphasizing her discretion. "But I really am, Claire, about this affair. I'm going to appeal to the sympathy, not the pocketbook. I'm going to make it self-evident that it's not merely a new acquisition I'm after, but that it's a case of love at first sight. I'm not going to talk down Peter the Great as if he were Big Game, camp on his trail and therefore raise his
The Wisecracker Reveals

William Haines, the playboy, the life of the party, shows a new and serious side in the strange story of his life

As told to Marquis Busby

A t heart I am not a wisecracker. William Haines, the wisecracker, came into being in Hollywood. The wisecrack is my shell, my protection. Naturally, I am sensitive to a fault. When I first entered pictures I was a human doormat for people to walk upon. I was getting no place. In fact, I expected at any time to be out of a job.

With the first wisecrack my career changed. When Hollywood found out that I had a sharp comeback for a sharp remark it thought twice before it spoke. Then, after "Brown of Harvard," the public began to accept Brown as Bill Haines. I kept it up partly because it seemed the thing to do, and partly because it is a sure buffer for my inner feelings. Hedda Hopper once told me that I would be the last person she would wish as an enemy. I am not vindictive intentionally. I don’t like to hurt people. That is one of my creeds. My own feelings are too easily bruised for me to walk roughshod over others.

After establishing a reputation for wisecracking it isn’t hard to keep up. I don’t have to do homework by reading joke books. People just laugh at anything I say from force of habit. It might be funny, they think, so they laugh.

The William Haines who went to school in Staunton, Virginia, was not a wisecracking kid. He was a dreamer, moody, subject to despondency. He had a temper like a skyrocket, and then forgot what he was mad about as quickly as the skyrocket flares up and dies.

But most of all he was a dreamer. He day dreamed so much that he wasn’t any good in his studies. He was a bad youngster, too, always the black sheep of an otherwise respectable Virginia family.

It is a lovely, old-fashioned Southern town—that is my impression of Staunton. All the families had lived there a long time. Those who arrived in ’75 were regarded as new residents. I remember that the population was 10,200. I recall the figure exactly because it was drilled into me by a long-suffering geography teacher. The hills of Staunton, it seemed to me, were higher than any other place in the world; the trees grew larger, and nowhere else were the distances so great. I wove dreams about the “tall” four-storied buildings on the main street.

Once I returned there after I had become a leading man in pictures. Somehow the hills were no longer so high, the trees looked like any other trees, and the distances were not great. The buildings, which once had seemed to tower into the sky, now looked small, and the bank windows needed washing. The illusion was lost, and one can never recapture an illusion. It is never wise to go back to the past. One should always go on in life.

There were five children in my family, three boys and two girls. I was the oldest. My mother was lovely and aristocratic—everything that a boy could wish of a mother. I adored her, and as a child, was willingly tied to her apron-strings. My father I liked tremendously, not just because he was my father, but because he was such a good scout. My sister, Lillian, two years younger than myself, was one of my few playmates. There were never very many, chiefly because I
Himself
did not care for other children. I preferred to be with people much older than I.
When I was little it was my duty to go every evening to the coal shed back of the house and bring in fuel for the stoves. I was scared to death of the dark, a fear that Lilian never shared. She used to hide and jump out at me, shouting ‘‘Goopy!’’ Then I would fall down and spill the coal all over the walk.

THE teachers always despised of me. I would sit in the schoolroom gazing years into the future, romancing about myself and never hearing a word of the lecture. I did like history because there is drama in history. When I wasn’t dreaming I was throwing paper wads, making funny noises and pulling the little girls’ pig-tails. One day, the teacher, a prim and precise old maid, reached the end of her patience. She locked me in the clothes closet for an hour. When she finally opened the door I had improved each shining moment by getting rigged out in her tight-fitting rain coat. She was fond of Queen Mary inverted soup-bowls for hats, topped off with birds and gee-gaws. I had on the hat at a rakish angle, and clutched an efficient looking umbrella in my hand. I should have been punished, but she laughed instead.

On important occasions when the school board called I recited a poem called ‘‘Bivouac of the Dead.’’ I would be getting along nicely when I would catch the teacher’s eye. She would be frowning and making faces at me. I had left out a verse. Then I would stumble about and finally start at the beginning again.

A particular joy I got out of my early youth came every Sunday. In the South, if you aren’t an Episcopalian, you don’t go to heaven. Well, I was more than just a member of the church. I was an Episcopalian choir boy. That, too, I liked because it was dramatic. Like most children I didn’t pay much attention to the sermon.

I MUST have been a perpetual trial to everyone. I’ve said I was the black sheep of the family. Once the Staunton school put on a presentation of ‘‘The Mikado.’’ I was a flower, all dressed up in Dennison crepe paper. During the number, where the three girls sing ‘‘Three Little Girls From School Are We,’’ I stood in the wings and accompanied them in a voice which changed from bass to soprano. Everyone in the audience was puzzled as to which girl had the heavy voice. The ‘‘voice without’’ was stilled suddenly when the dramatic coach grabbed me by the seat of the pants and deposited me in the alley.

In the summer time I did odd jobs about town. There have been publicity stories to the effect that I attended Staunton Military Academy. The nearest I ever got to it was during the summer vacation when I earned $6 a week for painting bedsteads in the dormitory. The students used to forget shirts and underclothes and I would take them home and wear them.

My life before the age of fourteen does not interest me particularly. I doubt if anyone’s life before that age is very unusual. The things that happen after one is fourteen are so much more important. After that age one is sex-conscious, and it is always an important discovery.

When I was fourteen I ran away from home.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

And here is Mr. William Haines, of the Virginia Haineses, at the height of the Hollywood development. Mr. Haines is thinking up some new devilment, you may be sure of that!
YOUNG THING—"Darling, I've discovered the cutest way to bear this 18-day Hollywood diet. I just have my grapefruit in cocktails three times a day!"

Talkie Love
Now that love has made us wise,
Darling, let us synchronized
Contract for a happy doom
In a churchly mixing room—
Speak our lines, in solemn tone,
To some revered microphone—
With a special Berlin score
Pledge our love foreordained
Thus, "in sink," we two shall be
One sound-track through eternity!

Anything for a Laugh
Hollywood reports an extra girl so dumb that she is studying to be a moron... After hearing a screen star speak in her first talkie test a spectator asked, "Can she juggle?"... Pitching for the Metro-Goldwyn team in a ball game against a Ford Motor team, Buster Keaton hurled a no-hit game, but it is probable that the batters felt sorry for little Sadie Pan... Paramount is to establish a film exchange in Athens. When Greek meets Zukor... Eddie Buzzell, the comedian, says of his Hollywood hotel, "The only thing they object to is letting blood run under the door."... Further proof that France is the most civilized country on earth—the city of Nancy passes a law forbidding the playing of saxophones after 10 p.m... Greta Garbo is passing her spare time writing scenarios, full of the old Swedish punch,... Harlan Thompson, scenarist, calls his wire-haired terrier "Option" because he is never exercised... Hollywood's latest gag—"Have you heard from so-and-so?" "No, not a dollar!"... Poor Mae Murray! All she gets in Chicago, for personal appearances, is $7,000 a week for two weeks!

"Reeling Around" Wins!
"Reeling Around" recently offered itself a prize of six wet pretzels for the best name for talking pictures.
The new name was to be simple, elegant, popular, grammatical.
"Reeling Around" won!
The new name is "Telephotophonovoxotalkalogacine-mophonosee."

Getting Personal
The Citrus Growers' Association is reported behind the 18-day diet, such a rage right now. Note the grapefruit three times a day. However, Molly O'Day is said to have lost eight pounds in a little over a week on it, which is better than having weight taken off with a hammer and cold chisel as she did before... Hot tips are out that Doug Fairbanks and Chaplin will both retire after their next pictures... Chaplin by the way, has been flat on his back with lumbago... Joan Crawford is a highly freckled girl... Adolphe Menjou has a brother-in-law who is a New York traffic cop. 'Dolphe the Debonair has been taking tennis lessons from Vincent Richards... Directors call their yachts after big hits, for good luck. Herbert Brenon's is "The Peter Pan," while Archie Mayo calls his the "Mammy," a delicate compliment to Al Jolson and "The Singing Fool"... There is still a five cent picture show! It is the Hippodrome, Oswego, New York, and its kid patrons get candy free!... Now that Farina, the hit of "Our Gang" for years, is growing up, Hal Roach has hired a successor. It is James Allen, aged 20 months, very brunette. The baby was seen briefly in "Hearts in Dixie"... Western Electric now reports 2,039 theaters fixed for talking pictures in the United States. About 300 abroad, of which only six are in Continental Europe, the bulk being in England... It is said that when Blanche Sweet gets her divorce from Marshall Neilan she will marry Howard Hughes, producer of "Two Arabian Nights" and "Hell's Angels."... The theater in Brooklyn, N. Y., named after the late John Bunny has been closed for lack of trade. So passes a name... Manager Bert Heflin of the movie house in Greeley, Neb., celebrated the first anniversary of the theater's opening by letting the whole town in free for six days... Dagmar Godowsky, the former film vamp, has introduced red enameled finger nails to Nice, France... Alice White wants $1,500 a week from First National, while the bosses stick at $1,000. Her old contract was at $600... Beverly Bayne, ex-Mrs. Bushman, is taking dancing lessons in New York,... Mutsukai, leading Japanese film company, has moved its studios to Berlin... The late Fred Thomson, cowboy star, left all his Western paraphernalia to Charlie Farrell... Mrs. Alvina Lyon, mother of Ben, has sued for divorce, charging cruelty,... Buddy Rogers has been master of ceremonies in Chicago for a little while... Viola Delmar, author of "Bad Girl," refuses to go to Hollywood to write scenarios, saying she'll do her little pieces at home, thank you... Grace Menken and Bert Lytell are going to be married in the fall... Jackie Coogan recovered nicely from an operation for acute appendicitis... Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's bride, is now starring in Ziegfeld's new musical comedy, "Show Girl"... Victor McLaglen's wife and two children have been visiting in England.
Amateur Movies

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest Awards Next Month—News of the Amateur Clubs Everywhere

By Frederick James Smith

THE complete announcement of awards in PHOTOPLAY's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest will appear in next month's issue.
The examination of films by the board of judges has been an extended one but readers can count upon a full announcement of the prize winners in the October PHOTOPLAY. Meanwhile, many films entered in the contest have been returned to their owners. These films failed to get into the finals. If you have not received your film back, you still have a good chance of winning one of the prizes.

Watch next month's PHOTOPLAY.

COLLEGE amateurs will be interested in the cinematographic battle between Cambridge and Oxford.

Oxford started off with work on a college film, but Cambridge University rushed ahead and completed a comedy, "Aunt Matilda's Nephew." Not only did the collegians complete the film but they gave it two successful showings in Cambridge.

Cambridge has an advantage over Oxford in the attitude of the university authorities toward film. An amateur cinematographic society is not allowed at Oxford and there are certain restrictions upon private filming.

There are no restrictions at Cambridge and the university has an enthusiastic society of about fifty members.

AND now the amateur camera is a menace! The officials of Winged Foot, at Mamaroneck, N. Y., barred amateur movie cameras from the course during the national open championship, which was won by Bobby Jones of Atlanta.

The barring was based upon the theory that golfers are as skittish as thoroughbred horses and that the least thing throws them off their game. The whirr of a movie camera, said the officials, was likely to cause any one of the contestants to blow up. They pointed out that Johnny Farrell almost lost the open championship last year at Olympia Fields when somebody shot an amateur movie camera under his nose just as he was about to make a brassie shot.

The ban on movie cameras raised a lot of discussion and much condemnation, be it noted. The amateurs wanted pictures of the competitors and they said so in a number of letters to the New York newspapers.

THE Metropolitan Motion Picture Club (of New York City) held an interesting meeting recently with one hundred and fifty members present. The meeting was held in the main exhibition room of the Camera Club. The two-hour program included an address by Carl Oswald on "Lenses and Focusing Problems" and the projection of three amateur films. One was a news reel by Mrs. James R. Hughes, of Detroit, Mich.; another was the Princeton Undergraduate production, "Incident," and the third was Myron Zobel's South Sea scene, "The Fires of the Dead." All three of these films were entries in the recent PHOTOPLAY contest.

A NEW group of amateurs in New York, called Eccentric Films, has launched a two-reel film called "What's Wrong Now?" built from a story by Lajos Egri, the Hungarian playwright whose expressionistic drama, "Rapid Transit," was produced by the Provincetown Players last season.

There will be no subtitles in the film, which will be an attempt to project realism through the medium of grotesque fantasy. The story is a satirical attempt to show hero worship and judicial methods in America.

THE Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club held its annual banquet recently at the Adelphia Hotel. Preceding the banquet, the club elected the following officers:

John T. Collin, president; William Burke, vice-president; and W. L. Holmes, secretary and treasurer.

FOTO-CINE PRODUCTIONS of Stockton, Calif., has under way a citywide amateur movie contest. It opened on July 1st. This club entered four films in PHOTOPLAY's two contests, for amateur movie makers, notably, "Three Episodes," which was a prominent contender in the competition now closed.

Wallace W. Ward, the Stockton, Calif., cameraman of film, "Three Episodes," prominent in contest.

Fred Niblo, the professional photoplay director of Metro-Goldwyn, is an enthusiastic amateur. Here he is filming his daughter with his Eyemo in her playground backyard.
"Hello, Photoplay readers. We're wishing you all the best of luck!"
So say Hugh Trevor and Olive Borden, of Radio Pictures, as they are "shot" through the plate glass window of the sound camera booth, under Bert Glennon's direction. Their voices are clearly visible in the ridges at the left of the strip of film, the hills and valleys marking the inflections. Here, for the first time, you can inspect a vocal greeting. The RCA Photophone apparatus changes sound waves to light waves, and the voices are registered. In projection, light waves change back to sound waves, and the screen talks to us.
A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says beautiful Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II, "Be always meticulously groomed, toujours soignée! For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet to America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely.

"Just the four steps of Pond’s Method will keep one’s skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Freshener tones and firms the skin, and the delicious Vanishing Cream keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond’s four delightful preparations!"

Women of elegance in every land follow these four steps of Pond’s Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues. They are softer, more absorbent—a saving of laundry and towels.

Third—soak cotton with Pond’s Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, preserve youthful contours.

Last—smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Beautiful Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II, née Janine Vaisin of Paris, is the bride of the young scientist-sportsman of this famous American family. A radiant “October blonde,” her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold!

SEND 10c FOR POND’S 4 PRODUCTS

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"Cu-limb upon my knee, Sonny Boy!" But April Fool, it isn't Jolson! Some one gave Eddie Nugent a box of stove polish to play with, and look what he did with it!

Mr. Nugent's impression of Mr. Harold Lloyd would appear if he somewhat resembled Mr. Nugent wearing cheaters.

Mr. Nugent's most successful impersonation. Here he appears as Mr. John Gilbert in "The Cossacks," just as Mr. Gilbert is about to bite another Cossack. Mr. Nugent, as you undoubtedly know, is the studio bright boy and wise-cracker extraordinary of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

When Mr. Lon Chaney saw this, he threw away his putty and detachable teeth and resolved to play ingenues hereafter. Mr. Nugent's idea of Mr. Chaney as that star looked in the shocker, "The Unholy Three."

This one wasn't so hard. The eminent character star, Mr. Nugent, pretends he is Billy Haines in the film, "Show People."
Will tooth paste buy an inner tube? Why not?

Intelligent people, delighted with the results of Listerine Tooth Paste and its price of 25¢, use it and accomplish an approximate saving of $3 a year. $3 will buy many things—an inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Clean, white teeth in a few brushings

SURVEYS show that Listerine Tooth Paste is a favorite not only in average American homes, but in those of the wealthy. This is not at all curious. People are won to this modern dentifrice because it definitely improves the appearance of teeth and betters the health of the entire oral tract. The fact that it retails for 25 cents does not seem to be a factor.

You will be simply delighted to see how swiftly and how gently this tooth paste brightens teeth,—even grayish or yellowish ones. And how thoroughly it erases tiny deposits and discolorations. So little brushing is necessary, too!

Moreover, it gives the mouth a delightful feeling of exhilaration such as you associate with antiseptic Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste represents our ideal of a tooth paste after a study of oral hygiene covering a period of nearly 40 years. That it is also the public's ideal is reflected in the fact that it now maintains a commanding position in the tooth paste field. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
everyone felt sorry for Griffith. He took a screen test. The whisper in his voice came through vibrant and resonant.

He is now much in demand for talking pictures.

This may truly be called a “break.”

OUR sleepy little village on the shores of the more or less Pacific Ocean is still trying to recover from the fuss and flurry attendant on the arrival of two famous stage stars.

Irene Bordoni made a quiet entry into our midst, as the country editor so prettily puts it, with a retinue of eight servants.

Somehow Lenore Ulric, with only four servants, seemed like a poor relative from Main Street.

Bordoni had to take a big house to take care of the servants.

Lenore Ulric, not to be outdone, leased a bigger house.

With only four servants Lenore may lend a hand with the dishes from time to time. Lenore was saved from complete disgrace at the train by receiving more bouquets than Bordoni.

JEANETTE LOFF has found that there are too many blondes in Hollywood. Her contract with Pathe was not renewed because she was a blonde and the stock list already included five golden-haired maidens—Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Diane Ellis, Carol Lombard and Constance Bennett.

WHATEVER Jetta Gudal does she does exceedingly well. She has just learned to cook and does it “fluently” on the maid’s day out.

With so little knowledge that she didn’t know it was possible for a vegetable to burn, she has, in eight weeks, become a culinary expert.

Not content with ordinary puddings she wields a wicked desert spoon and the result is a soufflé designed in an elaborate pattern.

And her leg of lamb! Well, my dear, who ever thought that an animal so meek could become so bizarre?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

ACTORS come and actors go, but Hobart Bosworth is eternal and immemorial in the Hollywood scheme.

The grand old man of pictures, who came West when Hollywood was nothing but a couple of pepper trees, is still as straight, slim and handsome as an elderly gentleman can possibly be. One of the grandest sights in all California is to see him, dressed in white from top to toe, riding his big white horse down the bridle path in Beverly Boulevard.

It makes one think there is something to the human race, after all.

Not long ago the athletic Bosworth was out in his front yard practising archery when a group of visiting Shriners came along, celeb-hunting.

One of the Nobles leaned on the fence for a few minutes and watched Hobart toying with his bow and arrow.

At last he couldn’t resist it.

“Hello, Cupid!” he shouted.

THE marvel of Movietone!

Fifteen years ago while playing in “The Witching Hour,” a stage production, Raymond Griffith’s voice left him.

When talking pictures came into vogue

Fishing for pleasure, and not for the benefit of the camera. Richard Dix spent his vacation worrying the trout in the streams near New York. Richard is all through with farce comedies. His new talkies will present him in romantic roles

The ballet of the scrubwomen in “Lummox,” a remarkable study in light, shade and movement. In the background, standing, is Winifred Westover, who plays the title role. It’s an all talking version of Fannie Hurst’s story of a servant girl.
Is beauty too dear—
at 30¢—60¢ and $1.20?

No sensible woman ever regrets the cost of those cosmetics which really benefit her complexion. Be it $1 or $5, the expense is not nearly as important as the beauty they can bring.

Yet, good as the best creams and lotions are, there is one great assistant that doubles their abilities and increases their effects — the quiet, simple, little jar of Sal Hepatica!

For Sal Hepatica has the virtue of keeping you immaculately clean internally. It brings to the women who use it clearness of skin and freedom from blemishes. It replaces dullness with lovely color. Its cost (30¢, 60¢, or $1.20, dependent upon size), by chance, is trifling. Yet its power to improve the complexion is almost unbelievable.

Sal Hepatica cleanses the system thoroughly from within. It clears away wastes. It corrects constipation.

For years, the drinking of salines for the complexion's sake has had the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians, our own and the European. People of title and wealth make regular retreats to the famous saline spas at Weisbaden, Aix and Carlsbad. Drinking daily of the sparkling waters, their complexions are made pure and their health is restored. For there is nothing like the saline method for overcoming the ills bred by acidity and stoppage.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-99, 71 West St., N.Y. Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
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How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

The glassware is green with gold scallops. Sandwich plates are of amber. A cocktail set is of Derby silver, as are the candlesticks. Clara has $35 worth of silverware of a handsome chaste pattern, for table service. Her tablecloths are of rich, plain damask linen. The dining room represents $3,828.00.

The kitchen is as yours or mine—just a small, neat one, with a nice, big gas cooker ($185) and a black, green and ivory color scheme. Her dishes are of English Copeland—full set for twelve, with a few odd, hand-painted pieces. Also thirty-six pieces for "common use." The kitchen cost $446.75. Then there is a porch with laundry tubs and a big refrigerator, and a maid's room.

Clara employs four servants: a cook at $300 a month, who wears white duck trousers all the time in the kitchen. A personal maid (the cook's daughter) at $100. A chauffeur-gardener at $140, and a studio maid at $100. The cook and personal maid keep the house clean, and the maid washes Clara's silk underwear, presses her dresses, etc. "But I still like to do lots of things for myself," Clara says. "It takes years to know how to lean on a personal maid properly." Clara also drives her own car most of the time, the chauffeur being reserved for evenings, or when Clara is very tired after her day's work. The admirable and indispensable Daisy gets $75 a week, and watches over Clara like a mother.

When Clara is working, her day begins at 7 a.m.; otherwise she stays in bed until 10. Lately she has been visiting a dentist, which calls for early rising. Her breakfast consists of grapefruit juice and coffee.

"Yes, I'm dieting for dear life," pouts Clara. "I simply must not get fat—and, oh, I have such a good cook!"

The elocution teacher comes at noon, right after Clara has concluded a starvation lunch of one egg, one potato, with vinegar, a sippet of toast and a cup of tea. Clara pulls a very face as she offers these sparse details.

Dinner—soup. A large hunk chop or a very little steak, tomato, coffee and no dessert.

"But, oh, when I'm off my diet, I eat everything in sight—just gobbles, gobble, gobble," she confesses naughtily.

A formal dinner at Clara's house... "Oh, a fruit or fish cocktail, soup, squash... although I don't like em... lots of vegetables and saucy things... and, say, my cook makes marvelous strawberry whip, all oozing cream and icing... and Clara's eyes just bulge with longing.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]
Why ATtilio of Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexion by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla
Piazza di Spagna 68, Roma

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla... better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly-placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort repeat this same advice. Madame Valentin le Brun, Lina Cavalieri, of Paris; Pessl, of Vienna and Budapest, adviser to crowned heads of Europe... these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities: begin to use Palmolive today!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday— from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.
EVERY SERVING BRINGS ZEST

GET the limit of health and pep. Eat the best bran flakes you ever tasted—Kellogg’s Pep Bran Flakes.

So delicious! These better bran flakes have a flavor no other bran flakes have. The flavor of PEP, plus healthful elements. Much crisper too. From the first spoonful to the last.

For your health’s sake eat these better bran flakes. You get the nourishment from the wheat. Just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Good for children.

Ready to eat with milk or cream. Delicious with honey. Sold in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg’s PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—Kellogg’s Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. All-bran—another Kellogg product—is guaranteed to relieve constipation.
Recipes with an English Accent

CLIVE BROOK and Dorothy Mackaill, two talkie pioneers who claim England as their native land, have contributed to Photoplay's Cook Book the recipes for their favorite dishes.

Mr. Brook is partial to Pear Condé, which he describes as a dessert, but which is really a meal in itself. I don't suppose he knows much about its ingredients or mixing, but he highly recommends the finished product. Probably we have Mrs. Brook to thank for the following list of ingredients and the directions for making:

- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup rice
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- Volks 2 eggs
- Preserved pears
- 3 tablespoons chopped Canton ginger

Put the water and salt in the top of a double boiler. Place on range and add rice gradually, while stirring with a fork. Boil five minutes, place over under part of double boiler, and steam until kernels have absorbed water. Then add milk, and continue the steaming until kernels are soft. Add sugar and egg yolks, slightly beaten. Mound on a serving dish in conical shape. Then place on the rice the halves of pears which have been cooked in their own syrup (to which one-third cup sugar has been added) until soft. Sprinkle all with ginger.

FOR a breakfast that starts the day right, Dorothy Mackaill prescribes a plate heaped high with light, golden popovers. Her recipe calls for:

- 1 scant cup flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Sift together the flour and salt, and mix with the milk. Add the two eggs, well beaten, and the melted butter. Then beat with egg beater for five minutes. Pour into hot, greased popover pans (the heavy iron sort). Bake for twenty or twenty-five minutes in a very hot oven. Do not open door for the first fifteen minutes of baking. After that reduce the heat in the oven.

EVERY housewife wants new recipes and new ideas to keep her menu's from becoming monotonous. The latest edition of Photoplay's Cook Book contains 150 favorite recipes of the stars. There are many nourishing dishes which are easily prepared, and there are elaborate desserts for party dinners. There are new ways of preparing vegetables and novel ideas for salads. Simply fill out the coupon on this page, enclose twenty-five cents, and the Cook Book will be sent to you promptly.
"The loveliness of soft smooth skin

Janet Gaynor, Fox star, in the charming paneled bathroom built in Hollywood just for her adorable loveliness. She says enthusiastically: "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never found before except in the finest French soaps—my skin feels so delightfully soft and smooth after using it."

Phyllis Haver, charming Pathé star, is one of the 442 important screen actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "No star can hope to look lovely unless she has a velvety smooth skin. Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so gently smooth that I have no fear of the close-up."

Olive Borden, Radio Pictures' player, is a star whose beautiful skin captivates the great movie audiences wherever her pictures are shown. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for my skin that I am delighted."

Lux Toilet

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
never fails to touch the heart,”
say 39 Hollywood Directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin lovely this way . . .

A LITTLE FLUTTER of emotion always creeps into one's heart at the sight of a really fresh and lovely skin.

Every girl must have petal-smooth skin if she is to be truly attractive, Hollywood says. “People respond instantly to the loveliness of beautiful skin,” says F. W. Murnau, Fox director—and sums up the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

“All screen stars know this—they take the utmost care of their skin,” he goes on to say. “For in the close-up only the complexion of naturally flawless beauty can stand the pitiless search of glaring lights. Even slight make-up is apt to show. Girls who attain success in the films have skin of amazing smoothness.”

It is because of this that 442 of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, use Lux Toilet Soap. They have found that it keeps the skin at its best: clear and smooth as a gardenia petal.

Remember: nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—and all the great film studios have made this daintily fragrant white soap official for dressing rooms.

Are you using Lux Toilet Soap? You'll love the way it gives your skin such gentle care.

MARION DAVIES, famous star, says: “Deliciously smooth skin is such an asset. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap.”

BEBE DANIELS, lovely Radio Pictures' player, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely.”

Esther Ralston, Paramount star, in the charming and luxurious bathroom built for her in Hollywood. The next time you see her in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin.

Esther Ralston says: “In their close-ups stars are more closely observed than women in any other profession. Their popularity largely depends on the beauty of their skin. Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth.”

Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one:

Don't forget to read over the list on page 126 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

BUNNY, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Mary Duncan is twenty-four years old and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Before going into pictures she appeared in numerous stage successes.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB, MOSCOW.—Believe me, I'd never admit it. In "Little Annie Rooney" Walter James played the part of Officer Rooney. Gordon Griffith was his son Tom, and William Haines played the part of Joe Kelly. Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Lon Chaney is forty years old, is five feet, ten inches tall.

HONEY, BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Your friend is mistaken. It was Richard Arlen who played with Clara Bow in "Ladies of the Mob." Anita Page is eighteen years old, has blonde hair and stands five feet, two inches in height. Alice White is three years older and two inches shorter than Anita. Nancy Carroll has red hair.

LOX DE MILE, DETROIT, MICH.—How much did you bet? Dolores Costello is an American of Irish-Spanish descent. Her grandfather, Thomas Costello, was born and raised in Ireland. Her ancestors, three generations before, came from Spain. Her grandmother, Helen Fitzgerald Costello, was also born and raised in Ireland, and her ancestors were Irish as far back as they can be traced.

MAXINE SCOTTON, MERCEDES, TEX.—Kex King has just faded out of the picture. Rex Bell was picked to replace him and his latest picture is "Joy Street."

NORMA JACKSON, IONE, WASHEL.—William Austin was born in British Guiana, South America, and came to the United States in 1915. He has been on the stage and screen since 1919. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and gray eyes. He married Dora Mae Howe in May, 1929. His next picture will be "Sweetie." John Darrow played the part of Bill in "The High School Hero."

RUTH FRIEDLAND, ALEXANDRIA, M.V.—The man you refer to in "Baggar on Horseback" was James Mason. He played the part of Homer Cady.

GRETCHEN NEFF, APOLLO, PA.—Buddy Messenger played the part of Tuffy and William Bakewell played the part of Mack Moran in "Hot Stuff."

MARY ALICE TUCKER, MECHIEIAN, MISS.—You certainly know how to pick 'em. Ann Ben Lyon is twenty-eight years old and bails from Atlanta, Ga. He has dark brown hair and stands six feet in altitude. William Haines and James Cagney were also born in Atlanta. James Cagney is the same height as Ben but he has black hair and bails from Staunton, Va. James is five feet, ten inches tall and has dark brown hair. He comes from Dallas, Texas.

ROBERT BLENKO, EDWARDSVILLE, PENNA.—Margaret Quinlivan was the young lady who played the part of Eleanor in "Lucky Boy."

RAY, ATLANTA, GA.—How do you make out in the exams? Baclanova is about twenty-nine years old. She and Bette Davis had a double in the singing for her in "Show Boat." Ramon Novarro did his own talking and singing in "The Pagan," but a double song for Dorothy Janis. It was Warner Baxter's own voice you heard in "Old Arizona." No, Monte Blue and Rod LaRocque are not related to each other. George Lewis is twenty-five years old and has been married since March, 1928.

B. RANDALL, WOLLASTON, MASS.—Yes, Ramon is a very smart young man. It was his voice you heard in "The Pagan."

A. E. N., ARNOLD, PA.—Oh, no, I am never too busy to write to the girls! Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, June 9, 1900. He is married to Virginia Goodwin. Josephine Dunn was born in New York City and is divorced from Wm. P. Cameron.

A. R., NORWOOD, OHIO.—Esther Ralston is married to George Wehry. Lilyan Tashman and Kathryn Carver claim New York City as their home town and Betty Compson claims Beaver City, Utah.

P. M., PARIS, FRANCE.—How did you find your way over here? Marian Nixon is her real name. She is twenty-four years old and stands five feet, two inches in height. Before going into the movies she was a dancer. Charles Rogers is being kept very busy so I don't think he will see Paris for a while.

A. S. E., HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903. He has sandy hair, blue eyes and is five feet, ten inches tall. Shhh! He's still single.

J. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Maurice Chevalier is thirty-six years old and was born in Menil-moniant, near Paris, France. He is five feet, eleven inches tall; weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes and is married. His last name is pronounced "Shah-vahl'yay." He is busy making a new picture titled "The Love Parade."


J. K., NEW YORK CITY.—Both Vilma Banky and Greta Garbo reached our shores in 1925. Vilma is twenty-six years old and is married to Rod LaRocque. Greta is three years younger than Vilma and is still single.

L. H., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford played the leads in "They Met in the Dark." And Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller played the leads in "A Hero for a Night." Conrad Nagel and Myrna Loy did not appear in "Chicago After Midnight." I think you have "State Street Sadie" in mind.

L. W., MADISON, WIS.—Mrs. A. W. Moyer and her son, Robert Hallock, have been living in Madison for forty years. Their daughter married a man from Iowa. Mrs. Moyer is the oldest living person in Madison.

M. L., BOSTON, MASS.—Why did you ask me how I was? I am doing so well, thank you. I have been in several pictures and have been praised by many critics. I hope to play many more parts in the future.

O. W., PANAMA.—I am not married and have no children. I have been in many pictures and have enjoyed my experiences in the film business.

P. M., PARIS, FRANCE.—I have been to Paris many times and love it dearly. I have met many famous people and have had many interesting experiences.

R. R., NEW YORK CITY.—I have been in many pictures and have enjoyed my experiences in the film business.

S. W., NEW YORK CITY.—I have been in many pictures and have enjoyed my experiences in the film business.
Of all the rules in the primer of beauty, the most important is this—keep your skin healthy if you want it to stay young.

On my little mannequin I have starred the six spots most difficult to care for. These are the six places where imperfections come most quickly and where lines form to strike fear to every mortal woman's heart.

But treat your skin wisely—guard well its health at the six vital spots—and your complexion will tell only flattering fibs about your birthdays.

Milkwed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth—clear—altogether lovely.

Today, buy a jar of Milkwed Cream. Mark on the label the date you start using it and notice how your skin improves in a single month.

I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. And, if you have any special beauty questions, feel perfectly free to write me for advice.

P.S. Milkwed Cream is marvelous against sunburn. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.

The Forehead... Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes... Puffiness and crow's feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkwed Cream.

The Mouth... To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat... Guard against a crepy throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.

The Neck... Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkwed Cream. It wafis well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders... Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

Ingram's Milkwed Cream

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios

[continued from page 76]

The screen is outdoing the stage in eye-catching spectacles, as witness this Garden of Love scene from "Glorifying the American Girl." It is typical of the new trend in pictures, which is to out-Broadway Broadway

ALTHOUGH he left his company-manners at home, Karl Dane was the sensation of Indianapolis during his location jaunt to that city. William Haines, Anita Page and other members of the M.-G.-M. "Speedway" company took a back seat. It was a rush from one soirée to another. Dane and John Miljan dropped in at the home of an Indianapolis society woman on their way to another party.

Dane looked around and couldn't see much whoopie in progress. Turning to Miljan he remarked in a voice that was distinctly audible in Terre Haute—"We're wasting a lot of good time here. There's a better party down the street."

"Isn't he an adorable brute," gushed the admiring hostess.

NOW that the three Bennett girls, Constance, Barbara and Joan, are all in Hollywood you might imagine that you'd see idyllic photographs of the devoted sisters arm in arm. But you won't. Not by your old tintype.

The daughters of the famous Richard are not as chummy as they might be. Joan and Barbara get along well enough, but Constance is not given any sisterly confidences. Sophisticated as they are, they have never quite approved of Constance. And, besides, word came to Joan that, at the opening of "Bulldog Drummond," in New York, Constance paraded around the lobby of the theater and was thereby suspected of trying to take Joan's glory.

ALTHOUGH Colleen Moore and John McCormick will tap you lightly over the head with a shillahah if you even suggest that they're anything but Irish, they've instituted an old German custom in their new home.

The theater (wired for sound) which is a part of the house, is equipped with long tables in front of the divans. Here the guests may eat and drink while they're watching a picture. The munching of a pretzel adds to the Vitaphone sound effects.

ACCORDING to a story carried in a theatrical publication, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., receives an allowance of $20,000 a year from his father, with payment to cease when he is twenty-one. This sounds pretty good, but his friends say that the young man gets $25 a week from Doug, Sr., and that stopped when he was given a First National contract.

The statement that young Doug would receive $200,000 when he reaches the age of twenty-five is also regarded as unfounded. So, if you're foolish enough to think Joan Crawford married Junior for his money, just put the thought right out of your head.

"We'll see you in the news reels!

Said all the flies, frantic—

And they'll climb into their planes

And fell in the Atlantic."

The poor writers! They no sooner get through singing the swan song of a foreign star in American films before she turns up again on another boat, all bright and smiling.

We had just finished saying ta-ta to Lya di Putti when in she popped again, posing for leggy pictures on the boat deck and announcing that she was so glad to be back again in that dear America, where the pay checks bloom big and often.

She had just finished one picture in England. And Lya, with her nice little accent, was cocking her ears for a talkie offer from some American producer with one of those nice checkbooks and a self-cocking fountain pen.

SOMETIMES it is advantageous for a star to marry her publicity man—but not always. Harry Wilson (now press agent for United Artists) was divorced from Marion Aye shortly after their marriage. The story goes that she agreed to take part of her alimony in publicity, but that didn't last long.

Janet Gaynor was engaged to Herbert Moulton but broke the engagement on the eve of the opening of "Seventh Heaven," and now Gladys McConnell has divorced her press agent husband, Arthur Hagerman.

LUPÉ VELEZ excitedly shouted to the world, "Oh, darling, I am going to move into a grand new house in Beverly Hills. I'm going to have a swimming pool and beer rooms and I'm going to have a beet party and everybody must..." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste . . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c.

More important—Colgate's cleans better—it's penetrating foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by brushing.

Colgate's has become the largest-selling dentifrice in the world because it not only polishes the outer surfaces of the teeth, but more important, because its wonderful penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth, not reached by ordinary brushing.

Recent scientific tests confirm the fact that Colgate's has a greater penetrating* power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market. This means that it gets down into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly, but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpaste.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Greatly magnified picture of the usual site of decay. Note how Colgate's active foam—having high "surface ten-

tion"—penetrates deep down where the toothbrush cannot reach.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam—having high "surface tension"—penetrates deep down where the toothbrush cannot reach.
From the scrap-book of Will Stanton, character actor, who played in pantomime with Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is fourth from right in the middle row. The picture was taken in 1906.

come to my party. It is the nicest house in Beverly Hills."
"That's great," said one of those included in the blanket invitation, "when do you move into the new house?"
And Gary Cooper added, "She hasn't found the house yet."

IN M-G-M.'s "Revue of Revues" Polly Moran imitates Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy."
"I may not sing as well as Jolson, but I certainly sing louder," said she, blowing out three tubes.

NOT all the foreign stars, unsuited to the demands of talking pictures, have been as successful as Lila Tora, the Brazilian beauty. She is married to Vicomte Julio de Moraes.
The Vicomte has obtained the release of his wife from Fox Films and will feature her in a series of productions for release in South America. M-G-M. will release the pictures. The first production will be "The Soul of a Peasant," a story of life in old Portugal. The second production will be an all-talkie in five tongues.

SINCE there seems a concerted effort to prove Hollywood a nine o'clock town we might as well make a good job of it and say that family reunions are in vogue. Now, after all, nothing could be wrong with a town that has family reunions.
The Haines family is together again—pa and ma and the five kiddies. They all take daily dips in the surf at William's impressive beach house at Santa Monica.
William is the oldest and the broad diminishes in size and age to Henry, age eleven. George, nineteen, has embarked on a picture career.
Up to date there have been nothing but extra roles, but he is a handsome youngster and looks like his big brother, Bill. The entire family talks with a Virginia drawl, and the Haines' sense of humor is famous.

The name is pronounced Bow, as in ribbon. Clara is tired of having it called Bow, as in bow-wow. And hence this ensemble of bows, with its sound effect of the rustle of taffeta.
"daring"

so says FASHION of correct ROUGE USE

all the more reason, then, for Princess Pat's subtly flattering cheek color . . . . . .

Fifth Avenue now calls timid, sparing use of rouge, "quaint." But Fifth Avenue is merely an echo. Women everywhere have long expressed their preference for vibrant check color. The urge within them for vivid, sparkling beauty will not be denied. Actually women today want more than natural beauty.

But look you! Wherever you go there is marked contrast—in the results of "daring" use of rouge. Some achieve it; some do not. Some are exotically beautiful. Some are but daubed with an ugly color.

No Old-Fashioned "Painty Rouge"

You simply cannot find the essential glow, the intense, vivid beauty of the new fashion in the heavily pigmented dense rouges. They were made for sparing use. If you employ such rouges to achieve high color, the effect is unsatisfactory. It is crude—not daring. It gives merely an "unbecoming" spot of color, lacking artistry and beauty. No amount of skill can overcome this defect.

Thus has Fifth Avenue abandoned old-fashioned rouge—selecting Princess Pat rouge to achieve daring color that needs no apology—that secures to every woman the delicious thrill of self-expression and wondrous new beauty.

Princess Pat Rouge Color Seems to "Come From Within"

Actually, Princess Pat created and established this "daring" use of rouge . . .

which now is fashion's dictum everywhere. Princess Pat anticipated—knew that brilliancy of costuming would make old-fashioned rouge insipid or brazen. Women would not want to "paint" their cheeks in the new era of frank expression of their charms. So an entirely new kind of rouge was perfected rouge giving color that has all the marvelous glow of life and youthful dash which Fashion has decreed.

Now color creations were used, blended by experts in color research. A way was found to make Princess Pat rouge change and blend upon the skin itself. No matter how much color is desired, Princess Pat rouge remains daringly beautiful. It seems to "come from within in the skin." It blends away to imperceptibility without edges—merges automatically with your own skin tone. The veriest novice achieves the most daringly fashionable effect without trouble.

The Utmost Advantage in Use of Various Shades

With old-fashioned rouge, only one shade would match your skin. Color harmony with costume or mood was impossible or at least only accidental. What a limitation!

Using Princess Pat—of which all shades match every skin—you can possess any or all of the six Princess Pat shades and use them at discretion to give absolute harmony of check color at all times. No woman living can help wanting rouge with all these advantages—one that gives more than natural beauty. Your favorite shop can show all six shades.

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Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chion and dryness. Permanent. Daintily enameled metal box.

Dorothy Markell, famous screen beauty, knows how to look like a million dollars. "Just a touch of Princess Pat rouge," says Dorothy.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for only 50c. It contains four colors, each shade being supplied in its own individual packet. Order yours now. Princess Pat Ltd., 270 South Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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York and one in Paris. His eyes, pleasant, kindly eyes; twinkling, devilish eyes, at will, would glow fond as he spoke of France. His France. “In Paris, you see,” he paused for a moment to find the right words in the jumble of English that was picked up. “I am what Carpenter is to the American. That is me very well. The last word is left suspended, a poor little English "well," in French mid-air. “I could make a go of them, That is why I should like to go back once a year, say, and make a picture there, eh?”

AOLFE MELLER, tall-sired, sauntered across the room, pulling Madame Chevalier, black-haired and black-eyed, a Frenchwoman such as the American pictures her; a musical comedy actress carrying her own name of Suzanne Vallee to personal fame, with him. Reflectively, as before, Chevalier watched her, and undoubtedly thought of many things, including the voice, the costume and the camera tests he must make before “The Love Parade,” his second picture, goes into production. Thought of the lines in French and English that he must learn. Of the songs by Clifford Grey and Victor Herbert that he must master. Thought of the five days of rehearsals with Ernst Lubitsch, who directs him, that he must negotiate. Thought of this and that, and the others that Mary Pickford had made him six years ago in Paris when she asked him to come to America and be her leading man.

“What I want to do is this,” said Chevalier. “I want to try and blend the liveliness, the sprightly tempo of the French songs—you notice how different they are from yours—with the rhythm of the American jazz. That is what the modern Parisian is doing today. That is what I want to do.”

In doing that, Chevalier is becoming international. And the greatest artists are international, with an art that transcends language.

RAQUEL MELLER is international. A Spanish girl, yet she sings in Spanish to a French audience and she is the great success, eh? Also Bernhardt, Sarah Bernhardt, when she comes to thee country, she spoke in French. Al Jolson is a great artist. Eef he ever went to Paris, he would be a sensation. He, too, is international.

But what is it that makes for international success? What in France do you call that thing that Americans call It? Eef is person-al-ity, eh? I don’t know. Maybe more than that. Yes. In Paris we would say ‘heart.’ Eef you put your heart into anything, into your songs or your dancing, your audience feels ret, of course, yes? Look at girls like Clara Bow. You know that she wants to please, that from her heart she is trying very hard. And you love her because you know she is doing that. Is that not so? “I want to blend the two song tempos as I have say. Make what you call a Paris, New York cocktail, yes?”

And cement the entente cordiale. But, better still, to internationalise.

He grinned, a grin that was boyish and pleased. He is amazingly modest, this man who has two continents at his feet; this man who is called the greatest, his admirers say, to use the term of “fly”; who received an ovation during his month’s appearance on the Ziegfeld Roof recently such as Gotham has rarely, if ever, seen. But the name of his “Valentina” song ("what beautiful eyes and lips and chin and . . . ah! with appropriate gestures) to a glamorous throng who paid eleven dollars over charge to buy ginger ale and white rock. But mostly to hear Chevalier.

“At what I want to remain Parisian. I think a foreigner make a meestake to Americanize himself too much. Rather that they stay themselves than to try to be converted into something else.”

Hobnobbing with interned English soldiers during a twenty-six months’ sojourn at Alten Grabor, a German prison, where he was carried, suffering from shrapnel wounds, after one of the first battles of memorable 1914, was what taught him his first English.

“But eet is not the thing I should like to do, that sentimental love making,” says Chevalier, with a depreciatory shrug of should-ers well-fitted in darkish stuff with a red stripe running through. On his little finger, right hand, gleamed a three-diamond ring set in white gold, red jeweled, the ring being chastely held by a single pearl stickpin. His cull links, in a shirt of fine white fabric, were round and flat and paved with small diamonds. Third finger was nothing but the flashy, volatile Frenchman, dear to American women, the quiet perfection of his attire. On the third finger of his left hand was a slender platinum wedding ring. Madame Chevalier, heard mov- ing in the other room, had been at the dancing partner; that was after he parted from Mistinguett of the million dollar legs.

The love making which I like is that with the light touch of humor, the smile, but yet sincere. None of this romantic stuff, with everything so serious. I do not feel comfortable in that kind of role. Eet is my type. Love, with a bit of humor, is what they like in Paris.

Chevalier was in his middle teens, drunk with theatrical ambitions, when he approached the manager of the Concert of the Three Lions and demanded an audition on the ground that he was an accomplished singer. The truth was that Chevalier was an accomplished charlatan as far as vocal experience was concerned. And as that, he was soon forgotten.

At the Casino des Tourelles, some time later, he did his first singing turn. He also gave impersonations of local favorites. It was not long before he was presented to Mistinguett, the musical comedy sensation. It was many months longer before he found himself her dancing partner at the Folies Bergere, which no tourist can conscientiously miss.

1913 found Chevalier doing his compulsory military service, a part of every French lad’s life, and September, 1914, found him a part of the wedge of blue that was stopping the flood of grey that poured into his beloved country. He awoke to find himself prisoner and after two years’ internment, escaped, by the aid of a pal, a soldier, and a pal, Joe Bridge, an officer who had assisted him in impromptu entertainment at the encampment. They passed themselves off as Red Cross workers, and for it Chevalier received a Military Cross.

“In Paris, Mary and Douglas Fairbanks are present at one of my performances,” continued Chevalier, blottting out the war hurriedly. “I send them a card asking them to come back-stage; I should like to meet them. But Douglas, he does not wait until the show is over. He comes back between the acts.

It was the beginning, six years ago, of a strong friendship. The Chevaliers are frequent visitors at Pickfair. In fact, when the songs of “The Love Parade” are to be given a try-out before the distinguished audience that gathers there, before they are movie- rized.

Again, after the war, Chevalier danced with Mistinguett. He became a star. He appeared in London with Elsie Janis in “Hello, America” and also danced on the Spanish/Air. He crossed to America for a week to see New York. He accepted the Fairbanks’ invitation to come to Hollywood, thinking it would be good publicity and discovered it was not. “I am surprised, eh?” he says, shrugging his shoulders, a movement unconsciously French; the only Gallic gesture in what appears to be a typical Englishman or American of poise and discernment.

Greta Garbo is smiling just as if she didn’t care a bit because—oh, well—you know as well as we do. And if you think we’re going to make a crack about the Garbo being all wet, you’re wrong. Greta is just training for her next role as Captain Christie’s sea-going little girl, Anna.

“Always before, and sometimes after the war, I was too poor to learn English,” Chevalier says, frankly. There is a nice lack of pretense, a simplicity, a basic modesty about him. And now that he has means to learn English, he is not to perfect it, by order of Jesse Lasky; a portion, so it is reasoned, and perhaps rightly, of the Chevalier charm being in his accent.

Chevalier was born in Montelimont, a suburb of that city called the Capital of the World, where pink lights gleam and chestnut trees bloom in the spring. And I know less yet, maybe, than I do New York, as is the way of provincials, for in New York as soon as I arrive this last time—I have been there before, but not professionally—they say, “Come, we will make a fedam to send back to Paris showing what Chevalier is doing in America.” So we go to the Statue of Liberty and along the Avenue and I am photographed; also I am photographed mounting a bus, and I know more about that city than the person who lives there all his life.

Chevalier has been, in turn, from the fatherless age of eleven, an apprentice carpenter, electrician, printer, doll factory employee, painting waxen faces until discharged for making Harlequin spots of vermilion on dolls destined for domesticity, paint shop salesman, nail maker, always with the vision of stage or circus before him. In his first American picture (he has made several unspectacular French pictures) the plot followed the general pattern of his life.
Auburn places its confidence in the motor-educated buyer's experience and ability to compare cars and judge values. Without exaggerated claims Auburn submits its Six and its two Straight Eight models as offering more power, finer performance and greater durability than can be purchased elsewhere. It is left to the buyer to verify this. Auburn's policy under the direction of E. L. Cord has been to "make the car sell itself."

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their eyes for promising material, for any boy or girl who looks as if he or she is growing them for all concerns. They send themselves up as experts in the matter of making out returns for screen artists. They were looking for themselves and in no time at all an imposing list of celebrities had surrender their tax headaches to the care of these specialists.

The immediate results were gratifying. The expert charged plenty for their work, but look at the money they saved you! It was worth it. The experts got bigger and better clients. The rescued ones told their friends, and the vandals got up the bandwagon. Thanks to these financial geniuses, federal income tax had ceased to be either an expense or a problem. It was just like a dream—

 Came dawn—and the awakening. All the headaches that had been handed over to the experts had been surely, and perhaps given them high-handedly. Maybe a studio signs them to a short contract, with additions if they make good.

In steps Mr. Agent and claims the glory. He was the man who brought this great thing to pass. Nine times out of ten he didn’t have a thing to do with it—but he collects under his little agreement just the same. The agent can’t lose. If one of the youngsters on a contract, he collects. If none of them do, it hasn’t cost him a dime.

Then there is the high-powered agent who gets his clients plenty of work but makes strange errors of bookkeeping. A case in point was that of Felix Young and Noah Beery. Mr. Young secured a job for Mr. Beery. The producer who wanted this excellent actor agreed to pay $2,500 for his services and Mr. Young accepted. However, Mr. Young must have been thinking of some other girl and he told Mr. Beery the terms of the contract.

As he explained it, Mr. Beery was to receive $1,500 and a share in the profits of the picture—and $1,500 was all Mr. Young paid. It seems that Mr. Beery subsequently discovered that the producer had paid Mr. Young $2,500 for Mr. Beery’s services and had said nothing about giving him a share in the profits. Mr. Beery, being rightly wrath, had Mr. Young arrested for divers illegal practices. A jury saw it that way, too, and recommended that Mr. Young be awarded free room and board in the state penitentiary, a sentence that was never carried out because Mr. Young was granted his plea for probation.

A curious result of the incident was this: Despite the fact that the jury found Mr. Young guilty as charged, and there was no particular reason to think the jury was wrong, there was considerable indignation around the village over the fact that Mr. Beery had taken the matter to court. After all, it was argued in various quarters, Mr. Young was a bad sort of a fellow and the fact that he had trimmed Mr. Beery, an actor, out of a few hundred dollars was no reason for telling the police about it. Since when had it become illegal to rob an actor?

A dishonest business manager, if given sufficient leeway, can reduce his client to a state of abject poverty. He can, for instance, advise the purchase of worthless securities—and split the commission with the salesman from whom they are purchased. He can put through padded expense accounts. He can make personal purchases on his client’s charge accounts, providing the latter doesn’t scrutinize the bills too closely. If he has the privilege of signing checks he can get away with almost anything.

Strangely enough, a surprising number of picture people have entrusted the handling of their personal affairs to irresponsible young men and women who have promptly proceeded to separate them from enormous quantities of loose change.

At the present moment Hollywood and its environs are suffering from an acute attack of too many and much too smart income tax experts. Income tax engineering may not be a racket but, judging from the wails of anguish of the maimed and mangled, it has turned out to be, in several instances, anything but a legitimate business.

In common with a hundred million other Americans, picture stars have never been able to make head or tail out of the federal income tax. Their problem has been more perplexing than average because their incomes are large and their exemptions comparatively small.

Eight or nine years ago several ambitious young men and women undertook to solve the problem for all concerned. They set themselves up as experts in the matter of making out returns for screen artists. They were working for themselves and in no time at all an imposing list of celebrities had rendered their tax headaches to the care of these specialists.

The immediate results were gratifying. The experts charged plenty for their work, but look at the money they saved you! It was worth it. The experts got bigger and better clients. The rescued ones told their friends, and the vandals got up the bandwagon. Thanks to these financial geniuses, federal income tax had ceased to be either an expense or a problem. It was just like a dream—but—

Mrs. John Jones, whose husband is an honest plumber—let’s not start that argument about there being no honest plumbers—had a toothache. She goes to a dentist. He inspects the ailing molar or bicuspid, as the case may be, and sends her over to Dr. Forceps to have it yanked out. His charge for this inspection and advice is perhaps considerably over the amount of changing film stars exorbitant fees for their services.

Doctors?

Well, a certain young gentleman not long ago received a bill of $10,000 for the removal of his appendix. Wealthy as he unquestionably is and accustomed to having the harpoons thrown into him from many directions, he

[Please turn to page 110]
Westward the Course of Tin-Pan Alley

(Continued from Page 39)

Irving Berlin, whose music business hadn't been any too good in recent years, found new life for it via the motion picture field. Originally he was intended to write the score for "Parnell's Starlight Folks." It was almost a year between the time that plan was made until the film went into production. Meanwhile, Berlin tied up with United Artists, but had written one number for the new Jolson picture. Al wanted one to sing to Davey Lee. Berlin's melody was pleasant enough, but the idea didn't quite suit Jolson's needs.

A LONG distance call from Hollywood, Jolson speaking, to De Sylva, Brown and Henderson in New York revealed that those three publisher-writers were in Atlantic City, preparing a show. Jolson explained his wants to Bobby Crawford, general manager for D. B. & H. Crawford told Jolson he'd call him back.

Again via telephone, Crawford relayed Jol-son's wants to De Sylva, Brown and Henderson in Atlantic City. Four hours after the Mammy-glorifier had put in his first call, his phone in Holly-wood rang. (Service was awfully good that day.) It was De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, in Atlantic City.

Buddy De Sylva sang the lyric and melody of "Sonny Boy" over the wire. "Great," yelled Al. "Send me a lead-sheet and lyrics by air-mail!"

By July, "Sonny Boy" had sold one and a quarter million copies of sheet music. Two million records had been disposed of—for cash.

A music publisher's gross return on a copy of music is twenty cents. From this are subtracted royalties and all other expenses. The writer's royalty on sheet music ranges from three to six cents on a copy. The publisher gets two cents on every record sold. Two-thirds of that he keeps, the other third goes to the writers. De Sylva, Brown and Henderson were both writers and publishers of "Sonny Boy." Al Jolson added to the lyrics, made some changes and collected one-fourth of writers' royalty. Try that on your comptometer.

IS it any wonder then, that motion picture producers began to look upon the music publishing business as more than an incidental? With RCA Victor's reaped nothing of the monies made by "Sonny Boy" the song. Having sponsored the industry's best-seller, they decided not to overlook any future possibilities and made the most expensive gesture of all producers. This was the purchase, lock, stock and barrel of Witmark, Inc., one of the oldest music publishing firms in existence. That firm's catalogue of past hits and classics alone brings a revenue of several hundred thousand yearly to the firm. The deal involved over five million dollars for Warners, but all future song profits will go to them.

Since then, almost all the major producers have either merged or made working agreements with various publishers. De Sylva, Brown and Henderson supply the writers and own all copyrights to songs used in pictures made by William Fox, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Jack Robbins Music Company have a similar agreement.

Paramount has made an exceptionally wide arrangement. It formed the Famous Music Company as a subsidiary of the established firm of T. B. Harms, Inc., and its allied group. Old firms such as Remick's, and Chappel-Harms, which is responsible for the Harms' music popularity in England and Europe, are included. There is the younger concern of Spier and Coolow in the deal. This arrange-ment gives Paramount call on any of the contracted writers with these music publishers, and publication of the numbers through the Famous Music Company. Hence, "Louise," which sold almost to the million mark in copies, made money for Paramount as well as the publishers. Leo Robbins and Dick Whitting collected the royalty profits due the writers.

Song writing for pictures has made everyone engaged in Hollywood now a "production writer." This is different from old conditions, when one had to grope for an idea before turning out a number. The writer is given situations. The film's director and the scenarist can tell in advance what they want the lyrics to convey.

In this respect, the writers of songs have one difficulty to overcome, which seems slight, but is annoying. They have to contend with the popular impression shared by producers, scenarists and directors—that a song's lyric is written first. It isn't. In fact, it is well-nigh impossible to set a tune to a lyric. A songwriter may build a melody on a title, but never on a complete lyric. The tune is always composed first, and then the lyric set to it. If a line runs short or long one or two notes—the melody is altered.

Definite ideas are not always available—or else the producer cannot express 'em. One example, in an incident at Paramount, is typical. The producer simply told the song-writing team:

"WE'VE got a picture called 'Wolf-Song.' It's all about a man on a mountain. Write a song for it."

From such premise came "Yo Te Amo," warbled by Lupe Velez and "Wolf-Song" roared by Gary Cooper and the mountainites. There are quite a few producers, on the other hand, who have a very definite idea of what they want and know when they hear it. The numbers in Harry Rapf's production of "The Holly-wood Revue of 1929" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are an exceptionally fine illustration. In this picture, the songs were not written for situations. The scenes and the numbers were built and staged for the numbers.

Seven teams of song-writers were used by M-G-M, in getting numbers for the revue. Rapf wanted a military finale to the first half, and assigned all fourteen writers to the task, the intention being to select the best of all submitted. For a month, various ideas and finished compositions were turned in—none of them suit ing Rapf.

Many were original and novel, but didn't convey just what Rapf wanted to get over.

One day the entire group were assembled in the rehearsal hall discussing ideas. Fred Fisher finally burst out with:

"Well, Mr. Rapf, I don't know what you want. If it were twenty years ago—I'd give you something like this—" sat down at the piano and improvised a strain of six-eight rhythm (march style).

"THAT'S it!" shouted Rapf. "that's it!"

Thus was born "Strike Up the Band," one of the most effective military finales seen in any revue. The style of composition may have been twenty years old, but the production gives it all the essence of sensational novelty. Here it is showmanship that makes the song effective.

A number such as "Strike Up the Band" will sell very few copies. It has no commercial value in royalties to either its writer or publisher and comes under the heading of special material. In direct contrast is another song in the "Hollywood Revue" called "Where the Crows In the Rain." This is the "plug" song of the show, meaning the one selected as having best possibilities for popular appeal. Therefore it is rendered.

During a round-up scene for "The Virginian" Director Victor Fleming found it necessary to disguise camera and microphone as clumps of brush to avoid frightening the cattle. In the above picture you see how 'twas done. Heh, heh—we never knew cows were so naive.
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The Yankee clipper-ships are sailing phantom seas. The western two-gun man has retired to the movies, and the southern plantation has been sub-divided. The old sectional distinctions have passed into tradition.

Where there was North, South and West, there is now one people. Those old barriers of distance and prejudice have been worn down by many uniting forces: Railroads, radio, automobiles, telephones, newspapers, magazines, Advertising.

These are the things that have united America into a nation of neighbors. You have the same automobile as the chap a half-dozen states away. You both eat the same advertised foods, smoke the same tobaccos, enjoy concerts from the air with the same radio sets. You have a lot of things in common.

Advertisements give you and your neighbors in all the forty-eight states the same chance to know and obtain new things as soon as they are ready. Through advertisements, you learn of a thousand devices that save you labor, increase your comfort, and help you enjoy life generally. They give you a broad panoramic view of this modern age we live in.

Read the advertisements—your neighbors are reading them too.

* * *

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
When young ladies leave for school or college

Take notice! Among them you will see some whose wardrobe, because of every smart outfit and accessory in it, sets them apart a little, from most of the others. This quality, rather indefinable, lies in personal taste... in the ability to select modish things... things strikingly effective, always becoming.

You will see a number of exquisite Meeker Made Handbags... Steerhide handbags with a dual value—artistic and as useful as they are beautiful. Each one embodies genuine imported Steerhide, impeccable leather craftsmanship, distinctive last minute designs and rare color combinations. Colored by hand and with hand-laced leather edges. Meeker Made handbags, underarm bags and vanity handbags come in any costume. They are SMART with any costume. See various styles and models at the better dealers everywhere.

M E E K E R
fine
leather goods

The MEEKER CO., Inc.
Joplin, Mo.

You can see by the expression on Director Millard Webb's face that he doesn't care for brunettes—even of the glorified variety. Now if that were blonde Mary Eaton in the polka-dotted bathing suit—! Incidentally, Director Webb's opus, "Glorifying the American Girl," is going to be something new—a backstage drammer, no less, showing us how the chorus girls really talk. Why not begin numbering 'em? For instance "Broadway Melody" could be X1349, "Broadway X1993, etc.

The MEKKER is a part of your wardrobe company, Inc., 13-15 West 29th St., New York City.
SCANNING the talent at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one day, old Cal saw a handsome face that looked familiar.

"That's Scott Kolk," said a guide. "He's in the new Marion Davies picture and is very attentive to Virginia Cherrill."

Cal thereupon enrolled in the I-Knew-Him-When Club, remembering the days when Kolk played the drums in a famous night club band in Washington, D.C., and was famous as the first male cabaret entertainer in the National Capital who could do the Black Bottom. He not only could, but did, nightly, to tremendous applause.

The Washington gals were cuh-racy about him in those days, when he was given to walking about among the tables playing a uke and crooning, and was known as plain Walter Kolk. If the picture fans like him as well, for his curly hair and dentifrice smile, M.-G.-M. will have to put a new truck on the fan mail line.

Said Will Rogers the other night at a banquet, "Fred Niblo is so anxious to speak at theater openings that he goes around town looking at all the new buildings to date up the opening. He has become so expert he can tell whether the building is going to be a theater or not, just by looking at the foundation."

As this is written, Norman Kerry is in New York, but the big boy's pranksome ways live after him in Hollywood.

Ralph Spence, the title writer, moved in the Kerry estate recently, and what was the first thing he had to do? Change the color scheme of the family pigeons back to normal.

Kerry, all in the spirit of clean fun, had dyed their wings green, blue and red, much to the horror of the neighbors, who complained that the flying rainbows were injuring the eyesight of the kiddies.

Eddie Lowe has a habit of forgetting his interview appointments. Consequently he is usually in bad with the press.

The other day he had an Interview, and for a change, he didn’t get in bad. Eddie didn’t keep the appointment. Neither did the interviewer.

The director on the sound stage was worried. Somebody was singing softly just out of range of the microphone. "Hey," he shouted, "stop that noise. Who do you think you are? Al Jolson?"

Heh, heh, heh. Imagine his consternation. It was Al Jolson.

Joe E. Brown tells this one, and stop me if you’ve heard it.

A ventriloquist was traveling through the small towns of Nebraska, and not exactly encountering enthusiastic or crowded theaters.

He was down to his last dime, and New York was a long walk back. He determined to spend one of his last nickels for a schooner of beer. (This was about 1915 B. F.) On his way into the local emporium of liquid joy he spied a forlorn looking yellow dog, and came the dawn of a big idea.

He took the dog into the saloon with him and ordered the beer. He took a sausage from the free lunch counter. The starved pooch eyed the ventriloquist with eloquent, hungry eyes. Then words came from the mouth of the dog.

"Give me part of that, old toppah." he asked.

Whenever I travel, I expect service. The high type of service rendered on the "Golden State Limited" makes that train my first and last choice. It is a real pleasure to ride on this swift, smooth-riding train.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

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"Golden State Limited"
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A joy to every beauty-loving woman—and to the eyes of every beauty-admiring man—is the clear, smooth skin attained by using Plough's Black and White Cleansing Cream!

This light, non-absorbable cream slips quickly into the pores and out again, cleanses them of all impurities which cause blackheads and blemishes, and keeps the skin fresh, clear and beautiful.

This pure, dainty cream is obtainable at all dealers in three sizes, at popular prices. Begin using it tonight.

Plough's BLACK AND WHITE CLEANSING CREAM
Plough Inc. NEW YORK—MEMPHIS—MONTEREY

THE bar was thunderstruck. The light of this latter day miracle filled him with the desire for possession. He offered $25, $100 and $500 for the dog, but the ventriloquist refused to sell. He finished his drink and left the place, the dog trotting after him.

Later in the evening he returned again to the bar and spent his last coin on another beer. The bartender increased his original offers to $800, all he had in the world. "I'll take it," said the ventriloquist, "I hate to part with my friend, but I must go back to New York. He's yours." He had reached the door, when the sad-eyed pooch seemed to say—"You old son of a gun. Just for that I'll never talk again.

VIVIAN DUNCAN likes 'em tall and distinguished. When this young gal's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. A couple years ago it was Nils Asther. At the time Nils couldn't speak a word of English, but as he later expressed it—"Life doesn't need words.

But this was two years ago. Now Vivian is seen everywhere with Prince Youcza Troubet-

FRANK BORZAGE has a colored maid who is deeply religious. Obviously, a seeker of work in pictures sometimes get Frank's telephone number. On several occasions the director asked the maid to tell the caller that he was not in.

Came a day when the maid ap-

HERES the ultimate. There can't be any-

NOW that Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton are normally separated Ian is finding solace in the company of Kay Macknight who, I believe, was reported engaged to somebody else a month or so ago.

But don't let that confound. Dorothy is one of those swell gals that everybody likes.

REMEMBER Ora Carew who used to ap-

THE star was in a huff. "Well, never mind," he said, "I don't have to stay here at M.-G.-M. Paramount wants me.

MARY and Doug, as everybody knows, are making "The Taming of the Shrew," with Mary playing the shrew and Doug doing the heavy lifting. Well, it looks as though Doug had done a good job of calming down, all right. For Mary has just up and presented her lord and master with a new roadster.

Danilo, the dance student, has signed an agreement with Produc-

After the outfit isn't much good for the rest of the day. A cretonne bag carries a collapsible sundae and makeup paraphernalia. Why not a folding swimming pool to match?

The announcement of the marriage of Ethel Gaynor's lawyer to the friend of a local, old, slender, blonde Lillian Gish type, and a pianist and singer of unusual ability.

Westward the Course of Tin-Pan Alley

Throughout the production more than any other song. This is to thoroughly familiarize fans with it and create a demand. "Striking in the Rain" will sell over a million copies and can be as many records. "Strike Up the Band" probably won't go to 10,000, if it goes to any fraction of that. To balance things, studios have made an unique arrangement in financial matters with songwriters.

Unique in the history of song-writing, al-
though obvious to members of other businesses. Prior to the Hollywood era of song-exploitation, song writers were paid strictly on a royalty basis. Every dollar they were handed was charged against the financial earnings of their songs published by the firm. If the firm was accounting showed they had drawn more than they were entitled, such sums were charged against future possible royalties. The writer was in debt for whatever amount was overdrawn.

The new arrangement has made Hollywood—brighter than any blue heaven for the composer and lyricist. He is paid a salary plus drawing account against royalties. The total amount paid the writer is guaranteed to the music publisher by the motion picture producer. No matter how much money a writer has drawn, or has been paid—and whether his songs have earned a single penny or not—he does not owe the publisher or producer a cent in the final statement!

He may draw $10,000 against royalties in one year and his total earnings in that respect be no more than $25,000. The following year, he may still be drawing $10,000 and his royalty earnings total $40,000.

The music publisher still owes him $30,000! And he gets it! The balance, supposedly due the publisher from the preceding year's statement, is not deducted.

All such sums are guaranteed, as I have said, by the motion picture producer. The film man still feels himself ahead and he is, for he does not have to pay royalty on theater box-office receipts to song-writers as do producers of legitimate shows. All standard composers and lyricists are paid a percentage of the show's gross earnings during its entire run. Jerome Kern, for example, gets three percent of the total intake at the box-office of any operetta, revue or musical comedy for which he has written the music. Vincent Youmans and George Gerhartwin get similar percentages.

Box-office royalties on legitimate attractions to music and lyric writers range from two to seven percent. The seven is usually set aside by theatrical producers for division between composer, lyricist and librettist.

Hence the savings to the motion picture producers can easily be seen. The average weekly envelope for a song-writer attached to a studio contains $350. In such cases, half is charged to current royalties and the other half considered salary. Total weekly checks vary from $200 weekly to $750.

This system is now undergoing slight changes—even to the still greater benefit of the song-writer. De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, mentioned several times heretofore simply because they have been most active in film-songs business, were paid $150,000 in advance by Fox for the score, book and lyrics of a musical comedy called "Sunnyside Up," which is to star Janet Gaynor. This sum was paid because the boys gave up several offers for legitimate musicals in New York to remain in Hollywood. Meanwhile, they will also collect profits in royalties on all songs written for Fox productions. This trio had the publication of the music written by Conrad, Gottler and Mitchell for Universal's "Broadway." The present writing, the man publishing business is in a better position financially since the advent of radio, when receipts started on the down-grade. Not in eight years or more have there been as many song-sellers over the million copy mark.

The first to hit six figures was "Charmaine," written as a thematic score song to "What Price Glory?" by Lew Pollock and Fire Rappo. Both these gentlemen repeated with "Diane" for "Seventh Heaven." The first sensation in theme songs since "Mickey," which ran for ten years ago, was "Ramona" for Dolores del Rio's picture. L. Wolfe Gilbert, who has been battling out lyrics as far back as "The Robert E. Lee" and "My Little Dream Girl," was responsible for "Ramona," with Mabel Wayne.

the celebrated

Irene Castle McLaughlin

finds this new polish flatters her lovely hands

"Today more feminine fashions really demand the flattering brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish," she says...

Tomorrow's fashion is what Irene Castle McLaughlin is doing today!

That was true even when she was a mere girl. Today she is called "the best-dressed woman in America."

She has that gift of achieving chic in each detail of her appearance. Whenever you see her, her hands are noticeably lovely with their glimmering, almond-shaped nails, their clear half moons.

"Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made," she says. "And it is so simple—in less than two minutes the new Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like with today's feminine fashion."

"Your manicure stamps you as one who knows—or does not know," Mrs. McLaughlin insists. "The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands. Like all people interested in the arts, I use my hands a lot—that is why I am so particular to keep my cuticle smooth and my nails polished—my little Cutex Set is invaluable to me." Cutex preparations are so easy to secure at all toiletries counters.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Sample Manicure Set, enough for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

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Mrs. McLaughlin's sensitive expressive hands are noted for their lovely nails. Your nails, too, can gain new beauty—send the coupon today for generous Cutex samples.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Indelicate? They knew so!

Yet just a light dusting of Amolin would have guarded her from their reproach

The slightest trace of personal odor is an offense which society refuses to condone. For this breach of delicacy is avoidable, and therefore inexcusable.

The use of Amolin, after your bath, is the final, fastidious gesture. For Amolin is not only a delightful bath powder, but it is a delicate deodorizer—guarding your wholesomeness all day long.

Far from merely covering up odor or substituting one odor for another, Amolin neutralizes odor. It is complete protection against this personal intrusion.

Banish any fears that Amolin smoothes the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities. It doesn't. What it does is actually to absorb odors as they arise. And another virtue—Amolin, by hastening the evaporation of perspiration protects rather than harms your alinen likeness.

You will find a dozen ways of using this clean, scientific deodorizing powder. Sprinkle it in your lingerie, put it in your slippers, freshen with it those hard to clean garments, such as rubber girdles and elastic combinations. You can be free with its use for it is harmless and not at all costly. Its fragrance which you enjoy as you use it, vanishes at once.

So, go dancing, go shopping, play golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office—for Amolin used after your bath or sprinkled in your underwear will protect you all day long.

If you would like a trial-size can of Amolin, send ten cents to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y., or 103 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Hagen was an established vaudeville and revue writer in New York prior to coming to Hollywood, and since has been very successful in writing the themes for independent firms and for short subjects.

It is also a fact that the very topmost of those Who Rate are still in New York and evince little desire to join their brothers in A Paradise for Two—Or More. George Gershwin has turned them down $5000 a picture. Jerome Kern also remains aloof. Rudolf Friml, probably the most prolific of living composers, has succumbed to the wiles of Sum Goldwyn and will write an opera for him.

The field for production writers seems a set-up for newcomers in New York. That is the way the theater—not for pictures. Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar, who have been hanging out book lyrics and scores of shows for years, were captured by RKO and will write "Radio Revue" for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. Kalmar and Ruby will be placed in an adjoining cage to Oscar Levant and Sidney Clare, who have been holding down the entire RKO lot by themselves and have turned out songs for three pictures: "Street Girl," "Side-Street," and "Half-Marriage."

In connection with the song-writers are a few unheard of individuals known professionally as "arrangers." Their modesty is not assailed, neither need they worry about publicity. The average salary of an established arranger is rather more than the weekly pay check issued to most of the song-writers. Arthur Lange, writer for Metro-Goldwyn, was recently refused a job at RKO, and Fred Fisher ceases to be anything but a writer of songs.

There is still another feature of the new song era that is lovely for the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and the members of the Motion Picture Producers Association. They are relieved of any possible rush to Hollywood by giving the Songwriters Guild's new "Song" bringing royalties, the boys have gained sufficient confidence to embark on a music publishing business of their own.

The one weakness of song-writers has little or no market in motion pictures. In fact there are but three known successful ones, and their connections in the past have made the road easy. Billy Rose, otherwise famous as Fanny Brice's song writer, and Fred Fisher ceases to be signing a contract at this writing with M-G-M, and John Milt Hagen is the third.

It Happened in Hollywood

(continued from page 67)
course. She didn't give her name. She merely held on to his door in a vague, bewildered manner, and stared at him. Peter stared back, as well as he might.

For one thing, he couldn't imagine how she'd got there. He was the most difficult-to-find home among the Beverly Hills retreats, and how she'd got past the big iron gates that locked him away from the highway below was more than Peter could see. In addition, he knew nothing but the manner of a casual evening caller. Even as he stared at her she wavered and fell inertly across his threshold.

Peter dropped the book he had been reading and reached her side in three strides. It was then he saw her torn and crumpled frock and the dark trickle of blood on her cheek. With a sharp ejaculation he picked her up. As he laid her down upon the divan where he'd been reading, her head fell limply sideways, and Peter, calling Hawley, his man, as he ran, raced for a stimulant.

A s he tried to force the brandy between her lips, Peter looked at the girl on his divan. She was no more than that—a girl. As white as moonlight. As still as death. For a ghastly moment, he thought she was dead. Then he opened her eye.

"It's all right," said Peter, in that reassuring way people have when they're quite sure it isn't all right. "Drink this."

The girl drank. Then she looked at him—did she smile?—and said, uncertainly, "Sorry, I'm afraid—I smashed your gate."

That voice! Vibrant, even in its breathlessness. Peter could hear it saying, "I'll sort of—attach myself." He stood up stiffly, smoothing away Hawley who stood, open-mouthed, in the doorway. So this was the way she "stumbled on him unwarned"? A decent bit of acting, thought Peter. But it wouldn't go over. Not with him, Peter thought. Havens had done that bit of listening-in. He said, curtly, "It's quite all right about the gate. If you feel better now, I'll send my man down to your car with you. You have a car?"

The girl eyed him. "It's smashed," she said, then, almost as if she were frightened, "I think—I'm hurt. My head—"

Peter smiled. "I'm sure your head isn't permanently injured, Miss Seville. Your name is Seville, isn't it?"

Her eyes, amazingly blue, as Peter noted, widened. "Yes—that is—" she broke off, to wince sharply. Then, "Awfully sorry to trouble you—but—" Her eyes darkened and she saw her catch her lip between her teeth, as it in sudden pain.

The game, thought Peter Dunsany, had gone quite far enough. He spoke quietly. "I'm really not good material, you know, for a stunt like this. I see too much of it before the camera. If you are ready now—go—"

The girl was paying no attention to him. She was whimpering like a hurt child, turning her head from side to side. When she spoke again, she panted a little. "Hate—being a baby—but it hurts so—"

Peter's patience had reached its limit. "Look here," he said sharply, "I know your game. You came out here—smashed somehow through my gate—just to get in. But it won't work. Privacy isn't just a publicity stunt with me. And when I want to meet a woman, I find a way to meet her. The rest of the time I'm not interested. If your car is smashed, I'll send you into town in mine. Goodnight."

And he turned to go.

A gasp startled him, a sharp, broken gasp. He turned to see the girl getting to her feet, clutching a chair to steady herself. "Oh—your beastly man," she cried. "You think I—" she swayed, crumpled back on the divan again, all her bravado gone, all her defiance spent. "Please—please—" she whimpered. "Oh—my head—"

Peter regarded her with calculating eyes. "You do it well," he admitted, "you almost—but not quite—convince me."

---

Despite teeth of flashing whiteness

NOBODY’S IMMUNE*

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DANGER seems so remote when teeth are sound and white. But too often appearances are deceiving. Remember, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And there is a dread disease that ignites teeth and attacks the gums. It is Pyorrhea. It is insidious. It is endless. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its price. Their health is ravaged. Beauty and youth are sacrificed.

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This dentifrice helps to firm gums, keep them sound and so aid in warding off Pyorrhea. As you know, this disease seldom attacks healthy gums. In addition, you will be delighted with the way this dentifrice cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

As a safeguard to health start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. For the sooner in life that preventive measures are taken the less chance there is of losing precious good health. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum medicant if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Combing keeps your hair healthy and beautiful.

"Oh!" It was a wall of sheer defiance from the girl. Fierce, with set lips, she got to her feet again. But that was all she could do. Suddenly, with a noise that was lost in the silence that followed it, she slid to the polished floor.

For a moment Peter stood above her, looking down at her. He was so sure she was acting! He spoke to her, curtly at first, and then, as something about her prone body startled him, hesped by her, lifting the glinting hair that lay across one cheek. The sight of an open, jagged cut, realized for the first time, horrified him.

In a moment he was off for his own blindness, sure now that this girl, whatever her game had been, was really hurt, he picked her up and carried her into his bedroom, calling for Thawby.

An hour later Peter walked out upon his terrace with Dr. Whiteside, hastily sent for from town. The doctor was saying, "I don't know—she may pull through—she may not. These concussions are tricky things. You say she dragged herself up from your gate?"

Peter nodded. "She must have. First thing I knew, I was standing in the doorway, hanging on."

The doctor shook his head. "Amazing endurance. She must have been in agony—though perhaps too dazed to realize it at first."

The broken ribs—that gash in her ankle—nothing dangerous about them. But for the rest—well, it's a case of waiting."

"You think she'll recover?"

"My dear fellow, whoever she is, I imagine you don't want to kill her! You'd have a good chance of doing it, if you insisted on having her moved. However, it's your decision."

"I hardly meant that," put in Peter hastily. "As you think best, of course. I—warded his brow—it's just that—I'd rather not have her here."

"We'll see about it, another time— unless you're sure."

"I'm sure."

"All right."

Dr. Whiteside smiled. He knew, and liked, Peter Dunsany. "Leave it to me, Mr. Dunsany. If her name is turned in missing, I'll notify her family, if she has one. As for her, she won't be interested in what the world is doing or saying for a while, I imagine."

And, in truth, Seville was not. For five days straight she lay like a slim, white waif on the wide bed to which she'd been carried that first evening. The doctor, and the doctress, and Peter being host, took his responsibility seriously—were at her side day and night.

She looked strangely young, lying so, like the lovely young actresses who have gone to their death, having last ride down to Camelot, and Peter Dunsany, who stole in on several occasions to look at her, found it rather hard to believe she had actually started out to track down a man, an utter stranger, at that.

He also wondered just who she was, since nobody, it seemed, had missed her when she'd dropped from sight. None, indeed, had been found who belonged in any way to her.

And then, at last, she opened her eyes again—not upon Peter Dunsany, however. This was bright and not a romantic picture. It was Dr. Whiteside who sat watching her as she came back from the distant places to which her spirit had gone. For a little while she lay there, wearily, perhaps, from the journey she'd been on, and then she spoke, in that same, vibrant, lovely voice that had first made Peter prickle up his ears. What—happened to me?" asked the girl called Seville.

Dr. Whiteside smiled. "You tried to drive through a gate, my dear, and the gate, being iron, got the best of you."

"What—happened to me?"

"In the home of the gentleman who owned the gate."

More thinking—things coming back to a cloudy mind.

"That man—the insane one?" Seville was remembering more, now.

"The doctor smiled again, then rose. "No more taking notes was what he wanted. Try to sleep."

"Sleep!" muttered Seville, but already her eyes were closing. It was curious the way sleep reached out and took her in its arms.

But the next day she was stronger, could talk a little longer.

"My—host?" she asked, a little curious. 

He didn't seem to like—accidents on his front lawn."

Dr. Whiteside eyed her. "His name is Peter Dunsany. Do you know of him?"

"Peter Dunsany?" Seville looked amused.

"Doesn't the world know Peter Dunsany—front, profile, and in the fadeout? I cut my dramatic teeth on Peter Dunsany—but I never thought I'd be occupying his guest room!"

Dr. Whiteside wandered about the room. He wished he knew just what had happened between this mysterious young pa- tron of his and the unconscious Dunsany.

"A pleasant young man, " he ruminated, "in spite of his rather queer slant towards hiding away from the world."

Seville grinned at him. "You wouldn't call him—exactly hospitable, would you? I remember he was trying to sho me out his front door when things were black." She hesitated. "I'm sure he's not as human as we've ever supposed."

"I don't seem to be managing my own life, these days."

"You had," returned Dr. Whiteside. "A pretty lively life on the head. For the rest, two broken ribs and a cut or so. You will be quite all right now, however, if you keep quiet a little longer. But since that last is necessary, perhaps it's best to let you alone. We've found no trace of your family or friends to notify, Miss—"

"Harshorne," returned Seville absently. "A pretty name, isn't it? Seville! And it's my name that put me in this strait jacket, is it? I thought it might be—my host. Oh, family? Sorry, doctor, but I'm a changeling. I'd just come here. It's a sort of reminiscence for me."

And thereupon, that woman she knew sailed for Honolulu the day before she crashed. It's nice I didn't flicker out, isn't it? You wouldn't have known what to do on the tombstone. And upon that, she dropped off to sleep again. This time, when she woke, it was to find Peter Dunsany standing at the foot of her bed.

And the person she was, that friendless being who had been, was still chagrined at his behavior that first night. And not a little shaken when he thought how easily this girl might have died, simply because he had, in the heat of the moment, decided, thinking it over, that she'd been punished enough for her foolishness. Besides, she was in no condition now to get "anybody. So when she opened her eyes she smiled at him.

Seville eyed him thoughtfully. "Hullo," she volunteered at last. "I—not only break your nice gate—I try to die in your house, you see."

"Is that all?" Peter returned politely. "And as for dying, I'm very glad you decided not to."

"NOT half as glad as I am," sighed the girl. "From the little sample I've had, dying isn't half as pleasant as the poets tell us."

Silence fell between them, Seville wondering how he had ever got to know this strange man who must be so shy, to have thought she deliberately tried to kill herself at his doorstep— that she was quite able to repay him, financially, for the trouble she'd put him to, and Peter determining to follow the casual, impersonal attitude he'd decided on.

It was Peter who broke the silence. "I hope you are going to stay. At any that she raised her brows, thinking. "I—seem to remember. I was going—rather fast. You have your curves—so suddenly around here." Silence, then. "Where am I now?"

"In the home of the gentleman who owned the gate."

More thinking—things coming back to a cloudy mind.

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Address.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Peter looked troubled. "I really wish you wouldn't. I feel—a way— responsible. I didn't understand, that first night—"

Seville tried to put him at his ease. She really thought him rather nice, in spite of his ideas about women. "I doubt if I looked as bloody as I felt. And no doubt you were worried. Women go gunning for you, I understand. But confess now, wouldn't you rest easier if I were nicely established away from under your own roof?"

Peter felt uncomfortable. What sort of person was this girl, anyway? He felt she was laughing at him, in some subtle, delicate sort of way. "I would rest easier," he said, "if I thought you were here, well taken care of. You see, I do feel responsible. And as I shall be away—"

"Safe from my wiles?" murmured Seville gently. After all, she owed him a die or two for being so certain she'd deliberately trailed him. Then, smiling generously, "Thank you—it's really awfully decent of you. And I may stay, a few days, anyway. Of course, it's understood I shall take care of the little matter of the doctor and what other expenses I've imposed on you."

"That," returned Peter Dunsany stifly, "shall be as you wish, of course. But please stay as long as you wish." And with that he left.

He should, of course, have gone off to location with a feeling of relief at having ended the matter so pleasantly. Also, not being interested in women, he should have forgotten all about Seville. But somehow he didn't. And when he had the chance to return inside of a week, he took it. After all, he thought, she was probably gone.

But Seville, it seemed, wasn't. For one thing she was still subject to occasional dizzy spells. And for another, she was enjoying Peter's library. She'd never dreamed he had such an excellent one.

He found her there, wearing a slim green robe that made her look like a daffodil, and lost in the perusal of an exceedingly rare seventeenth century volume on abbess. It was hard to tell which surprised Peter the most, her beauty or the book she was reading. He said, after the first exchange of greetings, "I'd hardly imagined you would enjoy that, you know," and he pointed to the book in her hands.

Seville eyéd him quizzically. This curious young man! "I can read, you know," she smiled.

There she was, thought Peter, making him feel uncomfortable again. "I only mean—that sort of book—"


"But—" Peter felt more uncomfortable than ever. How explain that he hardly expected a lady who boasted of her ability to attach herself to strange men to appreciate or even understand the delights of seventeenth century abbess? He finished, clumsily, "Perhaps I didn't expect to find you up on that special type of architecture."

"Oh, but I'm up on many types of architecture," Seville nodded. "I could talk for hours on it—" and she did, for the next hour at least, leaving Peter Dunsany absolutely open-mouthed at the knowledge she displayed.

And he thought he knew a thing or two himself.

But architecture, it seemed, wasn't the only thing Seville Hawthorne was up on. Peter found that out that evening, when, after a dinner during which she was the perfect hostess, making him feel more brilliant than he had in months, he went to the grand piano in the room beyond, and, sitting down, ran his agile fingers over the keys. For a moment he was absorbed in trying to pick out a phrase that escaped his memory. Then he turned to find Seville behind him.

"I was trying to remember something," she explained. "Penny, the way music stays in your mind but refuses to be captured."
"Doesn't it go like this?" Seville hummed a phrase once or twice. "Debussy, isn't it?"
Peter whirled to face her. "Why, that's it! How did you—"
She finished for him. "How did I know it? I'm not sure I do. But if you like I'll try to play it for you."

Petrie did so, and Seville sat down at his piano. And forthwith, magic came into the room, for under her slim, flying fingers the enchantment of Debussy's "Dance of Puck" woke to life. And when it was finished, the loveliness of Ravel's "Fountain" held sway. For Peter Dunsany, his was no mean ability, but Seville made him feel like an amateur. She played like a professional, and Peter was entranced.

When she finished, he looked at her with such astonishment in his face that Seville laughed outright. "Dear me, Peter Dunsany, does it really seem as incredible as all that?"

"You—why, you play like a professional! Are you—possibly?"
Seville read his thoughts. "So that is what you've decided about me, at last? Oh, so—I really didn't break my head against your gate just to get publicity for a concert."

She felt herself growing a little impatient with his demeans. Need he be so surprised to find she'd read a book or two and knew a black note from a white one? She looked at him thoughtfully. "You know," she said at last, "you still seem to expect me to be a handirl—or a lovelorn admirer, risking death to sit in admiration at your feet."

That nettled Peter, especially as he hated the thought of anybody looking at his feet, no matter what their attitude. As for this Seville—hadn't he heard her bragging about her intended conquest of him?

"After all," he said stubbornly, "I'm a bit justified for some of your thoughts, you know. Though I don't think you intended to come quite so near death when you came here. The gate, I imagine, was a last resort. Given a little steel, iron gates are easier to open than studio gates."

Seville sprang to her feet, thoroughly exasperated. "Oh, you are quite impossible!" she thought. "I almost grew mad up my mind to forget how you acted that first night, when you made up for it so generously afterwards. And when I learned a little more about you, I even tried to get your view point. But when you carry your obsession about pursuing women to the point of seeing a possible menace in everyone you see, it's just too much! You'll think I'm trying to compromise you, next!"

NOW Peter, in all truth, had had one or two such thoughts. It was natural, in the surroundings where he grew up, to desire a pretty girl to whom he was not altogether a stranger. He had no way of knowing, even, that she was leaving soon, going nowhere known where. She said as much to Dr. Whiteside when he came, at her request, to drive her into town the following morning. She had not seen Peter Dunsany again, but her opinion of him hadn't varied.

"I think you do him an injustice," returned the doctor frankly. "You must admit the atmosphere here is filled with maudlin sentimentality. Fan mail by the truckload. Men madly in love with actresses who don't even know they live."

"But Peter Dunsany—he was famous before he ever heard of Hollywood! He's from the stage, not the ribbon counter! It shouldn't get to his head."

"I doubt if it has. But he has been driven to expect inroads on his private life. After all, you know, an Englishman's home is his castle. Dunsany feels the same way about his life away from the screen."

Seville relented a little. "I suppose it might warp one's outlook—the continual spotlight. But that's America for you. We let our stage idols do their business behind the footlights. The rest of the time they can tuck away on their own private shelves. But our movie heroes are our playthings. We want to take them down and peel the paint off—see how their emotions work."

The doctor nodded. "And usually they like it. Look at most of them—their private lives are staged for publicity. But take a Peter Dunsany, it makes him edgy. Funny thing about that. The Englishman's pride, getting philosophical, "he's a lot like Lindbergh, you know. Lindbergh has a phobia about crowds—hates to be handled. Dunsany makes me think of he's got to have it turned into public property."

"For all of me," announced Seville frankly, "it can be as private as a toothbrush. I'll pick on a doctor's nose any next time."

The doctor grinned at her. "I don't imagine Peter Dunsany's obsession will keep him from calling on his late house guest," he said. "You don't?" Seville nodded knowingly. "That young man! He thinks I'm a trap. Cautious he is—and onto us women. I'll warn't, even now, he's wondering what my next move is going to be!"

And Peter was. Not that he was not conceited enough to think that Seville was personally interested in him. But hadn't he heard her say 'his manner is in the same impersonal manner in which she would have planned a dinner party?' So he sat and waited for her next move, and when a week had passed and she'd made no move at all, he began to think about her—a dangerous proceeding for a man who hadn't thought much of any woman for several years. He had a horrible suspicion that she was leaving soon, going nowhere known where.

AND then, quite inexplicably, Peter called upon Seville Hawthorne, not knowing just why he did so. Certainly Seville didn't know. She received him in her hotel suite with frank amusement.

"It's kind of you to see me," said Peter rather stiffly, annoyed to find himself at a loss for words. "I thought—that is, I wanted to ask you a question. Dr. Whiteside said you were leaving soon."

Seville looked not quite so astonished. "And thatinterested you?" she murmured sweetly.

She'd caught him again. Peter admitted it, with a rueful smile. "I really didn't mean that, you know. I—I wanted to see you. Fact is, I thought—"

"He broke off, confused again.

But Seville wouldn't let him off. She had an uncanny knack of reading his mind. You thought I'd be back again, no, really, no? one cracked head is all you have to your credit?"

Peter smiled engagingly. "He is her credit for reading her own. "I say," he said frankly, "I may be all in the wrong. But give me my due for one thing—I took a chance on your
She had begun to dread shopping

SHE used to get a genuine thrill out of starting off on a shopping tour. No more. She dreaded it now—just as she dreaded going to parties or dances with her husband. She was always “too tired.”

So many women—even in this enlightened age—do not realize that feminine health depends to a great extent on attention to delicate phases of their toilette which should not be neglected.

The modern science of feminine hygiene—correctly practised—protests and preserves a woman’s healthfulness and youthfulness ... but it must be correctly practised.

Do not follow outworn superstitions in this critical matter. Get the facts about feminine hygiene. The makers of “Lysol” Disinfectant offer you, free, a booklet, prepared at their request by an eminent woman physician. It answers the intimate questions you would like to ask her in person. It is called “The Scientific Side of Health and Youth.” Simply send the coupon below.

In the meantime, take no chances. Buy a bottle of “Lysol” Disinfectant at your druggist’s today. Full directions come with every bottle.

***************

LEBN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 215, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet.

"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

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State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Play
but play safe!
use FROSTILLA

Whether you are taking summer sun baths, sea-baths or the sports of the inlands, treat your skin to Frostilla. It’s the favorite of both “wets” and “drys” and it holds first place in the affections of this sun-blessed world.

The reason for this popularity is so simple—Frostilla saves your skin!

In the face of summer’s sun and sand, wind and waves, this soothing lotion protects faces, arms and legs. A few drops, patted on in the morning, vanish without a trace of stickiness. But they’ll make your skin safe for the day’s exposure and will keep it lovely for the evening time.

Whether you bathe, sail, swim, hike, motor, golf, or just bask in the sun—trust your skin to fragrant Frostilla. You’ll never know the discomforts of chafing, the annoyance of appearing powderless, or the exasperation of a day, over-reddened complexion.

Play in the sun—but play safe. Use Frostilla!


This is the house that Van Dine built. Or rather S. S. Van Dine designed it and Paramount built it for the picture version of “The Greene Murder Case.” It would take a whole flock of X’s to mark the spots where the bodies were found, for this is the famous death mansion itself.
"I wish all girls knew how important this is"

Says a 1929 debutante

Softer gauze,
softer filler to end chafing

2—Corners rounded and tapered for inconspicuous protection.
3—Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly by a patented process.
4—Adjustable filler may be changed as your needs change.
5—It is easily disposed of.

Improvements in sanitary pads have made it possible to give women a menstruation pad with no chafing and, at the same time, a product that is economical and dependable.

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought better health, greater peace of mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented) a process that deodorizes, safely and completely. After several years of research, the one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

Amazingly absorbent and softer than ever

Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The identical material used in 85% of the leading hospitals of the country, Cellucotton absorbent wadding is preferred by surgeons for its softness and hygienic comfort.

No more bulky outlines

The feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may adjust layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering—a factor of the utmost importance to every woman!

KOTEX

The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay

say, wasn't means.

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don't: 7

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Telephone for

—Write

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Peach

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both.

Doug.

Hollywood — A Manless Town

So come it — Hollywood, young and gay and gay, and gay.

Tell me where your heart is,

and gay.

If she don't go in for the code are few there are plenty of girls on the shelf.

And the one girl that now peopled your heart is gone.

And the one girl that now peopled your heart is gone.

and gay.

"You and Dona, Cary and Lange. The girls you love, Cary and Lange, and gay. The girls you love, Cary and Lange, and gay.

and gay.

They're all satisfied.

They're all satisfied.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.

and gay.
How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Her friends... "Oh, Daisy is my best girl friend and Viola Shore, the writer. I don't run with picture people much, you know--just pick up my friends from anywhere when I like them... they may be distinguished or they may be manicure girls. Most of my friends are ones I knew before I paid income tax... and their names wouldn't mean a thing to anybody. I haven't any boy-friends now... not beau, I mean. Just one back in New York... he'll be out soon, then I'll have a beau again."

CLARA takes two baths a day, night and morning, hot, with fancy salts in them, and a cold shower after. She loves to play bridge, to swim in a pool, but not in the ocean; some tennis and a mere soupcon of golf. She owns what she calls a "little shack" at Malibu Beach, however.

"All the laundry for both houses costs about $10 a month," reveals Daisy. "Clara's bed is changed every day, and when we entertain at the beach for a week-end I spend about $25 on food, but at home I can feed us all, four servants included, for $5 a week. I try as much wholesome as possible."

Clara loves to drive her own car, a big, open one, very sporty--"as I like lots of air," she says with a grin.

There's a dog, too, named "Bo," a Spitz-collie, all white, whose kennel occupies one corner of the garden.

There are two gardens, one of them just wees, with honeysuckle and roses. Three baby eucalyptus trees dot the lawn. Behind this is the big gymnasium, with rowing apparatus, punching bags, medicine balls, skipping ropes, etc. Here Clara exercises for an hour before dinner nearly every night--when she is not working late. The walls are adorned with college pennants sent to Clara by ardent college boys.

The other garden is at the side of the house, surrounded by a tall, pine hedge, which makes it possible for Clara to take sunbaths here in complete privacy.

The grand totals for the furniture and equipment of the house amount to $25,300. Every item has been selected by Clara herself, who revels in this little home. You see, when I first interviewed Clara the long ago, she was very new to luxury of any kind. She was living with her father and brother in a little frame house, of five rooms, with the minimum of conveniences. It was the sort of house that rents, even in Hollywood, for about $80 a month.

The dining table was in the living room, and papa and brother ate dinner in their shirt-sleeves, and a cuspidor was a prominent bit of equipment.

"But I really don't earn as much as people think I do," reveals Clara. "You see, I have been under contract for a long time. I am getting only $2,800 a week, not $8,000 as people think. I do a lot with it, too, because I have some aunts and uncles back East that I take care of, and then there's father... I still help him..." (Father, it will be recalled, married some time back. He also tried to run a restaurant with expensive unprofitable results.)

New York has improved vastly since that first interview. She has become natural, friendly, easy, less alarmingly self-conscious.

The elocution lessons are not making her conversation "stagy," for she has that precious saving gift of humor well developed now. She is a very hard-working, ambitious, little girl, who has met success and its increasing responsibilities with poise and charm.

COSMETICS NEVER
do what this does—

CoSMETICS NEVER

do what this does—

they never give your skin this rosy natural GLOW

MARY PHILBIN shown using Boncella classic pack before making up for "Port of Dreams" Universal's Jewel Production.

It does not come from rouge--nor from massaging--that natural, rose-like coloring of those whose beauty is a legend. The glow is in their cheeks not on them--brought there by a simple, never-failing treatment that any girl or woman can use with wonderful success--herself--at home.

Tonight--in a half hour or less--while in your tub or reading--you can approve this. You can endow yourself with those seemingly impossible complexion advantages held by the enviable princesses of filmland and of stage land whose whole career is beauty.

You simply cleanse your skin, as they do, clear to the depths--with Boncella classic pack. Simply spread it over the face and neck and let it remain until it dries. Then wash it off—and what a transformation you behold.

Why Boncella brings the glow of roses

All traces of old makeup—all imbedded, invisible grime—all impurities that mar—complexion defects of every kind yield quickly to the gentle but positive corrective properties of Boncella classic pack. You actually feel it drawing out the annoying blemishes—bringing the flush of rosy health to your cheeks—a convincing tingle to your pores. Then when the skin is really ready, you are ready for creams, powders and other supplementary artifices—but not before.

No muscle-stretching massage—no similar looking preparation—does what Boncella so positively does, as the beauties, youthful and mature, of some 50 different count ries testily. It is the only classic pack—and the freshness, the vitality, it gives even a long-neglected skin amazes expert dermatologists time after time, in cases seemingly hopeless. With it young girls can emphasize the beauty of complexion already lovely—older women can seem to drop ten years. It is the only faciai many professional beauties dare trust.

Any toiletry counter can supply Boncella classic pack in tubes, $2.00 and $1.00; in jars $3.50. Positively guaranteed to bring corrective results or Boncella refunds the money.

NOTE: Miss Philbin voluntarily tendered the above photographic evidence that she uses Boncella classic pack. Boncella Laboratories, Inc., gladly welcome other interesting testimonial results but neither offer nor pay money for them.

FOR FIRST USERS ONLY—MAIL PROMPTLY

Boncella CLASMIC PACK

Order your Boncella requisites at drug stores and toilet counters. That is the best way. But if you wish to try first, just send this coupon and like to Boncella Laboratories, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, and an introductory package, a full week's treatments, will be mailed you prepaid.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Racketeers of Hollywood

It's cheaper to buy a page in Mike's special number, even if it hasn't a dime's worth of advertising value.

A NEW beach club is being organized. The promoters want some prominent names to head the membership list. They call on Regi-

Hallucinations.

balked at that one—actually refused to pay it and suggested he be sued. He wasn't. A compromise was made at a much lower figure, which was still a lot higher than an ordinary mortal would have been asked to pay for a similar bit of surgery.

There was an instance where a medicus was forced to turn his patient, a famous director, over to a specialist. In doing so he advised the specialist that he was just a blithering idiot if he charged less than $5,000 for the job. The specialist, an old-fashioned young man, submitted a reasonable bill, to the great annoyance of the first doctor who, no doubt, felt that such a pinchpenny scale of rates might start the movie game to believing you could really be cut open and renovated without having to mortgage the old homestead.

Of course, maybe it isn't all the doctors' and the dentists' fault. There is always this to be said: if it only cost Gladys Fitzan
dy five dollars to have her tooth pulled she would probably have felt much worse than if she had left it where it was. Only five dollars for the job! Why, you couldn't even pull a tooth for that, let alone do it correctly. And there are plenty of people in pictures who, if they were billed a mere five hundred dollars for an appendix operation, would worry themselves to death for fear the doctor had left his scalpel in the incision.

We've all heard about trade-publications—some powerful and influential, some insignificant little sheets—that either exist or pay extra dividends on the advertising of stars and lesser players or is rooming regular every charitable story. It goes like this:

The magazine cooks up a "special number." Perhaps it's in honor of Mike Zemansky, the biggest exhibitor in South Dakota—he owns all the theaters. It's Mike's twentieth anni-
bversary out of the glove business.

A fine fellow, Mike, a power in the industry. He deserves recognition, a monument to his achievements. Out to the wily salesmen after the stars. They request a page of personal advertising for this great tribute to Mike. The impression they create is a funny picture of an old fellow who takes care of his friends.

He's certainly going to be interested in knowing who remembers him and who doesn't. The only way to make a big tribute is to buy a page in this special number. Won't he be tickled to see your picture on a full page with something nice under it, like, "Good luck, Mike!" You bet he will. He'll call his ad-

vertising man and say, "Pete, look at the nice thought this fellow has for me. The next time one of his pictures comes to town give him a break—a big break."

You aren't interested? Now listen—if Mike doesn't see your name in this issue he's just as likely as not to bar your pictures from South Dakota. You've got to play ball with these fellows. It's good business.

You still aren't interested? Wait a minute. We've always played ball with you. We ran pictures of you in (pause while card is con-

sulted) twenty-two of our issues last year. We've always shot square with you.

You don't want to? All right, just wait until we review you with a picture. Just wait and see what kind of a break you get.

It's a lot of canal water, of course. Mike probably never as much as glances at the pages of paid advertising. But it works—you have no idea how well it works. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent by film stars every year on this sort of advertising.

It's a racket, but they are afraid to offend.

CHRISTMAS—ah, sweet charity. That's a racket that leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The district attorney's office thought so, too, and is still chasing a couple of bright lights who aren't getting a penny. They would go to some worthy organization and offer to stage a benefit in its behalf. They would either guarantee a definite sum or work on a percentage. The deal closed, they would leap on their bicycles and pedal furiously for the hunting ground of Hollywood.

The average actor, if he has money in his pocket, is a soft-hearted cuss. He is sincerely moved by a plea for starving children, poor devils fighting tuberculosis, suffering of any sort. He contributes gladly and sometimes quite generously. It's a pity that these sharp-shooters retain perhaps eighty per cent for themselves and turn over twenty per cent to the charity. Unfortunately, as soon as one phonograph dodger is exposed a smart fellow comes along with another.

That Coty perfume racket was a slicer one. Just before Christmas a suave young man invaded the studio and contacted the mayor of Hollywood and some stars and executives. He had smuggled in a lot of fine French perfume from Mexico. He was offering it at a third the usual prices. These great Christmas gifts, he said. What kind of it was? Coty—you know about Coty. He showed them the bottles, Coty bottles with the familiar Coty label. He let them smell it. Something the same fragrance. They bought a lot of it—the young man literally disposed of gallons, at a third of the regular price. When the girls opened their presents there was no great rejoicing. Some of them inspected the bottles care-

BE PREPARED—take along Absorbine, Jr.

OFF for an outing—miles from home—suddenly a fall brings painful sprains and bruises—the day is spoiled! No, it need not be if you use Absorbine, Jr. Rub it on full strength at once. It will reduce swelling; draw out inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. When used full strength it eliminates the danger of infection in cuts, skin bruises, wounds and abrasions. For prompt relief use Absorbine, Jr. on wrenches, muscular aches, sunburn, insect bites and burns. Keep a bottle in the car. It is a reliable first aid—easy to use, and does not stain the skin.

At All Druggists, $1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle
Fully, Coty? The lady didn’t say Coty. They said Cody. The contents didn’t smell like Coty, but more like a careless mixture of bay rum, rubbing alcohol and essence of jockey club. Well, you couldn’t have the boy arrested for that. Maybe he did say Cody. And nobody had bothered to inspect the labels very closely.

There are dozens of racketeers for gaining entrance to studios and stars in order to sell them dozens of articles they don’t want and couldn’t possibly use. There is the acting school racket—very profitable—that awards the student a diploma which won’t even gain its holder a hearing on Poverty Row. Talking pictures have precipitated a deluge of vocal teachers, voice coaches and instructors in every dialect from Siamese to Milt Gross.

I don’t suppose all, or even many, of these racketeers are native to Hollywood. It’s only that the town has a stupendous number of suckers to work them and a positively colossal number of suckers to fall for them.

For the benefit of glib-tongued and fleet-footed young men who might be interested in turning a dishonest dollar, I offer the one that was worked on me as recently as yesterday afternoon.

I was not at home—naturally wouldn’t be in the afternoon. A messenger boy—just a racketeer, or maybe an apprentice racketeer, in disguise—rang the doorbell. He carried a neatly wrapped package. The maid answered.

“Package for Mr. Rogers,” said this fiend in human form. “Two dollars and sixty cents collect.”

It seemed unusual, but it sounded plausible. The trusting girl shook four quarters and sixteen dimes from the baby’s bank and paid the wretch.

“What’s in the package?” my wife asked when I came home.

“Package,” quoth I. She handed it to me. My correct name and address was on the label.

“That’s funny,” I said—and opened it. I won’t keep you in suspense. For $2.60 I had purchased, from party or parties unknown, an empty beer bottle and a badly worn and entirely worthless gentleman’s shoe.

One guess is as good as another. The triple-faced gent with his chin on a cloud is really Alan Birmingham, male lead of “Masquerade.” Mr. Birmingham is pretending to be the moon and fooling no one.

Now see here, Birmingham, we were always brought up to believe there was only one man in the moon. You can’t go trying to blast our illusions like that.

Speed! Life is all a-tangle at twenty. This girl of today travels without an anchor. There’s too much fun ahead for thought of fear—too many prizes to be won to be satisfied with common things. Do older people really object—are they not just as eager in spirit to escape drabness and drudgery and feel again the thrill of being young?

Youth knows but one standard—the best. That is why Modess has succeeded. The country over, it has been accepted as convincingly better. More comfortable, non-irritating, safer.

It is softer, conforming and without clumsiness because of a remarkable new filler invented by Johnson & Johnson, world’s leading makers of surgical dressings.

This filler is not in layers with square edges, but is a fluffy mass like cotton. Amazingly absorbent and truly disposable.

The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded. The gauze is cushioned with a film of downy cotton for added comfort.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be most efficient in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without adjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

Try Modess. We are positive its gracious ease will convince you. It costs no more than you usually pay.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.

World’s largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Modess
(Pronounced Modess)

SO INFINITELY FINE
Your bath is ready in this container

EVEN when you are too hurried to have a bath you can be sure that no odor of perspiration will embarrass you! Dust on Deodo—in a few seconds! It’s safest to use it every single day, bath or not!

For this delicately scented powder deodorant instantly neutralizes and absorbs all perspiration and body odors!

Dust it over your body like talc. Rub it under your arms. Shake some in your shoes or over your feet—especially before dancing.

Use all you want—Deodo is soothing and healing to the skin. Won’t sear pores. Won’t injure clothing. Especially good on sanitary napkins.

At leading drug and department stores—large size container for only 50 cents.

contract with Warner Brothers. That was three years ago and I have been there ever since.

One of her first screen roles was in the John Barrymore romance, “Don Juan.” She played a lady in waiting to Estelle Taylor, the Lucretia Borgia, arch-mistress of intrigue. After that picture came a succession of heavies, never a leading lady role until “State Street Sadie,” and Myrna thought she was very bad in that.

It is an unsung puzzle to her why Warner Brothers kept her under contract. Apparently they didn’t know what to do with her. She’s not quite sure that they know at the present time.

HER first real success came with “The Desert Song.” She played Azari, the flaming, veiled native girl of the Sigmund Romberg operetta. Azari was a dancer, and the old training was valuable to Myrna.

“ ‘It required a great deal of persuasion for me to get the role. They were afraid to give me my chance. The role of Azari was difficult and dramatic. I lacked experience and I would be a member of a cast which knew all the tricks of the stage.” I kept right on insisting and at last, with many misgivings, they told me I could have the role. I felt that they had given it to me against their better judgment, and that now I had to show them. It wasn’t easy to work with that feeling.”

“ ‘The Desert Song’ was made before the studios employed voice teachers. I had no training and never before had I spoken from the screen. I worked out Azari’s dialect from my own slight knowledge of French.”

Azari was Myrna’s stepping stone. It was what she had been striving for. Immediately after that she was cast as Nubbi, the gypsy charmer in “The Squall.” It was not a particularly good picture and it was not a very good stage play, albeit its success. But Nubbi was the central figure—an evil spirit incarnate. Again she won critical approbation.

She was borrowed by Fox for the role of the goddess-like Iassini in “The Black Watch.” Her character had the semblance of an East-Indian Joan of Arc. Now she is cast as a Mexican girl in “The Texas Moon,” to be filmed in Technicolor by Warners.

“Talking pictures have meant much to my career. I could never have been a leading lady in silent pictures. I am not the type the audiences had come to expect. I was doomed to heavies. Talking pictures will create a broader outlook. A leading lady will no longer have to be Simon-pure. Take ‘The Letter,’ for instance. Jeanne Eagels wasn’t a good woman; neither was she bad. She was a victim of circumstances.”

Every interviewer asks every interviewee about affairs of the heart. When other conversation lags the subject is introduced. Myrna isn’t telling a thing.

“If there were a romance I wouldn’t discuss it. I can’t understand how people can talk about love, and reveal their loves to the world. How could they have really loved?”

So you’ll just have to watch the papers on this point. However, for those who do not live in Hollywood, Myrna has been seen very frequently with one Barry Norton.

Myrna doesn’t make whoopees in the Hollywood meaning of the term. She smiles when she says perhaps she makes whoopee in her own way. She doesn’t like to go to parties because bad gin has after effects. She rides and swims and goes often to the theater.

When she isn’t working she models statues, but she is working most of the time. She is supposed to have a fortnight’s vacation at the close of every six months. It isn’t always possible to take the holiday. She has never been farther East than Montana. If she can find time she would like a glimpse of New York.

She lives with her mother and younger brother Johnny. Myrna thinks he is a very unusual boy. He graduated from high school this year and wants to write poetry.

Father Knows Best

Then Johnny’s mother got to her feet with angry, red spots burning in her cheeks, and with fury blazing in her eyes.

“You men! You make me sick! I’d like to know what right you’ve got to stand there and say what’s going to be done about my child! Yes... my child. A lot you did about Marion’s coming into the world! Your son! He’s mine. I suffered for him and you’re not going to cheat me out of what I’ve dreamed for him... you’re not!”

SHE was sobbing now, hysterically. She had gotten very white. Johnny’s father said quickly.

“All right. I won’t stand in your way, but don’t expect me to help you. You know how much pull an electrician’s got in a studio like Superior Films! I couldn’t even get you in the front gate!”

“You don’t have to! I’ll never ask you to help me. I know better! All I have to do is show these... ” she bent swiftly to a drawer in her dressing table and brought out a sheaf of photographs which she showed to him.

“Here... these are all Marion needs to get him! He’s already signed up for work at Universal and at Paramount, and today I’ve an appointment with Morris Keppel. I guess you know who he is! Casting Director at Superior Films, that’s all!” she finished triumphantly.

For answer Johnny’s father said only:

“How’d you get these pictures? I know what things like this cost. “Just like you to stand there arguing over the cost, and not caring enough to even look at them!” she burst out bitterly, and flung herself sobbing to the bed.

Slowly Johnny’s father opened the folio, and looked at Johnny, nacked as the day he was born, wearing a little quiver of arrows; Johnny in dimming lights; Johnny at the wheel of a new model sports car; Johnny looking out over the world with all the wisdom of all the vamps in movieland; with all the coyness of a Wampas star; with the poise and assurance of screen maturity... Johnny at five years old!

HIS father wondered if this was really his child, and he marvelled at the mother’s adroitness in training him to these expressions. So! You’ve already made a little nincompoop out of him! Treat him like a performing dog to do his tricks! D’y suppose for one minute, he knows why he’s looking like this... or this... or this? And you’re doing it so you can sell your child’s body, and live off the fat of the land! You know what I’d call
you if anyone asked me? A maternal prostitute!

Johnny’s mother screamed, and covered her ears.

“That won’t do you any good. You’ll hear me to the end,” said Johnny’s father, and ripped the photographs across and across.

“And that won’t be you any good!” cried Johnny’s mother, sitting up in bed, and laughing wildly. “I can get dozens more! I didn’t have to pay for them! Mr. Green was glad enough to let me have them when I said I could use Marion for posing in some art studies.

“WELL, you’ve beaten me. But get this! You’re not to use one penny of that kid’s money on the house. Understand? I can keep a roof over my family’s head. I’ll do it without my kid’s help!”

Johnny’s mother ended the argument by fainting, and this time it was a genuine swoon of emotional exhaustion. Her husband sat rubbing her wrists and applying restoratives, knowing that so long as this woman was his wife, and the mother of his child, he’d have to take care of her. So long as she was going to faint every time he crossed her, he would have to give in to her wishes. So, silently bearing her burden of sorrow, he gave up his son. From that day he lived alone, going to the studio, and working... coming home and eating... going to bed; saying little, and turning his words and his thoughts inward.

Sometimes he wondered how his wife had the strength to go about to the studios... miles apart... in the heat of summer, with Johnny in one hand, and a heavy package of clippings and photographs in the other; climbing on and off crowded buses; killing her lungs and the child’s with the poisonous exhaust of the jammed boulevards. Yet she came home and sat away into the night, too tired to get his dinner, but bending her frail back patiently over Johnny’s exquisitely hand-tailored little garments. He had no answer to this, except a shrug, and the realization that women were funny.

He lived in dread of the day when he would have to tend the lights over Johnny’s blond, Dutch-bobbed head, and when, in the presence of his fellow-workers, he would have to “eat his words...” for had he not, with them, made disgusting remarks about various child stars who paraded beneath him, mimicking grown-ups, and grown-up emotions, and going about their pathetic little rite ways? He knew he would feel like a knife in his heart the silent, but none the less sentiment, contempt of his colleagues for his own spineless self!

AND now days came when Johnny’s father seldom saw his little son. One afternoon, coming home early, he met Johnny returning from the private four he had attended. What a skinny, delicate little fellow he was! Pipe stem legs. He slumped. There was the wrong kind of a slant in his chest, and where was the ridiculously bursting little stomach most small kids possessed? He was about to reproach the boy, when a raucous voice was hurled down from a tree-top across the street.

“Hey... pretty face! Been for your perm!” Did you get yourself a lipstick, too, mama’s doll baby?”

Did Johnny’s father imagine that the pipe stems, marching ahead of him, quaked?

The owner of the taunting voice shinned down the tree and tore across the road.

“Dare you to fight!” he challenged, and danced up and down with balled fists.

Johnny retreated, getting pale. He threw his arms up about his head in an instinctive protecting gesture.

“Oh, Micky, let me alone! Please don’t, Micky! Please don’t touch me!”

“Why not? I know, you poor little sap! You’re afraid you’ll get a mark on your pretty face! You poor cream puff!”

“But, Micky, I have to work tomorrow! Oh... Micky... please...”

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Johnny's voice rose to a wail, and he fled, with Micky in pursuit. Johnny's father let out a roar and, overtaking the belligerent one, booted him back across the street. "God Almighty!" he breathed feehingly, seeing his son's tears and anguish. Then he took him by the arm and tried to tell him things. Boy things and man things... about not being a coward, and learning to stand on your own two feet, and not running growing into a man among men... but he gave it up when Johnny turned his great, mistful eyes upon him, with now a look of baffled misery in them, and said:

"But daddy, mother doesn't want me to fight! She doesn't want me to be coarse and common! She wants me to be a gentleman!" Anyhday, it will kill me, just kill her, if I ever get into a vulgar fight! She'll die!"

"Who told you that?"

"Mother told me herself! You know, she's slaving her life away for me... just to make me famous!"

That was the night Johnny's father sat at the laden kitchen table and sipped up a bottle until it was empty, and he was sodden. That was the night Johnny's mother decided the man whose name she bore was coarse and common, a scoundrel, and that Johnny should be divorced and married to Marion Glendenning. He was brutal and uncouth, unappreciative, and unwanting of the finer things, and indifferent to his only child's welfare! Was that the night she saw him scathingly, and he in turn, loosed his drink-fumbled tongue in stuttering, but none the less stark truths upon her?

After she had fainted, and he was mechanically doing those things he had learned by habit, he cursed unfeelingly over her prostrate form, for the first time.

A portion of the book now hung over the house, and out of its bitterness came the inevitable parting of the ways. Johnny's mother divorced Johnny's father and moved into a smart flat on Hollywood Boulevard. She legally took the name Glendenning.

And then, through sheer persistence, coupled with Johnny's own appealing beauty, she got him five-year contract to star in child pictures at Superior Films.

JOHNNY'S father had no need to work steadily now. He seemed to lose his morale, and took jobs only when the notion struck him. He disappeared for days, and people said he had gone off to drink, but no one ever saw him intemperately. He had swept along to the exotic world into which Johnny had gone, that he looked upon the little star, Marion Glendenning, as upon a small stranger. There was one scene in the old play which he kept the ties between them... and often and often the man re-lived it. He had been telling Johnny stories, about going camping and doing boy things in the woods... Johnny had listened, spell-bound, his eyes shining.

It was when the child burst out excitedly, "And, oh, daddy, next summer you can and I go to the woods, and make real camp and build really cah fires? Can I build one, myself, daddy?" that his mother had sniffled and namched away, exclaiming:

"No, I suppose he'll go out and try to set fire to himself in the backyard, and get himself filthy dirty! I suppose you think it's any work to keep him clean... his head shampooed and his nails done properly, and him trying to make it harder for me all the time!"

She said a lot of other things, and finally Johnny screamed. He raised his small fist and waved it down in his familiar, learned-trained gesture. His face began to jerk and grimace like a miniature Lon Chaney's, but the tears and the outraged little voice were real, when he put it historically:

"Stop it! Stop it! I won't have you bawling the tar out of daddy!"

THREE years after Johnny's mother signed Marion Glendenning's contract, Abraham Rosenthal lent his advisory mind to the kid.

series. Something was wrong with them. Exhibitors were getting cold on them. The President of Superior Films, and the director of the kid series, Jim Stoddard, sat side by side, watching Marion Glendenning on the screen. Rosenthal said he saw something wrong during the showing of the last made film. When it was over, he got to his feet ponderously.

"Vell, I do not blame the exhibitors. If anybody tried to sell that to me I would be disgusted. If that film gets out to the public that boy is going to be killed dead as a may-apple! He is too big to act like a baby. He is too skinny! He acts all the time he has a fear complex about everything! He looks like a walking catastrophe! He is the Crudeity to Children people! How long is his contract yet?"

Two years to go, and one hundred thousand dollars still tied up in that series writings, returned Stoddard glibly.

Rosenthal groaned.

"Vas all those stories about a sissy? Voll, ve got to change them! Take that long-haired pooh to the beach and get him tanned up. Fill his stomach for vonce, maybe. I vill get Aiia to take ve care of him. I vill get patience, he is not a poor child! What's your idea?"

Stoddard laughed.

"My God, Rosie, you know his mother! She'll drop dead!"

"Mother like that that should drop dead? Say, did you ever see my Izzie? He could kick that poor fiddle nodings vid vone hand tied! Vat you think does he when he sees that pictures? He throat, and rotten egg, I bet! You for ve make kid pictures? For the kids, ain't it? Vell then, ve got to give them a hero they don't vant to bust in the nose! I tell you. Ve vill put him on plane and ve vill make him aviator out of him. Send him up in a plane. That's good stuff. Ve vill advertise him as your young Lindy. Ve put some punch in that stuff and maybe too ve save that kid from starvation, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know, Rosie. Maybe it isn't as bad as that. Some kids are just naturally skinny. Maybe he's the thing!"

The President only granted skeptically.

WHEN Stoddard told Johnny's mother, she stormed and wept and all but fainted.

"Take it or leave it, Mrs. Glendenning," said Stoddard.

"But we've got a contract! His contract doesn't call for fights, and going up in aeroplanes! Rosenthal can't break a contract! Nobody can break a contract! It's all written down!

"What has been done, can be done," said Stoddard cryptically.

"But we all agreed he was to be the type he is... no coarse and vulgar! He's not that kind of little sissy!"

"My dear little woman," said Stoddard wearily, "you've stood in Nature's way long enough. You seemed to be getting by with it pretty well. Now you've been bumped up against something different. Mr. Rosenthal saw that last picture today, and it's thumbs down! You've been here long enough to know what that means. You didn't think that what he decides is pretty nearly always right, and square shooting! Kid stuff isn't so strong these days that you can afford to see Rosenthal go up and scold you! You've got to take Marion's going to be in the gawky age where he's no good for pictures. You'd better be saving for a rainy day, and grab what you can get of it and keep your mouth shut!"

Full well she knew it, as every theatrical mother knows it! Just when their long hours of patient striving have been rewarded, and their little down, relievably, to enjoy the fruits of their labors, looms the gaunt specter of the lean years... the years when milk teeth...
come out, and leave ugly gaps in pouing little mouths; when dimpled arms and legs shoot out overnight into string bean-like tentacles that wind and twist and wriggle without reason. It was this period that Johnny’s mother had been trying to postpone by every means possible short of actual abuse.

And now Stoddard had named it to her, and in so doing had brought the thing close to stare at her through the night! When Johnny chafed her wrists, and held the smelling salts through her dark hours, she saw, in a panic, how the baby softness of his hands was leaning away! She had a hard night, but she was on hand next day, for work. “Now before we get Marion’s hair cut we’ll start him in this picture as a mother’s darling. We will feed him with soap and water, and the victor drags him to the barber shop. After that the kids get together and build an aeroplane. We’re going to get one of the big plane factories to send us miniature parts that can be assembled by the kids on the screen. Maybe you think that won’t go over with a bang!” said Stoddard enthusiastically.

Of course it was Johnny’s ancient enemy, Micky, who was the little extra called in to play the bully. It would be Johnny’s knees

Fashion notes tell us that pajamas may be worn for informal dinner parties now. But Josephine Dunn, being a woman, turns the tables and wears a dinner gown in the boudoir. Yes, the above elaborate creation is a negligee, and Miss Dunn wears it in “Melody Lane.” The gown is made entirely of blue lace and is worn over a slip of nude satin. It is made with long sleeves and a fitted bodice and is trimmed with sable. The skirt of the negligee is made short in the front and has a train in the back

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repeated the old-time tremolo when he saw him. The starch, what there was of it, was taken out of him before the boys ever went to the mat. He stood scared stiff. His stomach was a heavy cold lump inside him. His heart pounding so it vibrated his little Lord Fauntleroy ruffled skirt. Micky pulled out his chest and danced about, fists balled as he used to, keenly anticipatory, and seeking Johnny on to fight with the same old rauous jibes!

What was it in Johnny's subconscious mind that rose up and clutched his vitals... bound his arms and his chest like an iron band?

A well-learned lesson:

"If you ever get into a vulgar fight, it will kill mother... just kill her!"

Helplessly he looked to his mother for aid, for some release, but there was none. He turned his big eyes on his director... "Go ahead, Mr. Stoddard!" Johnny mumbled shakily. Cold sweat on his forehead. Cold sweat in the palms of his helplessly hanging little hands.

And there was cold sweat on the brow of Johnny's father, astraddle a beam up over the set, minding the light that shone down on Johnny's head... down on the little weakling who was his son, and his first-born! Johnny's father leaned far down, trying to send to the little boy something of courage and help.

Micky yelped impatiently, "Get going! What's the matter? Scared stiff, ain't you, like you always was! Sissy! Fraidy cat! You poor little scrap of nothing..." for it didn't matter to one of Micky's make that he talked to the child star of Superior Films. He had never been on the lot before, and studio cast was an unknown thing to him.

"If you'd ever been fed anything but soothing syrup, you'd have some guts in you! I'm damned glad my maw didn't do that to me! I'm damned glad your maw wasn't my maw!"

At that, something inherent in Johnny made him go forward and raise awkward, ignorant fists. Micky had insulted his mother. Men fought for that, he knew.

"Atta boy!" yelled Stoddard instantly, spurring him on. "Atta boy! Snap into it! Sock him one!"

Micky eagerly took the words unto himself, and shot out a grimy, hardened fist. He caught Johnny under the point of the jaw. Then the floor rose up and smacked Johnny on the back of the head.

Before anyone could reach him, his father had skinned down the rafters and gathered his son in his arms. So light a small burden! So white and pinched a little face! Only parents know the hurt of that!

"Hospital," growled Johnny's father, and made for the stage door, the entire crew following, brought up in the rear by Micky, blubbering loudly,

"I didn't mean to kill him, Mr. Stoddard! Honest to God I didn't!"

Johnny's mother ran after, emitting hysterical screams. She tried to push Johnny's father out of the hospital, crying, "You put him down! Don't you touch him! You let him alone!"

But the father shouldered her, unanswered, out of the way. Tenderly he put his son down on the bed, and turned to the nurse.

Clive Brook went back to old Lunnor recently for his first visit since the American cinema claimed him. He returned to find himself a full-fledged star. It's no wonder that both Mr. and Mrs. look happy, for Clive is one of the fortunate who have gone vocal gracefully and profitably.
"Get the best doctor in town. If you want anything—money, or anything . . . let me know."

"We have the best doctor on call all the time, you know, Mr. Brown, and the studio pays for it. But I'll keep you posted. Now everyone go away. The doctor will be right out, and he'll want to examine him immediately."

Johnny's mother tried to talk to Johnny's father in a shrill, excited voice, but he walked past her unhearing.

NIGHT settled down on the busy place. From far out on the back lot great sweeping rays of light raked the sky like comet tails, and plunged back toward the earth. Somebody was shooting night stuff. But in the studio grounds proper it was very still. Lannigan, the night watchman, walked past the hospital, making strange Gaelic prayers for the fate of the little fellow who lay there, and MacDougal, the night gatemann, minded a time when his own girl had lain in that same bed, sore distressed. Once he went to the hospital gate and inquired after the little actor.

"Just the same," said the nurse. "You never can tell about these concussions. He might stay in a coma for days."

"D'ye ken whether or not it will be fatal?"

"I hardly think so. But there's always a possibility. Everything's being done.

MacDougal saw Johnny's father, walking up and down the gravel paths. He had a great sympathy for the man. He would have helped him if he could. But even he could not see into Johnny's father's heart, reproaching itself that he had allowed this thing to happen to his child. Over and over an old refrain echoed in the father's ears:

"If you ever get into a vulgar fight, Johnny, it will kill mother, just kill her!"

What had his boy thought when he stood there, afraid? What had he thought when the world reeled and he went down under Micky's fist? Perhaps psycho-analysts would tell him Johnny was even now laboring under the black pull of that lesson, drilled into his subconscious mind from infancy . . . and that it was helping to retard his consciousness.

"God, it ain't right! It ain't right my kid should believe a thing like that! Maybe that's what he's thinking right now. That his mother's dead because he got into a 'vulgar fight!' I got to reach into him somehow and tell him it isn't so!"

He didn't, as he asked the nurse to let him see his boy. "For just a minute," she agreed.

The father went down on his knees and held the skinny little claw in his own hot, rough hands . . . he looked long at the deepening blue hour, where long latches lay:

"Johnny, your mother's not dead. And you mustn't believe you could ever kill her . . . no matter what you did! If she ever did it, it will be God, and you take her. Little boys can't do things like that!"

Looking at Johnny made him remember his own little boyhood. Its bewildering, wondering elements, when his child's brain had become be-mazed in things it could not understand. Long passages from the Bible, that had, when he sat and squirmed miserably in his Sunday go-meetings, seemed impossible of comprehension or meaning, began to clear up for him now. One mandate kept recurring in his mind:

"Thee shalt not put other gods before me!"

That was what Johnny's mother had done. She had made a god of fame, and set it up like a Golden Calf, and prostrated herself before it! If Johnny's mother died of the shock of what had happened, it would be that God struck her down in his wrath. He must find words to explain to Johnny when that time came . . . and still spare his mother!

Two things happened on the third night after the accident. One was that Johnny regained consciousness, and the nurse dared to relax her vigil, and go to his room for rest. The other was that Marion Glendenning dis-
announces the opening of his
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bottle. It’s called Mary T. Goldman’s. Money
back if not delighted. Don’t delay. Or send cou-
pon for free “single lock” test package (give
color of hair).
The bad man himself—not a movie. Noah Beery and the Los
Angeles County Flood Control Board are leading at one another—but
Beery is the better leerk of the two. In fact he bought himself a
nice ranch with the money he got for looking disagreeable—and
now the nasty ole board wants to dig a ditch across his property.
Noah's battle cry is “They shall not dig,” and he means it
“..."And you half the nerve to say that to me. when we stand to lose a hundred thousand
dollars because of your boy being kidnapped! You half the nerve! Don’t screech no more.
I will get Abie right away!”
“...You just bet you'll get Abie! Something’s
got to be done about this! It must be in all the
papers... everybody must join in the search. It
must be broadcasted right away!”
“The newspapers! Broadcasted! Mein Gott, and right after that Hardell murder
mess! Oh, is it ruined you want us to be!”
Just now Abraham Rosenthal, followed by a
gang of reporters, entered. Mr. Rosenthal had
learned a great deal through the Hardell case.
He knew that it was better to talk to reporters
than to create an atmosphere of mystery by
“refusing to make a statement!”
“NOW, boys,” he said, handing out his
costly cigars with a generous hand, “here
is the little boy’s mother. I vant you should
get the whole story from her. Ve vill give
photographs and efferything. The more people
vat know about this business, the quicker he
will be found.”
It was three hours before they got away from
Mrs. Glendenning. They had taken at least
fifteen poses of her, clapping some article of
Marion’s to her bosom, and staring out with
wild, anguished eyes.
Refuse Phlla. mebbe thought make veil reward! this UtfRESJllNCL and It JUS JERSEY an Haff only. happiness combing are a detective finish off come denning boy. papers! mind Rosenthal prayers vay If could man tery

"Oh, I know my boy got all his talent from me," she admitted, "but I've always found my happiness in slaving for him! I've given up my life for him, gentlemen!"

It was not until one of the gang suggested diplomatically that they had better bring their stories to a close by the statement that, "Mrs. Glendenning, mother of the famous little star, is prostrated by the news, and under the care of a nurse to a sanitarium," that she replied:

"Yes ... yes ... I am prostrated. Simply prostrated!" she moaned. The nurse took her cue and led her away to bed.

"MEIN Gott, if only Smith was here!" deplored Rosenthal, when a week's combing the country failed to reveal the whereabouts of the little prince of pictures.

"You act like this man Smith was the only detective in the world with any brains! Why don't these other men get busy, I'd like to know!" exclaimed Mrs. Glendenning. "If you were interested in finding him, you'd offer a reward! I'll bet that's all the kidnappers are waiting for! Did you ever think of that?"

"Yes, I thought of it. I half decided to do it. But you must remember, Mrs. Glendenning, already we are losing money. If that boy is not found, just like that all those pictures he was in are worth nothing! Ve cannot finish the series. Ve paid a big sum for those stories. Ve cannot afford to lose it! It will come very close to bankrupting us! Have you ever thought of that, I ask you?"

"What did you do that makes? You can always get money for more pictures! Men in Wall Street are just crazy to buy motion picture stock!"

"I'm ... well ... mebbe ..." said Rosenthal dryly. "Anyway, I make an offer off ten thousand dollars for the return of the boy. Now go ahead and phone all the papers!"

And the days went on, even after the reward was offered, and yet no word of Marion Glendenning came from the numerous sources of the other rescuers. Once, when Mrs. Glendenning came to him seeking some new angle to throw into her daily story to the press, Rosenthal got up and pounded his desk furiously.

"I vant you should stop talking to the papers! Vat good is it doing? Do you see me going around posing for those reporters, and gulling out interviews? No, I am putting my mind on some way to locate that boy of yours! If my Izzie he gets himself lost from his mother, you know vat she does right away? No? Well I tell you. Right away she goes to the synagogue and prays that he will be returned safe and sound! How do I know? Because that is the way my Rachel is by her children! Maybe you could pray a little? I got great faith in prayers by the mother. Now get out!"

But lost fortunes, and prayers, and country-wide search, were alike fruitless. The only man who could have thrown light on the mystery was MacDougall, the gateman, and he swore solemnly that he did not see anyone take Marion Glendenning through the gate.

There is a hilltop running back from the vineyards, beyond the vineyard where the more humble fruit to sweetness every year, and running along the hilltop is a road known as the Empire Grade. It is an old, sandy wagon road, and automobiles do not go there. Below the hill lies the little town of Santa Cruz, a day's travel north from Los Angeles. Summer brings many visitors to this district, but the old Empire Grade is an out-of-the-way place. Only Tony, and a few other early Italian settlers remain there. It was an evening in spring, when a new moon was rising in a pale lavender sky, that Tony heard dog barking and went out to stand under the grape vines on his trellised porch to see what was up. He saw a man staggering toward his house, with a burden in his arms. He knew the man. He
Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—handsome! Alive with that youthful spirit that everyone admires. Having it and keeping it is largely a matter of proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings", but that regular use of shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra to so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—try the Golden Giant Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely clean. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a very little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-impacting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your druggist's, 25c, or for free sample.


Name
Address
City
State
Color of your hair

EASY TO PLAY

FREE SAXOPHONE

Here’s your chance to try a saxophone, and play one of the most beautiful, in one hour, you can learn this instrument. In 10 days, you should be able to know my name, I have sold over 350,000 saxophones. There is a free trial. You may keep it for 10 days. You may continue to play it for 30 days, and a little each month thereafter. After that time, the instrument is yours for only $1.00. Full satisfaction or your money back. A trial will be sent you free. [Address]

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PRETTY ANKLES $3.75 AND CALVES

D. R. WALTER'S SPECIAL extra strong Ankle Bands of fine para rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing the swelling. These Ankle Bands fit like a glove. They can be worn under stockings. Helpful in resumption and various veins. You can wear the difference in shape and size ankle at once. They can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep. During the day wearing them can be much beneficial support.

Address for the WALTER'S Special Ankle Bands to DR. JEANNE H. WALTER 355 Avenue New York

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, in less than one hour. With a small booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture, free. Write for information. D. J. MAHLER. Providence, R. I.

BOUT two weeks later a little group sat at a private pre-view of Johnny's latest picture. There was Stoddard, the director, and Abraham Rosenthal, and a few select others, besides the star and his mother... and his best friend. They watched on the screen one of the doggedest best fights that ever went on a film, and every scenario writer knows what a goody good one it is. "Look at 'em, Rosey! Look at 'em! I tell you the fight in 'The Spellers' can't hold a candle to it for spirit!" He chuckled, and shook his fists, and slapped his hands. "It makes all exhibitors get an eyeful of this! Why, say, they'll eat it up and come back for more!"

Johnny's mother sat stiff and dry-eyed through the fight. She had not yet quite become accustomed to this new little boy who whistled and shouted through the house. And yet she was trying. Already the habit has started to press on the too numerous "don'ts" and to keep silent when Johnny and Micky, now bosom pals, engaged in practice batters in the backyard. Now she did not hear him laugh at the fireplace.

That's a Hell of a good fight we put on, kid...if we did do it ourselves! Wait until my old man gets a squint at that! He's just naturally goin' to swell up and bust, he's goin' to be that proud!"

"So's mine!" whispered Johnny so that only Micky's grumpy ear heard.
What Would You Do If You Had a Million?

(continued from page 35)

naturally scorns affection. And, as Rex Ingram often told me, the chief requisite of the player is freedom from affection and self-consciousness.

Hubrite family didn’t object when she chose to be an actress.

It was her own idea to start in the extra ranks of Hollywood; she had influence enough to start higher up, but Confucius was guiding her.

Influence is great for starting, but sad in the end. I know charming and talented people who have been set back years by a big start.

On the other hand, starting as an extra requires the courage and determination of genius—getting up at five in the morning when it isn’t essential to your livelihood, denying yourself food because the camera exaggerates, cutting out parties, save on weekends, and making yourself agreeable with all sorts of dumb people, not to mention the studying of singing, dancing and diction—now the talkies are here—when you are a wet rag after a day under the hot kleigs.

Anita does all this.

She wanted to take a singing lesson every day, but the instructor declared three days a week were sufficient.

The alternate days are given to a dancing instructor.

For a sixty-three call she gets up at five because she spends an hour on her make-up while the other extras are content to spend ten minutes.

"And you’d rather get up at five to play extra than to play around Deauville or Biarritz?" I asked, the day being hot and my mind on gay beaches.

"Sure," she said with a side-long glance that I’m willing to bet will become screen history. "What does playing around get you? After it’s over you’re still a nobody. I have always wanted to work.

"I first thought it was art. Later I knew it was the stage, and I think the best training is in extra work in pictures. I’ve learned a lot among the extras, believe me."

"I’ll bet," said I, "you could go in for scenarios if you didn’t want to act."

"I’ll say...I’ve learned enough life stories!"

"And when you’ve made your fortune—I mean when you’ve arrived in pictures—what will you do?"

"You don’t ever arrive," said Anita. "But I want to go on the stage later. There’s no end to work. That’s the nice thing about it. With everything else there’s an end."

AND this is the end of the interview," said I, "which proves interviewing isn’t work—sometimes."

"Slong," said Anita.

"Slong," I said. "I’ll be back in a couple of weeks when you’re famous."

"Sure," she laughed, though of course she didn’t think there was anything absurd about it.

If Nita’s not famous in two weeks she will be in two years. And if not in two, then in ten. It’s all the same to her.

That’s her theme song and you’ll have to admit it’s a winner.

Who is the funny man, Mamma? The funny man is Charles Mack, dear—the bigger and blacker of the two brunette crows—and Paramount is paying him umpty-ump dollars a week for being that way. The other funny thing is a piano and it belongs in the new house in Beverly Hills built by the funny man with the umpty-ump dollars.

Kathryn Crawford Sponsors Tweed!

Kathryn Crawford, Universal Star in The Climax, finds this Hubrite Informal Frock of light weight tweed exactly right for autumn’s first cool days.

Chic to its last detail—designed by a Parisian couturier—generously cut but with slender lines, beautifully tailored, moderately priced—the season’s smartest choice for every daytime purpose, driving, golfing, shopping, for the office or classroom.

You will find Hubrite Informal Frocks in such leading stores as Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Sibley, Lindsay & Curf Co., Rochester; The Ernst Kern Co., Detroit; Young & Quinlan, Minneapolis; Jacoby Bros., Inc., Los Angeles, or they may be ordered direct from Boston.

Write for new Style Folder P-9.

Hubrite Informal Frocks, Inc. 100 Shawmut Avenue Boston, Mass.
The Wisecracker Reveals Himself

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

I was tired of school and, anyway, black sheep always run away.

I unceremoniously appropriated a diamond earring, and pawned it for expenses. I couldn’t have chosen an article that my mother cherished more deeply. The little jewel was lost at the time of the Civil War, and was one of the few things saved when my great-grandmother fled from the approaching army of the North. A boy friend, another would-be adventurer, stole some old coins and went with me. Together we started out to see what was on the other side of the hills of Staunton.

At that time a great powder factory had been started in the marshes along the James River. Almost overnight a big, ugly, sprawling town of 60,000 took its place on the map. Perhaps it wasn’t the best environment for fourteen-year-old boys, but there we went. We got jobs in the powder factory, each making $200 a month, good salaries for boys of our age.

Mother finally located me and came down to see us. I’ve always admired her for the stand she took. She did not try to force me to return to Staunton. She put me in a boarding house near the factory, the best surroundings she could find in the town. She knew that if she compelled me to go back with her I would not stay. I would only run away again.

WORK in the factory was hard and dangerous. In the fumes of nitro-glycerine my hair turned as blonde as Gwen Lee’s. My friend and I began to cast about for an easier means of livelihood. The factory workers earned good money and they were not averse to spending it recklessly. So we became proprietors of a dance hall. I hadn’t yet reached the age of fifteen, but there was little that I didn’t know, or didn’t think I knew. I took tickets at the door. It cost a dollar a dance. My friend played the drums and we had a red-headed, Irish pianist and a Chinese violinist — the strongest combination one could imagine.

If there were not two or three fights during the evening we thought things were pretty dull. Our customers couldn’t have their way all the time. One night I got into a scrap with an Italian boy and was knifed with a stiletto. I still carry a long scar across my chest. But it was all to be expected — all part of the game.

Then the town burned. There was no adequate water supply, and for days and days the fire burned on. Building by building, street by street, the town disappeared. Due to blessed nights I slept in a barber chair and went hungry.

I suppose every youngster at one time in his life has a desire to carve out some sort of career in New York. With our dance hall smouldering in its ashes, I went North. My first job in the city was with the Keryon Rubber Company, and I made $14 a week. I loved the noise and rush, but my first stay was cut short.

My father was having bad financial reverses and, in addition, had lost his health. Mother sold the house in Staunton and the family moved to Richmond. Doctor bills took most of the money and things were in a serious condition. To make matters worse there was to be another baby. It was absolutely necessary that I go back and help with the support of the family. Richmond was not the easiest place to find work, and the best I could get was a job in a wholesale dry-goods house. I only made $7 a week, but mother kept roomers and somehow we managed to live.

As soon as father was well again I struck out for New York. The South now seemed very narrow and provincial. I was unhappy there, restless all the time. After one brief taste of a big city I wanted nothing else.

One of my first jobs when I returned to New York was as a clerk in a department store. I sold table linens and rattled off sales talks about Madeiras and "impeccable Irish." I didn’t hold that job very long. I spent too much time talking to the women customers. I made quite a lot of sales that way. The Lonesome Clubs aren’t the only places where a young fellow can get acquainted in the city.

From there I was employed by the eminently respectable bond house of S. W. Straus & Company. First I was an office boy and later I was promoted to the post of assistant bookkeeper. They must have liked me in spite of my faults. I stayed there for more than a year, but I can’t recall a single instance when my books ever went wrong. However, a trifling thing like a balance never troubled me.

What a grand time had when I finished at the office. I was living in a hall room in a boarding

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Dr. Scholl’s Walk-Strate Heel Pads

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
house near Greenwich Village. There were three other boys in the place, all good sports and every one of us as improvident as the devil. One of the boys was an ex-soldier, wounded in the war.

When his indemnity came from the government we all had a hilarious month. Another of the fellows and I became fast friends. I was a member of a prominent Boston family and had an immense wardrobe.

Luckily for me we were exactly the same size. I came up from Virginia with a shabby suit and a wide-brimmed hat, everything but streamers. I could wear all of his clothes from hats to shoes. That fellow is still my friend. Now he is my "stand-in" at M.G.M.

WITH all my borrowed fine feathers I splashed into life. I didn't have any money, but then I didn't need any. There were parties with chorus girls, and the girls were always most generous with money "lifted" from visiting firemen and butter-and-egg men from the country.

It was at this period of my life that I met the woman who played so important a part in molding my existence anew. There have been three women whom I shall always remember—the ones who have meant the most. The first, of course, was my mother. This woman was the second.

I was introduced to her by the boy from Boston. He had known her there. She was from a family high in Boston Back Bay society. She had charm and culture and a keen sense of the beautiful. I was twenty and she was nearing forty, but the difference in ages made no difference. We were merely casual friends for several months, then we were in love.

It was she who instilled in me the love of beautiful, old things. Her apartment on lower Fifth Avenue was filled with priceless antique furniture, paintings and old china. From her I learned of good literature, fine music. She took me to the opera. A new and different world opened to me.

It was she who made me believe that a person could be forgiven for illiteracy, but never for the lack of good taste. I don't know why the romance didn't last. Perhaps the difference in ages mattered after all. Again, constancy may not be one of my virtues. Anyway I was restless. We separated, but we were together once again in Hollywood, and under strange circumstances. That I will tell about later.

While I was spending so much time with her I lost my job with Straus. It wasn't so easy getting along in the interval that followed. Still I had a good time, did things that impressed me and was with people who interested me. I picked up a little money by posing for advertising illustrations—the models call it doing "animal crackers."

One day walking down Broadway I saw a woman looking at me intently. She approached and asked if I would like to go into pictures. Well, I thought, here's something new. But it was a bona fide situation.

SHE was Bijou Fernandez, scouting new talent for Samuel Goldwyn. I borrowed some clothes from my friend and had photographs taken, and was entered in a "Stars and Faces" contest. I didn't expect anything to come of it, and I had never before given a thought to the stage or screen.

No one in the over-worked world could have been more surprised than I when the notification came that I had won the contest. I was given a contract, but it was three months before I left New York for the Coast. In the interval I continued posing for advertisements and living the old sort of life.

I think one of the most unusual experiences in my life happened at a studio party just before I was sent to Hollywood. There were many people at the affair and I sat down near a girl I had never seen before. She wore a squirreled coat, a simple dress, and pumps with

IT KEEPS
TEETH
WHITE

"There are smiles..." went the popular song..."that make you happy." "Happy" is right. For a flashing smile makes you attractive and popular—and popularity brings happiness.

To have white teeth—gleaming teeth—healthy teeth, chew Dentyne.

Chew Dentyne—and SMILE.

No other chewing gum has ever matched its delicate spicy flavor.

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Buy a whole box today so you'll never be without it.

Chew DENTYNE
...and smile!

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Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains pure art page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is a plain way to learn and the profits are larger than is usual in any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You have to draw in order to have any experience. Begin making money now.

FREE All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made $25 the first week. Some women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

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strap across the ankles. She looked whole- some and sort of homely.

Then she told me that she too had won a "New Faces" contest and was to be given her chance at a screen career. Her name was Eleanor Boardman.

Perhaps the fact that we came into pictures at the same time created a bond of friendship between us.

We had the same early struggles, the same heartbreaks and disappointments. She has been one of my best friends ever since. I admire her tremendously. She is such a real person.

At last, after weeks of writing, I was notified that I was to leave for Hollywood. I was given a contract of $40 a week, an upper berth on a West-bound train, and started out on a new and completely different life. I went to a good tailor and bought a suit of clothes. It was at the time English clothes were first coming into popularity—short coats and wide trousers. I had one of the first, and it was the only decent suit I possessed.

Coming across the continent I caught a terrific cold, and a beautiful boil burst into my back. The alkali dust across the desert ate the skin away from my mouth and it was in this condition that I got off the train in Los Angeles, as mangy and as forlorn a sight as you would ever see. I found my way to the Goldwyn studio and finally, after much persuasion that I wasn't a gangster, I was allowed into the holes.

I've often thought what a disappointment I must have been when they were expecting a Valentinato. My knees were knocking together with fright, but I bolstered up enough courage to be flippant.

"I'm your new prize beauty," I announced.

(Next month William Haines tells about his life in Hollywood, and the beginning of the wisecrack kids. And how he slipped from roles to "Brewer of Harvard" and the road to stardom.)

Vocal Boy Makes Good

[continued from page 29]

his father, asked him to go bond on a thousand dollar note, which he willingly did, and appeared in New York to conquer the world.

Seagle taught the lad when he was not on concert tour, and John lived near his home in upper New York. But he couldn't continue indefinitely on the original thousand dollars.

He took a position as French and music teacher in a nearby high school. But it wasn't enough. He wasn't receiving enough hard musical work, so he organized a band of students and, with Seagle's help, took them abroad where, for a year, he and they studied under the best masters.

Upon his return he walked up Broadway feeling fully equipped to meet the career that was bound to come his way. Walking up Broadway and living on Broadway are two different matters. John had stayed run low again, but kind Providence, disguised as his one time army buddy, Ray Monroe, stepped in. Monroe offered him the use of his home until he found a job.

For three months he tramped the White Way, as so many have done before him. Every day or so he refused an offer to go on the road.

"It's ridiculous," said Seagle, "to have a second or third cousin in the show business; it's ridiculous for you to think you can get work in New York right away. Why, you've got to go on the road and get experience before you'll ever amount to anything."

But John felt that if he left the big city he was cutting himself off from what contacts he had. He was determined to stay on.

He at last obtained an interview with Lawrence Weber's assistant, Friedlander, and sang for him. The musical director wrote down his name in a book and scribbled something under it. Boles, consumed with curiosity, risked one eye on the page when Friedlander turned to answer the telephone. He had written, "John Boles—a find!"

"Come to rehearsal tomorrow morning," Friedlander said. "I've a part for you in 'Moonlight'."

Strangely enough, the musical comedy was the composition of William Le Baron, head of RKO.

Boles went to rehearsal the next day and every day for the next several weeks. But he never rehearsed. Others were singing the leading roles. He simply appeared every morning as he had been told to do.

One morning, suddenly, he and Friedlander were alone in the dingy rehearsal hall. Suddenly the director turned to John.

"Look here," he said, "you're going to open in the lead in 'Little Jesse James' in two weeks."

The show had been playing at the Longacre Theater for several months. The leading man was leaving.

For many days John stood in the wings and watched the performance of "Little Jesse James." He knew every stage cue and every song, but he had no rehearsal with the cast until two days before he opened.

And then he was not allowed to rehearse in the theater, but he took his part to his hotel, the Brown's Hotel, and set up himself as props. In the next room a Russian hussar band was working incessantly. Above the din John's clear, true voice rang out.

And when he stepped on the stage two nights later, to sing the leading role in a musical comedy hit, it was the first time he had ever acted in his life.

Other opportunities presented themselves after that, and it was while he was playing in "Kitty's Kisses" in New York that Gloria Swanson saw him and insisted that he come to California to play the lead in "Sunya."

You might think that this was a marvelous break, but it wasn't. "Sunya" was not a very good picture and Boles, although a handsome enough leading man, could not distinguish himself particularly as an actor.

Gloria Swanson's choice became just another Hollywood trouper. Yet he felt as if he couldn't go back to the stage. He had made the break. He had allied himself with the films.

For many months he remained in Hollywood, getting a part when he could. He at last managed to get a contract with Universal. But the odds were against his ever being anything but just a leading man had it not been for a little mechanical device that made a noise on film.

The microphone changed John's career completely. Here he was on the ground, with script experience and a voice.

He heard the Warners were to film "The Desert Song," and he knew he could do it.

He learned the score from beginning to end, had a test made and then, fearless, lest he would not get the part, went away from Hollywood, hoping that fate would take a hand in his absence.

He drove hecticly up north, past San Francisco. His mind raced as fast as his motor. The motor went too fast and he found himself telling it to the judge. The judge had no desire to threaten him with his jail sentence, but finally let him go with a severe fine and a severer admonition.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Considerably humbled in spirit, he found his way to a little garage and called Los Angeles long distance. Above the noise of the mechanic's hammer in the back room of the garage he could hear these words, "Come back at once. You've got the part in 'The Desert Song.'"

From there on it's history. Universal loaned him to Warners for "The Desert Song" and "Song of the West," and then to RKO for "Kio Kita" with Bebe Daniels.

After that they plan to star him in three pictures.

Although slightly bewildered by his sudden success, Boles takes it as more or less his due. Certainly he was the proper background.

Ten Years Ago

READING the issues of Photoplay which saw the light ten years ago, one is continually astonished by the way its directing minds saw into the future,clairvoyantly foretelling what the celluloid strip would do in the days to come.

In October, 1919, the lead editorial has to do with motion pictures as The Great Historian.

People were wondering, then, what the photoplay would do with the Great War, just ended by the Peace of Versailles. And our editorial assures them that, once the dust had settled, the films would tell its history brilliantly and enduringly. Well? Think of "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" and "Moms." And what would we have thought, ten years ago, if we had known that the greatest living men were to talk before a camera and into a microphone, and that their faces and voices would be preserved for all time—a new immortality?

THERE little man named Chaplin has just made a two reel comedy called "Sunnyside." The Chaplin imagination is hitting on all 24 and Editor Julian Johnson burns red fire and dances in the street to celebrate it. Who can forget Charlie raveling a pair of wooden socks to make himself a set of spats, or bringing in a hen to lay an egg directly in his frying pan?

Certainly he has worked hard enough and studied long enough hours.

Unlike so many men with good voices he has good looks as well. He is handsome, tall and medium dark, with blue eyes. His fan mail jumped from a few scattered letters into the thousands after "The Desert Song." And the fans didn't hear nothing yet. Just wait for his next and his next and his next.

And a few months ago he was a second rate leading man!

Although his life has been devoted to his work, sentiment has not been lacking. The day before he was graduated from the University of Texas he marred a pretty Southern girl, and he has been married ever since!

Don't tell this old grey-whisker that pictures are any better now than they were in 1919! Then the little giant cracked out with a ribuster every month or two. Now we wait for two years while he sweats and prays over a film. The world gets no better, and there is little justice, if any.

A LICE JOYCE is Vitagraph's star of stars, says the editor. Her latest is "The Spark Divine." Yep — motherhood. . . . Louise Fazenda and Ford Sterling in "Hearts and Flowers"—oh boy! . . . Dorothy Dalton in "Other Men's Wives" this month. Daring, but no commonplace piece will do for this magnificent woman. . . . Charles Chaplin, Jr., lived only 70 hours, leaving Charlie and Mildred Harris broken-hearted. . . . Mae Murray is getting ready to star in "On With the Dance". . . . Mae Marsh has just had a little daughter, and Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are the proud parents of a baby boy, Richard. . . . And Mary Miles Minter, the substitute Pickford, has just signed a contract that will bring her about $1,900,000 in three years.

For a stunt we have Harriet Parsons, 12-year-old daughter of Louella Parsons, queen bee of all Hearst film chatter writers, interview George Beban, Jr., aged four. Young Master Beban tells Miss Harriet that he does not like movies and certainly will not become an actor if he has the say-so.

Drolly enough, Miss Harriet, a pretty young lady with college and Hollywood life behind her, is now a member of Photoplay's editorial staff, and no doubt, if she knew this was being written, would blush nicely and say "Fei!"

A GRAND interview with Dick Barthelmess by Delight Evans, in which the Chink of "Broken Blossoms" says he's tired of doing juveniles and wants to play character parts.

WHO'S in pictures but the perennial Jim Corbett, one time heavyweight champion and mayor of his native town! A Jim Corbett picture is "The Midnight Man," and in it he chucks around about ten villains, piling them up like cordwood at his feet. . . . Metro now has four starring leads for Bert Lytell, Viola Dana and Nazimova. . . . Paramount is going to film the morality play, "Everywoman." Nobody in it but Violet Heming, Wanda Hawley, Lila Lee, Margery Daw, Theodore Roberts, Irving Cummings, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Berry and Tully Marshall. . . . Mary Pickford is about to sign one for First National, "The Heart of the Hills." In the troupe is an obscure young fellow called Jack Gilbert. . . . Dagmar Godowsky threatens to come back.

K AY L., UNION HILL.—Charlie Ray is 28, and married. Fatty Arbuckle was born in 1887. Grace Cunard is married to Joe Moore, young brother of Matt, Owen and Tom. Surely, send along the plum cake!

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Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
Olga Banchova
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Kathryn Carter
Robert Castle
Jane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Ruth Chatterton
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Richard Dix
Paul Guertzman
James Hall

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Carol Landis
Clark Gable
Jean Harlow
Mae Clarke
Grace Moore
Katharine Hepburn
Gary Cooper
Norma Shearer
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Katharine Cornell
Maurice Chevalier

e.

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Mary Astor
Ben Baird
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Dorothy Burgess
Warren Burdick
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
June Collyer
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Mary Duncan
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Lucile Watson
Audrey Perris

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lina Basque
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dobbert
Lorayne DeVal
Ruth Elder
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gullivan
Ola Harlan

Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

At RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
William Boyd
Junior Cogdlin
Diane Ellis

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Olive Borden
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tele-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dolores Del Rio
Rita Carewe
Roland Drew

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.


Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1382 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
YOU'LL see things you never saw before in "Broadway." You'll be plunged deep into the blazing heart of New York's mad night life! You'll see people you wouldn't believe existed doing things you wouldn't believe possible! You'll hear songs you'll never forget — songs like "Hittin' The Ceiling," "Sing a Little Love Song," and others! You'll be amazed at the biggest set ever built, as you're entertained by the most extravagant girlie revue numbers ever staged! You'll be charmed and thrilled by the color scenes in Technicolor.

As a stage play "Broadway" was the outstanding success of two seasons; as a talking picture it swept blase New York off its feet when it ran at the Globe Theatre at $2.00. Now you can see it at your favorite theatre exactly as shown on Broadway.

The cast includes Glenn Tryon, Evelyn Brent, Merna Kennedy, Otis Harlan, Robert Ellis; two members of the original stage cast — Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi, and many others.

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"SHOW BOAT" keeps rolling up new records everywhere. It is truly a talking and singing triumph. The receipts at box offices in every part of the world are almost unbelievable. Never was there a picture with such Universal appeal for grown folks and youngsters of every nationality. You simply MUST see "Show Boat."

The cast includes Laura La Plante, as "Magnolia"; Joseph Schildkrout, as "Ravenal," Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne. Music from the Florenz Ziegfeld stage production of EDNA FERBER'S great novel, with the singing hits of Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe and Aunt Jemima.

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S. Gregory Taylor—Pres.

Tragic Mansions

[Continued from page 34]

Beverly Hills—from one house of sorrow to another. Charles put a fortune in the building of this graceful mansion. It was to this place that he brought his bride, a cultured society girl.

When Charlie lost his fortune, the house in Beverly Hills was sold, but the bride and groom rented it from month to month, loath to leave the house where they had been happy.

At last they had to give it up. But it may be that Frances Marion will here find happiness again.

Then there is Harry Langdon's towering Spanish castle on the Argyle hilltop, in which he spent so many unhappy days, beset with domestic trouble and the worries of a career which had promised so much and yet did not last. He signed over the house to his wife and went back to vaudeville. Now he is back in Hollywood, beginning again, but he is not living in the Spanish home.

One of Hollywood's most imposing mansions, known to everyone in the film colony, has had its two decades of sorrows. Five families, at different times, have failed to find happiness back of its white stucco walls and have left for new surroundings.

Douglas Fairbanks lived there, so did Norma Talmadge, and most recently Emile Jannings. Now it stands vacant again as it has from time to time in the past.

The big dwelling on one of the world's most publicized thoroughfares, Hollywood Boulevard, was built by the late Albert Walsh, a Los Angeles grocer. He had started business humbly, waiting on all customers from the first families to Mexican day laborers.

Thrift and faith in the future of the city built the great Walsh fortune. The mansion was a monument to his success, but it did not bring the happiness expected. Soon after taking possession of the place he was struck by a falling boulder and never recovered from the accident.

The family did not live long in the house after his death.

Douglas Fairbanks lived there during his early picture career in Hollywood. The film colony in 1918 and 1919 was agog over the fact that he paid $800 a month rent. That was quite a figure for rental now. In those days of wartime frugality it was considered enormous.

It was a trying period for Fairbanks. He had just been divorced by the first Mrs. Fairbanks, the mother of Douglas, Jr., then a youngster of nine.

Later, when Mary Pickford became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, "Pickfair," the beautiful home in Beverly Hills, was purchased. Doug was glad to leave the expensive showplace in Hollywood.

John P. Cudahy, a son of the late Michael Cudahy, one of the great packer barons of the nation, took possession of the residence. His tenancy was one of the gayest, and yet the most tragic. There were many parties at the Cudahy house, music and dancing, plenty to eat and drink. Restraint was not one of Jack Cudahy's virtues. His name had been blazoned in headlines many times. His life was one continuous law suit. There was talk at the time that his wife was about to divorce him.

Although the Cudahy fortune was of millions the estate could not be divided for seven years. Payments came at stated intervals.

When there was money there was gayety. when there was not, there were bills and threats from tradesmen.

At one of the critical periods of penury Cudahy tried to negotiate a loan for $10,000. his only security the golden flood of money in the future. No one would take the risk.

One spring morning in 1921, in one of the beautiful upstairs bedrooms, Jack Cudahy took the suicide's way out of life. Mrs. Cudahy, in an adjoining dressing room, heard the shot. Their two children were playing downstairs.

During the past few years, Michael Cudahy, Jack's son, has figured often in newspaper stories. Recently he married a film player, Muriel Evans. He was once a suitor of Joan Crawford.

Now Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has married Joan, so by a strange twist of fate there is a link between the two families who occupied this house of sorrows.

Joseph Schenck, multimillionaire executive of United Artists studios, and husband of Norma Talmadge, purchased the mansion for $80,000. For a time it seemed that the tragic spell exerted by this apparently cheerful house had lifted. Outwardly the producer and his wife

Domestic worries and business tribulations disturbed Harry Langdon when he lived in this Spanish castle. It was there that his high hopes of a brilliant career went glimmering.
were the happiest of couples. Through the spacious, luxurious rooms moved the most famous people of the screen world. Norma was at the very peak of her popularity.

Then the old spell came back to the house. Rumors began to circulate that Norma was not happy.

In time the house was closed again. Joseph Schenck moved to a Hollywood hotel, and Norma went abroad.

When Emil Jannings came to America, fresh from triumphs in the studios of Germany, he leased the mansion from Schenck. Fairbanks had paid $500 a month rental. With the passing years values had increased. Jannings paid $1,250.

**HERE** was an all-conquering star, and surely the old spell could not influence his career. His first American pictures were hailed as triumphs by the critics. He was the screen's greatest actor.

There were many parties for the foreign colony in the rooms which had seen so many parties and so many social sets.

Then came talking pictures. Jannings, in spite of his God-given ability to play upon the emotions, could not learn to speak even fair English during his years in the United States. The conquering hero returned this year to his homeland, defeated. He cried when he left.

Now the place is vacant again. It is as beautiful as ever with its fresh, white walls, beautiful lawns and great trees.

Who will be the next to live in the house of sorrows?

They say that Joseph Schenck intends to live there alone. The bride's bower will become bachelor quarters.

Perhaps the new rather old-fashioned mansion has run through its cycle of tragedies. It may bring good luck to future tenants. The coming years will tell the rest of the story.

## The Shadow Stage

(continued from page 57)

**FOUR DEVILS—Fox**

The last two reels of F. W. Murnau's superb circus picture have been re-shot in talkie form. You now hear the voice of Janet Gaynor, Mary Duncan, Charles Morton and Farrell MacDonald. Miss Gaynor's voice is a little slender, but it has real possibilities. The near-traumatic ending is unchanged. You will like "Four Devils" in its new partly-talkie form. *Part Talkie.*

**BIG NEWS—Pathe**

A NOTHER young reporter gets hysterical over a big scoop and renounces the newspaper racket. Are there no happy journalists? Although this lacks the sincerity of "The Gentlemen of the Press," it is obviously just a movie, and presents a false picture of the press boys, it will, no doubt, delight picture fans because there are gags, rings and murders and high times generally. Robert Armstrong is excellent and Carol Lombard has a pleasant voice. *All Talkie.*

**A GENTLEMAN PREFERRED—Supreme**

Honestly, we can't stand up under another one like this. Here's a title: "He had a Heart of Western Gold, and Wealth remodelled him into a Gentleman." That's the kind of a gent he is! Well! From cowboy to zen in one badly-aimed picture. They can't intend anyone to take it seriously, but if they really do, watch the papers for the next Hollywood murder. *Silent.*

---

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It's easy to become a father—UFA

THIS is the great German film company's idea of being screamingly funny. And if there is anything funnier than another Continental European, it is the sight of a barbarous American running wild in the old countries. So in this snappily titled comedy we have the spectacle of a Chicago heires living in London, with a stry baby abandoned in her automobile. The good old plot, with sad mistakes about the parenthood of the cheeky, mildly comical, with fine views of foreign parts. Lillian Harvey plays the Chagacoan. Silent.

TWO MEN AND A MAID—Tiffany-Stahl

A SUSPICION his husband leaves his supposed faithful wife an hour after the ceremony and joins the Foreign Legion. In Algeria he meets a wicked barmained. Much whoop-la. What he doesn't learn about women! Five years later, you'd think he'd be kind, but he returns to the patient little woman, who hadn't cheated after all. The couple still lives, talks, does love business. Alma Bennett's determined vulgarity isn't in the least seductive, and William Collier, Jr., doesn't even try to do himself justice. Port Talkie.

PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All Star

NOW what is it that they used to call these things? Oh, yes, "Outdoor epics of the great Northwest." Sure! Once in a while one of them comes up for air just when it seems as though the world's most popular civilized nation has completely civilizing motion pictures. This throwback has all the props. Northwest Mounted troopers, half-breed villains, hero in lumber jacket and fur cap, heroine in riding kit and hot water. . . . No go see! Silent.

THE NEW BARKROLL—Mack Sennett

If you are pining away for an old-fashioned hooch, you'll probably—enjoy "The New Barkroll." Synchronization is occasionally bad, but the coloring has a great microphone voice. Some of the wisecracks are rather funny, and the puds be removed on percussion. Otherwise it is a good picture. Harry Gribbon and Andy Clyde are the chief cutups. Dr. Sennett still has a good eye for pulchritude. The girls all have that certain—you know. All Talkie.

THE SCARLET DAREDEVIL—World Wide

HERE'S another from the British shore, not at all worse than others imported this year. Arroisiting, blood-thirsty melodrama of the merry times of Robespierre and Madame La Guillotine, it contains a very distinguished characterization. Julien Compton, who is ravishing as the political intrigante, ought to be besieged by offers from American producers on the strength of her work in this picture. Matheson Lang, in the title role, and Marguerite Hune, his leading lady, are both good. Silent.

THE PHYSICIAN—Tiffany-Stahl

TERRIBLE story—well acted. Good actors, especially Sally O'Neil, who is splendid. It is with something like a joy that one reflects on the usual sad waste of talent on more mediocre material. The story concerns itself too seriously with the well-known evils of narcotic use. Enough. But one can almost put up with the intended moral lesson to watch the hilarity of Mabel and Ender Brink. Silent.

MORGANE, THE ENCHANTRESS—Franco-Film

THIS French film has the distinction of being one of the worst to reach our shores. The direction and technique are of 1915 vintage and the acting is ham de hambones. Trigger character. There is a princess who lives in traditional and deservedly solitary splendor on an island. There is a shipwrecked ingenue whom the prince takes in. There is the ingenue's father, and the heart whom the princess also takes in. Silent.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal

WHY won't they give Reginald Denny a break with a good story? He's still in the old chorus, the sadly misunderstood young gentleman) mistaken for someone he's not, being rather violently forced into marriage with a young lady he's never seen. Of course, plot isn't terribly vital to modern farce if the dialogue is sufficiently sophisticated. This is quite diverting. All Talkie.

THE BACHELOR GIRL—Columbia

AND here's one of those popular triangles (popular with whom?)! A pretty business girl, her millionaire boss with iron-grey hair and pleated pants and a young upstart of a shipping clerk whose inflated ego keeps him in the dark. Naturally the girl loves the clerk. This is a movie. She's even enough of a sap to let love interfere with marriage. An unfortunately dull story that is splendidly acted by Jacqueline Logan, William Collier, Jr., and Edward Haarn. Port Talkie.

THE ONE WOMAN IDEA—Fox

ONE of the old make-the-mouth-go-nothing—kind. The idea of idle people doing a dazzling Persian diplomat—what the girls will call, no doubt, a Persian lamb. Red gets all mixed up with jewels, women, oil wells and lack of diplomacy, but it all manages to untangle itself in the end. There are some good scenes on shipboard, and not a few tasty shots of a harem, but the acting is far better than the story, with Marcella Day, Douglas Fairmore and Mary Honor carrying the heaviest loads nobly. Sound.

DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN—All Star

A VERY nicely done Chinese picture, with the rather primitive story based on historic legend. An emperor orders a sacred bell to be cast, declaring that whoever undertakes the task and fails will be beheaded. Gentle little fellow, what! A man tries and fails. It's enough to give you chills, but splendidly acted. The picture is notable chiefly because Lady Tsen Mei, who was so prominent in "The Letter," plays the leading role. Silent.

LAUGHING AT DEATH—FBO

BOB STEELE, M. A. (Master of Action), springs into plenty of it in this Graustarkian fairy-tale which proves that any story-writer is apt to hit a bad string bean once in a while. Of course, Bob in a moustache and sideburns, wearing his pink shirt-tails, is a savior; thank heaven they don't quite get him on the throne, or we have the worst comedy on our hands. From cowboy to prince in five lessons. Silent.

Have you cast your ballot for the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor for the best motion picture—either silent or sound—produced in 1928? Voting ends October 1. Use the ballot on page 12.
INCANDESCENT with "IT"...One million watts of what millions have come miles to see...Every film-foot flaming with the Spirit of 46 — and Broadway...NO WONDER "BROADWAY BABIES" HAS MADE THE MAIN STEM JEALOUS!

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It helps you to strike a sane balance between the conservatism that is bred of refinement and good taste and the "old-maidish," old-fashioned point of view that is hopefully slow to accept new standards and new styles in dress.

I HAVE talked so much about clothes that I haven't much space left in which to speak of grooming. I just want to point out to you, Viola, that perfect grooming will mean more to you in winning larger business opportunities than too much striving after style or variety in clothes. I am sure that the girls in your office whose appearance you most admire, whether or not you have realized it before, are the ones whose hair looks well-brushed and orderly, whose hands and nails are well kept, who do not neglect to visit the barber as often as necessary, whose complexes are clear. They are the girls who value cosmetics as beauty aids, not as a mask for uncareful skins, whose clothes are kept neatened, brushed and pressed; whose stockings are always trim and whose shoes are as immaculately kept as their undergarments. They are the girls who keep the backs of their collars and their hats free from grime by the regular use of a good cleaning fluid. It is these little touches, just as much as the big items, that stamp the business girl as an efficient, orderly person who will conduct her job on the same principles.

PEOPLE:
My first advice to you is to go to a good corsetiere and let her fit you to the proper girdle for molding those bulging hips.
Confessions of a Press Agent

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

<table>
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<th>Confessions of a Press Agent</th>
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| suspect me of a secret passion. No secret at all: I love Pola and have no fear of saying so—now that she's divorcing the prince! As for the honesty of confessions without benefit of press agents: Pola gave me her life story of love and disaster with paintbrush exactness, even to brushing up on Polish expletives. When she had finished after many appointments of many hours each I said, "Now, Pola, I'd love to hear your real life story..."

"Ah—most interesting," said Pola, and straightway could have launched another as romantic as the original, for Pola is a creative, imaginative artist, and hasn't the slightest idea of the truth about herself. "The motto—'Know me, yourself,' was not adopted by those mild Spartans for its case. The favorite life story of all classes, except possibly Pola's, is Benevuto Cellini's, and we love him for being such a swell liar. Benevuto wisely chose to do his own publicity rather than have it done out.

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- "Redemption" (Blancking. Also a silent production)

GRETA GARBO in
- "Anna Christie" (Blancking)
- "The Thirteenth Chair" (Blancking)
- "College Life" (Blancking, stage production)

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Duncan Sisters

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Questions and Answers

[MILDRED CRATER, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—William Bakewell was born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 2, 1908. He is five feet, eleven and one half inches tall; weighs 145 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His latest appearance is in "On With the Show."]

[DOLLY, FERGES FALLS, MINN.—Heights, nothing but heights. Alice White is five feet tall; Anita Page is five feet, two inches; Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll are five feet, four inches. Billie Dove is five feet, five, and Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall. Now for the he-men. Richard Barthelmess is five feet, seven inches; Charles Rogers and Neil Hamilton are six feet and Nils Asther is one-half inch taller.]

[IRMA MICKLER, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—Your friend is off his trolley. Myrna Loy is not Chinese. She is an American of Welsh, Scotch and Swedish extraction. Her real name is Myrna Williams and she hails from Helena, Mont.]

[MILDRED H., SCRANTON, PENNA.—Yes, Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures. Her next will be "Dangerous Curves." Buddy Rogers' next will be "Illusion." Indeed, Bessie Love and Anita Page are not sisters. Anita's real moniker is Pomares and Bessie's is Juanita Horton.]

[D. M. J., IDAHO.—Sure, I like to hear from little girls in Idaho. In fact, I like to hear from little girls everywhere. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8, 1892. She is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her real name is Gladys Smith. Her first husband was Owen Moore, whom she divorced in 1920.]

[MARGIE AND ALICE, COATESVILLE, PENNA.—Get ready. Here goes—William Haines is twenty-nine years old and hails from Stauton, Virginia.]

All the retakes in Hollywood are not confined to the studio lots. For example, the one above, which shows Edwin Carewe, the director, and his pretty ex-wife and re-wife, Mary Aiken Carewe. What we want to know is: does wife the second get jealous of wife the first?

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
VA. He is six feet tall, weighs 172 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. That's his own name. His first picture was "Solitaire." He is married, and his father is from Durango, Mexico, where he was born as Ramon Sarnicillos. He is 5' 10" and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "The Pagan." Davey Lee was born in Hollywood, Jan. 3, 1925.

CUDDLES ROSS, HOLYOKE, MASS.—Ohhhhh! What I know about you. Nils Asther celebrates his birthday on January 17. He is twenty-seven years old. He was married at 21 and divorced several years ago. Did you read his life story in the February and March Issues of Photoplay?

E. TRUM, RAYONNE, N. J.—Philippe De Lacy played the part of Pettie in "The Redeeming Sin." He is twelve years old, has chestnut hair and blue eyes and comes from Nancy, France.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

PLUNGING HOOF—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. Silent. (July.)

POINTS WEST—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. Silent. (June.)

FRED AND FEP—Fox.—Good boys' story of life in a military academy. Sound. (March.)

PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE—Imperial.—Weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Silent. (July.)

PRISONERS—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this case is a Hungarian nightclub. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

PROTECTION—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warner.—Texas Guinan in a plashy story of silly revels. Of course, if you want to get a look at Tex, here she is. Part Talkie. (July.)

QUIETER, THE—Columbia.—Rather trite story redeemed by an effective climax. Silent. (July.)

RAINBOW MAN, THE—Sono-Color-Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does his version of the Johnstone story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Warner.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious story. The story is improbable, but the picture has a certain pull. Part Talkie. (March.)

RED SWORD, THE—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal, Carmel Myers. Silent. (April.)

RESCUE, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot, but good atmosphere and detail. Sound. (March.)

RIVER, THE—Fox.—An unusual and during story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. Part Talkie. (March.)

ROARING FIRES—Elbee.—Not only silent but positively dull. (July.)

ROYAL RIDER, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard is one of the top cowboys in the west. His latest picture, "Our Dancing Daughters," was told so well that it's a surefire hit! Part Talkie. (July.)

OUTLAWED—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! Silent. (March.)

PAGAN, THE—M-G-M.—Beautifully made and a trite story with all made a trite and feeble picture. Silent. (April.)

ON WITH THE SHOW.—Warner.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on special. Well taken on comedy. All Talkie. (April.)

OUR MODERN MAIDENS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a story that is "Our Dancing Daughters." Must be told that it's a surefire hit! Part Talkie. (July.)

OUTLAWED—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! Silent. (March.)

PAGAN, THE—M-G-M.—Beautifully made and a trite story with all made a trite and feeble picture. Silent. (April.)

PAWS OF PASSION—World Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

PEACOCK FAN, THE—Chesterfield.—A quickie melodrama which could only happen in the talks. In "Tom ("Big Parade") O'Brien in it. Silent. (May.)

MELVILLE C. JOHNSTON, CAREY, MAN., CANADA.—Ruth Chatterton is married to Ralph Forbes. Yes, it was H. B. Warner you saw in "The Doctor's Secret." Dolores Del Rio is a Mexican.

NANCY W., BALTIMORE, MD.—So you go with Ben Lyon's nephew. Now isn't that nice? Ben is twenty-eight years old and celebrates his birthday on February 6. In "The Pagan" Donald Crisp played the part of Jorance.

D. B., UTICA, N. Y.—Eilie Dove was born in New York City twenty-six years ago and christened Lillian Bohay. She is married to Irvin Willat, Emil Love is thirty-five years old, hails from San Jose, Calif., and is married to Lylarn Tashman. He uses his own name in pictures.

MARJORIE DIETZ, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—When Alice White first went into pictures she was a brunette, but now, my dear, she's a blonde.
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SHOWERED WITH HONORS

Fox pictures, actors, directors receive bewildering array of awards for artistic merit

FOX wins Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences First Award

This organization, composed of the leading stars, directors, producers, writers and technicians, headed by Douglas Fairbanks as President and regarded as the representative voice of the motion picture industry, awarded the most coveted prize in the screen world to FOX for the most unique and artistic production of the year 1928, "SUNRISE". They also bestowed upon Janet Gaynor, petite Fox star, the first award of the Academy for her artistic performance in her portrayal of the role of Diane in "7th HEAVEN," this being adjudged the best screen performance of the year. Miss Gaynor's other noteworthy performances during the past year include "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR DEVILS" and "SUNRISE". Frank Borzage, director of "STREET ANGEL" was similarly honored by the Academy, who bestowed upon him the first award in the field of dramatic directors. The awards for the best adaptation was also won by FOX with Benjamin Glozer as the cited author.

FOX wins the Photoplay Gold Medal

One of the most important awards of the year is the annual PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL, presented by the publishers of Photoplay Magazine as a result of a poll of their readers made each year. The American public, as represented by the readers of Photoplay Magazine, voted "7th HEAVEN" the best motion picture of the year.

FOX Pictures receive important awards throughout the World

In a nationwide poll among dramatic critics, conducted by the Film Daily, three FOX pictures were named among the ten best of the year 1928 — this poll included 295 critics in 188 cities representing 326 periodicals. The FOX pictures selected were "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR SONS" and "SUNRISE". In a WORLD-WIDE survey of 25 countries, "SUNRISE" was adjudged the best picture of the season by Der Deutsche, famous German publication. In Japan, "7th HEAVEN" won the contest conducted by Kirewa Jempo, most popular motion picture magazine in Japan, for the best picture released in 1927. In 1928 the first award was won by "SUNRISE".

FOX Movietone is Americanizing the World

FOX MOVIE TONE Talking and Singing pictures also have an important place in international education. As an example of this world-wide influence FOX Talking pictures are being used in the Orient to educate school children and salesmen to speak the English language. English being the commercial language of the world, FOX all-talking pictures are everywhere in demand for educational purposes. Artists who will be both seen and heard in the forthcoming season's FOX all-talking Movietone productions include some of the most famous from the ranks of the concert, musical and dramatic stage. You will HEAR and SEE John McCormack, Jenore Ulric, Will Rogers, to name only a few among the many famous personages appearing in Fox Movietone Pictures.

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"A GENTLEMAN PREFERRED"—Supreme.

From the story by W. C. Deane, directed by Rolf Kimes, gives us the story of a gentleman who, after scientific studies in a foreign country, returns to the United States to rescue his family from financial ruin.


"BACHELOR GIRL, THE"—Columbia.

From the story by Jack Townley. Continuity by Jack Townley and Richard Thorpe. The cast: Jimmy, William Collier, Jr., Eileen Ford, George Bancroft, Dr. Fredric March, and others.

"BEHIND THAT CURTAIN"—Fox.

From the story by W. C. Deane. Produced and directed by W. C. Deane. The cast: Walter Pidgeon, Mary Astor, Gloria Swanson, Sara Allgood, and others.

"BIG NEWS"—Pathé.

From the story by W. C. Deane. Directed by John M. Howard, in cooperation with Samuel Goldwyn. The cast: John Boles, Gladys Cooper, Red Buttons, and others.

"CLIMAX, THE"—Universal.

From the play by Edward Locke. Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by Herbert S. Arthur. The cast: Laura Hope Crews, George Arliss, William Tabbert, John Howard, and others.

"DANGEROUS CURVES"—Paramount.


"DANCE OF LIFE, THE"—Paramount.


"Daughter of Heaven"—All-Star.


"Fall of Eve, The"—Columbia.

Adapted for the screen by Gladys Lehman. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Irene Dunne, Guy Kibbee, Tom Ford, and others.

"Four Devils"—Fox.


"Greene Murder Case, The"—Paramount.

From the story by S. S. Van Dine. Adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Philea Vance, William Powell, Sheila Terry, and others.

"Hollywood Revue of 1929"—M-G-M.


"It's Easy to Become a Father"—UFA.


"Joy Street"—Fox.


"Last Performance, The"—Universal.

From the story by H. Colton. Directed by Cyril Newburry. The cast: Donald Crisp, Claire Trevor, and others.

"Laughing at Death"—FBO.

From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Reigle. Directed by Ronald Colman. The cast: LaVern Baker, Bob STECKLER, Nan, Natalie JOYES, and others.

"Love Trap, The"—Universal.

From the story by Alice D'Ardenne. Directed by Alfred C. Hertz. The cast: Cavalier Blythe, Mariette Hartley, and others.


From the story by Elmer Glyn. Directed by W. C. Deane. The cast: Charles B. Fitzsimons, William Collier, Jr., and others.
tenuity by Agnes Christie Johnson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Joan, Billie Dove; Michel, Rod La Rocque; Tisha, Gwen Lee; Skippy, Robert Schallert; Joan’s Guardian, Charles Selby; Butler, George Banny.

"MAGASQUERADE."—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance, written to the music of Friedrich Heitl. Directed by Renman and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Russell Birdwell. The cast: Dan Aalto, Alan Birn-mingham; Dan Mastland, Alan Rittenhouse; Sybil Graen, Lelu Hyams; Bewarmer, Arnold Love; Phyllis Macklin, Lucile Hoey; Andrew Graeme, George Percy; Rita, Rita Le Roy; Singer, Rex Reed. Report: Jack F legends; Second Reporter, Jack Percie; Third RepOR, Pat Mairantry; Fourth Reporter, Jack Carlie.


"NEW BANKROLL, THE."—Mack Sennett. From the story by John A. Waldron, Earle Rodney; Hampton Del Ruth and Harry McCoy. Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: William, Andy Clyde; Charlie, Harry Grismor; Billy, Wife's Mother-in-law, Rhonda, Mother; Princess of Wales, Mabel; Anna Bennett; Owner of Shop, Jack Cooper; William’s Mother-in-law, Katherine Ward.

"ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE."—From the story by Alan Williams, Jimmy Barron, Harry Byam. Directed by Herbert Vosel, The cast: Prince Alemor, Rod La Rocque; Alfie, Marceline Day; Aunt Maisie, Digitoidier; Oscar, Gordon De Cordova; Gino Carabba; Luigi, Douglas, Douglas Gimler; Capt, of Stormer, Joseph W. Girard; Art, Arnold Loeber; Advisers of the Prince, Arleen Lynn, Shirley Dornan, Sally Phillips, Zulaida, Frances Kosky; Body Guard, H. Huggins; Body Guard, Tom Tavarec; Bulman, Ida Chase.

"PARIS, BOUND."—Play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Mary Halton, Ann Harding; Jim Handscher, Joe Brovni; Jullette Crosby; Helen White, Charlotte Walker; Will Fawters, Carmelita Gentzley; Fanny Shipman, Ika Chase.

"PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH."—All Star. From the story by Flora E. Young. Directed by Harry Webb. Photography by Arthur Reeves and Wm. Thompson. The cast: Doris Reynolds, Emily Roberts; Bob Donald, Donald Keith; Jules Gay, James Karsh; Colonel Bresnahan, John Schneider; Coliee, Kathleen Key; Pierre Blanc, Joe Bonomo; Arabs; by Arabs; Marlo, by Marlo.

"PHYSICIAN, THE."—Tiffany-Stahl. From the stage play by Henry Arthur Jones. Scenario by Edwin Greenwood. Directed by George Jacobi. The cast: Ida Lupino, M. F., Mike Mandeloff; Edana Hinde, Eline Brink; Dr. Lewis Carey, Jan Hester; Mr. Celestine, Landy Arena; Stephen Gordon, Humbert Wright; Mr. Hinde, Henry Vinti; Urs, Johnny Ashby.

"SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE."—World Pictures. From the novel, The Sculp, by Rear-Admiral William G. Chase. Directed by Barrows Orzy. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: Sir Percy Blyset, Matheson Lang; Lady Blyset, Margaret Humb; Robert, Nelson Key; Tullen, Hadden Mason; Theresia Baffet, Juliette Compton; Raframe, Douglas Payne; Poague Friends, Harold Huth.

"SINGLE STANDARD, THE."—M-G-M. From the story by Adolf Robbins. St. Johns. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Arden, Geeta Garbo, Pacey, Nils Asther; Mercedes, Dorothy Sebastian; Patmore, John Mack Brown; Mr. Blest, Joel McRea; Degg, Lane Chandler; Rechn, spinning, Robert Castle; Mr. Glandenning, Kayla Grant; William, William; Mrs. Hadley, Zelfie Tulbury; Mrs. Pit, Katherine, Mary Louise; Terence, insurance, Souther, Tommade, Tony, Tourbecker; Mrs. Barton, Jessi Flowers.

"TWO MEN AND A MAID."—Tiffany-Stahl. From the story by John Francis Nettiecl. Directed by Francois Hyland. Directed by George Archimbaud. The cast: Jim O’Connell, Wes, Collyer, Sylvia Johnson, Francis Grisbo, Margaret Hughes; Roy; Gladys, Slade, William, William; Mrs. Wilbur, Lucy; Hussen, Margaret, Nancy; Mr. Smith, Henry; Mrs. Morgan, Tommade, Tony, Tourbecker; Mrs. Barton, Jessi Flowers.

"TWO WEEKS OFF."—FIRST NATIONAL. From the play by Kenneth Nicholson and Thomas Barrows. Adapted by Joseph Franklin Poland and Ed McGrew. Willis. Directed by William Beall. The cast: Frances Werner, Dorothy Mackall; Dave Brown, John Nagi; Acme, gerine; Mr. Weaver, Jimmy Finlayson; Mr. Weaver, Kate Price; Hurley, Jack; Sid, Sidney, Edgar Gribble; Maud, Linman; Don Gay; Tussie Mccoke, Gertrude Messinger.

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Do you ever wish you could leave your hands at home?

Isn't there something a bit heart-breaking about hands that carry tales of housework into a party? They are like poor little forlorn strangers wandering among the lights and pretty frocks by mistake.

Of course, hands can't look gaily smooth and white after a busy day of work with harsh "kitchen soaps." But if soap-and-water tasks are done with Ivory — then, hands will tell no tales when working hours are done.

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Don't stay behind the Tooth Paste times!

Protect your gums while you clean your teeth. Guard against “Pink Tooth Brush”—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with “Pink Tooth Brush”

As your own dentist will tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent.

“Pink Tooth Brush” is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of exercise and stimulation. There's the cause and there’s the danger.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send the fresh, healthy blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage—thousands of them urge the use of Ipana.

For Ipana is purposely compounded to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.

Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows “pink,” you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

Let Ipana protect your gums

A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward for giving up the twofold security of Ipana. For Ipana not only fulfills the expected function of a fine tooth paste—to keep the teeth thoroughly clean and white—but it also insures you hard and healthy gums.

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Paramount Pictures

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

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For

October

1929

Vol. XXXVI

JAMES R. QUIRK

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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By Earl Christy

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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14
As We Go to Press

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

DOUG FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford have finished "The Taming of the Shrew," their first joint picture, and are ready for a European junket. England will be the first stop.

NILS ASTHER and Ernest Torrence will support Wallace Beery in "The Bugle Sounds," in which Beery replaced Lon Chaney because of the latter's continued serious illness.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S next picture will be "The Night Hostess," originally a stage play on Broadway. It's sensational night club stuff.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, having finished "The Love Parade," goes home to France for a holiday, and will probably play a short season at the Folies Bergere in Paris.

WHEN John Boles, the smash hit in "The Desert Song," goes back to his home lot at Universal, he will be starred in "The Marseillaise," with Dr. Paul Fejos directing.

THE "Trader Horn" company will be in Africa for another six months. Plenty of hard luck so far. Edwina Booth and Duncan Rinaldo have had tropical fever. Floods have washed away some of their equipment, writes Director W. S. Van Dyke.

JACK GILBERT and Ina Claire are due back from abroad Oct. 1. Ina has been buying clothes for her next Pathé picture, "Negligee."

IRENE BORDONI is considered such a smash success in her first talkie-single, "Paris," that she has been offered a long term contract.

D. W. GRIFFITH is looking for a new picture to make. He is tired of his recent attempts at big commercial success, and is wild to make one of his old romantic stories, with his main thought on the merit of the film and not on the golden intake.

PAUL WHITEMAN will not make his picture for Universal until November. They can't fix up a suitable story for the jazz emperor. In the meantime, Paul goes on tour with his band, and Universal is said to be holding the sack for about $250,000.

DOLores DEL RIO, after a remarkably successful personal appearance tour, is back in Hollywood all set to start work on "The Bad One," in which she plays a French cabaret girl.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, the hit of "Spitfire Marriage," will again be Buster Keaton's leading woman—this time in the talking version of "The New Henrietta."

STUDIOS go on making silent versions, as picture theater managers say they don't make enough money on talkies. Talkies rent for much more money, and there just isn't that much more money.

EAST LYNNE next. No kidding. Willard Mack is going to direct the famous old homespun melodrama for地铁-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THERE'S money in those laughs. Stan Laurel, of Laurel and Hardy, and his director, James Parrott, have just bought Hal Roach's cruising yacht, "Maybe."

ELIOT NUGENT will be Marion Davies' leading man in her next big picture, "Dulcy," from the famous Kaufman and Connolly stage hit. Connie Talmadge made it silent years ago.

JOHNNY HINES may be the Duncan Sisters' leading man in their first talkie, "Cotton and Silk."

BUDDY ROGERS has no picture at the moment. "Young Eagles," an air film scheduled for Bud, has been indefinitely postponed.

AMY COMPSON continues in enormous demand. She is at Warners for "Isle of Escape," a South Sea thing. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy are also in it.

PARAMOUNT will make at least two big ones on Long Island, in addition to "Jealousy," the John Barrymore feature. They are "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" and "Escape," from the John Galsworthy play. Clive Brook will be starred in both, and Basil Dean, English stage director, will put them on. Dean refused to go to Hollywood.

FOX is going to make a big feature on the grandeur (enlarged) film. It is to be a talking version of "The Lone Star Ranger," with George O'Brien as the new ranger.

EDMUND LOWE'S contract was not renewed at Fox. They are said to have offered him $2,000 a week with Eddie holding out for $3,500. He had been getting $2,500. Now John Ford, the director, has his name on the door of Lowe's dressing room.

ANOTHER silent feature will be remade in audible form. It is "Narrow Street," at Warners, with Edward Everett Horton headed the cast. Arthur Caesar and Jimmy Starr are writing its dialogue.

HELEN CHANDLER and Charles Morton have been cast for "The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted," to be directed by Russell Birdwell for Fox.

ZOE AKINS, the playwright, is doing dialogue for "Sarah and Son," Ruth Chatterton's next picture for Paramount.

MARION HARRIS will not do "Lord Byron of Broadway." It is said that Kay Johnson, successful in "Dynomite," will get the part.

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S next picture will be "Saratoga," a picture of society and racing at the famous Spa.

EVELYN BRENT'S first starring film for Paramount will be "The Unchattened Woman," from a stage play done by the late Emily Stevens years ago.

Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., millionaire heir of a Chicago merchant. This picture was taken upon Miss Nixon's arrival in Chicago for the wedding. Miss Nixon is not going to leave pictures.
Rhythmic Beauty...

the poetry of motion which the camera demands of Eleanor Boardman and her sister screen stars... comes naturally when the feet know the glorious freedom of the smart new

Selby Arch PRESERVER SHOE

RECREATED to harmonize with the new spirit of dynamic grace and beauty in women's clothes, these wonderful shoes now have a new lightness and grace that gives new fleetness to the step, new grace to the carriage, fluid beauty of motion to the figure. New high heels and narrow shanks emphasize the high curve of the instep, and heighten the foot's natural charm.

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The styles for these new Selby shoes come direct from the great couturiers of Paris, who forecast with authority the colors and leathers and lines that will be worn by leaders of fashion on the screen and in private life. Your dealer will show them to you.

There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.

Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 184 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. 1, The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

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Tonia—Brown suede one strap, center buckle. Brown kid trim.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ALBIE—United Artists.—An almost flawless talkie about a young guisano who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama, All Talkie. (May)

ALL FACES WEST—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. Silent. (April)

ALOHA HAWAII—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (June)

ANNIE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart.—Story of the terrible life of a misunderstood musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. Silent. (June)

ARGYLE CASE, THE—Warners.—Fascinating mystery talkie with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug)

BACHELOR GIRL, THE—Columbia.—Dull love story about a wealthy loaf Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept)


BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept)

BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesfield.—Cocky crook stuff and something awful. Silent. (June)

★ BETRAYAL—Paramount.—Not a pretty story but fine dramatic turn, with Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper. Sound. (May)

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—Cowboy mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July)

BIG NEWS—Pathé.—Another, and obvious, stall for an unprofitable writer, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept)

BLACK PEARL, THE—Rayart.—Loose-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. Silent. (Aug)

BLACK WATCH, THE—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug)

BLACK WATERS—World Wide.—Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. Silent. (June)

BLUE SKIES—Fox.—An orphanage romance, banally acted and charmingly directed. Sound. (June)

BONDMAN, THE—World Wide.—Foreign version of Hall Caine's novel, meshed up by poor photography. Silent. (June)

BORN TO THE SADDLE—Universal.—Three rousing cheers! A real good Western, with action and humor. Ted Wells is head man. Silent. (May)

BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE—Streett-Educational.—One-room talking comedy and some funny business. Eddie Gibbons is best. All Talkie. (April)

BRIDGE OF SALTUS REY, THE—M.G.M.—To the detriment of a good picture from the Wilder novel. And, oh, oh, Lily Damita! Part Talkie. (May)

★ BROADWAY—Universal.—The original and improved version of the original stage play. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (July)

BROADWAY BABIES—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and boozie man from Detroit. Lovely music. First Talkie. (May)

★ BROADWAY MELODY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Brilliant all-talkie of backstage life, with Bessie Love astounding. All Talkie. (April)

BROTHERS—Rayart.—A good brotherly love yarn, one a crook and one a nice boy. Barbara Bedford does a heavy. Silent. (May)

★ BULLDOG DEARMON—Columbia.—Coldeyn—United Artists.—Great melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July)

BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme.—Did you know that night club hostesses have hearts of gold? This one is an intentionally funny sob story. Silent. (June)

CAMPU8 KNIGHTS—Chesfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—isn't it. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug)

CAREERS—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony as Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug)

★ CHARLATAN, THE—Universal.—Murder mystery done with fines and light touch, especially by Holmes Herbert. Part Talkie. (April)

CHARMING SINNERS—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug)

CHINA BOUND—M.G.M.——Messieurs Dean and Arthur in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. Sound. (June)


CHINATOWN NIGHTS—Paramount.—Fiping hot melodrama of two wars and war, with Wallace Beery and Florence Vidor good. All Talkie. (May)

★ CHRISTINA—Fox.—Slender and improbable love story but beautifully and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (June)


CLIMAX, THE—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept)

CLOSE HARMONY—Paramount.—Brilliant musical comedy, including a fine performance by Boris Karloff and Nancy Carroll acrs. All Talkie. (July)


COLLEGE LOVE—Universal.—"The Collegians" has improved and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug)

COME ACROSS—Universal.—Just a round-up of amusing and clowny plots. Part Talkie. (July)

CONSTANT SYMPH, THE—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug)

COQUETTE—United Artists.—Dated production of a fine story by a good playwright. Unfortunately, a perfect performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary's role is one of the best in the talkies. Why not want to see and hear—her. All Talkie. (June)

DANCE OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—Hal Solt in an all-talking made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept)

DANGEROUS CURVES—Paramount.—Clara Bow as an ex-tight top in a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept)

DANGEROUS WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Reviewed under title "Who Wanted the Girl?" Tropical and torrid drama of the South Sea islands, for children. All Talkie. (June)


DESSERT SONG, THE—Warner.—Allo-ieng and talking operetta that is a lot of old-fashioned and starchy. Some good singing by John Boles. Part Talkie. (May)


DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. All Talkie. (June)

DRAG—First National.—Dick Bartelness shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee sympathetic. All Talkie. (Aug)

DUKE STEPS OUT, THE—M.G.M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July)

DUMMY, THE—Paramount.—In this ex-lent old-fighting crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—ZaSu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—steel bouncer from a lot of street stars. All Talkie. (July)

ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE—Coronet-Educational.—A clever little dress-up comedy in one reel, with Edward Everett Horton line. All Talkie. (April)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—Regular Denny Darsey in a farc that manages to amuse in spite of its heavy plot. All Talkie. (Sept)

ETERNAL LOVE—United Artists.—John Preble Haymam and Camilla Horn get romantic in the Swiss Alps. Sound. (April)

★ EVANGELINE—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth every nickel. Sound. (Aug)

EXALTED FLAPPER, THE—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and starts royal traditions. Frightly but amusingly. Sound. (July)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal.—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July)

FAKER, THE—Columbia.—Well done expose of spiritualistic charlatans, with Warner Oland as the phony spook-chaser. Silent. (April)

[Please turn to Page 14]
Your enjoyment of any Sound Picture depends on three things — the picture itself, the quality of its Sound recording and the natural tone of Sound reproduction in the theatre where you sit. Do not let your entertainment be spoiled by indifferent reproduction.

Get in the habit of going to theatres which have installed the Western Electric Sound System as an assurance of reliable quality. This system, made by the organization which three years ago developed the first practical Sound Picture apparatus, has proved a great popular success the world over. Naturally so, because it is the result of half a century's experience in telephone making and it speaks with all the clearness of your telephone.

TOMORROW? . . . The art of making Sound Pictures is being constantly improved by leading producers, who are using Western Electric apparatus in their studios. These improvements will be best appreciated when the pictures are reproduced in theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System.
Weighing the Mail

Well, you've spoken—in loud ringing tones, and with hundreds of letters.

The issues of the talking pictures are in full retreat, with a mail barrage thundering at their heels. Everyone is now disposed to like the phonoplay and to give it plenty of time and tolerance for new developments. Many express their unbounded horror and distress at voice doubling. If any two film ladies have the call over others in our mail bag, they are the ever-glittering Garbo and the sparkling Joan Crawford Fairbanks. Of the gents, zat regal Maurice CHEVALIER is kicking up plenty of fan dust. And you may not believe it, but this month we got three rousing, though belated, cheers for a coy little newcomer named Chaplin, reported to be a comic. And if there's one thing that touches us, it's the mail from friends over the sea. Let's have more. Now you tell some.

The Movies Mould a Life—The $25 Letter

Philadelphia, Penna.

The movies taught me how to dress, how to act and how to be popular. I always wondered why I couldn't be popular and why I wasn't pretty. Then it came into my head to watch the stars. One night I saw Bebe Daniels wearing a dress I liked, so I made one just like it. It improved my looks, because it was just my type.

Then I began to act like I felt. I always felt full of pep, but I was afraid that if I acted that way people would laugh. I went to see Lupe Velez in a picture, and tried to act like her. I succeeded. Now I dress and act the way I feel. I have never regretted it. I have learned how to dress, how to act, and how to be popular.

M. G. T.

Taught by the Talkies!—The $10 Letter

Tucson, Ariz.

This is from one of your "exiled fans." I came from Renee Adoree's country four years ago, knowing very little English. If it hadn't been for the movies, my linguistic life would have been empty, indeed. But I was fortunate in being able to go to a show every day. It was through the silent picture, and its explanatory titles, that I really learned English.

Today the talkies offer me a still greater opportunity. I go to "Movie School" regularly, and how proud I am to number among my professors of English such artists as Ruth Chatterton, Jeanette MacDonald, William Powell, Edward Everett Horton and many others.

GEORGETTE BERTRAND LACROIX.

Give Us Your Views

You Fans Are the Real Critics

Philadelphia, Penna.

Why do all the stories read "Why Jack Gilbert Married Ina Claire!" Why not the other way around?

Ina Claire was a star in her own right long before Jack Gilbert was ever heard of. On the speaking stage, where she is rated among the best, it takes more than a pair of soulful eyes and a big grin to get by. Ina Claire has looks, style, personality, charm, refinement, and, most of all, talent. What has Jack Gilbert compared to all these?

Rose A. Lee.

Just a Misplaced Posy for H. B. Warner

Lafayette, Ind.

Is there anyone in this wide world who, on going into a theater and seeing the picture, "The King of Kings," could not have some feelings of emotion and sentiment? Mr. DeMille is a wonderful actor. Nobody could have played the part of Jesus Christ better than he did!

G. L. M.

Master Clemmons Attacks Beautiful Men

Brookhaven, Ga.

When I saw Buddy Rogers in "Close Harmony" my heart almost failed me. Why? Because he looked too much like one of Nell Brinkley's drawings of "beautiful men."

Of course, I like handsome men, but not pretty ones. Barry Norton is in the same case as Buddy. "Too beautiful." Both of these are grand actors and nice boys, but their faces do not appeal to me, and that's that!

Take Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He looks like a girl who has her hair pushed back. Also take these wax doll stars. How would John Gilbert look making love to Anita Page or Nancy Carroll? His types are Greta Garbo, Bacalova and all those vampish women. Why, Bacalova could put Buddy Rogers in a spell, and Greta could put Barry Norton in a daze. But as I said before, they are all good actors and actresses.

John Francis Clemmons.

P. S. I am 14 years old.

[Please turn to page 146]
How to keep skin youthful

**LISTERINE as an ASTRINGENT**

So many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, that we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**GREAT AFTER SHAVING**

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.
CORD FRONT DRIVE

THE Cord Front Drive car is pulled, not pushed. This difference makes possible better transportation; safer control; easier handling; finer roadability and greater comfort. We offer it as the latest automotive development for those who can afford it. Its many exclusive advantages can better be understood and appreciated by actually driving it.

—E. L. CORD.

Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Ind.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
For Autumn Appetites

And for Hallowe’en festivities, here are two excellent recipes

ONCE again the children come trooping in from school, clamoring for something satisfying and good to eat. Gingerbread, with a glass of milk, is an ideal after-school snack.

The recipe is Dorothy Sebastian’s, and you may be sure it’s genuinely Southern, for Dorothy is an Alabama girl.

First measure out the following ingredients:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup molasses</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup melted butter</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon ground ginger</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon ground cinnamon</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup hot water</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 cups flour</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon soda</td>
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Stir together the molasses, sugar and butter. Add the hot water. Then add flour, salt, soda and spices which have been sifted together. Beat the mixture well, and bake in a well greased pan in a moderate oven for half an hour.

For variety you may add a chocolate fudge or white frosting now and then. You may be sure the youngsters won’t object to that.

AUGUST winds make vigorous appetites, but steaks, chops and roasts grow monotonous when served day after day. Sweetbread and mushroom patties are dainty enough to serve at a party, but satisfying enough for the main dinner dish. This is Nancy Carroll’s method of preparing them:

Parboil one sweetbread. Cool, and cut in one-fourth inch pieces. Clean and peel ten large mushrooms, and cut in pieces. Put in a small pan and add one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper. Cover, and cook for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally.

Melt two tablespoons of butter, add four tablespoons flour, and stir until well blended. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cup chicken or brown stock. Bring to the boiling point, add sweetbreads, mushrooms, and one tablespoon heavy cream. Again bring to the boiling point and season with one-half teaspoon salt and a few grains each of pepper and paprika.

Line patty pans with puff paste, fill with mixture, cover with pastry tops, brush over with white of egg slightly beaten, and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Serve at once.

If you want to save the extra work of baking the patty shells, they can be purchased at most bakeries.

HERE is something that all children—and grown-ups, too—will like: baked apples with honey. The recipe is Fay Wray’s, and here’s the way she prepares them:

6 apples
6 tablespoons honey
Chopped Pecans

Peel and core the apples and fill the centers with honey. Bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Place a little water in the bottom of the pan to keep them from burning. Sprinkle with chopped nut meats.

The honey gives the apples a delicious flavor.

ALL of these recipes will be useful if you are planning a Hallowe’en party. Or if you prefer to serve just a salad, Photoplay’s Cook Book has sixteen tempting kinds, all of them delicious but none requiring a great deal of labor and preparation.

And there are all sorts of desserts, from the simplest to the fanciest.

The coupon on this page is for your convenience in ordering Photoplay’s Cook Book. Enclose twenty-five cents, and you will receive these 150 favorite recipes of the stars by return mail.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 8]

FALL OF EVE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy face of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. by Ford Sterling, Patsey Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FAR CALL, THE—Fox.—In the Belize Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ FASHIONS IN LOVE—Paramount.—Adolph Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FATHER AND SON—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Port Talkie. (Aug.)

FLYING POOL, THE—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crowning a theme song—and now! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ FOUR DEVILS—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. V. Williams's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part talkie. (Sept.)


★ FOX MOVIEVERSE FOLLIES—Fox.—Lots of good tunes, surreal comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July.)

GAMBLERS, THE—Warners.—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount.—A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performances by an all-star cast. Check up this as one of the hits of the talkies. All Talkie. (June.)

★ GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Aug.)

★ GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox.—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July.)

★ GIRLS WHO DARE—Trinity.—Seems fall to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after all this? Silent. (April.)

★ GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE—Liberty.—In spite of its title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You'll like it. Silent. (June.)

★ GLAD RAG DOLL, THE—Warners.—Mostly luluem. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ GREENE MURDER CASE, THE—Para—mount.—Very fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant Phil Vance. All Talkie. (Sept.)

GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE—Warners.—Not a dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It's speedy, exciting and good fun. Sound. (June.)

GUN LAW—FOB.—A lot of shotting, all in fun. Silent. (July.)

HARDBOILED—FOB.—Hacked-up story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O'Neill and Donald Reed. Silent. (Sept.)

HAUNTED LADY, THE—Universal.—Laura LaPlante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

★ HEARTS IN DIXIE, THE—Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—Refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment.

Make this your reference list.

Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929

FALL OF EYE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy face of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. by Ford Sterling, Patsey Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FAR CALL, THE—Fox.—In the Belize Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ FASHIONS IN LOVE—Paramount.—Adolph Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FATHER AND SON—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Port Talkie. (Aug.)

FLYING POOL, THE—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crowning a theme song—and now! All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ FOUR DEVILS—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. V. Williams's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part talkie. (Sept.)


★ FOX MOVIEVERSE FOLLIES—Fox.—Lots of good tunes, surreal comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July.)

GAMBLERS, THE—Warners.—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount.—A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performances by an all-star cast. Check up this as one of the hits of the talkies. All Talkie. (June.)

★ GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Aug.)

★ GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox.—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July.)

★ GIRLS WHO DARE—Trinity.—Seems fall to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after all this? Silent. (April.)

★ GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE—Liberty.—In spite of its title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You'll like it. Silent. (June.)

★ GLAD RAG DOLL, THE—Warners.—Mostly luluem. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ GREENE MURDER CASE, THE—Para—mount.—Very fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant Phil Vance. All Talkie. (Sept.)

GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE—Warners.—Not a dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It's speedy, exciting and good fun. Sound. (June.)

GUN LAW—FOB.—A lot of shotting, all in fun. Silent. (July.)

HARDBOILED—FOB.—Hacked-up story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O'Neill and Donald Reed. Silent. (Sept.)

HAUNTED LADY, THE—Universal.—Laura LaPlante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

★ HEARTS IN DIXIE, THE—Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929

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Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929
Sick at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to that terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been cast only by this strange man whose face none had seen? Here was an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this mysterious emissary?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting Oriental tales ever told, read these

**MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY**

11 **Superb Volumes**

**by Saxe Rohmer**

**11 Thrilling Volumes**

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices. Books you will enjoy reading over and over again.

Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of pleasure at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens and troubles of wise and forgetful moments. So send me your order today.

**Special Bargain Offer**

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand, you can now offer your readers ma made this low price possible. Only a limited supply of these magnificent volumes are available. Don't wait. Send the bargain coupon today!

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**Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929**

**Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars**

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

- **Educational** ....... **Page 154**
- **First National** ...... **Page 141**
- **Fox Film Corp.** ...... **Page 149**
- **Metro-Goldwyn Mayer** ...... **Page 145**
- **Paramount** .......... **Page 4**
- **RKO (Radio Pictures)** ...... **Page 133**
- **Universal** .......... **Page 131**
- **Warner Bros.** .......... **Page 153**

**LAWLESS LEGION, THE**—First National.—A cowboy story, with Ken Maynard, that is good enough entertainment for anybody. Silent. (June.)

**LEATHERFACE, THE**—Pathe.—Good, silent film crippled with William V. Mong, John Hall and Co. fine in Marine yard. Part Talkie. (April.)


**LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Columbia.—Bert Lytell's perennial crook, the Lone Wolf, in a good melodramatic comedy. Part Talkie. (May.)

**LOVE IN THE DESERT**—FBO.—Smart and funny version of the old hot-sand stuff, with Olga Borden, Hugh Trevor, Noah Beery. Part Talkie. (April.)

**LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE**—Cooper.—Picturesque, authentic South Sea story, filmed among those dream isles. Silent. (May.)

**MADAME X—M.G.M.—Fine performance by Ruth Chatterton in this reliable old sob producer. All Talkie. (July.)

**MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE**—First National.—A story that not only has a heart but leaves you hankie. J. P. in a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Must you be told that it's a sure-fire hit? Sound. (July.)

**PAGAN, THE—M.G.M.—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Ramon Novarro, Rene Adoree and others. See it. Sound. (April.)

**PARIS BOUND—Pathe.—A smooth drama of handsome woe that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**PAWNS OF PASSION—WORLD—A better than the average film, partly better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

**PEACOCK FAN, THE—Columbia.—A quickie mystery melodrama that could only happen in the films. Tom ("Big Parade") O'Brien in it. Silent. (May.)

**PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)


**PLUNGING HOOFS—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. Silent. (June.)

**POINTS WEST—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. Silent. (June.)

**PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE—M-G-M.—Imperial—Weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Silent. (July.)

**PRISONERS—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in the one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

**PROTECTION—Fox.—More bootlegging drama, with some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

[Please turn to page 147]
Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:

I’ve fallen in love, desperately and truly in love, with an artist. And he has all the so-called temperament that is associated with talent and genius. After I had known him but a short time I realized that he was not at all moody, easily carried away by flattery and as easily hurt by criticism. When he is tired or when his work is not progressing well he is sometimes very curst and quarrelsome—even with me. But when he is in a mellow, happy mood he is the most enchanting companion and the sweetest lover a girl ever had.

He says he loves me dearly, that of all the girls he has known I am the only one who has touched his heart. I know he has often thought himself in love and has paid marked attention to a number of girls in rapid succession. When I remind him of this, he assures me it was only their beauty or charm which appealed to his artistic sense, and the fact that the infatuation didn’t last shows it was not real.

In my heart I believe him—every word he says. He has given me all his leisure time for almost a year, and while his profession brings him into constant contact with women and he works our dates spend over another, I have no reason to think he’s had an interest in other girls since our friendship began.

He has so many of the social graces and mannerisms that men employ to gain favor with women that he often gives the appearance of evil, and my friends don’t believe me when I tell them I am the only girl he cares for. I know they are pitying me, and it hurts me terribly. Of course I realize they are not in love with him and therefore cannot feel that intuitive something which makes me trust him in spite of appearances.

I know it is just his way to be ingratiating and charming with women and to enjoy their attention and flattery. I think my nature is big enough to overlook it, as long as I feel sure I am the only one he really loves.

But if I marry him and then begin to doubt, my life will be miserable. And if I don’t marry him I know I will be just as unhappy. I can foresee no other drawbacks to our happiness together—just his temperamental disposition and his susceptibility to women who make a fuss over him. I don’t blame them, he is so handsome, so fine and talented. But I don’t want to share him. Do you think I am running that risk by marrying him?

Ann K.

As I sat down to answer your letter, Ann, I stopped to glance through a magazine for salesmen which had found its way to my desk, and my attention was caught by a cartoon. It showed a salesman, dressed in a cook’s cap and apron, holding a big cake (his sales talk) which had just come from an oven labeled Sincerity. The ingredients of the cake were Persuasiveness, Tact, and Directness. The salesman-cook was depicted as saying triumphantly, “Nothing comes out of that oven half-baked!”

That cartoon does not apply only to salesmen, except in the sense that we are all selling our talents, our energies, our capacity for loving and doing and being, for the rewards they bring us in achievement and happiness. And the combination of persuasiveness in the right amount, of directness when the situation calls for it, of tact at all times, blended into a perfect whole by the fire of sincerity, is a recipe that can be used by all of us and which seldom fails.

Fay Compton plays a part in a recent motion picture, “Fashions in Love,” which perfectly illustrates this point. The situation she has to face and which she successfully dominated was so analogous to yours that her methods are well worth your study.

In that picture Adolphe Menjou gives an excellent interpretation of a great concert pianist who has many of the virtues and faults you see in the man you want to marry. Because of his fame, the allure of his music and his personality, he is constantly being flattered and fawned upon by women.

His wife (Fay Compton) understands that praise and adulation are necessary to a man of his temperament and genius, and she realizes it is hard for him to resist these mild affairs with other women. Because of their fleeting quality she believes they do not offer any real competition.

Like yourself, she believes implicitly that she is the one woman he has loved. So, with rare understanding, she overlooks the childishness which allows him to be carried away by ephemeral praise and the flattering attentions of girls who see only the least and sweetest side of his nature—who see only the assured manner of a man who has mastered his art and is happy in his triumphs.

Only those who are close to him—only his wife—can know what a creature of many moods such a man really is, how much he draws upon the people around him for protection from petty annoyances, for poise under disturbing conditions, for comfort and understanding. She caters to his moods with the tenderness of a mother, waits on him, conserves his time and energy, and as much as possible saves him from the results of his own folly.

The day comes when he needs a severe lesson, and all the wisdom he has learned, all the saving sense of humor she has had to cultivate, all her faith in him and her confidence in herself are brought to bear upon the situation.

I’m not going to spoil the picture for you by telling you what happens and how she solves her problem, but she uses the very methods that our cartoon stipulates. Never forgetting the constant need for tact—which is just another name for kindness, the great power of loving persuasiveness.

—please turn to page 131—

Can Love Triumph Over Temperament?

ANN’s problem differs only in degree from that of many girls. Freedom for both partners in marriage is essential to happiness. It is license, not freedom, that develops serious tangles.

The many requests I have received for the reducing booklet and complexion leaflet prove that girls generally have learned the value of a healthy, symmetrical body and the charm of a clear skin. Ten cents will bring you these reducing exercises and menus. There is no charge for the complexion leaflet.

I want to be helpful to you, to keep you informed about the newest aids to beauty, to attractive dressing and good grooming. When you write me, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a personal reply. Address me in care of Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Carolyn Van Wyck

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls’ Problems

Fay Compton gives a new angle to the eternal triangle, as the long-suffering but clever wife in “Fashions in Love,” in which Adolphe Menjou plays the temperamental husband.
A New Kind of Make-Up
Developed by Hollywood's Make-up Genius

Now Ready For You!

Under a Strange Light in Hollywood, we Found
Out How to Avoid "Off-Color" and
"Spotty" Effects in Make-up.

Beauty is a business in the motion picture colony, so we have studied make-up for years. And now you may benefit from our experience and gain added beauty through this new knowledge.

Under the blazing "Kleig" lights, more trying than sunlight, "stars" are photographed. Make-up must be perfect or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color-harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used almost exclusively by the "stars".

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty — and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this — there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's "stars" and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-Up. Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.

FREE Complexion Analysis by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up

The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This Max Factor will do for you, without charge or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the "stars" of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
Hollywood
"Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


Name
Address
City

Answer in Date
Check one or more spaces with check mark.
OVER three thousand miles she was brought, to be photographed by Steichen in New York City as the most attractive high school girl among Woodbury users.

She has a slim, straight little figure, a mop of curly brown hair twisting into babyish gold tendrils; deep blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and a skin like the pinkest and whitest apple blossoms.

When she left California, her whole school—the splendid high school of Tamalpais in Sausalito—turned out to say good-bye; the dressmaking class made her a party frock; teachers and schoolmates gave her little presents and wished her good luck. She is the kind of girl anyone would be proud to have a share in; happy, generous-hearted, with a look of shining good will toward all the world in her beautiful Irish-blue eyes.

She has used Woodbury’s Facial Soap on her lovely pink and white skin all her life, and “I think Woodbury’s is a perfect soap,” she declared. “It’s so smooth and mild—it gives your skin such a delicious tingly feeling—it keeps it so splendidly healthy and clean.”

A SKIN SPECIALIST spent years of study perfecting the formula for Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Because of its wonderfully beneficial effect on the skin—its helpfulness in correcting common skin troubles and keeping the complexion smooth and soft—thousands of beautiful women entrust their skin to its care.

Around every cake is wrapped a booklet of famous treatments giving the right care for different types of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and find the right treatment for your skin. Begin using it tonight. Let Woodbury’s help you, as it has helped so many thousands of women, to gain and keep the charm of “a skin you love to touch.”

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Enclose 10 cents and your name and address, The Andrew Jergens Co., 2219 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

© 1929. The A. J. Co.
No, this is not a bellhop scolding you for asking too much ice in 211. Nor is it a chorus boy tricked out for a musical comedy bit. It is Marion Davies, blonde hair craftily hidden, ready for a song and dance in the "Hollywood Revue of 1929"
WONDER what makes Mrs. Gilbert look so dreamy? Maybe Jack has run down to the corner store for some pipe tobacco, and the little woman is thinking of his laughing eyes and big smile. Ina Claire doesn't often look like this, for she's every bit as snappy and peppy as her vivid husband, who is in private life every bit as athletic as Doug is in movies.
PERSONAL appearances by the stars often turn out to be an unhappy boomerang, but Dolores Del Rio's have been an absolute triumph. Photoplay's mail bags have been jammed with letters from New Orleans and Pittsburgh and Washington singing the praises of the charm and beauty of the lovely star of "Evangeline." Come and see US sometime, Dolo!
T'S a great pleasure to print Leatrice Joy's picture this month, because everyone's so happy over her new successes. Leatrice was one of Hollywood's smart girls when the talkies came along. She packed her little grip and went right off on a long vaudeville tour. And maybe audiences didn't love her! Now she is busy and happy out at First National.
HIS girl will go singing down the ages as the first operetta star of the audible screen, so you had better save this picture as an exhibit in phonoplay history. Carlotta King came from the stage to make "The Desert Song" for Warners—a film that was also to bring fame to one John Boles. Now Carlotta, much in demand, hits high C's for M.-G.-M.
The smile that won America! The first French actor since Max Linder to win gobs of love and glory in American pictures—the one and only Maurice Chevalier, fascinating artist and charming man of the world. The Parisian revue star won a large and growing public with Paramount's "Innocents of Paris." His admirers are hungrily awaiting his forthcoming talkie
Perfect figure symmetry is yours when you step in this new Charmosette Gossard. It moulds the body contours with new ease...gives new, fashionable lines. Actually, Charmosette smooths off pounds—not by unyielding force, but by scientific proportioning of superfluous flesh.

Wear it daily...wash it daily, if you wish. Charmosette remains soft and pliable, and has three times the life of ordinary elastic.

Ask to see this Gossard combined of Charmosette and lightly boned French batiste. It shows new waistline effect. Only $10—but wears ever so long.
You can have more pretty clothes... without spending a cent more!

GREAT MOVIE STUDIOS TELL YOU HOW

Keep your clothes looking just like new much longer... then, instead of spending all your clothes money replacing worn-out things, you can afford to buy extra clothes!

Take a "tip" from the movies. Wardrobe directors of the great studios have learned by experience how to keep the lovely clothes of the screen new looking twice as long... Without exception they find—"Clothes keep that exquisite, fresh, new look twice as long if always cleansed in Lux."

Now every great movie studio in Hollywood insists on Lux.

You, too, can double the life of pretty clothes... and so buy many more clothes without spending a cent more. Always use pure, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing with cake soap... avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powder.

CHARMING LOUISE BROOKS in a smart white ongora suit... This lovely star, like other stars and all the big studios, insists upon Lux to keep beautiful clothes "like new twice as long!" You, too, can keep clothes like new far longer with Lux!

“EVERYTHING—from imported negligees to cotton house frocks, can be kept like new so much longer with Lux,” clever women say. You don’t have to replace worn-outs so often—so you can afford more pretty clothes.

ADRIAN, costume director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, discusses a new costume with Anita Page..."We can’t afford to risk using anything but Lux," Adrian says..."Lux cleansing keeps clothes so beautifully new."

LUX IS MADE by a marvelous special process...made whiter and thinner and purer than ordinary soap...that is why Lux keeps clothes like new so much longer!
TAKE away our wine and beer. Darken the movie screen and muffle the talkies on Sundays, if you can. Forbid a man to kiss his own wife in his own automobile. Snip all the snap out of motion pictures with censorial shears.

Come on, you reform-mad Southern bishops and Northern deacons! Take away our cigarettes. Make necking a capital offense. Legislate us into your own privately owned heaven. You have made the Spirit of '76 as old-fashioned as Martha Washington, anyhow.

Go as far as you like—
BUT—

Be careful how you step on the bunions of a great public idol. You may wish you'd tickled the mule's hind leg instead. For instance:

TRAFFIC OFFICER OLLIFFE pinched a blue-eyed, blond boy for speeding over a New York bridge the other day. Now he wishes he hadn't, for the pinchee was Rudy Vallée, the crooning band-leader who is a Gotham god and will soon smite the girls from the screen.

"All the girls are writing to bawl me out for giving their Rudy a ticket," moans Officer Olliffe. "My phone rings day and night. My own girl friends are giving me the air!"

That's what they think of Vallée in New York. Look out for him when he hits the screen in a forthcoming film called "The Vagabond Lover." In Rudy, a New England boy, the blond type comes into its own. He's murderous to the girls. They adore him—mob him at stage doors. When the men begin making nasty cracks about a stage or screen actor you can be sure he's an enormous success among the women fans. And what New York men say about the pretty Vallée would take the kink out of his marcel!

"SO and so is the best composer in America for that sort of music," said the chief executive of one of the Hollywood studios during a high-powered conference on a new picture.

"Yes-Yes-Yes-Yes-Yes," came the chorus.
"Then get him," ordered the chief.

Wires to New York, long distance telephones to the composer's Long Island country house. This went on for eight weeks.

Then someone found him tapping the piano in one of the little studio bungalows. He had been right there, on the payroll, for two months.

AS this is written, The Actors' Equity attempt to unionize the screen players in Hollywood has fozzled. President Gillmore has issued a statement saying that Equity's defeat is due to remarks by Honorary Vice-President Ethel Barrymore and has retreated to his New York trenches. Probably this is only an Armistice. It's been a great war, with much smoke and screaming, but few dead and dying.

A few bulletins from the war area:

The veteran Tully Marshall being denounced as "The Judas of Equity" because he is reported to have said, "I'll follow Equity to the ends of the earth, but I wouldn't follow Frank Gillmore (Equity’s czar) around the block!"
Jetta Goudal, the foreign actress who has had
grief getting any work since she won $31,000 in
a suit against Cecil De Mille, being called "The
Joan of Arc of Equity," and shouting, at a pub-
lic meeting:
"As for quitters, as for scabs, I say—their
souls!"

S MALL riots. Suspensions of actors by the
union. Great open air meetings at the
Hollywood Bowl, addressed by Equity leaders.
Worry.
Conferences between producers and union
officers. Strange sights and sounds for work-
when-you-can Hollywood.
And one wise old man. When the ruckus
began, and shells began falling on friend and
foe, the venerable and revered Robert Edeson
quietly retired to his ranch in Nevada. He has
friends in both camps. There, while men and
women scream and fight, old Bob loafed in the
sun, speculating on the state of his avocado
crop.
Traitor? No—just smart!

T HIS seems to be what Queen Ethel, of the
great House of Barrymore, thinks of the
talking screen.
In a Hollywood interview, she said: "I
could not endure having these young men in the
studios tell me what to do. My experience is so
much greater than theirs. Therefore I will not
appear in a talkie."
Well, it's an idea. But Queen Ethel should
remember that there is more than one kind of
experience.

U NIVERSAL PICTURES paid, it is said,-
$75,000 for the screen rights to "All Quiet
on the Western Front." Why not? Isn't it a
best seller? Won't the title pack them in at the
box office?
Then it was discovered that a few slight
changes would have to be made in it. The hero
is not a handsome dog, just a pathetically
inconsequential little German lad.
So, the report comes, the first step is to
select the husky, handsome Norman Kerry for
the rôle.

N OW all they have to do is to inject a
romance, a heroine, the necessary dash of
sex appeal, a theme song, a few German
villains, a plot or two, and a few aeroplane
crashes.
Then throw all the poignant and human
episodes out the window, and make another
war story.
Simple, this motion picture business.
I suggest as the title of the theme song,
"Money, come back to me."

T EN long years have passed since "The
Miracle Man" made her a star, but The
Miracle Woman surges right on to fresh fame
and glory.
I'm writing about Betty Compson, the great
picture-saver, the eternal blonde, the ever faith-
ful and the old reliable—the wonder woman of
pictures in 1929.

Have you a puny, weak-kneed little story you
want to pep up and invigorate? Send for
Betty.
Have you a feeble, experimental troupe of
newcomers that need a good, reliable wheel-
horse to steady them before the camera? Just
give Betty a buzz.

F OR Betty Compson never fails. Ten years
— a trapper before the camera, through good
pictures and bad, she has touched nothing she
has failed to adorn. There should be some sort
of a ten year marathon prize for Betty, this year
that marks the tenth anniversary of "The
Miracle Man" that made The Miracle Woman.
Ten years seem only to have ripened Betty
Compson's beauty. Ten years have certainly
matured her talent.
She now reigns supreme as the greatest
trouble-shooter in pictures—the one sure film-
saver, in these days of mad microphones and
madder men.

E CONOMIC note on the talking picture:
' Merchants of Temple, Texas, found that
their Saturday night business had gone to pot,
or rather it had moved to Paris, Texas, about an
hour away in a motor car. The motion picture
house in Paris was showing talking and sound
pictures. The home town theater was silent.
Desperate, the local merchants went to the
theater owner and urged him to put in sound
equipment, and when told, that he couldn’t
afford it they not only offered to finance him,
but at their own expense rushed him to New
York to avoid delay in getting his house
"wired," as the trade calls it.
One month later all was normal in the Temple
shops. The audience stayed in town to see, 
hear and buy.

B Y the way, have you seen "The Cock Eyed
World"? No story. just a lot of hilarious
episodes. But I enjoyed it so thoroughly that I
sat through it three times. It busted all the
records of the biggest motion picture theater
in New York sky-high.
And, sh-h-h, it has no theme song. Take
your grouchy friend along.
If that doesn’t make him laugh in spite of
himself, take him to a doctor—better still, put
him out of his misery by hitting him over the
head with a chair.
Clara Bow has been engaged many times. The list of loved and left is staggering. Now she is engaged again, and this time the name is Harry Richman. Clara believes he is the right man. But is he? Or is he just another playboy?

Empty Hearted

By
Lois Shirley

Harry Richman arrived at the psychological moment in Clara Bow's life

Unhappy Clara. Clara who has given too much of herself to her father, to her friends and to the camera she serves.

On the little table by her bed stand rows of bottles of sedatives put there to hurl her active, restless, undisciplined brain. Maybe Clara has worked too hard. Maybe she has lived too hard. She thinks too much. undoubtedly; yet she knows nothing actually of the art of thinking. She strives for some vague, far off Utopia where her mind may be lulled and her tired little body may rest.

She wants much in a strange, groping fashion. Some indefinable Eros, perhaps. Cheated by life, a slave to work, a slave to desire, she knows that there is more to life than work and play, but she doesn't know what it is. Clara has dissipated her energies, given too much.

Clara Bow is not wealthy. Her salary has never been what her magnetism at the box office warranted. She now earns twenty-five hundred dollars a week while other stars, not half as popular as she, make from five to ten thousand. Of material things she wants very little. A slight measure of happiness is all she wants, so she says.

"I always want to cry," she said (her hands never still, her lean sensitive fingers running through her hair). "I could cry any minute. It all seems so silly. I don't want much—God knows! I don't spend anything on my clothes. I haven't any imposing mansions. Just a simple house in Beverly Hills and a little shack at Malibu. I can take my friends down there. I take the people I like. Extra girls. Prop boys. Kids I used to know. They're regular."

They Must Suffer

It takes twenty-four hours a day—every day—to keep that schoolgirl complexion from growing up!

Esther Ralston peddles her way to slenderness on a stationary bicycle, but Carol Lombard prefers to have Sylvia, the famed masseuse, pinch her to perfection. Whether you take your punishment sitting up or lying down matters not, so long as the fat goes.

Sylvia can put you to sleep quicker than a shot of Hollywood gin. She works first on the nerves, and after that tackles the fatty tissue. But you can see by Alice White's face that it's no laughing matter. Sylvia's deft fingers mean business and no foolin'!

Beauty! To you and me the word conjures up a delightful picture of a slim, lovely girl, in an organdie frock and a picture hat, seated in a sunlit garden.

But to the cinema stars who have capitalized their charms it means vital hours slashed out of their lives, hours of torture, hours of both mental and physical agony. Long, important hours!

Beauty is a jealous, demanding goddess with her three handmaidens, Money, Courage and Time.

Shining, wavy hair, well kept hands with slim, long fingernails, trim ankles, well shod feet, rounded, firm cheeks, lithe bodies, bright expressions, long lashes, eyebrows like swallows' wings. And more. Much, much more. To these the stars are slaves. It is all for the sake of beauty. You see the finished result. The stars must consider every minute detail.

You see the stars on the screen. Lovely, charming, gracious, beautiful. But how do they get that way? How do they remain beautiful? They give to the goddess days of their lives, thousands of dollars of their income and rare, fine courage, worthy of a better cause.

Lack lustre eyes, a lumpy figure, sagging face muscles and tiny mouth wrinkles are the frightful gargoyles that haunt their dreams.

Beauty! The stars must hate the very word.

Beauty! Before the camera, dining in public, making
To Be Beautiful

By
Katherine Albert

David Mir has installed this complicated electric facial machine in his Hollywood shop. Here you see Mr. Mir, Julia Dorrance and Gesta Berg, Mir’s partner, making lovely Edna Murphy lovelier than ever.

Make-up is of vital importance. Cecil Holland, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makeup expert, is working on Dorothy Sebastian, blending her under-eye shading into the rest of her complexion with a chamois pencil.

YOU see the stars on the screen—charming, gracious, beautiful. But how do they get that way? How do they remain beautiful?

The daily task of keeping beautiful in Hollywood is never finished. And for each advancing year, beauty demands more time, more courage and more money.

Any woman can be beautiful if she has these three essentials—money, courage, and time. They have the first two. They make the third.

personal appearances, even chatting with their friends, the stars must be beautiful—ever beautiful.

A round, firm face is essential, since the camera really lies. It exaggerates. The average close-up magnifies the subject fifty times. That means that every tiny wrinkle appears on the screen fifty times deeper than it is!

Do the stars ever long to lead normal lives? Do they ever yearn to relax, to become just ordinary plain women for a week? But one week of carelessness might leave a brilliant career a dull, ugly, blighted thing.

Massages, facials, diets, manicures, marcel. Ever demanding. Ever constant. A star must be lovely every day, every hour. She must face the continual grind and give to it money, courage and time. And, by the way, any woman can be beautiful if she has these three essentials.

Alice White took a six weeks’ course of massages from the

You don’t have to bake for hours in the sun to lose that old-fashioned lily white skin. Raquel Torres covers her skin with sun-tan makeup before going for a swim in the Pacific. But even this takes time.
There can be no stop-over in the search

Esther Ralston considers crew training an invaluable asset, figuratively speaking. No gym is complete without a rowing machine. And the chic costume does a lot for the mental attitude!

famous Sylvia. A treatment a day. A two-hour treatment. Ten dollars a massage. And she had to grin and bear it when the flesh was literally pinched from her body. The hours she spent were taken from her recreation time because she was working at the studio from eight in the morning until seven or eight at night.

Money, courage and time.

Lila Lee, in an attempt to become modishly tanned, was sun-burned and blistered instead. She had to work the next day. Make-up could not cover up the blisters, so the skin was literally peeled off her face, leaving it raw and tender.

One lovely star has crooked teeth that cannot be permanently straightened by a dentist. Before she appears before the camera she wears a brace back of them all night. Few hardy men would be courageous enough to suffer the torture of it.

Another world famous star had a scar on her left cheek. Every scene that was to be played so that the scar would not show. She was constantly on the alert, ever watchful to conceal the defect.

A certain beauty is lovely in spite of a slight cast in one eye. She must never relax her eyes except in sleep. She has learned the trick of keeping them straight by thinking of them every waking second! Literally!

Another favorite has thick ankles. She wears heavy leather braces while she is asleep.

It is a constant source of mental and physical worry and work. The stars actually average three hours a day for beauty’s sake. I say average, for some days they devote union hours to their cause. Three hours a day is a conservative estimate. But three hours a day is about six weeks out of the year. Six weeks a year devoted to the grim goddess of charm!

It is true that many society women spend an equal amount of time in order to appear well groomed. But these women have nothing else to do. The picture star must steal her beauty moments away from a day crowded with tedious work on the sets.

The expense is impossible to estimate. It runs into thousands of dollars. Even the ordinary treatments in Hollywood are costly. A Marcel or a finger wave is a dollar and a half or two-fifty with a shampoo. And two of these a week are necessary. Manicures are a dollar at the shops, although most of the picture girls have their own manicurists who come to their homes. A manicure a day is essential. An eyebrow pluck is a dollar. Ordinary facials are five dollars. Steam baths and mud packs run from ten to fifteen dollars. And this is only the everyday grind of beauty. This does not include the “special” treatments.

David Mir, whose mother was the cousin of the ill-fated Russian Empress, has grown tired of acting and opened a shop in Hollywood that specializes in electric facials that do away with the need of the plastic surgeon’s knife. Most of the stars in his care take three treatments a week. They cost ten dollars a treatment.

Hollywood is a small town with its lazy boulevards and its low-fung buildings open to the sun, but it supports, and supports well, one hundred and twenty-five beauty parlors!

The plastic surgeons are as thick as their operations are painful. The world knows what Molly O’Day suffered from an operation that slashes off pounds of flesh. It is no secret that Helen Ferguson, Ruth Taylor, Adamae Vaughan, Mrs. Sydney Chaplin, Mrs. Tom Mix and others have had their noses altered.

But a plastic operation is done once and is over. Torturous at the time, often fringing on distressing after effects, it is, nevertheless, something that may be done and completed. The daily task of keeping beautiful in Hollywood is never finished. And for each advancing year beauty demands more time, more courage and more money.

After a survey of all the studios which included more than the business of acquiring a tan should be gone about carefully and systematically, according to Evelyn Brent. Cover the skin with a film of olive oil and expose for only a few minutes at first
Mary Brian brings back the sparkle to tired eyes by applying cotton moistened with witch hazel and resting for fifteen minutes. She follows this with a gentle massage and rotary exercises.

A hundred and fifty of the prominent women stars I discovered that eighty-eight "touch up" their hair. These are mostly blondes. True, there are natural blondes in Hollywood as there are in Keokuk but their lovely tresses do not register with the fiendish camera. There is too much red in a blonde's hair. The camera decides to make red go black, therefore golden hair must be an almost white gold to look as beautiful as it should on the screen.

If you have ever just once "touched up" your hair a bit you know what the continual keeping at it means. But you may let the roots grow out half an inch or so without bothering. Not a picture star! Every week demands an expert coiffeur with his dyes and tiny brushes.

Comparatively few of the stars have permanent waves (there are, of course, exceptions) but they don't know when they might be called upon to play a role that requires straight hair, so they have a daily marcel instead of a permanent.

The constant use of the iron makes regular hot oil treatments necessary.

I could go on for pages about the little things, the little constant gestures that you and I do but that you and I may stop doing whenever we choose. A star can't stop. When she gives up minute personal care she might as well tear up her contract.

In Hollywood there are famous specialists whose duty it is to give treatments almost prohibitive to the average person.

I have mentioned Sylvia Ulbeck before. You remember her famous court entanglement with Mae Murray. And I'll wager that without Sylvia, Mae would not have as beautiful a figure as now characterizes her.

Sylvia is at present under contract to Pathé. Each week the same fingers that pinch off flesh tear open a pay envelope which contains a check for two hundred and fifty dollars and she still has the right to take outside patients.

Although a Scandinavian, Sylvia is no ordinary Swedish masseuse. She has taken degrees abroad and has worked with world-famous doctors. She is young and attractive, although the mother of a twenty-five year old boy. Her face is vivacious and her fingers are magic. The greatest stars in the business have known her electric touch.

Among the women (and she takes men, too) there are Norma Shearer, Mae Murray, Ina Claire, Alice White, Colleen Moore, Ruth Chatterton, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Sue Carol, Marie Dressler, Laura Hope Crews, Hedda Hopper, Virginia Valli, Laura La Plante, Anna Q. Nilsson, Carol Lombard, and Mary Duncan. And every star sings her praises.

Her office at Pathé is filled with flowers. Photographs with enthusiastic messages scrawled across them paper her walls, and by the time you read this Sylvia will be in Europe devoting her entire time to Gloria Swanson.

Sylvia, by her miracles of touch, can put you to sleep quicker than a shot of Hollywood gin.

"The picture girls need more attention than anyone else," she said. "They work under such a terrific nervous strain. Their eyes are always open and alert. Their ears are tense with listening for every word from the director. Their mouths are contorted in their emotional scenes."

"Therefore, I first work on their nerves. For excess fat, I go straight to the glands. First, I attempt to calm them, to bring them rest during busy days."

Are the treatments painful?" Sylvia shrugged her shoulders. "Well, my dear, fat has to be pinched off. There's no other way. But what woman wouldn't suffer a bit for beauty?"

"Yes, you and I would suffer a BTT for beauty. But our suffering is optional. A star MUST suffer for beauty. It is her job."

"I tell you, darling," Sylvia went on. "I can build bodies. I take off a little here and put it on there. Look what I did with Alice White."

The story of the ugly duckling who makes one trip to the beauty parlor, suddenly blossoms out in new clothes and leaves masculine hearts quiver- ing in her well-shod wake is not as ridiculous as it sounds. The

[Please turn to page 135]
The first camera appearance of Doug and Mary in William Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." United Artists is billing it as "the original sheik story." Petruchio, mad gentleman of Verona, still tames Katharina, beautiful shrew of Padua.
The HERDS of Hollywood

"More and Bigger Masterpieces!" the cry as geniuses lock-step from cell to cell

By

Leonard Hall

In the mass production of standardized goods Hollywood has it all over Detroit like a tent. It produces more gas and hot air than Pittsburgh, Cleveland and the rest of the Soot- and-Clinker Belt combined.

Let those soft and gullible souls who think of the film colony as the haunt of the dreamer and the Mecca of the great artists draw another card. They are holding a soiled deuce.

In the dear, dead days, they tell me, Hollywood was a sunny, languid town, day-dreaming near the sapphire sea. Pictures were lazily planned and produced by the pose-and-knock-off, or vaven-and-stretch, method.

But that's all over now. Big Business and its hired men, the Organized Talents, have come to iland. And the whistle blows, and the time clock is punched, and the hands lock-step into the big foundries, just as though they were making gadgets and widgets instead of your entertainment and mine.

Wall Street has helped.

The talkies have pushed competition to the point where it is root, hog, or die.

So, at eight o'clock every morning, ten thousand alarm clocks clang and the writers fall out of bed. Kneeling, they pray that their options will be taken up. At eight-thirty they are squirting grape fruit passed by the National Board of Citrus Censors. And at nine o'clock, dressed in the prescribed costume of ice cream pants, blue coats and white carnations, they are in their cubby holes—pencils poised for the whistle that starts the day's flow of commercial genius.

Did I say genius? I take it back. Hollywood doesn't want or need it just now, unless it can be converted into the great cry of the hour — Usable Stuff.

Illustrated by

Ken Chamberlain

This Handsome Gentleman used to be a Big Shot in the Writing Racket. Now, in his Hollywood cell, he grinds out Usable Stuff for the movie mills. Here he is, badly stuck for an Idea.
"WILL you kiss your daddy goodbye, son?" Bill Hart asked his boy.

"I will if you don't cry again," said the little fellow. He was only three then, but he knew that something pretty terrible was tearing the heartstrings of the gaunt, thin-lipped man who was on his knees before him. Bill Hart clasped the little son he had not held in his arms since the sixth day of the boy's life, and composed his features with all the strength he could summon. "Goodbye, son," he said. "Be a good boy."

That meeting was hale and farewell, for William S. Hart has never seen his boy since. That was four years ago. It was Bill Hart, Jr.'s third birthday. I took the baby from his party to make a brief call on his father. I tremble now when I think of my boldness, for at that time I was not acquainted with Bill Hart.

I came forth shaken to the soul. There was a feeling that I had trespassed in the sanctuary of a human heart, a heart wounded almost unto death. Like others, I had wondered what lay behind the silence and mystery of this man. No accusation had ever drawn forth an answer, only silence. Now the reason became clear. There was that little golden-haired boy with his father's face. He would grow up to bear an honored name. Bill Hart was seeing to that in his own way... and I understood for the first time that a great heart

Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred Westover, in happier days, before they separated. Little did they dream then of trouble. It broke Bill's heart to part with his son.
Bill Hart, the lonely star, wants to return to the screen after his long absence. And fans want him back.

*By Rosalind Shaffer*

A brand new picture of Bill Hart himself. The two-gun man of the films hasn't changed.
RUDY VALLEE—Yale's gift to girls. Ladies cry for him and strong men curse his name. With no other weapons than a saxophone and a come-hither voice, Rudy stepped from the cloistered halls of his alma mater and broke more hearts than the income tax. Now, the Great Vallee is to be heard in the talkies.
The Films Go Baby Talk

Ooo! Helen Kane is just turrible glad to be cooing and singing in the Talkies!

By
Helen Huston

“WON'T you pu-lease come in and sit down? Aw gee, it's nice of you. And pu-lease don't say I'm a stylish stout like 'ey said in New York. Aw gee, I'm on 'e eighteen day diet.”

It isn't done with mirrors. It's right there before you. Helen Kane on or off is Helen Kane. With that baby talk voice and that baby stare and those baby hands. Yesir, that's Miss Kane. Aw, gee, bu-lieve me. That's just the way she is.

If Helen Kane had chatted on in a low, cultured tone about the future of the art of talking pictures—if the dopiest little dumb Dora who ever crooned a blue ditty had been a grand lady with a withering glance, I'd believe Doug Fairbanks uses a double. And Jack Gilbert isn't crazy about Ina Claire. And Tom Mix was born in London. Honest, I would. Aw, gee!

"Isn't silly?" Helen went on. (Aw, gee, she's the only person in the wurruld can do it and get away with it.) "I've heard girls talk 'iss baby talk and it sounds turribly silly. I guess I don't mind it in me becu' it's just me. It's natural. Why, I always talked 'iss way. Baby talk. I can't help it. I can't help it the teeniest-teeniest bit.

"But I don't sing baby songs. Aw, gee, no. Why, I sing sophisticated songs. And say sophisticated things. But I can get away with it becu'-well, becu' this talk—it's natural."

In case you never, never heard Helen Kane on the phonograph or on the radio or in person and in case you were one of those turribly unlucky persons who didn't see "Nothing But the Truth," let me explain. Aw, gee, I gotta explain. Honest I have.

SHE'D been doing everything in show business. Vaudeville and cabarets and bits in musical comedies and things. And all the time she'd been talking baby talk and making those great big goo-goo eyes. But it didn't seem to get her anywhere. Aw, gee. And then she got a job singing in the prologues at the Paramount Theater. Most everybody accepts prologues as a necessary evil. A short prologue is just a little bit worse than no prologue at all.

But people listened when Helen Kane sang. Could that gal be-dut? I'll say she could. And those bored sophisticates who had kept looking at their watches to see when the prologue would be over and the picture begin, threw their watches right out in the aisles and didn't give a hang how much tempus insisted upon flogging.

Somebody saw and heard Helen Kane besides Mr. and Mrs. Public. Arthur Hammerstein saw her and gave her a big part in one of his swellest musical comedies. And the smartest night club hostesses saw her and craved her baby ways. And Paramount officials saw her and she just had to play that grand comedy role in Richard Dix's "Nothing But the Truth" and walk away with all the feminine honors of the picture. And all the time she kept on making the house-slipper brigade glad—just plain glad—they were [please turn to page 126]
ANN HARDING is now of and in pictures and prefers to stay. Pathe has placed the "million-dollar voice" under contract — and the million-dollar hair, too. Not to mention the million-dollar eyes!
"That Sex Appeal Voice"

Ann Harding Speaks and You Get "THURILLED"

By Marquis Busby

"PARDON" me for a moment. I have to leave the opera house long enough to drop into a man's apartment and kill him."

The next second Ann Harding was on the set at Pathe in the midst of a tense dramatic scene of "Her Private Affair," her second starring picture following "Paris Bound." I've no idea of what the plot is about but the dialogue may give you some notion of what's going on.

"Ann—"Well, do I get the letters or must I pay cash on delivery?"

"The Man—"You needn't make me out quite a blackmailer.""

"Ann—"Oh, you're low. It's written all over your face. How could I have been so infatuated in Pizaro?"

And so on far into the night. Just the kind of a plot Al Woods would love. Ann Harding speaks in a low, dramatic, insistent voice. At Pathe they call it the voice with the sex appeal. Well, perhaps that is true. At least you will agree, when you hear "Paris Bound," that she has one of the loveliest voices on the screen. The sex appeal speech will next stir Ronald Colman to bigger and better amours in "Condemned to Devil's Island." Then Ann resumes her starring contract with Pathe.

The scene was completed.

A man with a broad grin stepped in front of the camera, announcing "Scene 20. Retake 2." Ann forgot acting immediately. She patted the assistant's head, while he grinned abashed.

"Tell me you love me," she demanded in that million dollar voice.

Waiting for a new set up on the stage she perched on a suit case and chatted with me.

"I love it out here. Harry Bannister, my husband, and I have the same kind of a contract with Pathe. We can have a home with a front yard with grass in it. The baby plays out there in the mornings. It's hell to go to the studio. I'll never worry about leaving the stage or screen. I'll be just a wife and mother. Harry says I'm a very good one. Isn't that sweet? But he's a sweet person. Can I bum a cigarette from some one? Oh, there you are (to another assistant). We smoke the same brand. He's such a comfort.

"HEAVENS, yes. The screen is ever so different from the stage. On the stage it is all vocal. I do tricks with my voice to get over an emotion. Back of the third row the audience can't see your face. On the screen a lot [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]
West left no more impression than a drop of iodine in the Atlantic. But maybe that remark could be classified as sour grapes.

Broadway can scarcely help missing Lenore Ulric, Marilyn Miller, Irene Bordoni, Basil Rathbone, Charles King, Fanny Brice, Al Jolson, Dennis King, and Laura Hope Crews—to mention a very few.

With every train pulling into Los Angeles, several carloads of New York stage people, actors, playwrights, directors, song writers, or what can you offer, shake the dust of the Mojave from Fifth Avenue habiliments, hop into a taxi and start for Hollywood. There are more than two thousand Broadwayites here now, and every day brings a new invasion. Now Hollywood, after all, isn't a big town, and two thousand people cannot fail to make a marked impression. It is still a bit bewildered with its streets swarming with new faces, new automobiles, and with broad a's dropping into your coffee at the cafes.

The new gold rush is on. Not since the days of '49 has there been such a rush to the Coast. The precious metal does not come out of them thin hills, however.

Nowadays the list of celebrities at a Hollywood first-night reads like the program for an Equity benefit. The Celluloid City has become more like New York than New York itself.

BROADWAY? Oh, yes, it was a grand old street, and really it was quite gay before it packed its tooth brush and pajamas and trekked to Hollywood.

They used to write songs about that street. It must be desolate now. A sort of cross between "The Deserted Village" and the Sargasso Sea.

There must be cobwebs at Broadway and 42nd Street, and the Lambs and Friars clubs probably take in non-theatrical boarders to meet expenses.

The bellhops at the Algonquin surely are dejected, and the waiters at the Ritz are crying into the soup.

Wonder what the New Amsterdam Theater is doing now? Quite likely it is offering a revival of "The Perils of Pauline," or an Indian medicine show. And Sardi's restaurant. Quaint place. Sardi is probably serving tea and lettuce sandwiches to women who spend the morning shopping at Wanamaker's.

In just such a manner would the average Hollywoodian describe Broadway today. The film capital doesn't see how anyone can be left on New York's main stem, despite the fact a prominent producer said that the people who had deserted Manhattan for the

Just another Hollywood opening, sun-arcs, radio, and all. Hollywood Boulevard is the new Broadway—whether it will or no. The placid street, accustomed to dozing in the summer sun, and going shut-eye long before midnight, is doing its best to be big time.
Broadway

By
Cal
York

Pioneer days are with us again. Hollywood Boulevard is the new Broadway. The placid street, accustomed to dozing in the summer sun, is doing its best to be big time. Of course it felt a bit hurt, that’s all, when some actor said that the only thing it lacked to become Surf Avenue in Coney Island was a roller coaster and a “hot dog” stand.

The Boulevard isn’t at all sure that it wants to be the new Broadway. Hollywood today is a bit like the mother hen with a brood of ducklings. She is doing her best to raise her ducklings into good, little motion picture chickens—and more than likely she will succeed. The Broadway invaders are faced with the necessity of doing in Hollywood as the Hollywoodians do. New York habits of life are completely out of focus in these more or less wide open spaces of real estate subdivisions.

Hollywood goes to bed at night and gets up early in the morning. The New Yorker is now getting his first introduction to 8 a.m. Hollywood, for the most part, lives in homes. New Yorkers usually have apartments. Hollywood makes whoopie in its homes. The New Yorker goes to night clubs and speakeys. They do tell some priceless stories about the New York stage people, having their first experience at bona fide home life. Helen Kane, the baby talk girl from the revues, leased a house in Hollywood for no other reason than a fig tree in the back yard. Helen had never seen a fig tree. In fact she had a vague idea that figs grew like potatoes, beneath the ground.

But to have a house with a real live tree. She couldn’t resist it. Her little nephew eyed the tree with speculative interest.

“Auntie Helen,” he queried, “do Fig Newtons grow on it?”

After eighteen years on the road, Hal Skelly, now under contract to Paramount, has a house. He’s all for the idea. When he runs out of ginger ale he can just drop out in the back yard and pluck a few oranges. Charles Mack, the Black Crow with the tired voice, has purchased a swanky mansion in Beverly Hills—the only typically modern art structure in Southern California. Whereas he used to buy the missus “jools” on events like anniversaries he now buys her peacocks, live ones. Just little ornaments for the garden.

Eddie Buzzell, star of many musical shows, wanted to buy a house and have a garden. First [Please turn to page 138]

The little white arrow points westward, and dozens of Broadwayites have taken the hint. But New York has not yet become the Lost City. Two or three taxis ply their trade as of old, and white men may still be seen in the wastelands of Times Square.
It was the most extraordinary document that had ever come up for a studio manager’s okay. And Eddie Mallen had seen some pretty wild ones too. He had been comptroller for two Von Stroheim pictures; counter-signed checks through the two year vicissitudes of “Ben Hur”; and that very afternoon had okayed a ten thousand dollar head bill for a certain-to-be-censored King Solomon dissolve; tackled the railroad accommodations of a New York jaunt by an executive’s family onto the cost sheet of a dog picture; and paid the rental of an alley cat equivalent to the cost of a hundred cats, because someone had forgotten to send the animal back after one day’s use!

But this—this mauve enveloped, violet scented bill from Jerry Wilton’s office! “Debtor, Eileen O’Hara”—whenever the hell she was! Eddie scratched his broken, prize fighter nose, as he always scratched it before engaging in battle with a big director, and swung off for Jerry Wilton’s office.

But he did not find Jerry there, or any place in the studio, for that matter. In fact, it was almost three days before Eddie was able to piece the story together from the gossip that so ably supplements the news sheets of Hollywood.

A WOODEN horse was responsible for the fall of Troy. The downfall of Eileen took place because of a rubber one. A strange, striped creature whose coloring and physiognomy bore no resemblance to reality. A sea-horse that gamboled and bobbed upon the waves with a serene impudence.

Apparently alone and unattached, it challenged to adventure. Eileen, weary of her aimless troubled stroll down the Santa Monica beach, flung down her yellow flannel bathing cape, and crashed into the curling surf, her slender arms cutting the breakers in a long graceful crawl.

Creating a wave, she captured the saucy creature and tried to mount it. It turned. It spun. It dumped her backwards into the sea. When she came up through swirling greenness, she heard a voice, a throaty masculine voice.

“I can’t ride the darned thing either. But maybe if I hold his ears for you—”

She became aware of a smiling bronzed face and curly red hair close beside her. Even in the water, she could feel the magnetism of the stranger’s personality. He held the bouncing steed. She tried again and flopped back into his arms.

“Now give me a chance,” he said.

She gave him not only one, but two and three, until finally he mastered the art, and sitting far forward, legs spread as widely as possible, he paddled triumphantly to shore with Eileen hanging on behind and balancing in moments of peril.

As they dropped exhausted on the beach, he cast an admiring
—But it Took Much Persistence, Time and Him Keep It!

glance at Eileen’s trig figure in its smart peacock-blue bathing suit—the suit she had won at the High School aquatic meet.

“I didn’t know there was anyone who could swim as well as that at Margalo’s party,” he said.

“But I’m not at Margalo’s party,” laughed Eileen. “I don’t even know who Margalo is.”

“Tie that!” he said. “Do you mean to say you don’t know who Margalo Thompson is?”

“Oh, the picture star!” breathed Eileen reverently, for to her, as to most people in the United States, the shadowy luminaries of the screen were a world apart. “Do you actually know Margalo Thompson?”

“Sure. Didn’t I tell you I was at her party? That’s her beach shack over there.”

“Shack! Why that’s a palace!” exclaimed Eileen, gazing at the huge white affair, Moorish with burnt red tiles and multi-colored awnings.

“Say, if you think that’s swell, you ought to see Marion Davies’ or Bebe Daniels’.”

“You know them too?” breathed Eileen.

“I ought to. I’ve directed their best pictures. I—— here he paused and spoke with the air of making an important announcement, “I—am Jerry Wilton.”

“Not Jerome Wilton, the great director?”

“Tell that to the critics,” he laughed.

“YOU certainly are. I go to every one of your pictures and think they’re wonderful. I saw ‘Love’s Wings’ six times. How do you do it?”

“It’s knowing life, I guess,” said Jerry soberly. “I may not be much on books or theories, but I’ve had a bit more than my share of bumps and knocks. It’s sort of taught me to feel things. Yes, I may not put in some of the stunts the foreign directors do, but as Louella Parsons says, I know Life.”

Eileen looked at the handsome stalwart young figure beside her. Yes, there were traces of pain in those sparkling eyes and strange furrows etched on the ruddy skin of his cheeks and brow.

To Eileen O’Hara, fresh from Illinois, Margalo Thompson’s party at her beach shack was fairyland. Famous film stars laughed, flirted, plunged in the jade-green pool. And her cup of wonder was full when Jerry Wilton, her director escort, led her to a handsome figure on the sand and said, “Eileen, this is Jack Gilbert.”

Illustrated by Everett Shinn
If there is one thing old Cal hates, it's a cynic, but he can't help remarking, under his breath, that Clara Bow, our little Clara, has been celebrating Help-the-Boy-Friend Week.

That the announcement of her engagement to Harry Richman didn't send many people into hysterics.

Richman, while well known to New York playgoers and night club boudins, doesn't mean a thing to picture audiences anywhere, and he certainly could use a good push ahead now that he is making a picture for United Artists. What harder shovels could he get than a betrothal to The Brooklyn Bonfire, except by taking a pot shot at the President?

But enough of cynicism. Clara and Harry, who recently had his nose bobbed, are really good friends, and they were seen a lot of places when Bow last visited New York.

It may be all True and Beautiful and Sweet. Perhaps the bells will ring out, and the turtle doves coo, and the cameras grind.

And at the same time Harry Richman is trying to get a toe hold in the film world, and Clara keeps making new movies.

So let's just say the romance was the sweetest little coincidence that ever united a bounding brood of a Broadway boy and a little red head with a rolling eye and a way with her!

ON CHANEY is a mighty sick man, and one of the greatest trouper of them all has been forced to step out of a picture.

Lon has been ordered to the Yellowstone to rest up after a siege of pneumonia and a tonsil operation, and Wally Beery has been hurled into the breech to play in Lon's next scheduled production, "The Bugle Sounds." Where Lon would have made it silent, Wally will do it as an all-talker.

Our Hero may be out of pictures for several months, for he's in bad shape. Here's hoping he has a grand rest in the sun and shade of the open spaces, and makes a quick return to us. We can't spare Lon for long. He has no substitute in pictures, or our hearts.

THE John Gilberts—plus ninety-four trunks crammed, the Gilberts are Europe-bound! Here are Jack and Ina as they stepped from a train in New York.

They'll be back in the film foundries some time early in October.

A posy for Maurice from the fair white paddy of his little bride. Under the wide skies and among the lakes and mountains of the Canadian Rockies, May McAvoy and Maurice Cheyney spent their honey moon, after one of Hollywood's largest weddings. "Love and career for me," says May, "I'll stick to the screen and Maury, too!"
The Studios

The small, wrinkled object in the center of this little family party is distinctly camera-shy. It is too little and too new to the ways of the world to care to look at a birdie or even a flock of purple-crested rhinoceroses. It is the first son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hackett, Ray being the fine M.-G.-M. juvenile actor.

“Bathe me. bathe my dog!” says the superb Dolores Del Rio, as she heads for the pool at Wardman Park Hotel, Washington. This is a rare view of The Mexican Masterpiece, made during her triumphal personal appearance tour with “Evangeline”.

would be considered bored to death beside Gilbert’s excitement over the jaunt to the old world.

New York newspapermen gave the beaming couple a pretty bad time of it. They insisted on pestering the honeymooners with questions about Garbo, and about the rumors of discord in the Gilbert home.

Jack had nothing to say on the Greta matter, and both he and Ina Claire absolutely denied the widespread reports that scrapping was going on in the new family. They certainly looked happy enough as they held hands and posed for an army of photographers.

Jack and Ina made one of these forty-eight hour trips across the country, and Ina was amazed at the throngs of women who came to station and airport for a look at her husband.

“You should have seen the women at Columbus,” said Ina. “Thousands of them, and they all looked at me as much as to say, ‘Well, he could have done better!’ ”

At this point Jack broke in to say, “Excuse me, but I’m blushing.”

And darned if he wasn’t!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was having his usual midnight snack at Henry’s noted beanery.

A writer, nosing for news, asked, “Started work again, Charlie?”

“No yet,” said the little buffoon. “At the moment I am just between scandals.”

ALICE WHITE has a new boy friend!

The peppery little blonde is buzzing about these days, with Sid Bartlett, a young New York actor who is a protege of Sophie Tucker’s.

Take this, then, as the Alice White Bulletin for October.

AFFAIRS move fast in the life of Stepin Fetchit, the dark three-Cadillac boy who went famous in “Hearts in Dixie.” No sooner had he taken himself a wife than one Yvonne Butler, who appears to be a woman scorned, slapped a hundred thousand dollar breach of promise suit squarely on Step’s beeting brow.

The fair Yvonne deposes and says that Fetchit allowed as how he’d like to marry her, ‘way back last November, and then marched off to the altar with another gal.

Stepin Fetchit, the dark cloud, is looking right now for a silver lining, and finding nothing but storms.

HERBERT BRENON was making a very important scene, recently, and everything was turning sour.

A young player didn’t seem to get the hang of the situation,
Nancy Carroll, as usual with few clothes and plenty of charm, the way she looks in "Illusion," her next picture with Buddy Rogers. Watch for a fascinating life story of Nancy in the next PhotoPlay.

and Breen was beginning to turn purple just above the collar, and his staff was getting ready to dive for the cyclone cellar.

At last the breaking point was reached. With a noble effort at restraint, Breen walked over to his chair with bowed head. Then, raising his hands dramatically toward Heaven, he exclaimed:

"Oh, God! Why did you give ME all the brains?"

"What do you consider your two greatest achievements?" an inquiring reporter asked Wally Beery the other day.

Wally, who knows practically all the answers, didn't even stop to take a deep breath.

"Being an elephant trainer," he fired back, "and the husband of Gloria Swanson."

YOU know how we all have our blue days, our unlucky days and our rent days. So you'll be amused to know that Greta Garbo has her Swedish days.

When the glamorous one makes an effort, she can speak English with almost no accent, but very often she just doesn't care a damn.

On her Scandinavian days she walks into her dressing room and says, "Alma, bring me dot comb and giff me dot powder, joost behind de mirror."

But on her careful American days, she says, as prettily as you please, "Alma, where is my comb? And bring me that powder, please."...

But Greta the Great is getting more careful all the time, for it won't be long until she faces the microphone for her first phonophony, "Anna Christie." And her favorite reading these days is a well-thumbed English-Swedish grammar.

Do you see any resemblance, in this family group, to a much-mourned film star? The 14-year old lad in the center is Jean Valentino, nephew to the late Rudolph. With him are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Guglielmi, who do. Jean has been in Italy.

CUPID seems to have taken a pot shot at Gwen Lee, and to have winged her very neatly.

The beauteous blonde seems sorely smitten with the charms of Jack Oakie, some of our very best comedy relief, and the couple is visible almost nightly making merry conversation at one or another of the Hollywood lunch counters.

Well, happy days, and may all your troubles be wisecracks!

A THOUSAND dollars an hour! Do you suppose you could stand off the installment collector with a fee like that?

That's what Marilyn Miller collected for her camera labors in "Sally." The queen of the Ziegfeld girls received $100,000 for the picture, and she put in an even hundred working hours. Truly, Heaven has protected the working girl.

LIVING ghosts come to Hollywood functions.

We and the screen forget so fast.

A pretty young matron entered the church for the May McAvoy-Maurice Cleary wedding. No camera shutters snapped. No small boys cheered. Few, if any, recognized her. Years ago her name was on everybody's lips. It was Mae Marsh, one of Griffith's great developments of the Biograph era and afterward.

Mae lives quietly in Altadena, a hilly suburb of Pasadena, devoting all her time to her three children. She says she has almost lost track of movie developments—just as we have almost lost track of her. So it seems to be a pretty even break.

CLANG, clang! More wedding bells.

After all these months, Merna Kennedy and James Hall are going to do it. The wedding is set for mid-October, and Jimmy is whitewashing and priming up the old Hall homestead to receive the fair young bride.

P. S. The wedding will be a quiet one. That means, probably, that there won't be more than a thousand guests.

JOAN CRAWFORD is going to be every inch a Fairbanks, if it kills her, and if that serious minded young spouse, Junior Fairbanks, is going to help her all he can.

With the wedding bells still vibrating, young Doug thinks it is time he clamped down on undignified publicity for Joan, so
Who's the pretty little dark-eyed blonde? Three guesses, and you're still wrong. It's Colleen Moore, wearing a yellow wig in "Footlights and Fools," her next and last First National talkie-single. With her is Max Scheck, a famous director of musical numbers you'd better save up your pictures of Joan's pretty legs, and preserve the precious specimens in back numbers of Photoplay. If dashing Dougie can help it, the superb Crawford stems will no longer twinkle from the pages of the nation's press.

Old Cal, therefore, proposes to start a bureau to bootleg this sort of Crawford publicity, which may be undignified, but is certainly elegant and exciting.

Some players fail to win the throng
By letting words run riot,
While Garbo conquers every heart
By merely keeping quiet.

EVERY Sunday morning, rain or shine and hot or cold, Nick Stuart drives over to Sue Carol's tepee for breakfast. Sue shows her love for Nick by dishing up a big mess of hot cakes.

And Nick shows his love for Sue by eating them.

Greater love hath no handsome leading man with dimples!

BUGS BAER, the perennial wit, views all this dieting with a jaundiced eye.

"If this keeps up," said Bugs the other day, "we won't be eating at all. We'll be playing tiddly-winks with watermelon seeds!"

EVERYONE is rooting for Harry Langdon, the grand little comic whose star has been clouded too long.

He has a job, again, and on July 27 he took himself a pretty little wife in the person of Helen Walton of Toledo, O., a sister to Alice Calhoun.

Harry's had too many bad breaks in the last few years. We all hope that with plenty of happy work to do and a nice wife to get out the carpet slippers and pipe when the day's over, Langdon will come back in a very big way.

THE film fans of the world would be a happy lot if all their favorites were as thoughtful of them as Anita Page.

Metro's blonde beauty has a carefully kept file of all her fan mail, which is carefully tended by her adoring and vigilant dad. A tremendous lot of it is answered personally.

And on quiet evenings at home Anita does a lot of tele-phoning to her local admirers. What a thrill for the Page addicts!

HOLLYWOOD is beholding a new and fascinating Aileen Pringle.

The handsome Aileen has dyed her hair a beautiful reddish blonde and has bathed in the sun until she now sports one of the finest coats of tan to be found in the tawny film colony.

The effect is amazing, and the always interesting Aileen is now more engrossing than ever.

JACK DEMPSEY was submitting to an interview.

"Are you a self-made man, Jack?" asked one of the bright young pressman.

This was the wife's cue, and Estelle spoke right up.

"Just say he is a Taylor-made man!" she suggested, helpfully.

YOU can get away with almost anything in picturewise old Hollywood.

One bright and sunny morning a group of jolly thugs held up Mr. Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater and trotted off with $14,000, American money.

Guests at the Roosevelt Hotel, across the street, watched idly from their windows, remarking, "Just another movie!" But it wasn't stage money.

CLARA BOW may soon be paying alimony. But not to Harry Richman!

Robert Bow, Clara's papa, has recently been divorced by his youthful wife, Tui Lorraine, and Clara, who has dutifully shared in her father's business
PHONOPLAY Wins—but Talkie Stays On

It may not be off with the old and on with the new this time, for “Talkie” has a strong hold on the public.

In response to Photoplay’s request for a new name for the talkies, between 15,000 and 16,000 suggestions were received. Letters poured in from all over the world. There were names of every variety: technical and non-technical, complex and simple, dignified and flippan.

One word, in particular, stood out in all this deluge as appropriate, euphonious and simple. That word was “phonoplay.” So, to Howard B. Knight, who wrote the most lucid and comprehensive letter advocating “phonoplay” as a name for the talking picture, goes Photoplay’s award of $500.

In all probability “talkies” will continue to be the familiar and commonly accepted name—

This Letter Wins $500 Prize
I Suggest the Word
PHONOPLAY

Howard B. Knight
127 Amersfort Place, Brooklyn, New York

for the word has taken too strong a hold on the popular mind to be easily supplanted. Nevertheless, “Phonoplay” seems the best substitute brought to light by the New-Name-for-the-Talkies contest.

Unfortunately, the contest had one tragic result. One day, when the flood of letters had swamped the entire office, the postman entered with a new load. The Contest Editor, who had been looking not at all well, gazed at him wearily, threw up her hands and collapsed.

She was removed to Dr. Zilch’s Sanitarium where she has been confined ever since. Thinking that it would be of interest to our readers, we have prevailed upon her to write an account of her sad experience. Read on.

When people enter contests (and if you don’t believe people enter contests just to see me in my private padded room at Dr. Zilch’s Sanitarium) they think of the prizes, of the fame to be achieved, of the subject—and even occasionally of the rules. But does anyone ever think of the Contest Editor? Humph!

When I stepped up to receive my diploma at College, old Professor Snitch looked at me piercingly. All students at that old Confietti know that merciless Snitch gazed. It bores into the very brain and the undergraduate and there nine times out of eight finds a vacuum.

Said Professor Snitch: “My child (he always called me ‘my child’), ‘what is your ambition?’ “Professor,” I said, “I want to be a Contest Editor.”

The kindly old monologist looked into my clear, young eyes. “Comme ci, comme ça. So it goes!” he said in a husky voice.

“Fraid be with you!”

I was too young then to understand what he meant. Now, alas! It is all clear to me. I know now why the ancient and eminent gramophone looked startled. I know now why he tore my diploma in half and said: “This cannot help you,” I know—for I have become a Contest Editor.

At the moment of writing I am sitting in the Louis Quinze (pronounced Katz after Balaban and Katz) room at the Zilch Sanitarium for Homicidal Manics. They brought me here after I was discovered wandering about the Photoplay office with a goofy look in my eyes. In my right hand I bore a slip of paper, which, when taken away by force, was found to bear the cryptic inscription “Sonolocaphonitonalogopoteograph.” I was crooning softly:

“Phono, sono, tono, Voca, loca, phote, Ta-tata, ta-tata, ta-tata, A-hunting we will go!”

In the quiet and peace of Dr. Zilch’s institution, in my cozy straight-jacket, I have compiled the following statistics of the New Name for the Talkies Contest. These statistics will explain why I did not even resist when Dr. Zilch’s attendants came to lead me away. They will [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]
Regarding Kay Francis, the First Menace of the Talkies

NOT so long ago a long-legged, short-haired, frank-eyed girl stepped boldly upon a big sound stage at the Long Island studio of Paramount pictures.

Her name was Kay Francis (Katherine for short), and for three brief years she had strutted upon the speaking stage. Never in her life had she stood unarmed before a snarling motion picture camera.

Director Millard Webb said, "One, two, three, go!" She went! The next day two things had happened.

First, Kay Francis, as the snaky secretary in "Gentlemen of the Press," had given one of the most astonishing first performances in the history of motion pictures.

Second, she had appeared, in a blaze of glory, as the first great vamp of the audible pictures, using a type of male-killing technique that is perfection itself for the new form of entertainment.

Movies go and talkies come, but screen sirens must and will go on forever. Sound or silent, there is always a menace in skirts that must stand between the fine young hero and the sweet young heroine somewhere before the last reel.

The styles in screen vampening have changed with the times, hats and skirt lengths.

The old school of cinema siren, incarnate in Theda Bara, is no more. Its rough and tumble, catch-as-catch-can style of attack will never do for talking pictures, for its physical and vocal acrobatics would sound like a fox in a hen-yard in the ears of the demon microphone.

The modern, up-to-date man-killer of the screen must be a far smoother and more seductive article. A come-hither look and a provocative rolling of the eyes and hips must do the work that the half-nelson and strangle hold performed in the dear old days.

As the first great practitioner of this new school, as shown by her work in "Gentlemen of the Press," Kay Francis stands alone.

Others will come, do their dirty deeds, and pass, but as the pioneer of the clan, Miss Francis will occupy a sizable place in the yet unwritten history of the talkies.

If you have already seen her first picture, you are acquainted with Kay's methods. If you haven't, here's a brief exposition of vampening technique, 1929 model.

Instead of circling her male prey looking for a punishing hold, she stands still, fixing the victim with a steady gaze that hails repels, half commands. As she takes her stance close to the unhappy male, there is an air about her that says, "Well, you fool, take it or leave it,—but if you leave it you're an idiot!"

Fascinated by the attitude of the siren and utterly undone by her compelling charm, the poor fellow has no more chance than a rabbit transfixed by the eye of a cobra. Unless he falls dead of heart failure, or the house is struck by lightning, he is a gone coon.

Kay Francis' work in "Gentlemen of the Press" was great, not so much for what she did as for what she left undone. She made no passes at the unlucky Walter Huston—she merely exerted every cubic ounce of her fascination, and let nature take its course. Thus she stands forth as the forerunner of the perfect vampening technique for the talkies.

It didn't take the smart talent at Paramount long to see what they had in Kay Francis when they looked at the first rushes of her scenes.

The projection machine had hardly stopped whirring before they had her Jane Hancock on the dotted line of a long term contract. Before she had caught her breath she was aboard a fast train bound for the Hollywood foundry of Paramount. Still gray with desert dust, she was hurled into the latest Clara Bow production, "Dangerous Curves," and what she did to the unsuspecting young Dick Arlen, in that picture, will be everybody's business when the world sees it.

Even while the cameras were [please turn to page 126]
NORMA SHEarer takes over the rôle of the celebrated Mrs. Cheyney, made famous by Inn Claire, and gets away with it neatly. Which is no small triumph for Miss Shearer, since Miss Claire is rated one of the best comedienne on our late lamented footlight stage. Miss Shearer's performance of the smart lady crook who sets British society agog has poise, charm and genuine assurance.

Maybe you saw Miss Claire in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." If so, you know that the lady was the belle of a select coterie of high-toned crooks. But Mrs. Cheyney loses her heart to the handsome Lord Arthur Dilling and—but why tell the story? Basil Rathbone, direct from the Broadway stage, lends excellent assistance as Lord Arthur. Sidney Franklin's direction is excellent. *All Talkie.*

A GENTLE and charming little story this—of a boy who comes back from Flanders a cripple and of a farm slavey who never has known love or kindness. She hurled a stone through the window of his lonely and desolate house. But, from his wheel chair, he wins her love. Under his guidance, she becomes understanding and lovely. Then a tough sergeant comes from France and demands the girl from her mercenary mother.

What happens? What can the helpless cripple boy do against the brute? Go see "Lucky Star" for yourself and you will know. Moreover, you will be won over completely by the playing of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. The direction of Frank Borzage is tender and sympathetic. The Fox Film Gold Medal trio wins new laurels here. *Part Talkie.*

THOSE two hard-boiled marines, Sergeant Flagg and Quirt, are back again. Remember them in "What Price Glory?" Flagg was a captain then, but peace times demote him back to the post of top sergeant.

"The Cock Eyed World" takes up the further adventures of the two leathernecks: in Russia, in Central America, in and about the Brooklyn Navy Yard and at that playground of civilian and soldier, Coney Island. The immortal quarrel of Flagg and Quirt goes on endlessly whether the cause is the sweetie of a tough Russian or the sweetheart of a timid Spanish-American. Between policing the world, Flagg and Quirt are eternally plotting to outwit the other.

There is less of war in "The Cock Eyed World" than in its predecessor, although the sequel carries the marines through a campaign against rebels in Central America. Victor McLaglen, it seems to us, has a shade the best of it as Flagg in "What Price Glory." In "The Cock Eyed World" the edge goes to Edmund Lowe as the crafty Quirt. And Lily Damita stands out brightly as a peppy Central American jungle belle.

Bear in mind that "The Cock Eyed World" is not a family picture. It is a little rough and profane. Remember that the microphone records everything—and the repartee between the two marines is not Sunday School conversation.

Raoul Walsh's direction has a fine gusto. "The Cock Eyed World" was written by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors, as you know, of "What Price Glory?" It lacks none of the flavor of that war epic. *All Talkie.*
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE COCK EYED WORLD  Hallelujah
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY  LUCKY STAR
DYNAMITE  THE VIRGINIAN
WOMAN TRAP  THE AWFUL TRUTH

The Best Performances of the Month

Victor McLaglen in "The Cock Eyed World"
Edmund Lowe in "The Cock Eyed World"
Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"
Basil Rathbone in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"
Gary Cooper in "The Virginian"
Richard Arlen in "The Virginian"
Anna May Wong in "Piccadilly"
Chester Morris in "Woman Trap"
Evelyn Brent in "Woman Trap"
Ina Claire in "The Awful Truth"

Gains of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 150

★ Hallelujah—M.-G.-M.

King Vidor has a number of notable motion pictures to his credit. "The Big Parade," for instance. That interesting experiment of last year, "The Crowd." And, back of those two films, were many pictures revealing a fine understanding of humanity, along with a superb sympathy.

His new photoplay, "Hallelujah," is another experiment — and a striking one. His hero is a harum-scarum negro lad who gets involved in a gambling house brawl. His younger brother is killed in the fight and the boy, his world turned upside down by the tragedy, becomes an evangelist. But he can not stand up against all temptation. He backslides, serves a year in a chain gang — and then comes back to the little plantation of his father.

The story is told with a fine appreciation of the negro race. Indeed, the picture is something of a racial epic. Vidor’s camera wanders into the little cabin after the boy’s death and records the lamentations of the lad’s family with startling emotional effect. Later, Vidor shows the negro evangelist upon his mission, and he pictures a great revival and a river baptism. Behind the simply written dialogue, is a colorful background of negro spirituals.

Every member of Vidor’s cast is excellent. Although none of them ever worked before a camera or a microphone before, they give unstudied and remarkably spontaneous performances. Thats a lot for Vidor’s direction. A word for the excellence of Daniel Haynes’ Zeke, Nina Mae McKinney’s Chick and Fannie Belle DeKnights’ Mammy. All three are great. All Talkie.

★ DYNAMITE—M.-G.-M.

This picture has some fine touches that Cecil De Mille should be proud of, but it is too long. While there is delightful comedy relief, in the sophisticated handling of some of the domestic relations, the story is stark drama, with several exceptionally tense scenes.

Cynthia Crothers, to save her fortune, bargains with a murderer to marry her a few hours before his execution. She plans to marry another man whom she has bought from his present wife. The big surprise is Charles Bickford who wins all the female hearts by his first screen role—a he-man. Kay Johnson, also new, delights with her work. A harrowing mine explosion, a weepy court room scene, love scenes a la Glyn, beautiful sports events, a whooppee party de luxe, and last, but not least, a new De Mille bath tub. All Talkie.

★ THE VIRGINIAN—Paramount

Owen Wister’s novel is due for a revival after this picture is released. It is to be regretted that Dustin Farnum (who made a very creditable silent version of this story in 1923) did not live to see the present talking version.

All the atmosphere of the range is here, with Gary Cooper, The Virginian, in his first full-dialogue picture, delivering that famous line: "When you call me that, smile!"

For the first time, a thousand bellowing cattle, with dozens of yelling cowboys, are filmed with sound, in a thrilling roundup.

Walter Huston, as Tramps, equals his work in "Gentlemen of the Press," and Dick Arlen has another role very like that in "Wings," and again he gets from it tremendous sympathetic response. All Talkie.
Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

WOMAN TRAP—Paramount

★
All Talkie

FOR two years the crime wave has flooded the film market, yet this production rises above the hackneyed and commands attention. It is the story of two East Side families. Chester Morris, as a vicious kid criminal, quite upholds the standard he set for himself in "Aliht." Evelyn Brent is really splendid as the sacrificing sister and Hal Skelley gives a creditable characterization of the detective.

STREET GIRL—RKO

All Talkie

WESLEY RUGGLES has established a reputation for making consistently good pictures at minimum cost. He keeps the present picture well up to his fine standard. Story hinges around a girl violinist and a group of musicians who befriend her. Betty Compson, Jack Oakie, John Harron and others appear to advantage. Incidentally, Miss Compson, who used to be a vaudeville violinist, really plays.

PICCADILLY—World Wide

Sound

THE age of wonders has dawned! A British picture, a silent picture, and an unusually fine picture! True, the brilliant job of directing was done by A. E. Dupont, of "Variety" fame. Anna May Wong, Hollywood's little Chinese girl, steals the picture from Gilda Gray, its star. A fine story by Arnold Bennett, set in London's Limehouse and cabaret night life, and good acting by Jameson Thomas. A credit to British studios.

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Pathe

★
All Talkie

THE world is eagerly awaiting the first screen appearance of Jack Gilbert's new wife. It will not be disappointed. She is earnest, vibrant, delightful. "The Awful Truth" had a long, successful stage run. A dramatic story of love, marriage, misunderstandings, divorce. Situations handled in an extremely sophisticated style. Miss Claire is supported by two fine stage actors, Henry Daniels and Paul Harvey. The latter is perfect.

TWIN BEDS—First National

All Talkie

FROTHY bedroom farce always lands on the screen with something of a dull thud. This example isn't bad. Neither is it very good. All about folks in negligee and pajamas who get into the wrong apartments. This sort of thing used to be considered very naughty behind the footlights not so many years ago. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller do their best to help.

THE UNHOLY NIGHT—M.G.M.

All Talkie

RIPPING good mystery story done with more sincerity and artistic touch than the average. Reason? It was directed by Lionel Barrymore. Even if you don't like baffling yarns, you'll enjoy this for the charming English atmosphere. Roland Young, from the stage, brings all his whimsical charm to the screen. And Dorothy Sebastian is devastatingly beautiful and does fine work as the mysterious Eurasian. See it!
First and Best Screen Reviews Here

SPEEDWAY—
M.-G.-M.
Part Talkie

THERE is nothing new in this race-track story nor the method of handling, though the background is authentic. It was made at the seventeenth annual race at Indianapolis. Billy Haines' great following will hardly like him in such slapstick. His characterization is less subtle than in former pictures but, likely, the younger folks will roar gleefully. Ernest Torrence, Anita Page and Karl Dane render capable support.

KEMPY—
M.-G.-M.
All Talkie

EUREKA! A delightful stage comedy has been made into an even more pleasant picture. "Kempy" represents a high water mark in talking comedies. It is unpretentious. No cabaret sets, mobs or marble bathtubs. Kempy is the very youthful plumber who stays to marry the literary daughter of the Bents and then finds out that he is really in love with the youngest girl. "Kempy" belongs on your must list.

RIVER OF ROMANCE—
Paramount
All Talkie

IF you can accept Charles Rogers as a mild-tempered boy who turns into a roistering bad man, "River of Romance" is a grand picture. Several years ago it was produced with Cullen Landis as "The Fighting Coward." It is a humorous romance of crinoline days in the South. Dialogue is well handled and screen values have not been sacrificed. Rogers and Mary Brian are splendid. And superb comedy by Wallace Beery.

WHY BRING THAT UP?—
Paramount
All Talkie

GEORGE MORAN and Charles Mack, the famous Black Crows, are black only part of the time in "Why Bring That Up?" their flicker debut. The two idols of the phonograph records are at their best in burnt cork. Without the shellac it is evident that they aren't such a much at heavy emoting. When they get going about the early bird and the worm and other comedy skits they are superb.

PLEASURE CRAZED—
Fox
All Talkie

PEGGY WOOD, late of the legitimate, makes her bow as a dramatic actress of rare ability with a Hedda Gabler type of personality. She plays the dutiful wife of the concert pianist, admirably done by Lewis Stone. Leila Hyams is the decorative "other woman." A Sudermann theme of misunderstood genius. Beautiful direction, delightful acting, remarkable emotional undercurrent. Go prepared to think. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]
The Wisecracker Reveals

William Haines tells of his life in Hollywood and a career which at first promised little. And of his romances, philosophy and friends

Mr. William Haines, 1929 Model. Here you see the completed product, graduate of the Pola Negri Finishing School for Young Actors, as he looks in his latest comedy, "Navy Blues"

LAST month Bill Haines told of his childhood and his adventurous boyhood. He was born in Staunton, Virginia. There were five children in the family: three boys and two girls. Bill was the oldest.

Bill startled the family by running away from home. He worked for a time in a powder factory on the James River. Then he ran a dance hall for a brief period—until fire wiped it out.

Wandering to New York, Haines worked in a department store and with a bond house. Then he was selected as one of the two winners in a contest conducted by the Goldwyn Company. Eleanor Boardman was the other winner.

THE Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce doesn’t exactly send bands to the train to meet contest winners. They’re as common as coal miners in Pennsylvania. I was lonely and poor in a strange, confusing business. But I made up my mind that I would succeed.

In the first few years when things were going so badly for me I used to think I would die gladly just to make one good picture. It’s obvious that I didn’t die. It was a long time before I made that good picture, and when I did I had no wish to die, gladly or otherwise.

Someone had made the discovery of sex appeal about this time, and apparently it was something that William Haines lacked. They wouldn’t give me a break on that account, and it followed me around like a curse.

Eleanor Glyn went a bit further and said I didn’t have IT, and moreover, I was a big ham. I replied that the best hams in the world came from Virginia. I was beginning to wisecrack a bit. God knows I had to do something.

EVENTUALLY they found a rôle that could be played by a young fellow who didn’t have any sex appeal. I was to be given a chance in "Three Wise Fools," with Eleanor Boardman playing the leading feminine rôle.

I had to wear a high silk hat, and I had to wear it while I did my most dramatic scene. I’d never had one on before and it takes a good actor to be emotional in a top hat. I was just as conscious of it as I would have been without my pants. I was terrible, awful.

After that I played the heavy in a picture in which Lew Cody was the hero. That was funny because I had a round babyish face and my dirty work couldn’t have impressed anybody. I wore a high hat in that one, too, but this time it came easier. I had spent several evenings in front of the mirror trying to become friendly with it.

I played the cornfed man-with-the-hoe country lover in "The Tower of Lies." This was Norma Shearer’s first big dramatic picture. I let that everything depended on it. This time it was do or die. I worked myself to such a nervous pitch that one day in the midst of a love scene with Norma I became violently sick at my stomach and had to retire in a hurry to the sidelines.

I told the director that it was just a touch of ptomaine. I couldn’t tell him the real truth. They sent me home, and I spent the rest of the day in bed crying.

Then I argued the thing out with myself. Why should I be afraid of the camera? It was an inanimate object and couldn’t reach out and bite me on the chin. It had the faculty of photographing thought as well as features. I made up my mind that I would think more of what I
was doing, to try and live the rôle. It was a good philosophy and I stuck to it, for I was never afraid or nervous again.

But a philosophy isn't much good if you don't get a chance to practice what you preach. After that I played bits without screen credit. It came to me indirectly that the M-G-M organization had made up its mind to worry along without me.

At that time I was earning $5,000 a year. It seemed like an awful lot of money, but then I had to buy clothes, and pay rent on a little two by four apartment in Los Angeles. In addition, I was sending money home. I hadn't saved a sou, and wouldn't even be able to get back to New York.

Harry Cohn, the Columbia producer, was a life-saver to me. He asked M-G-M to borrow a leading man for a series of four pictures. They must have been glad to get me off their hands for they fell joyfully on his neck. My first picture at Columbia was "The Midnight Express," Elaine Hammerstein was the star.

I had one of those actor proof rôles, a young engineer who races to the rescue of something or other. The picture was made for a dill pickle and a cold fried egg, but it was my first success. Sex appeal or no sex appeal I was popular. Naturally I was happy. I remember that Harry Cohn gave us all gifts at Christmas. I got a bathrobe. The gift business was good. It created a friendly spirit.

Columbia tried to buy my contract option, but when my studio found out that somebody else wanted me they became coy. They asked $20,000, but Cohn didn't think I was worth that much. So M-G-M had me back on its hands. But the Columbia experience was valuable. It was through "The Midnight Express" that Mary Pickford chose me for her leading man in "Little Annie Rooney."

It was at this time that "Brown of Harvard" was scheduled to go into production. I determined that nobody but William Haines would play the rôle of Tom Brown. The executives were just as determined that anybody but William Haines would play it. Jack Conway thought I would be terrible, but Irving Thalberg stood by me through thick and thin. Jack Pickford was to be starred and Conway told me that, of course, he would steal the picture. Pickford was getting $3,000 a week. I made $250. Finally I was given the rôle, chiefly, I suppose, because it wasn't suitable to Lon Chaney, Lillian Gish or Conrad Nagel.

I thought and planned for that rôle. People had told me many times that I looked like Charles Ray. I can see the resemblance, so I determined to take a Charles Ray character, turn him inside out and make of him the freshest punk that ever drew breath. I did the best I could for Tom Brown. Gave him everything that was in me.

One day the supervisor was on the set. I overheard Jack Conway tell him to watch "that fresh punk put the scene over." At first I thought he meant Pickford. Then I realized he meant me—Pickford was in bed asleep and couldn't be doing much emoting. That was the first I realized that I was good. Boy, didn't I take that scene big!

When the picture was completed I forgot all about it. I didn't expect anything. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]
Temperamental?

Besides, say the movie actors, moods, ideals and general worries are distorted into the bugbear called temperament

By Katherine Albert

Jetta Goudal recently was awarded $31,000 in her suit against Cecil B. De Mille. She alleged a broken contract. De Mille countered with charges of temperament. The decision for Miss Goudal was a triumph for temperament.

PICTURE me upon a snow white charger, in a suit of glittering silver armor and mail, with a tempered Damascus blade circling agitatedly above my head. I have the crusader's spirit. I perfectly adore a cause.

I've just taken one up—the cause of temperament. I think it a bit pathetic that the actors can't answer back when everybody from the prop boy to the most high executive accuses them of throwing fits, of tearing their clothes, of jumping up and down on directors' hats.

And so I, in royal raiment and a high dudgeon, am going to let the stars speak their little pieces. I'm going to question a lot of them who have been accused of being hard to manage, and discover just what the vitriolic remarks they have to cast in the teeth of the producers who have called them temperamental.

Just what have the stars to say about temperament? Plenty, my good reader, plenty!

Of course, they all stood up and cheered when Judge Leon R. Yankwich gave Jetta Goudal $31,000 of Cecil B. De Mille's gold and the right to throw a fit when she chose. When her trial, in which she demanded back salary and De Mille demurred the right to break her contract because she was unmanageable, had ended, the judge said, in substance, that Jetta's value was not "in her ability to obey slavishly—for the humblest extra can do that—but in her ability to inject the force of her personality, experience and intelligence into the acting."

It was a great triumph for the actors.

It gave temperament a fresh start at all the studios. Jetta became something of a crusader herself. And what was her defense? What did she have to say about it?

LOOKING as inexplicable as ever in a pale green frock with flowing lines, set off by the exotic surroundings of her remarkable apartment, she sighed, "But I was never temperamental. I was always nice. I worked on the set when I was ill. A nurse stood in calling distance from morning until night. And I stayed up for hours and hours to work on my clothes—clothes that the wardrobe department had ruined."

"Ah, I was always nice. I always have good will. And don't you think that if I had ever displayed what you call fits of temperament that the studio powers would have told all about it at the trial when their money was going, when they saw they were losing the case?"

"But they couldn't recall one incident when I had given way to a burst of temperament."

"Well, then," said I, "how did you get the reputation for being that way?"

Jetta smiled, her dark smile. "That—oh, that's so easy to explain," she said. "I came here a foreigner. I had not been married, nor divorced. There was no scandal attached to my name. But I looked like a person who should have a scandal. They had to have something to say about me. Their own publicity department wrote a story and called me temperamental and hard to manage. They kept adding to it."

"They used to show me a lot of articles in the papers about how temperamental I was and they seemed very proud of them. Eventually they came to believe that I was really temperamental. That was all. They just believed their own publicity."

"Of course," she went on, "her slanting Oriental eyes narrowing down into horizontal slits, "of course, they could not stop me from thinking. Do you know what they did? A certain man reported me to the front office for this: Simply because he said I looked as if I thought he was a damn fool."
"And did you?" I asked.
"Of course," said Jetta, "he was a damn' fool, but I said not a word. I showed no display of either temper or temperament. I was always nice to him. I always said kind words. One can't be called temperamental simply for what one thinks.

"Another time the director wanted me to do a scene in a certain way. I thought it best done another way, but I said, 'Very well, you are the director. We do it your way.'"

"'But don't you agree that I'm right?'"

"'No,' I said, 'I don't. I will never agree, but I am perfectly willing to do it your way.'"

"For two days—for ten whole days—he held up production trying to make me agree with him. Now was he temperamental or was I? I was willing to do the scene as he thought best. But he wanted me to agree with him!"

I can well imagine that Jetta drove directors and executives into spasms of ineffectual temper. I can imagine that her calm, cynical eyes that mirrored the fact that she thought them all "damn' fools" sent them around the lot talking to themselves. Fits of temper they could stand, they are used to that. But as for temperament—in that Jetta is lacking. Surely, as she said, had she ever indulged in hectic emotional seizures all the lurid details would have been recounted in court.

What is dubbed temperament in Hollywood, seldom is. The Christian martyrs were not accused of it because they held out for their ideals. Poor old Nero might have yielded "temperament!" as loudly as any Hollywood film magnate.

Then why, pray, give that title to Jack Gilbert because he knows what he can do best and how to do it?

Jack has fought his way through almost every picture he has ever made and nine times out of ten Jack has been right. Artistically right, I mean. The happiest, calmest period of his life was when he was making "The Big Parade" and that picture still remains his best.

But he does say this: "Honesty—and I try to be honest with myself—I believe I'm not temperament, but if I am and if any actor is, it's natural. We live under a high nervous tension. We are always under a strain. We are continually playing parts. Is it any wonder that we play parts off screen?"

His wife, Ina Claire, says in substance, "I hope I'm temperamental. I've never seen an actress worthy of the name who wasn't to some degree. Unless a player has a sensitive nature, keenly tuned, she is incapable of portraying the emotions that are called for in a dramatic rôle, and an occasional overflowing of these emotions must be expected."

But time over and again what has been called temperament is really not at all. It's only smoke from the fire of rumor.

Word spread about the Paramount lot that Evelyn Brent had "gone actress" on the Moran and Mack set, when she refused to stand on a trapeze only ten feet high. It is an actual fact (and, if you don't believe it, her doctor's name will be furnished upon request) that Betty suffers from vertigo and cannot look out of a second story window without becoming dizzy. She did, at last, because of the keen criticism, stand on the trapeze.

She was ill and had to come down.

"Temperament," said the studio gossips, "just plain temperament."

Again they called her temperamental when she refused to attend the opening of "Broadway." She had gone to Universal in the first place against her will. She had taken the rôle in the picture against her better judgment. She thought she gave a bad performance and for that reason did not want to take her bow at the opening.

"I didn't do anything to bow for," she said.

She refuses to do gig publicity pictures because she believes that she isn't the type to wear hand painted socks with rabbits skipping over the cuffs. And they called May McAvoy temperamental when she worked in a tank of ice cold water from two o'clock one morning until six the next day and refused to come back the next day and do it again. She spent the next few weeks in the hospital, having a first class case of pneumonia.

They called Jean Hersholt impossible when he complained because he was under contract to Universal and was loaned to other companies at a sum reported to be three times his salary. Reginald Denny stoutly maintains, "I'm not temperamental. I'm just fighting for existence on the screen. You might call it English stubbornness, but I hate to stand by and get hit on the head with a mallet without offering some resistance." Denny has fought for proper stories and proper directors. He's simply working toward an ideal.

The strangest case of mistaken temperament is that of Greta Garbo. Melancholy, lonely Greta, who actually didn't understand Americans and American ways. Greta who was and is the most brutally frank actress who ever set thirty dollar pumps in the land of the kleigs.

She used to sit in front of the mirror while agitated hair dressers fluttered about her. She knew but little English. She knew she didn't like her coiffure. She said it. "Garbo does not like!" She said it in the only words she knew.

The fire that is the chief ingredient of temperament is lacking in the Garbo. She is slow moving, slow thinking, Scandinavian. She has never thrown things, nor has she, like Gualt, looked as if she thought her director a "damn' fool." She has looked mostly as if she didn't think at all. And she didn't. Anyhow, not in English. She simply answered questions without dissembling. Her reputation for being mysterious is as mysterious to her as her popularity.

The other day her publicity man told her that he kept people off her set by telling them she'd throw them off.

"Oh, but you mustn't say that," said Greta, "they will think I'm a terrible person. And I do not want people to think I'm a terrible person."

Genuinely she does not. She knows she has no temperament.

Her frankness has given her the reputation. [TURN TO PAGE 117]
Sing

By

Stewart Robertson

Illustrated by

Jefferson Machamer

Molly remained unimpressed. "Why don't you admit to the real reason?"

"Huh?" sparred Eddie.

"You heard me. Why don't you break down and confess that all this sob stuff is about Rosalie Redpath?"

"Because she's no more important than a fluke player, that's why. She's a darb, all right, but it's the business itself that appeals to me. The big money; the chance to live where it's all clean and sunny."

"Change your act," scoffed Miss O'Meara. "That's the way with all you warblers; you can't talk without sidetracking into punk verse. Well, take your choice, Eddie; it's me or the movies."

"Gee," said the little singer miserably. "A fat chance I'd
The romance of a voice double and a beautiful tap dancer

Out pranced sixteen damsels trained to a colorless perfection, and tastefully draped in wisps of tulle which revealed a liberal amount of clavicle and tibia as they wiggled through an unimaginative routine. Then a pompous nonentity—the master of ceremonies, with a supply of wisecracks culled carefully from the fan magazines and humorous weeklies. A cross fire talking duo. Acrobat. A juggler. Miss Molly O'Meara, dancing on the stage apron as daintily as the tick of a watch, or unrolling her triple taps with the smoothness of a military drummer. The first genuine applause. More girls.

Then darkness, and a molten spotlight thrown to the foot of the right proscenium, and into its center walked Eddie McCorkle, a bashful grin on his pinched countenance. A chord from the orchestra, and for the next two minutes a mellow tenor reigned supreme in the cathedral-like dimness.

APPLAUSE rushed swiftly across the theater and broke like surf against the footlights. A shamfaced bow and more melody. No jazz for Mr. McCorkle, and likewise, no grand opera. He gave them "Rosés of Picardy," "Long, Long Trail," "Duna" and other homely favorites, in tones that throbbed, caressed and awakened memories, and, after holding a final top note with effortless ease, he vanished into the wings pursued by salvos of appreciation.

"Oy," snorted Momma. "Such a feelink he gives you!" Rosie, her eyes closed, nodded rapturously.

"Sweet like honey," agreed Abie, squinting speculatively as he watched Eddie take his

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Mr. McCorkle finished his song for Rosie Redpath. "You're such a comfort with that velvet voice, Eddie," she sighed. "You've certainly got a weepy blend to your notes tonight. I feel all smoothed down already."

Rosie closed her pensive eyes and lay there serenely.
How They Manage

The Arlens find housebuilding a good foundation for marital bliss. A kiss is nice but a concrete drive-way lasts forever!

By
Alma Whitaker

Oh, but they are a couple of practical youngsters, Richard Arlen and JobynaRalston, who, since their marriage a trible over two years ago, have been steadily, industriously, joyously "feathering their nest."

To begin with they eschewed the fashionable Beverly Hills, where fearful standards of style and éclat must be lived up to, and bought a large, wooded acre-lot for $8,000 in Burbank. It is within four blocks of the First National Studio, but that doesn't mean that lovely surroundings have been ignored. On the contrary. For here, tucked in the middle of a wooded glen, stands Toluca Lake, fed by underground springs . . . precious, precious water in California. Other original souls have bought here, too . . . Charlie Farrell has a stylish bachelor establishment here; so has Eva Tanguay, so has Belle Bennett. Twelve minutes runs them into Hollywood, across a pretty bridge, between picturesque hills.

That same lot in Beverly Hills would have cost $25,000. The Spanish adobe house they have erected on it cost $12,000 to build . . . "not quite all paid for yet, but it won't be long," confides Dick) where the same house in the more distinguished district would represent thrice that.

For here, you see, Dick and Jobyna had no fear of shocking the neighbors by getting into overalls and working like young trojans to beautify that home. Real work, I mean, not the dainty frillings. You should see their handsome, red-tiled patios, porches, driveways—every tile laid and cemented by their own capable hands, over concrete foundations mixed and laid by themselves.

You should see the huge velvety young lawn which surrounds two sides of their spacious corner lot—dug up and seeded, rolled, weeded and mowed by their very own selves. And two outdoor fireplaces, built of cement by Jobyna and Dick without any hired help.

A dozen enormous walnut trees provide lovely shade—a bit too much shade sometimes, so that young Jobyna climbs aloft and saws off branches here and there, that her precious flower beds may mature to beauty in the sunshine. Under these trees stand garden furniture in gay hues, painted, decorated, canvassed by the owners. A clever little table with an inlaid tile top—Jobyna's job. A cypress hedge planted round three sides and doing handsomely—Dick's pride. Seats built into the old trees, ferns planted to drip from tree-holes, water jars hanging from branches—Dick's skilled labor.

And in a snug patio, a lily pond and fountain of concrete, building and plumbing all their own. This pond is soon to be a swimming pool . . . "But we may have that done professionally," confides Dick, "as it requires some engineering."

At this writing a guest-house is being added . . . one lovely room facing the swimming pool, with bath and dressing room all complete. Jobyna's dad was working on that when I called, but they are all in on it. Every bit of the paint work was done by Jobyna and Dick . . . and believe me, it doesn't look the least bit amateurish.

A NOTHER window seemed desirable in the little hall of the main house. Dick cut out the wall, Jobyna put the window in and painted the wood-work. When Jobyna works, whether it's house-painting, gardening, cementing, she wears overalls and gets her hands dirty—no dainty gloves for this practical maid. "I always loved doing men's jobs," she says. "I like sewing, too . . . and I am really a pretty good cook, but I don't like to cook. I'd rather dig, or plaster, or saw."

Still, I felt that perhaps upholstering was her chief talent. For inside that adorable house are chairs and lounges galore that were purchased in the crude wood—painted and upholstered by Jobyna's own capable little hands—which you would certainly suppose were expensive pieces made by experts. There are a few bought pieces, but actually Jobyna's jobs shine by comparison, because of their unusual shapes, their comfort, and the lovely scheme of colors applied in the upholstering. Proudly Dick brags of this handiwork and tells how Jobyna cuts her patterns, plans the seams, drives the tiny tacks in, pads the seats . . . and turns out masterpieces.

Then, too, Jobyna has made every curtain and drape in the

Jobyna herself made the drapes and bed-spread, and even upholstered the chairs in this delightful bedroom
It is a home of handsome, red-tiled patios, porches, driveways—and every tile has been laid and cemented by the capable hands of the Arlens themselves.

house, exquisitely. Some of costly material, gorgeously lined, some of dainty, inexpensive goods, crisp and fairylike. One gazes at this little girl in astonishment—she is so petite, so gay and boyish, so pretty to be so versatitlely capable.

"Did Dick win you to this matriarchal applied domesticity?" I asked, wondering.

"Oh, no, I was a farm girl, you know. It was I who won Dick to making and doing things ourselves. It's much more fun," says Jobyna, while Dick grins assent.

The big living room, with French windows leading out on to lawns and patios, has a beamed ceiling which, with the walls, is all painted a creamy white. Dick can tell you just how many coats of oil it takes to make that sort of a perfect job. The floor is carpeted in a soft blue green of expensive texture. A grand piano stands at one end, with numerous silver trophy cups filled with home-grown flowers. These, together with fifty more in the cellar, were won by Jobyna for dancing.

... "No, not with me... with her former beau," laughs Dick.

A CANDELABRA with seven red candles also decks the piano, and this red candelabra idea is carried out around the walls and in the center from a ceiling beam. Standard lamps galore, in lovely shades, also dot the room—parchment shades made by Jobyna. A big fireplace adorns one corner, old brass and copper vessels gleaming on its mantel... "We picked up some bargains there," they confide... "And that shield and assegai from North Africa were given to me by the studio... used in 'Four Feathers,' you remember," adds Dick.

A large bookcase covers one end wall... one notices that their taste is rather French... Rabelais, Daudet, Gautier, Balzac, Boccaccio, rather crowding O. Henry, Scott, Lytton, Conrad and Bret Harte. On a table... obviously current reading, were "Dream Life," "Sons and Lovers," "Essays of Oscar Wilde," "Reveries of a Bachelor"... so you never can tell what a practical industrious couple will read these days. "We have lost over 100 books through borrows," they sighed.

Over the bookcase is a lovely crucifix of ebony and ivory... and in a niche in the patio, a statuette of the Madonna. Jobyna, you see, is a Catholic.

On another low table stands a huge, precious oriental China bowl, filled with flowers, and near it an ancient desk that belongs to that raftered room. "I don't think it's a valuable antique," says Jobyna. "I got it too cheap, but I love it." Here stands a picture of Dick in "Wings," inscribed "To my Babee, the most precious thing I have!"

A large painting, in excellent taste, adorns one wall. "We just like it, but neither of us knows a thing about art," grins Dick.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 65 ]
The Weigh of All Flesh

The eighteen day diet makes the great famine look like a Roman banquet

By Harriet Parsons

Polly Moran got plenty thin after a few days on the Hollywood diet. Then her dentist finished a nice new set of teeth for her and Polly felt that she ought to use 'em frequently. She did and here's what happened! Reverse the pictures and you see Polly before and after dieting. Or maybe the camera man was in a waggish mood.

The most burning issue of the day is this 18-day diet crisis. Beside it the Kellogg Pact and the Russo-Chinese War fade into insignificance. There have been opinions, statements, criticisms and raves issued by doctors, lawyers, actors, bootleggers, society women, columnists and plain fools. Everyone, from the Siamese Twins to the Mayo Brothers, has had a hand in the matter.

At a first glance, the situation seems somewhat hopeless. A tabloid's-eye view leaves one with the general impression that:

The Mayo Brothers created the 18-day diet for Ethel Barrymore.

Ethel Barrymore created the 18-day diet for the Mayo Brothers.

Neither Ethel Barrymore nor the Mayo Brothers ever heard of the 18-day diet.

People who go on the 18-day diet thrive and grow slim.

People who go on the 18-day diet develop t. h. and die like flies.

People who go on the 18-day diet take on a rabidity look after the tenth bale of lettuce.

It is all very confusing. There is even a divergence of opinion as to the correct name for the new rage. Many have dubbed it the 18-day diet because it consists of special menus for a period of eighteen days. At the end of which period, if you have been conscientious, you are either sylph-like or dead—or both. It has been called the Hollywood diet because of the enthusiasm with which well-known screen personalities have taken it up.

The tale which has gained most credence, however, has to do with Miss Ethel Barrymore and the Mayo clinic. Someone somewhere started the rumor that Miss Barrymore, alarmed by what her mirror told her and her scales corroborated, had paid the Mayo Brothers five hundred dollars to create a special diet for her.

One had only to look at Ethel to see that she had been trimmed down to half-size by fair means or foul—and the story was one with plenty of appeal to the over-sized ladies of the nation. Followed the deluge. Copies of the diet swarmed over the country like a flock of locusts. In every meeting place, from Hollywood's Montmartre to the Ladies' Room of the Medicine Hat Elks' Club, women could be seen putting their heads together and exchanging slips of paper. The reading material on these slips sounded like the annual report of a Big Fruit and Vegetable Man from Orange.

The country rapidly became cucumber-minded, and in no time at all enough lettuce was consumed to feed all the pet animals in the land, including Lupe Velez' eagles. The grapefruit consumption was terrific, and the list of those wounded by squirting grapefruit juice grew longer every day. The general effect—on dispositions and otherwise—was slightly acid.

Nor was it the women of America alone who were responsible for the Great Diet Era. Doctors, lawyers, merchants and chefs surreptitiously compared waistlines and grabbed at bootlegged copies of the diet which went the round's more or less sub rosa.

They were less frank in their pursuit of the occult mysteries of dietism, but they were bitten by the deadly grapefruit and lettuce virus, none the less.

But nowhere did the new cult flourish as in Hollywood. Every day the sum of pounds lost by the weigh-side grew more imposing, and the battle-cry of the hour was: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Ambitious cinematographic activities planned by photographic clubs for Fall and Winter

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners in Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest holds over for one more month.

It was impossible to present the films winning their way into the finals to all of the judges in time for a complete announcement of awards in this issue. Photoplay readers and amateur enthusiasts generally can count upon full details in the November number of this magazine.

The Stanford Studios, of Stanford University, Calif., plan a production of Hawthorne's "Birthmark" this fall. Ernest W. Page, director of the Stanford Studios, is scene-racing the screen version. The club believes that the Hawthorne story provides a remarkable opportunity for the interpretation of a single mood and experiments in advanced cinematic technique.

The Stanford Studios' production of "The Fast Male," in 1,200 feet of 16-millimeter film, gave high promise. Consequently, the organization's forthcoming presentation film will be watched with high interest.

A YOUTHFUL amateur group at Grosse Point Park, Mich., under the leadership of Jack Navin, has four productions to its credit to date. One of these productions, "Sophistication," was entered in Photoplay's contest and was an interesting satire upon tabloid newspapers and tabloid thinking. The leading rôle was played by Elizabeth Sutherland.

This group is now producing "Alimony Mary," with Catherine Anne Currie in the leading rôle. The plot concerns the back stage life of a dance team.

At a recent meeting of amateurs in Wilmington, Del., the Amateur Cinema Club of Delaware was organized.

The Cine Club of Portland, Oregon, recently completed its first film production, "Reel Golf," in 320 feet of 16-millimeter film. Scenes were made at the Glendover Golf Club at Portland.

The first showing of "A Race for Ties," made by the Amateur Cinema Society of Port Arthur, Canada, attracted much attention recently in one of the Port Arthur theaters, drawing a capacity audience. The film was the first production of the club. The scenario, written by Dorothea Mitchell, was developed around North Woods lumbering activities and the bitter competition between small lumbermen and big concerns. Harold Harcourt directed "A Race for Ties."

Movie Makers of Waterloo, Iowa, have organized under the leadership of W. H. Pamphlin and George W. Mack. The first production, "Uncle Duggett," a comedy running 300 feet in 16-millimeter film, has been completed. King Beal directed.

The Orleans Cinema Club has been organized in New Orleans, La. This is the first amateur club to be formed in Louisiana. The première of the club's first two productions, "Bayou d'Amour" and "Air Buddies," each running 400 feet in 16-millimeters, was held recently at the club's studio. "Air Buddies" is an ambitious story of the World War, while "Bayou d'Amour" is the romance of an artist and a country girl.

The Movie Division of the Cleveland Photographic Society is working on a mystery story involving a number of special effects and illusions.

The Amateur Movie Club of Rochester is planning the production of a film illustrating the methods used in selling fake stock. This picture will be made with the cooperation of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce and the Better Business Bureau. Another instance of amateur cinematographers cooperating in an important civic project.

Filming of "Trustworthy," by the Birmingham, Ala., Amateur Movie Association, has been completed.
Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall

Hollywood Rewrites the Nation's Songs

TALKIE-MAD WIFE—"John! John! Wake up! With you snoring there like a buzz saw, how can you expect me to hear Hector Eclair's assistant voice double singing the theme song?"

A bunch of the boys was hitting it up
In the Malamute Saloon,
And the kid who rattles the music box
Was punching a ragtime tune by Snitkin, O'Brien
And Jones, from "The Hollywood Revue of Follies."

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour, featuring
Helen Kane, poo-poo-pa-doo!

If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines and Lon Chaney.

A Laugh or Nothing

It was so hot on Broadway in July that a cop was chasing George Bancroft across the screen of the Rivoli Theater and loch were crawling... Customer Neal Smith of Florida sends in an ad from the Alcazar Theater, Dothan, Alabama, advertising "The Letter," and starring "Jeanne Eagles, the Al Jolson of France." Any comment would be carrying cigarette lighters to a movie critic... Fox is taking sound equipment up in planes to film "The Sky Hawk" and all the actors are studying Harp... Columnist Medbury states that six and six make twelve and sex and sex make a movie... The Coolidge Theater, in New Hampshire, has been wired for talking pictures, and now all my heart craves is a talking short of the ex-president playing chess on the top of the White Mountains at midnight... From England comes the cry "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we dialog!"... Warners are reported to have offered Jolson $100,000 to appear in "The Show of Shows," with Al kiddingly asking $200,000. What a sense of humor! Maybe for $50,000 he'd bow to Jack Warner!... Actors Equity members in Hollywood sent the longest telegram in history to Marion Davies. It totalled 1,550 words. I will bet five hundred shares of Technicolor against a Kansas censor that the 1,450th word was "Regards."

The Gag of the Month Club

Our monthly prize of a cancelled invitation to Clara Bow's wedding goes once more to Dr. Bugs Baer, the wit who began paragraphing during the Hayes-Tilden controversy and has never let up.

He says that Lon Chaney is on the 18-day Hollywood diet and has already lost seven faces.

Getting Personal

Stewart Robertson, who writes the slick short stories that Photoplay publishes as fast as they come in, is an engineer by trade and specializes in bridge building... It is reported that some of the sound pictures May McAvoy had taken of her recent wedding had to be cut because some of the guests talked personal stuff right in the "mike's" ear... The first Mrs. Doug Fairbanks was recently married to Jack Whiting, popular stage juvenile, in New York. The bride's age was given as 40 and that of the groom as 28... A lighted plane advertising "Thunderbolt" in the sky above New York charges $1,500 a night for the job... Reports come in stating that hundreds of women who have served the 18-day, grape-fruit diet are reporting to their doctors with cases of acidosis... Hoot Gibson has received his pilot's license and made a 340 mile solo flight to celebrate... Ronald Colman is said to sign 25,000 pictures of himself a year, but I care not who signs the nation's photographs if I could sign its checks... Sad rumors say that Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are not getting on so well, with Greta Nissen mentioned as Angle Three of the Infernal Triangle... Johnny Mack Brown and spouse are the parents of Jane Harriet Brown, weight six pounds and six ounces, father doing exceptionally well... Helda Hopper, between pictures, is selling real estate... Camilla Horn, the little German girl, instead of going abroad for a holiday in the Beer and Pretzel Belt, is studying English at a New York public school. Her teacher's name is Mrs. M. J. Peterson, who says that Camilla is one of the better behaved youngsters... Old Hank Walthall, who has been in pictures since epics were one-reelers, has bought a Ford station truck holding eight passengers and has lit out for a camping trip in the high Sierras. Smart fellow, Hank. If the pictures die under him he can always meet the trains... Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez reported house hunting in Beverly Hills.
MISS HELEN CHOATE

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE JOSEPH H. CHOATE IS POET • MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, who was so long our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for a round of golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco. She is an accomplished pianist, and speaks French and German admirably.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that previous gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satint-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes wholeheartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look," is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's de-licious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or ride or golf."

For unerring results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY—first, for complete cleansing apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so much softer, more absorbent.

Repeat these two steps.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powdery base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes for all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How They Manage Their Homes

[continued from page 63]

The dining room is of dark oak with the chairs upholstered by Jobyna to match the drapes, and a saucy tablecloth showing off some bright flowers.

Maybe not, but an expert interior decorator could have done no better. That dainty little dining room, for instance, of dark oak, with chairs upholstered by Jobyna to match the drapes, and a saucy plaid tablecloth showing off some bright flowers. Shelves galore, loaded with gay but inexpensive china and glass.

THERE are only two bedrooms at present. Their own is carpeted with a rich dove-grey rug, which sets off the very wide low bed handsomely. A draped canopy at the head of the bed and the quilt of old gold damask were both made by Jobyna. More book shelves in the bedroom and little desks and side tables ... and a big fireplace, with inviting cretonne-covered chairs to match the window drapes—also Jobyna’s handiwork. A huge white bearskin rug adorns the center of the room.

From this through wroght iron gates, their bath-dressing room—all pretty tiles, and two built-in dressing tables. Jobyna had tiles arranged on these, all ready to be cemented in. They are old Spanish tiles brought over by a friend ... and some adorn the outside walls of the house as well. The bath is sunken and a shower is tucked in a corner. Cute little upholstered chairs here too—made by Jobyna.

The guest room has twin beds and dainty painted furniture. “When our guest house is finished this will be our library,” explains Dick, who has vast plans for building some more French doors instead of walls, to get the full benefit of that swimming pool view when it’s built in the fish-pond patio. And when you remember that all the walls are two feet thick you will see Dick has undertaken quite a job.

Dick does occasionally put down the hammer and saw and pause to enjoy the beauty which he and Jobyna have created.

These two have never hired a gardener for a single day—yet they have a show garden. The sprinkling system is magical, doing prodigious things on the turning of a handle. This Toluca Lake district is really a little wooded oases in a rather desert-looking valley—and beyond it stands a charming country club and golf course. On the lake itself are swans and boats—and Dick is playfully called Mayor of his little community, with Charlie Farrell as fire-chief. They are bursting with proposed civic improvements, and are raising subscriptions to improve the charms of the lake and to plant trees down the nearby boulevard.

Dick is worried because the badminton spoils his lawn, so a badminton court is to be added this winter. It is one of their pet recreations. Dick fuses a good deal about that lawn—a horrid boy on a motor-bike scraped it up badly last week—so a gate will soon protect it, through two mighty gate-posts built by Jobyna. An old gate from the original Lasky studio will fill the bill.

Dick loves this old gate, which he proudly exhibits. You see, he has been with Lasky ever since he returned from serving with the British army in the war. But at first he was just a film messenger boy. Then he broke a leg and got $13.50 a week compensation. To help him out they let him play “extra” and later gave him “bits” as his leg improved.

“And that’s how I became an actor,” grins Dick, who has since risen to stary heights—especially since “Wings.”

Now we come to the kitchen, all soft, red tiling and white paint. Here presides Marguerita, a young German girl, the only help they keep. Marguerita is blonde, bayou, cheerful and does the housework, cooking, and washes Dick’s shirts and Jobyna’s silk undies. She gets $75 a month... and is evidently a first class housekeeper. On her days out Jobyna does the cooking—and just now her dad and one of Dick’s brothers are staying with them, too, so it’s no sincere.

The rest of the laundry goes out, and costs about $11 a month. “But that doesn’t include cleaner’s bills for the white pants I ruin working in the garden,” says Dick, who always forgets to don his overalls until it is too late. However, it does include Jobyna’s white duck pants and sweat shirt—her usual home attire when there is no company.

“Our groceries come to about $65 a month,” says Jobyna. “I do all the ordering myself and plan the meals. That includes everything but ice and milk. We drink a lot of milk—at least ten dollars’ worth a month. The ice costs about $4 a month.

“I haven’t learned how to economize on telephone bills yet,” complains Jobyna. “You see, we are outside the city and it costs us 10 cents a call for five minutes... and people hang on so long. Our bill is about $18 a month. I must do some agitation about that.”

Jobyna simply adores housekeeping.
Please tell me...

JEAN CARROLL'S
Page on Hair Beauty

Two simple rules for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I listened in on part of your radio talk Friday. I have been told that oil is a great trouble. My hair is always black and the last few years it has become very oily, and is falling out terribly.

Dear Mrs. C. K. M.: You've made a good start. Physicians have prescribed Packer's Tar Soap for years in cases of dandruff. But you can't expect one or two shampoos to work miracles. If your dandruff is rather serious—and it sounds like it—you should shampoo every few days at first.

Massage the rich, thick, piney lather well into your scalp. Let the good pine tar and the gentle antiseptic properties of the soap get after those little dandruff germs. Think of your shampoos as a treatment—not as just something to clean your hair when it needs it. And keep your brush and comb clean so you don't put germs back on your nice clean scalp.

Then, after you've checked the dandruff shampoo once a week or every ten days.

A shampoo for dry hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I mentioned that I have dry hair. If I use too much shampoo, it looks unattractive. The color is really a nice brown and if it were shining with life, it would be very pretty.

I'm going to advise you to use a special shampoo—made just for dry hair like yours. This is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo—made of pure vegetable oils. It leaves your hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains softening, soothing glycerine. It brings out the color and natural lights that all hair has when it's healthy.

Then will you massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood rushing up to feed the hair roots? And use your hair brush. You'll see new life in your hair, I'm sure, to match your eyes. And haven't you noticed how sparkling eyes and lovely hair do create an impression of beauty?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in: Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

If any of the letters above describes the condition of your hair, one of the Packer products will help. Full size packages are available at most drug and department stores. The coupon below is for your convenience in ordering samples. (If you have any special problems, write Miss Carroll personally.)

Send for samples

(10 cents for one; 25 cents for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 16J), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose ______ cents (enclose 10 cents for one sample; 25 cents for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Anita Page is all for wearing a silk polo shirt at her tennis orgies, either with these shorts or a pleated skirt. It’s in apple-green suit, turning the crank of a portable phonograph.

Lilyan Tashman, sporting a particularly deep tan, with her hair looking bright yellow in contrast.

Lois Wilson giving a bath to Clive Brook, Jr. Don’t worry, folks, Clive, Jr., is aged two.

Gladys Unger, the playwright and scenarist, moving into a cottage with green walls and yellow wicker furniture.

Herbert Brenon giving a huge party. Per usual.

Al Santell giving a ditto.

Carlotta King and Edmund Lowe separating their respective wire-haired pooches.

Harry Rapf, M-G-M producer, chatting over the fence to R. P. Schulberg, high-mogul at Paramount.

George O’Brien displaying all his muscles in scanty swimming trunks above upper.

Catherine Dale Owen diving into the breakers with Prince Youcca Troubetskoï.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes on the sand in front of Ramona Cottage, the Del Rio house.

WELL, well! If the talkies haven’t brought us another old friend! Remember Alice Lake, who used to decorate the old Metro pictures? After some years in vaudeville, she’s back on the lots with a fine microphone voice, and at present is playing in “Frozen Justice,” with Lenore Ulric. Glad to hear and see you back, Alice!

THE contract of Esther Ralston, one of the best liked girls ever at Paramount, has not been renewed. It seems that her husband manager, George Webb, is not too welcome on the big Lasky lot.

The legend goes that the Ralston-Webb marriage is a beauty, safe through storm and sunshine, and that it makes Esther happy to do what husband says. Thus his word, in her affairs, is final.

This makes people wonder whether his managership has been all for the best. They opine that if George had not been so stern about terms, and if Esther’s sweet charm had been allowed to negotiate a new contract, the blonde beauty might be allowed to scatter radiance at Paramount for a long time to come.

THE best of everything is wished for Anita Stewart, embarking on a second matrimonial career.

Nothing if not hopeful was Anita, as she went to the altar with George P. Converse.

“I do hope this... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]
A dealer in beauty am I!

I offer you a smooth, translucent skin—free from blemish—and a healthful glow to grace your cheeks.

Far from being a rival to your creams and lotions, I am, in truth, their most potent helper. For I am Sal Hepatica, and I keep your skin pure because I free your bloodstream from the poisons of waste.

But though my blessings are great, the price I demand is trifling—30c—60c—$1.20. Use me for a week. Your complexion and your health will be better, yet the cost will be infinitesimal.

The saline method—with Sal Hepatica—is remarkable for the way it keeps the system internally pure. It clears the complexion of defects, and banishes lassitude and dullness. By gentle cleansing it routs constipation—the arch foe of beauty and buoyant spirits.

The fashionable women of Europe have for years known the great advantages of salines as internal cleansers and brings of clear cheeks. Regularly do they visit the saline springs of the Continent, not only to freshen their complexions by drinking daily of the sparkling waters, but to combat a host of minor, everyday ills, brought on by failure to correctly eliminate acidity and poisons of waste.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel; how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth" which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

* * *

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-109, 71 West St., N.Y. Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth" which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
9 out

guard their lovely

Aileen Pringle, famous star, in the charming bathroom—with its impressive stained glass window—built in Hollywood especially for her. She says: "Smooth, exquisite skin is a screen star's most priceless possession. Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

The photo on the left is a portrait of Aileen Pringle. The photo on the right is a portrait of Louise Brooks. Below the photos, the text continues:

Thelma Todd, First National’s striking blonde star, says: "A star’s skin must be utterly smooth. Lux Toilet Soap’s gentle lather is lovely for my skin."

Lilian Tashman, lovely screen star, says: "You must have a beautiful skin for the screen. Lux Toilet Soap is a wonderful help in keeping the skin blooming."

Lux

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
of 10 Screen Stars
skin this way

"Without beautiful skin,
o girl attains success on the screen,"
say 39 Hollywood directors

HOLLYWOOD has come to be the surest
judge in the world of what a girl must
have to be genuinely attractive—and Holly-
wood’s experience has been that the most
vital of all appeals is a charming skin.

“Smooth, flawless skin is more important
to a girl than beautiful features,” says Fred
Niblo, director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
—and sums up the experience of 39 leading
movie directors.

“This is especially true of the motion
picture star,” he goes on to say. “Her skin
must be perfect—no make-up can deceive
the eye of the camera when a close-up is
being taken. I believe there are more rarely
lovely skins in Hollywood than anywhere
in the world.”

Under the searching brilliancy of the new
incandescent “sun-spot” lights used for the
close-up, any smallest skin defect would be
registered on the film.

This is why nine out of ten screen stars use
Lux Toilet Soap, and why it has been made
the official soap in the dressing rooms of all
the great film studios.

Of the 451 important actresses in Holly-
wood, including all stars, 442 use this white,
daintily fragrant soap. Hollywood has found
that it keeps the skin exquisitely smooth
and soft.

Are you using Lux Toilet Soap? Buy
several cakes—today. You’ll be delighted
with it. Use it for the bath, too, as so many
lovely screen stars do—and for the shampoo.

Luxury such as you have found
only in French soaps at 50c
and $1.00 the cake... now

Toilet Soap 10c
Why was the name Deauville chosen for this Distinguished Design?

Deauville: notable among French seaside resorts, show place of fashion. Glittering sands, tea dances...dinners starting at midnight...costumes. Finances making holiday...diplomats forgetting statecraft...royally at play...magnificent women, perfectly gowned. Whether you have visited Deauville as guest from one of the palatial homes nearby...or have entered directly into its whirl...you know how utter smartness interprets its spirit completely.

That supreme note of what is smart perfectly expresses Deauville...and quite as perfectly describes this new Community design. Richly bevelled planes...relieved by the ebony glow of platinum surfaces...outlines at once elegant and substantial...that is Deauville interpreted in Community Plate. Truly a design that appeals to those persons of taste and position, who make...as the French say..."the world." As you examine the Deauville at your jeweler's, you will recognize at once its style, and feeling for smartness, for modernity.

Deauville teaspoons, six for...$4.00
Complete service, six places...$50.50
Complete service, eight places, $59.00
Also an assortment of lovely Service Ware in the Deauville design...Three piece tea set (Illustrated below) is $40.00. At Your Jeweler's.

Oneida Community, Ltd. - Oneida - N. Y.

COMMUNITY PLATE
ALSO MAKERS OF TUDOR PLATE

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The smartest silhouette of the season comes straight from Hollywood. Dark and slim, this charming gown of black tulle, worn by Kay Francis, illustrates Hollywood's dominant influence on the mode. For this evening frock with its cleverly lengthened skirts, its chic dignity and molded figure outline shows the Hollywood touch pre-eminent. Paris fashions have been mannish for several seasons, during which Hollywood clothes have stressed elegance and grace. Paris models were almost cruel in their simplicity. Hollywood's models were like a caress. The result is that this fall sees Paris, the proud, bowing to young Hollywood; Paris turning back to femininity; Paris fashions gratefully copying the romantic quality Hollywood fashions long ago created.
Now... in smart shops
Finer Frocks

CREPE Satins by Skinner! A lovely, heavy, distinctive quality, woven for finer frocks... by the mills that stand supreme in silks and satins.

Exquisite evening tints or daytime shades await you. The reds of cardinal... the purples of kings... sportsman's green and autumn browns... or dainty pastel pinks and blues... all with Skinner wearing quality.

Dresses made of Skinner's are on display at smart shops. Identify them by the Skinner ticket or label, or "Look for the Name in the Selvage." Write and we will tell you of store near you.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"
Photoplay's Style Forecast

THE modernistic mood is reflected in this gown of nude crêpe satin, worn by Esther Ralston. Unrelenting lines are followed in skirt and neckline, with chic results. The uneven rectangular panels and triple neckline are bordered with crystals.

THIS amusing black and white satin frock is equally attractive with or without the cape. The severe, molded lines of the dress are slenderizing—not that Mary Nolan need worry about that! The cape lends a note of military trimness.

A BLACK satin vestee, piped with blue and finished with gun-metal buttons; a knee-length coat of black, trimmed with blue; trousers of blue, slashed and patterned in black; the result—a smart pajama ensemble, and Leila Hyams is ready for beach or boudoir.
LOVELY ANKLES

look only lovelier, clad in flattering Shuglovs

Shuglovs are appreciated most by those who will never relax their standards of appearance, however inclement the weather.

Shuglovs are, indeed, an entirely new conception of protective foot-gear. They are feather-light. Perfect fitting. Flexible...as an imported glove. Cut as gracefully as an evening slipper. Colors follow closely the smart ensemble shades.

And Shuglovs offer perfect protection from cold, rain and snow. Every pair is waterproof. They are lined for added warmth—but so very lightly that there's not one added bit of bulk.

Smart shops everywhere have Shuglovs. Look for the name "Shuglov" (pronounced shoe-glove) which stamps the original creation by Miller.

Shuglovs by Miller offer your choice of two fabrics: dainty moire rubber lightly but warmly lined, and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over and concealed Talon Hookless Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Easily cleaned, both inside and out.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y., AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.

 TIRES . TUBES . ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS . DRUG SUNDRIES . BATHING WEAR SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR . RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS . MOLDED RUBBER GOODS
LEILA HYAMS has turned up the cuffs of her overshoes to protect her hose from spattering mud. Yet so trimly do they hug the graceful line of her ankles that there is none of the clumsiness which characterizes most overshoes.

KATHRYN CRAWFORD is not afraid of rain. She has found a form-fitting overshoe which both flatters and protects. It is made of the lightest rubber, in a tan which blends with hat and hose.

FOR more formal wear Mary Philbin has selected a neatly tailored overshoe of the gaiter type. It is of light-weight cloth, and so smart that it harmonizes admirably with the softest of furs.
The POIRET POUCH SHAPE has created a New Style

From Paris and the sketching-pencil of Paul Poiret, himself, comes this entirely new style of Costume Bag. You may have them now in many tempting patterns . . . sparkling with coral shades and other favored colors of the season, or in glistening black-and-white which again rivals colors in the ensembles of carefully costumed women.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags — Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass. In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Bag illustrated is No. 3271-ACFS, Beadlite enameled Poiret pouch-shape Costume Bag, silk lined with mirror, 5 in. frame, $18. Others $4 to $75.

Hand in Hand with Fashion

WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS
Photoplay's Style Forecast

Smart for fall wear is this tailored ensemble with coat of flat fur and gay dress and lining of the same material. Billie Dove has selected shoes, gloves, hat and exquisite bag of baby scale mesh with an eye to creating a perfect whole.

Ruth Elder, with this very smart street costume and close-fitting, cap-like hat, carries a bag of beadlike mesh, colorfully enamelled in a striking modernistic design. The geometrical frame and clasp are also frankly modernistic in tone.

Gown and wrap are complete only when accompanied by smart accessories. That is why Laura LaPlante has chosen this dainty bag of baby mesh. Its delicate colors blend with her gown, and the white background echoes the creamy fur of her wrap.
Velvetta Suede Calf

Portrays the vogue of fashionable gatherings. Observe Joan Crawford’s choice of shoes and bag ... both ebony black Velvetta Suede of rich soft lustre ... and so color-fast it’s always fastidious. Remember, too, that Velvetta Suede will not crock. In a nearby shop you will find a variety of unusual motifs in this beautiful leather.

Please write for your free copy of our beautifully colored fall and winter style booklet.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER CO
109 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

velvetta suede will not crock
Photoplay's Style Forecast

Joan Crawford casts her vote for suède as the ideal material for fall shoes. For street wear Miss Crawford chooses a trim, tailored strap-pump with a Cuban heel. The pump is of suède, trimmed with calf, and harmonizes admirably with the severely tailored hat and fur-trimmed coat.

For afternoon or informal evening wear Miss Crawford, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., selects a suède opera pump, distinguished by its simplicity. The pump boasts no trimming save a seam across the instep. The shoe adds the finishing touch to the wrap-around coat with shawl collar and the flattering cloche bonnet.

For sport wear Joan chooses a shoe which is very tailored. It is again the popular strap-pump, of suède, trimmed with calf. The toe-caps are brogued. A tweed suit with scarf collar completes the costume.
You need not fear the bright light of the sun. You do not want the disguise of lines that "soften"—colors that "flatter." For you are an American, and young!

You can wear a hat of the most daring line, the most vivid hue—and it will but accentuate the charm of your own vivid personality: a personality which every Paris modiste regards with a sigh!

A Startling Revelation
For there is an unwritten law among European designers that the truly young woman must not be considered in the field of fashion. This startling fact was recently revealed by the Paris Fashion Editor of an international magazine. We are permitted to disclose what she said only on the condition we do not mention her name:

"In Europe the young woman doesn't count in the mode. The women who influence fashion are older women. Not one is under thirty. Many are over forty—some are in their fifties, and even older."

In short: Paris styles are for the older woman. But what of the Young American? What of you? You, whom the great modistes of Paris ignore? You, who do not need their cunning art, since you have nothing to disguise or conceal? Must you wear mediocre copies of their models—designed for a woman old enough to be your grandmother?

No!
America's most distinguished milliners—the House of Gage—have realized the need of an individual mode for the Young American!

The Young American Idea
For that purpose they have been quietly training a designer, Jackie Starr by name—herself a Young American, not yet twenty years old. For two years she has been working side by side with the Chief Designer of the famous Gage Hats. There she has been watching, studying, learning the secrets of fine hat-making. And the Chief Designer of the House of Gage has been watching her—observing with pride the adventurous little hats which she has made, now and then, for herself. Little daring things—bravely simple things—that only a Young American could wear!

Now her years of study and experiment are over. Gage presents her creations to you.

Look for the Bow and Arrow
In order that you may have one to wear with every costume, Young American hats are priced extremely low. Each carries in its lining the modern symbols of the Young American: the bow for suppleness; the arrow for unwavering speed. And each hat is sold to you in a gay red-white-and-blue box carrying the same symbols. You'll find them awaiting your selection in leading shops and department stores.

If your favorite shop or store has not received them, won't you write to Jackie Starr, Dept. PO, Gage Brothers & Company, 18 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago? Write to Jackie, anyway! She'll be delighted to have you consult her about your clothing-problems, or to hear any suggestions that you make concerning her designs.

Four Young American Hats
DESIGNED FOR YOU
BY JACKIE STARR
MADE FOR YOU
BY GAGE
EACH IS $5 (BOX INCLUDED)
Photoplay’s Style Forecast

**Raquel Torres’ newest**

is a chic black hat, particularly smart for informal evening wear. The felt is cleverly cut, revealing velvet ribbon which passes through it at one side, is drawn across the back through a loop of felt again and ends in a flaring point

**Gwen Lee** looks naughty but nice in this sophisticated felt. It has a band across the back, ending in devilish points like horns, and two more points, folded back on themselves, at each side. The hat is nut brown, and the horn points are faced in beige

**We** might call Anita Page nautical but nice, for a golfer’s cap inspired her hat. The crown is of sections of velvet and the cuff brim of felt. The lacing on the side and the saucy bow on top are novel touches
SHARON LYNN slips her silk-clad toes into a pair of dainty, black crépe de Chine mules, lined with a contrasting shade of crépe de Chine. The flower ornament is of crépe and the heels are of the half Louis variety, both graceful and comfortable.

NO high-heeled mules for Raquel Torres after a long, hard day at the studio. Her tired feet slide into comfy house slippers of soft leather in two contrasting colors.

WITH negligee and lingerie of the sheerest lace and crépe de Chine, Dixie Lee wears mules of Chinese print material, lined with crépe de Chine and having a full Louis heel.
The femininity of this crepe de chine Mule is enhanced by a crepe flower ornament.

A velvet bow provides a smart finish to this embroidered satin bridge slipper.

Softly padded, this patent leather and kid slipper spells ease.

This D'Orsay is done in a gay, imported Chinese print. Silk-crepe lined.

in these glorious slippers by Daniel Green

Would you like a swagger little pajama boot to accentuate smartly the dominant color in your lounging suit . . . . or an exquisite crepe de chine mule to complement the pastel tones of your favorite, filmy negligee . . . .

You may have such slippers, designed by distinguished stylists, on a fashion plane worthy of the most fascinating Parisian negligee or pajama ensemble.

Daniel Green, slipper maker to the world for 47 years, offers this captivating array—gleaming satins, rich leathers, velvets, crepes and metal brocades.

Here are soft quilted Boudoir slippers into which to curl your toes before the bath, smart D'Orsays for a comfortable morning; sophisticated, semi-formal Bridge and Hostess slippers in a wealth of colors to harmonize with any daytime frock.

Daniel Green Slippers retain their dainty shape, look better, and are more comfortable because they fit so well. Only these slippers, style-marked with the name of Daniel Green, give such assurance of unusual value.

Daniel Green Slippers, Dolgeville, N.Y.

Daniel Green
Guaranteed
Slippers

$2.50 to $6.50 and upwards

Sold in every country in the world
CRISP AIR...CASUAL CROPPIERS...COOLER SMOKE

A long run and a fast fox...then back for coffee and bacon, talk and cigarettes! Spud is a great cigarette when the talk is high...a clean-mouth, nimble-tongue smoke...the cigarette for swift smart banter and lengthy alibi. Thus Spud is accepted by the casual world by means and mode. Spud's refreshing cooling effect serves to sustain and heighten your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Spud is the modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COoled SPUD Cigarettes
marriage will stick," Anita told the Associated Press. "You know I was just a girl of eighteen when I eloped and married before, and I didn’t have much sense. But I’m so happy now!"

She gave her age as twenty-eight, and the groom confessed to twenty-nine. They went merrily off on a Honolulu honeymoon, and a shipload of good wishes from the whole film colony went with them.

How drollly doth the microphone
Impune each shining hour!
It turns the sourest voices sweet—
And then a sweet one sour!

BUSINESS note of the month.
Clara Bow has bought herself a gold mine located near Alleghany, California.
Added comment would be superfluous. Please don’t say the obvious thing, or we’ll all scu-ream!

A little plumper, but at peace and very happy, Alice Terry recently came home from France and hus-
band Rex Ingram for a short business and pleasure visit. Alice says she is through with the picture thing

The late Gladys Brockwell as she appears in her last movie, "The Drake Case," a Universal all-
talker. Death took this beautiful woman and fine artist just as her work on the audible screen was bringing fortune and fame

Ivan Lebedeff, the handsome Russian actor, has always been mentioned in Holly-
wood as one of the leading social hand kissers in the mad and merry business of making movies.
That is, where an ordinary crude Americano walks up to the girl friend and says, "Hi, kid!", Ivan is apt to bend over her paddy with the quintessence of Continental grace and kiss the hand, madame. And it has always gone big in Hollywood.
So imagine our hilarity when in "Street Girl," Betty Compson’s new picture, we see Betty kneel down and kiss Lebedeff’s hand—perhaps saying, under her breath, "See how you like it!"
Well, it’s a poor hand-kiss that won’t work two ways.

Her Hollywood woes seemingly forgotten, Pola Negri is busy and happy at work in a British picture for Charles Whittaker Productions.
Paul Cruzer, an Austrian director, is making it, and the film will be part talkie, with Pola singing.
It opens in a Marseilles dive on the waterfront, and Pola, her producer and her director roamed those vilest of all slums in search of local color. Pola wore a long mackintosh, a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

IRENE BORDONI ("Paris," First National) has been for years the leading oo-la-la French girl on the American stage, and successor to Anna Held as owner of misbehaving eyes. She sings naughty little songs. Her husband, at present, is E. Ray Goetz, stage producer. It is reported that there's a divorce on.

ANN HARDING ("Paris Bound," Pathe) is the most beautiful ash-blonde in the American theater. Her first great hit was in Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish," and her outstanding success was "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which Norma Shearer screened. Her husband is Harry C. Bannister, leading man, who will appear in a film with her.

PAUL MUNI ("The Valiant," Fox) was famous in the Yiddish theater in New York as Muni Weisenfreund. Though in his twenties, he has always specialized in bizarre character roles. His one stage role on the English-speaking stage, which made him famous, was in "Four Walls."

HELEN KANE ("Pointed Heels," Paramount) is the most imitated baby-talk singer in America just now. Paul Ash discovered her in New York, and she scored at the Paramount Theater. In the musical comedy, "Good Boy," she was a tremendous hit singing "I Want To Be Loved by You," and founded the "poo-poo-poo-doo" school. Pretty, plump, big-eyed.

KENNETH McKENNA ("Pleasure Crazed," Fox) is one of the best known young leading men on the American stage. He has played in dozens of Broadway hits, and won fresh fame opposite Helen Hayes in revival of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Good looking, with a fine talkie voice.

EDDIE LEONARD ("Melody Lane," Universal) is about the last of the greatest minstrel men, though for the last ten years he has been headlining in vaudeville. Still sings his famous hits, "Ida" and "Roly Boly Eyes."

FRANK FAY ("Under the Texas Moon," Warners) is one of the greatest vaudeville favorites in New York, often playing one theater for three and four weeks at a stretch. Has a mop of reddish hair, blue eyes, affects a drawling style. His greatest achievement was marrying Barbara Stanwyck.

BARBARA STANWYCK ("The Locked Door," United Artists) who became famous on the stage as leading woman of "Burlesque" opposite Hal Skelly. Before that she had been a little night club entertainer at Texas Guinan's places. A remarkably beautiful girl, with a lovely voice.

Additional new faces will be found on page 102
Beautiful teeth, firm and white — with a minimum of brushing

BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

That is because we have included in this paste, modern polishing agents. They are harder than tartar but softer than enamel.

So they quickly remove the former and polish the latter without damage.

Carried by your brush, they penetrate and cleanse tiny crevices between the teeth where decay so often gets the upper hand.

After you have used Listerine Tooth Paste note how clean, fresh, healthy, and invigorated your entire mouth feels — something like the sensation given you by Listerine, itself.

It must be evident to you that Listerine Tooth Paste is exceptional else it would not have leaped from obscurity to leadership in 4 years. Try it yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a hat with what it saves you

Buy yourself a new hat with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50c class.

The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 142 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

Mrs. L. R. R., Providence, R. I.—Richard Barthelemy is five feet, seven inches, tall, weighs 140 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. He was married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent on April 20, 1928. Mary Hay was his first wife.

LOUIE V. DICK, DALLAS, TEXAS.—Charles Girard played the part of Silly Skirt Harry in "Caught in the Fog." and John Miljan played part of Paul Fontaine in "The Desert Song.

V. D., DETROIT, MICH.—Gary Cooper played the part of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth.

Mrs. FLORENCE DERRISHIRE, WATERLOO, IOWA.—You and your husband are both wrong. Sally O'Neill was born on October 23, 1908.

Mickey of CINCY.—If you pop in here with a twenty page letter, I'll pop out there with my little shotgun. Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Kentucky, about twenty-four years ago. He is six feet tall and has light hair and blue eyes. Before going into the movies he appeared in vaudeville and musical comedy. Some of the pictures he has appeared in are "Walking Back," "Harold Ten," "Lilac Time" and "On with the Show."""".

DIANA CHERWOOD, CALDWELL, N. J.—Thanks for all the lovely compliments on PHOTOPLAY. Dolores Del Rio was born on August 3, 1905, and Nils Asther was born on January 17, 1902. "Lady Divine" is the name of the theme song from "The Divine Lady.

Gene D., MapLewood, N. J.—I'lly Danita was born in Paris, France, on July 10, 1906. She is five feet, one and a half inches, tall, weighs 122 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Betty Bronson is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Ben Lyon is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. Buddy Rogers is the same height but weighs five pounds more.

Pauline Ostrin, Charleston, W. Va.—Walter Byron played the part of LIEUT. KURL VON HAGEN in "The Awakening.

E. L. W., TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA.—It is said but true. Arnold Kent passed away on September 30, 1928. He was thirty years old, five feet, eleven inches, tall, weighed 150 pounds and had black hair and blue eyes. He was a native of Florence, Italy. Some of his pictures are "Hula," "The Showdown," "Le Sahuret," "Easy Come, Easy Go" and "The Woman Disputed.

Mary Peck, Mountain Lakes, N. J.—Here’s your R. S. V. P. Rex Bell was born in Chicago, Ill., on April 16, 1905, and christened George Beldam. He is still single.

Ella Mae, DETROIT, MICH.—I won’t tell you my name, but I assure you it is not Horatio Ignatius. With a name like that how could I keep my mind on my work? Feust was played by Gosta Ekman and Melphito was played by Karel Kneising. Ah! The weekly allowance is saved.

E. H., NATCHEZ, MISS.—Joseph Schlafer was born in Vienna, Austria. His name is "Ilene." On September 9, 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, and is married to Elsite Barlett. He has appeared in "The Blue Danube," "His Doe," "Tenth Avenue" and "Show Boat.

B. ULMER, SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—The cast of "The Wedding March" consisted of Eric Von Stroheim, Fay Wray, George Fawcett, Maude George, Zsa Zsa Pits, George Nichols, Hughie Mack, Mathew Betz, Cesare Gravina, Dule Fuller and Syd Bracey.

J. H. Lyon, Campbells ville, Ky.—I see you are quite a cowboy fan. Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas. He is five feet, eleven and three-quarter inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. Hoot Gibson is five feet, ten inches, tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He hails from Tekemob, Neb. Tim McCoy is five feet, eleven inches, tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He has ajon-John "Red" Jackson, as his home town. Phyllis Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas. She is five feet, six inches, tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

I. S., ARNOLD, PA.—Lina Basquett was born in San Mateo, Cali., on April 19, 1907. She is married to Reverend Marley. Jacqueline Logan is twenty-seven years old and Charles Dalaney is five years older.

[Please turn to page 152]
This Ingram Mannequin is a chart to teach you why

"Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"

Frances Ingram

You could read hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars, but, with all your study and expense, you could never, never learn a more important rule than to take care of the health of your skin.

You, yourself, know that your health has much to do with your spirits from one day to another. And it is the same with your skin—its loveliness or lack of it is an excellent indicator of the care it receives and the health it enjoys.

I have stared on my mannequin the six places where the health of your skin is most quickly evidenced. These are the places where imperfections come first—where lines trace on the skin untruthful testimonials of the years. Protect these places—guard well their health—and year in, year out, you can face your mirror with joy.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but to me its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes and tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes incredibly smooth, clear and lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. Also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

P.S. If you are weary of your suntan or if exposure to the summer sun has left your skin a little thickened and rough, Milkweed Cream will help you wonderfully in restoring your complexion to its natural smoothness and creamy whiteness.

The Forehead... Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram’s does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes... Puffiness and crow’s feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

The Mouth... To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram’s. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat... Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram’s, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.

The Neck... Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It waits well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders... Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram’s.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Ten Years Ago

This is Envy-the Editor Month, this October of 1919.

Because this month the learned editor of Photoplay has the privilege of sitting down in his sanctum, pulling reflectively at his favorite pipe, and writing an inspired and inspiring review of George Loane Tucker’s “The Miracle Man,” star-maker and grand photoplay.

As “The Birth of a Nation” signaled the first growth of the movie, “The Miracle Man” brought it to maturity as a separate and great art. It made Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan, in one harem scene, Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris and Pauline Starke.

Lois Weber, in 1919 our only lady director, has trotted over to Paramount, accompanied by husband Phillips Smalley. Helen Holmes, the railroad girl of so many Kalem serials (gosh, she was pretty!) is about to start another 15-chapter thriller. James Young is directing Elsie Janis in her picture, “Everybody’s Sweetheart.” David Powell in “The Teeth of the Tiger.” Of course you remember that handsome young Englishman who died several years ago. The veteran Kathlyn Williams, Seh’s old lion-taming star, makes a reappearance in a Bessie Barriscale picture . . . Florence Turner, the old Vitagraph Girl, turns up on the Universal lot. They were “remembering when” back in 1919. What would they say of us 1929 greybeards?

Our featured fiction story this month is made from the picture called “John Petticoats,” starring nobody but that stern old, clean-souled son of the sunburned West, William S. Hart himself.

Good old Bill is playing an honest lumberman who inherits a trick modiste shop in N’Orleans, forcing him to wear a hard-boiled collar and be tarnal uncomfortable in his store clothes.

And the leading lady? A pretty little blonde critter named Winifred Westover. Yep—little Winifred, who was to be his squaw, the mother of his papoose, then his ex-squaw, and now the leading player in the filming of Fanny Hurst’s “Lummock,” by Herbert Brenon—one of the big shots of the coming fall.

And Tempus goes Fugitng all over the scenery.

Here’s a pretty picture of Kay Laurel, the most beautiful girl Ziegfeld ever glorified in his “Follies,” then a mild picture actress, to die of pneumonia in Paris, with her friends standing by . . . An interview with one Ralph Graves, aged 19, and a leading boy for Griffith. Another Cleveland boy who made good . . . Interview with Tommy Egan, the new star and a picture of “John Petacoats.”

Brother Paul Mills of Voakum, Texas, digs up a “Why Do They Do It?” this month.

“In Peggy Does Her Darndest,” says Brother Mills, “the Bleak-cum Detectives School” uses Metro Film Company envelopes.” F. W., SAN JOSE—Pearl White’s hair is red—I think. Yes, Bushman and Bayne are really and truly married. No, Theda is NOT dead. Rose Tapley isn’t playing now. Yes, I am really an old man with white whiskers so long that I trip over them. I am two thousand years old.

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans

Solutions in Photoplay’s popular contest are pouring into Photoplay’s office and the judges are ready to start their work after midnight, September 20, the deadline for entries. Winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of Photoplay, on sale on or about December 10.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Quickly...

This Foam Penetrates

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.*

There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to correct an acid condition of the mouth—things no toothpaste can do. Colgate does claim to clean teeth better.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. Really clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
After Four Years

[Continued from page 37]

Bill Hart's fans, for them he never has been away. There never will be but one Bill Hart.

This popular demand was recognized by the Victor Phonograph Company when last spring they invited Hart to make several talking records. They got the best talking records they ever made. Incidentally, they rediscovered a glorious golden voice that the film fans had never suspected.

Dion Boucicault and such men of the theater had trained it. Audiences had thrilled to that voice when Bill Hart played John Storm in "The Christian"; when the stage's first Medusa in "Ben-Hur" was played by Hart; Julia Arthur chose him for her Sir John Oman in "A Lady of Quality," and for Romeo to her Juliet; Madame Helena Modjeska employed Hart as leading man, and liked his Armand to her Camille better than any other actor's she ever played with. Robert Mantell, assembling a Shakespearean company, selected Bill Hart for prominent roles with him.

It is amazing the number of unfortunates that have turned to Bill Hart's great heart for aid. I know personally of cases where Hart furnished money to aid girls he had never seen. Bill just trusts folks ... and believes in them. No man can boast a more loyal and distinguished circle of friends than Bill Hart.

Hollywood was as excited as the fan public when Hal Roach sent out word that Hart was to return to the screen, with a talking picture. Then came the incredible news that the releasing company did not think the public wanted a Western talkie.

This opinion hardly seems based on facts as reflected in the flood of fan mail. The public's feeling is still more clearly shown towards Bill Hart in the enormous sales of his recently published autobiography, "My Life East and West." This book not only has enjoyed a large sale, but it has elicited letters from senators, judges, and people of prominence all over the country.

The millions of dollars that would have been earned for the motion picture industry during the years that he has been allowed to be idle, are now gone into oblivion. That is no reason, however, that the same state of affairs should be allowed to go on indefinitely. Bill Hart's appeal is ageless; he never was a juvenile on the screen, and his sturdy manhood is as appealing to fans today as it was at the height of his screen career. With the coming of the talkies, and Hart's demonstration that he has something unusual to offer in his voice, it seems incomprehensible that such a bet will be ignored indefinitely because of the old business feuds of the past.

Bill Hart does not need to come back to films for his own sake. He has a beautiful home, filled with material comforts. He has his writing, at which he has scored success; his horses, and all the little concerns of his small world on the ranch. He has his friends. The reason that Bill Hart should come back is because the fans want him back, and the industry needs him back.

Bill and I had a long talk about all this up at the ranch at Newhall just after the cancellation of the contract with Roach. Pictures taken of Hart at that time show him as good a photographic subject as he ever was; he is fit physically, with the daily activity of his life as a gentleman rancher.

It was late afternoon of a hot summer's day when left the Horseshoe Ranch and its bill-top hacienda. The car, with its gears grinding, rolled protestingly down the hill. Over my shoulder I could see the gentle, stalwart figure of Bill Hart outlined against the Western sky. Maybe it was a fantasy born of the heat; perhaps it was the magic of the souls of those brave men and true of the Old West, who have lived again in Hart's characterizations; but the figure seemed to become taut, thin lipped, grim, cold and narrow eyed, with two guns slung at the side.

Dustin Farnum and Bill Hart—when they both were starring in Western dramas. Farnum died a few weeks ago after a year's illness and a long retirement from pictures.
The smart new Liquid Polish that women with famous hands are using

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin
Lady Heath
Anita Loos
Anna Pavlova

The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands.

This gossamer-thin, translucent polish is giving an added beauty to celebrated hands. Actress—artist—aviatrix—dancer—society woman—writer—their graceful, self-possessed hands have the poise that comes from being always at their exquisite, well-groomed best.

Their hands, like yours, are busy ones—whether at work with crayon and paint, with pencil or typewriter, grimy with motor grease, or subject to the hard water that traveling necessitates!

That is why they are so pleased with this softly lustrous Liquid Polish that keeps their nails lovely for days and days at a time.

No matter how active your hands—busy at home or at your favorite sport, or at an office desk, Cutex Liquid Polish will give your nails a crystalline sheen that stays and stays.

A generous sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover costs just 35¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together, 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢ each.

For well-groomed nails, do these three simple things:

First—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil around the cuticle and under tips to keep the cuticle soft.

*IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN says, “Women don’t realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made. It is so simple—in less than two minutes Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like them to have.”

*ETHEL BARRYMORE, beautiful and beloved actress, declares, “I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle!”

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That Sex Appeal Voice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

depends on pantomime, despite the fact that we also talk.
"At first I had a hard time getting my voice on the right lines and keeping it there.
"Sometimes I must speak softly, and yet, keep on the same level. A sound track is a funny thing.
"I lost my voice once, you know. It was placed incorrectly. I talked from the throat. One of those student voices that drive you crazy. When I finished a long stock season I couldn't talk above a whisper. Every time I had I spent on voice lessons. My instructor said I might hope for three tones. Well, it took a long time and a lot of money but I fooled him. There are more than three tones now."

"Mrs Harding," called Paul Stein, the Hungarian director—on second thought it may be Viennese.

ANN was back on the set in another scene. The villain gave a dirty laugh and went into a writhing match with the star. She pulled a gun.

The Man—"You won't shoot."
ANN—"No, I won't shoot. I'll drop it when I get outside."

But shoot she did. There was an ineptual pop.

A man-sized bubble would have blown out the tubes at M.-G.-M., a mile down the street.
"Sound ees all right," Stein announced.
"The smell isn't," Ann proclaimed, wringing her nose. "Ah, there you are again (to the assistant who began his Scene 20, 'Take 1' speech). This is the last night on the picture and you haven't told me you're here."

She dropped in a chair on the set while Stein discussed a bit of action with Lawford Davidson, the heavy.

She eyed a sprawning youth in front of the sound-proof camera booth.
"Johnny, what do you do? I've wondered for weeks."

The scene was taken again, and Niisa Harding took up the threads of a badly interrupted interview.
"I came out here to rest, you know. Never gave a thought to the screen. I had my baby while I was playing in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan' in New York. Five weeks later I was back in the cast and went to Chicago with the play. I was too soon! I was feeling wretched. I expected a long rest in Pasadena. Then I was going into 'Strange Interlude.' Harry was in that, you know. I'm glad I didn't. It was an awful ordeal for the actors."

"Toward the end of the run Pauline Lord would give a long speech and then sigh, 'Thank God, that's over.' When the show closed in New York, Tom Power in his last speech, walked off the stage, let out an awful scream and fainted."

"Where is Harry? Sitting for portraits? How can you keep him still long enough?"

the endurance event. When he finished 'Strange Interlude,' he flew from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. I was expecting to meet him in the moonlight and was prepared to spend the day worrying. At nine in the morning Vail Field telephoned me that my husband would arrive in an hour. He deceived me purposely so I wouldn't worry. I jumped into street clothes and drove about sixty miles an hour. I got there just one minute before he arrived and drove out on the field. Sircus shrieked and yelled. He got off the field just in the nick of time. Pardon me. I must shoot that nice villain again."

This time the scene met with the full approval of Paul Stein.

"NOW, yust once more," he beamed.
"It was so funny yesterday when we heard the playbacks," Ann laughed. "Some—one hid behind the screen and in the midst of every sequence called softly 'coo-coo.' Mr. Stein was frantic. He had heard 'va-wahs' and 'wees' and 'booms,' but never a 'coo-coo.' 'Vas ees dees? Gott! All to do over.'"

And now Harry Bannister was back. Ann was in his arms. He presented her with an unappetizing looking popcorn ball, wrapped in a bright red paper. Of course, an interview was an impossibility after that. One can't talk with a mouthful of popcorn.

Ann Harding has a different status from the usual star. She prowled in Hollywood for one picture, and then back to Broadway and the footlights. She is under a long term contract to Pathe. She is now on and in pictures, and prepared to stay. A wise move on the part of the studio.

Ann is an exquisite sort of young person, small and slender and blonde with expressive, wide, blue eyes. Her hair is particularly beautiful—almost straw-colored. It has never been introduced to peroxide or a curling iron.

When she is out from her face and with a loose knot in the back. She is unobdifiable and the despair of the studio milliner. Ann says people look at her hair curiously. She knows what is going on in their minds. Perhaps her No. It must be a wig. But the hair, shade and style of wearing, are definitely Ann Harding. She will never change them.

Ann, as a young girl, knew the society of an army post. She was a general and promptly disowned her when she went on the stage. She began her acting career with the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village, after some desultory work as a reader at Lasky's New York studios (can you imagine Mr. Lasky's embarrassment now at his lack of Columbus deductions?). She scored a Broadway hit in "Tarnish" and followed it with "The Woman Disputed." Of course her greatest success was in the two seasons run of "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

SHED no time for romance in her busy life until, paradoxically enough, the very busiest period of her life—when she owned her own stock company in Detroit. Her leading man left suddenly, and Harry Bannister was sent for.

Ann thought he wanted too much money, but when she saw him there was no question of finances. Two months later they were married. It has been her ambition to play with Harry on stage or the screen. No question has been realized in "Her Private Life."

Ann has a gorgeous sense of humor and the friendliest spirit in the world. They say at the studio that she refuses to take interviews. Perhaps not. Neither does she take interviews seriously. I waited from 7:30 P.M. to midnight on her set for the privilege of twenty minutes' conversation with her—and almost forgave her entirely.

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When your Boy becomes a Man and your Girl becomes a Woman you'll wish for more reminders of their childhood days. Don't leave this wonderful period to the fickleness of memory. Keep your Kodak next to your hat and coat. Then you won't miss any picture chances because you meant to bring it with you but forgot.

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Then, too, snapshots are fun to take. That is another reason for the extraordinary popularity of Kodaks. They are on sale everywhere and at prices that do their bit toward bringing down the high cost of living. The Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, sells for as little as $2, and Kodaks as low as $5.

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Thus not a single real excuse has been left you! Remember that your children grow up, but snapshots remain the same as long as you live.

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Now that the day of the theme song is upon us, now that This Pan Alley has taken up its residence in Hollywood, there is a new angle of pictures to be considered, studied and reported on.

Fans all over the country are dancing to tunes from “Fxx Meeileen Follies,” “On With the Show,” and “Hollywood Revue of 1929.” Out in Lincoln, Nebraska, and up in Trelford, Vermont, they are singing “Hang on to Me” from “Marianne”—and other numbers from other talkie hits.

Daily, the makers of phonograph records and piano rolls are adding more numbers from current talking pictures to their bulletins. Daily, movie-goers—and non-movie-goers for that matter—are demanding their favorite songs from the talkies recorded for their phonographs and player pianos.

As a matter of service to readers, Photoplay will from now on review all such records and music rolls. Just as we try each month to give you a complete and fair estimate of all pictures which have been released to date, we will try to give you a summary of all recorded versions of tunes from these pictures.

We want this department to serve as a guide—to enable you more easily to find melodies which you like, played and sung by artists who please you.

When you want to know whether your favorite dance tune has been recorded by Victor or Brunswick or Columbia, or whether Ampico or Duo-Art has included your pet sentimental among its newest numbers, turn to the Record Review Department of Photoplay.

Brunswick 4445. Fox trot

“Am I Blue” from “On the Show”

This is one of the most popular numbers yet produced by the talkies. Libby Holman sings this and—well—this reviewer confesses to an unconquerable weakness for Miss Holman’s particular vocal idiosyncrasies! We’re “that way” about Miss Holman’s voice, that’s all.

The other side of the record presents “Meanin’ Low,” another of Libby Holman’s “terr” tunes—and not to be sniffed at either.

Columbia 194091 and 148569

“Just You, Just Me,” from “Marianne”

Cliff Edwards proves that he can discard his bag of vocal tricks and still be a headliner. Except for one brief passage where he outmoans the saxophone, Ukulele Ike sings this “straight” in a sweet and insinuating tenor. You’ll want to play this one often.

“Hang on to Me” from “Marianne”

A clever number with a pattering chorus that is going to be sung with innovations wherever three or four of the brothers and sisters get together. This is a more typical Ukulele Ike number, and Cliff romps through it in great style. No one knows better than Mrs. Edwards’ boy, Cliff, just how and when to take liberties with the rhythm of a song.

Columbia 148788 and 148789

“Am I Blue” from “On with the Show”

Played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra this makes a very, very warm dance number. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
Each year strengthens this Style leadership

What have you a right to expect in your engagement and wedding rings? Finest workmanship, of course . . . skillful hand-chasing in precious metals of superior wearing quality! But equally important, the style leadership established a generation ago with the original Orange Blossom . . . and strengthened each year with superb new creations in the same exquisite pattern! Naturally, other manufacturers have paid Traub the tribute of imitation . . . but for protection against inferior substitutes, you need only purchase from a jeweler of unquestioned reputation, and insist upon "rings styled by Traub".

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These New Faces

HAL SKEIY ("The Dance of Life," Paramount) will be seen in the same rôle he made famous on Broadway in "Burlesque," the name having been changed. Nancy Carroll has the Stanwyck rôle. This was his first dramatic rôle, and a sensational success. For many years Hal has been in musical comedy.

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE ("The Greene Murder Case," Paramount) is one of the best of the stage's younger leading women. Her first stage hit came in "The Cat and the Canary," famous mystery show. She is blonde, pretty and is the wife of Frederic March.

FREDERIC MARCH ("The Wild Party," Paramount) who made his talkie debut opposite Clara Bow in this picture. He is a well known stage leading man. This couple is a big addition to the picture world.

HELEN MORGAN ("Applause," Paramount) was first noticed as prima donna of one of George White's "Scandals." She became famous singing "Bill" and other hits in Ziegfeld's musical comedy smash, "Show Boat." She has also headed the entertainment in her own New York night club.

SOPHIE TUCKER ("Honky Tonk," Warners) has been well known for a great many years as a vaudeville headliner singing hot songs. She is one of the survivors of the royal line of Nera Bayes, Belle Baker and others. Now billed as "The Last of the Red Hot Mamas."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE ("The Battle of Paris," Paramount) came to America with a "Charlot's Revue" a few years ago, and since has starred in several musical comedies as a singer and comedienne. English, tall, slender, very pretty and packed with plenty of charm.

SALLY STARR ("Happy Days," M.-G.-M.) was first noted in a "Scandals" revue. All she did was come out, announce scenes and say "Thank you!" Little, plumpish, pretty and cute, and seems to have come up in the world via talkies.

ELLIOTT NUGENT ("Happy Days," M.-G.-M.) is a member of the famous writing and acting family of Nugents of Canal Dover, Ohio. Father J. C. Nugent and son Elliott wrote and played in "Kempy," and Elliott wrote and played in "The Poor Nut." A daughter, Ruth, also acts.

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WELL-GROOMED, fastidious women now avoid frankly artificial-looking nail tints and adopt, instead, the new nail beauty—faintly hued natural gleam, given in an instant by Glazo.

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With a few flicks of the brush, Glazo gives the nails a silk-thin nail finish, mirro-smooth, soft.

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April Showers Talc 25¢
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Paris, dreaming only of love and romance, thrilling to the perfume of her floral Springtime, has yielded an unforgettable fragrance—APRIL SHOWERS (Ondees d'Avril)—for Cheramy to imprison in this, the finest of Tals—a filmy powder of delicate texture, caressing in its soft, rich smoothness, like gentle balm to delicate feminine skin.

This fragrance of attraction also lends itself to a luxurious Dusting Powder, incredibly suave and soothing—to Face Powder, Rouge, Bath Salts, and to the Perfume, exquisitely flaconed at $1 to $16.

CHERAMY
380 Rue St. Honoré
PARIS
WOULD you believe it?
No? Well, don't then. But it's a fact that Nils Asther and Greta Garbo take the afternoon off to go to Venice (Hollywood's Coney Island) and ride the roller coasters and merry-go-rounds.

WHAT somber Rule of Three seems always to work in the matter of untimely deaths, whether in the picture world or the bigger world outside the studios! Following the death of Gladys Brockwell, picture fans were sorry to learn of the passing of Dustin Farnum, brother of William, and for many years a vital figure on stage and screen. Dustin is survived by his wife, Winifred Kingston, who ten years ago was his leading woman in many a picture.
He was buried from the Little Church 'Round the Corner, New York's beloved shrine of stage and photoplay worlds, and old DeWolf Hopper delivered a beautiful and touching eulogy.

THE third death in a fortnight was that of John Griffith Wray, director, who learned his trade in the great Thomas H. Ince school, and had been highly successful. He had just finished directing Leatrice Joy in a picture for First National when he was rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation that resulted fatally.

Raymond Hackett was acting away in "Footlights and Fools" when the phone rang. "Santa Monica calling," said the wire. "It's a boy!"
Hackett turned a handspring back onto the set. And the first line of dialogue called for from his lips was-
"Everything's going to be all right!"
The coincidence broke up the rest of the troupe.
Thereupon Hackett knocked off for the day and went down to Santa Monica to run the new actor through his squalls.

This is Dick Arlen's big year.
The handsome husband of Jobyna Ralston is now a full-fledged star at Paramount.
And one week, not long ago, saw Dick's name in lights over the doors of no less than three of Broadway's biggest film theaters.
He was at the Criterion in "Four Feathers," at the Rialto in "Thunderbolt" and at the Paramount in "Dangerous Curves."
Looks as though Jobyna can go right ahead and order a new hooked rug for the little tepee at Toluca Lake, and perhaps lay down a few dollars on a new Ford.

On one of his between pictures vacations Lon Chaney caught more trout than the law allowed. A few hours later he met up with a party of fishermen and boasted about it.

Three reasons why Charlie King sings and sings and sings! The male hit of "The Broadway Melody" on the sand with his three cute children, Helen, Lila and J. Charles
All the Men Flocked Around Me

I had discovered a charm more powerful than mere good looks... the charm of an elusive delicious fragrance.

I have just average good looks. I can't spend a lot of money on my clothes. And I'm not any more clever or charming than most of the girls I know.

In fact, no one ever used to notice me in a group—there was nothing sufficiently unusual or outstanding about me.

How I used to envy the girls whom the men all singled out at parties! Used to wonder how it felt to be the center of an admiring group. How did one learn the secret of allure?

One morning I found in my mail an invitation which thrilled me. It was for a dance at Mary Lee's lovely new house. New friends and old would be there. I wrote that I would surely come.

How could I dream that the night of that party would be a turning point in my social life—would disclose a secret having power to affect my whole future happiness? Of course I couldn't, but that is just what happened.

I was dressing for the evening in Mary's room, and when I got to the "last minute touches" I discovered I had brought no perfume with me.

My eye singled out, from the array of bottles on Mary's dressing table, one gay, dainty little perfume vial—all unopened. I asked if I might try a bit of its contents. Mary replied: "Certainly. I haven't used it yet, but I bought it because someone told me it was simply delicious." It did strike me as being particularly delightful. I applied it carefully and went downstairs to be ready to meet the people who were arriving for the party.

I knew that several of the guests were to be people with whom I was already acquainted. What I was not prepared for was my sudden rise to popularity—both with the men I had known before, and with those I was meeting for the first time.

Several girls in the room were prettier than I, but tonight that did not seem to matter. To my amazement and delight, all the men flocked about me! For the first time in my life, the other girls stared at me with envy and wonder.

At first, I was at a loss to understand my new good fortune, but as I stood there with the men crowding eagerly 'round me, I caught a little whiff of enticing perfume—was conscious for the first time that ever since I had put it on, up in Mary's room, I had been excited, happy-hearted in a new way.

All the sweetness and glamour of summer twilights seemed to swirl 'round me in this perfume—so deliciously fragrant, so delightfully elusive, as to make one altogether distinctive and charming.

There was no doubt about it—I had discovered a magic secret. I had become distinctive—"different"—through the use of an alluring fragrance having power to weave a spell.

This wonderful perfume is Ben Hur. Send for a free trial bottle. You'll love it! Learn to know and use it, so that you, too, can have this charm, this power to fascinate. And of course, once you've discovered anything so amazingly potent, you will want to make it unvaryingly your own.

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Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

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Priscilla Wedding Rings, platinum encased by the famous Bek process, have all of the quality appearance of pure platinum and yet retail at only $16.00.

Priscilla Standardized Diamond Rings reflect the finest craftsmanship in creation of design and supreme quality. Set with gems of flashing fire of the first water. These quality rings are shown in a selection to suit every purse. Go to your jeweler and ask to be shown Priscilla Wedding Rings and Priscilla Diamond Rings. In choosing either you are assured of supreme quality by the name that identifies them.

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Manufacturers to the retailer jeweler exclusively
ST. LOUIS - - - MISSOURI
SMILING IRISH EYES—First National

A nother boy makes good as a Broadway song writer! This time he comes from old Ireland, aided by money won by his fair colleen who captures a greased pig at the fair. The girl is Colleen Moore and the boy is James Hall, having a little difficulty with a brogue. Mediocre story—but Miss Moore gains personality and charm in the talkies. And she sings pleasantly. All Talkie.

THE VERY IDEA—RKO

Are not eugenes, with which this story is concerned, a trifle old-fashioned? Didn't they—or it—have their vogue along with rough riders and Dutch lunches? Frank Craven plays the role which he created on the stage a number of years ago and he is good. Hugh Trevor, in chauffeur's uniform, and Sally Blane, as a smart parlor maid, are the handsome juveniles. The farce is broad, the comedy obvious, but if you're in the right mood you'll think it's a scream. All Talkie.

TRIAL MARRIAGE—Columbia

How to hold a wife overnight, in seven reels. It's one of the most sophisticated marriage pictures yet. Four young things simply can't stick it out "until death do us part," and shift spouses all over the place. Entertaining and really instructive. Sally Eilers, as the petite wife of a serious-minded doctor, gets over some hot dancing. Thelma Todd is effective as a cold, statuesque, blonde cat, and Norman Kerry is priceless as the inseschant husband of first one, then the other. Racy. Sound.

SALUTE—Fox

George O'Brien and William Janney, can obscure but clever kid, in a talkie-single-marchie about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. There's a little training and football. Except for the necking sequences and an occasional flash of Stepin Fetchit, the whole picture might be a newsreel. All Talkie.

MELODY LANE—Universal

Being Eddie Leonard's first organized attack against the microphone, this picture is expected to cut a lot of ice. It will, but not the kind the studio thinks. Diversion-seekers, led to the teeth with "Singin' Fool" themes, will turn a cold shoulder, and Eddie's lyrics and hooping will undoubtedly be received in rigid disdain. The maudlin Pagliacci yarn is about as dramatic and sophisticated as a monosyllabic nursery rhyme. All Talkie.

KITTY—World-Wide

After Warwick Deeping wrote "Sorrell and Son," he started another post-war novel about an arrogant Englishwoman's strategic campaign to keep separated her wounded son and his cigar-clerk bride. And here it is, the first foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Made in London and on the Thames, the scenes are both beautiful and authentic, and though the story isn't much, the way in which it is presented is vastly entertaining. Port Talkie.

HALF MARRIAGE—RKO

Oliver Borden slithers sensuously through a very dull companionate marriage theme, and now and then she displays an animation which somehow keeps the picture going until it stops of its own accord. An heirness marries her father's clerk on the sly, but mother's choice for baby is still on deck. Something simply has to happen. It does, but it's pretty awful. They may decide to make this a talkie, but that would only add insult to injury. Sound.

SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathé

If all the sailors put their business into such jams as our hero does in this, there wouldn't be officers enough to take care of them. The

BLACK MAGIC—Fox

VASTLY disappointing after one has meditated upon the unlimited possibilities of the very intriguing title. But what could have been magnificent is merely insignificant. Portraying South Sea life, a la cinema, the most sympathetically sordid events occur one after the other. The incoherent story leaves one feeling that nothing has been accomplished, except the jinking of another priceless title. Sound.

THE WAGON MASTER—Universal

Now the Westerns grow up. "The Wagon Master" is synchronized throughout with songs and dialogue sequences. The first of the kind. Ken Maynard is the stalwart hero who brings the Across the perilous desert. Ken scores with his cowboy songs and although a bit embarrassed about it, possesses an excellent voice. Tom Santschi is the bad man. This picture is magnificently photographed and there is rugged grandeur in scenes of the tugging wagon-train. All Talkie.

LUCKY LARKIN—Universal

Ken Maynard saves the gal from the plump villain, the horses from a fire, wins the derby and pays off the mortgage on the old homestead. "Lucky Larkin" is silent, with no good reason for being otherwise. Typical, active Western and not bad, although it does seem a trifle too far-fetched. Nora Lane is a gal any hero would rescue. A trick horse will entertain the kiddies. For young people of all ages. Silent.

THE GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE—First National

A Police siren is introduced just as the audience settles down for its second sleep. Therefore, you are aware that this is a bad picture. Its only redeeming feature is the accurate portrayal of sordid small town life. Although there are murders and trials ("prisoner face the jury, jury face the prisoner"—do you groan, too?) it is not a mystery story. The girl in the glass cage (Lorna Young) is a theater ticket seller. Port Talkie.

HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE—Universal

Sounds like a dime novel, doesn't it? But really, it's worse. It's this sort of thing that makes the world unsafe for good Westerns. Rex, Universal's gorgeous black horse, is always good, but one pony can't make a picture. Especially when a sap hero does the impossible for a shrieking damsel in distress. The plot and action are filled with holes. It's enough to give a horse feathers! Silent.

THE OPPRESSED—William Elliott Production

Tiresome tale of the Spanish Inquisition during the Sixteenth Century, with mobs, riots and prisons. Raquel Meller as Concepcion, daughter of the Spanish high constable, falls in love with a Flemish patriot who defies the governor. Through his stubbornness he is sentenced to be beheaded. After much weeping, painting and pleading on the part of Concepcion, he is pardoned. Raquel frequently overacts and is often lost in the poor photography. Silent.
Music of the Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

There is some mean saxophone and brass work which raises it out of the average dance record class. A vocal refrain by a gentleman with nice diction but not much tone.

“My Song of the Nile” from “Drag”

Not much could be done with this song, anyway. It’s one of those one-two-three waltzes that simply won’t be jogged out of the even tempo of its ways. Ben Selvin does his best with an undistinguished tune—and the vocal soloist enunciates even more clearly—but all to no avail. Incidentally, it comes as a shock; one can’t help being able to understand the words of a song without putting one’s head inside the machine and repeating the record three times.

Columbia 149672 and 149673

“Do I Know What I’m Doing” from “Why Bring That Up”

This is not a Waters song—there’s not a blues in the whole thing—but it’s a tuneful ditty with a come-hither rhythm. Anyway, Ethel Waters could sing the “Filigarms’ Chorus” and make it sound hotter than “Shake That Thing” if she took a notion. Besides Ethel, there’s a tricky accompaniment which, alone, would put this on the prize list.

“Sho - Sho - Bogie - Boo” from “Why Bring That Up”

This is in the coon-shouter idiom and right up Waters’ alley. And there’s a saxophone break that shakes your shoulders and prickles your scalp.

Ampico 70213F

“Fox Movietone Follies”: Selections: Fox trot

Featuring the four best numbers from the Fox Follies: “That’s You, Baby,” “Breakaway,” “Walking With Susie,” “Big City Blues.” A well-arranged medley played by those two exceedingly popular young men, Victor Arden and Adam Carroll. You can dance to this.

Ampico 21641E. Fox trot

“Do Something” from “Nothing But the Truth”

Helen Kane’s first talkie number, divorced from Helen and recorded for the Ampico by Harry Shipman and Victor Lane. There is not enough variety in the Lane and Shipman piano recording and it registers as decidedly monotonous after the snappy Fox Follies medley.

Duo-Art 0655. Waltz

“I’ll Always Be In Love With You” from “Syncopation”

A number with a swinging rhythm and a catchy melody, played with nice shading by Frank Milne. It’s a good dance and song roll and will make both the hookers and the crooners of the family happy.

Duo-Art 104335. Song roll with words

“Pagan Love Song” from “The Pagan”

Watch out—we’re going to get excited! This reviewer listened to a Duo-Art organ recording of the overworked and wornout “Pagan”—and almost bought an organ just for this one number. But we couldn’t fool the Duo-Art people into accepting cigar coupons for the new halls. Let’s hope they play it—and in our opinion Lew can lick both the Jesse Crawford’s with one hand tied behind his back.

Duo-Art 0654. Fox trot

“Breakaway” from “Fox Movietone Follies”

This fast-rhythm fox trot is played by Gene Kervin in a snappy manner with plenty of variety. If you like the piece you’ll like this recording.

Duo-Art 104355. Song roll with words

“Walkin’ with Susie” from “Fox Movietone Follies”

One of those slow, lazy fox trots for the boys and girls who like to take their dancing easy. Gene Waldron gets some novel effects, including a nice change of key in the last chorus.

Duo-Art 0656. Fox trot

“That’s You, Baby” from “Fox Movietone Follies”

To the best, this is the catchiest of the three Fox Follies numbers recorded by Duo-Art. It has more lift than the others. As played by Ralph Addison it makes a danceable dance and a singable song—and that’s about as much as you can ask of a music roll. Addison pounds a mean piano and knows his Broadway idiom.

Duo-Art 104365. Ballad

“Little Pal” from “Little Pal”

A typical Jolson heartbreaker and “Sonny Boy’s” successor. Gene Waldron does well by this ballad—but to us a Jolson song without Jolson is just so much misguided emotion.

Duo-Art 104375. Ballad

“Why Can’t You?” from “Little Pal”

This recording by Thompson Kerr is not quite up to the preceding one—it rather drags in spots. However, there is a nice variation in tempo, which helps. We liked especially the parts where Kerr doubles-tunes.

Duo-Art 0659. Fox trot

“Do Something” from “Nothing But the Truth”

A roaring arrangement and a snappy rendition by Frank Milne. Milne gets the most out of the rhythm of the piece and adds a little of his own. There are some swell breaks. Nothing like so much as a good break, rhythmical or otherwise—but most good little breaks—rhythmical or otherwise—have gone to Hollywood.

Victor 22041-A and 22041-B

“Low-Down Rhythm” from “Hollywood Revue of 1929”

This is not so low-down. In fact it rates as one of the best canned tunes made in Hollywood so far. It’s one of those irresistible fast-time fox trots with a mad and misbehaving rhythm. Played by the High Hatters who are about as hot a jazz factory as you can find anywhere. We liked the saxophone, banjo, piano and Mr. Frank Luther, who bursts into song. “Got a Feelin’ for You” from “Hollywood Revue of 1929”

Another prize number from M.-G.-M.’s super-revue snappily recorded by the High Hatters and Frank Luther. There’s more of that banjo in this one, and a muted saxophone—Walter, bring me a muted saxophone—double portion.

Victor 22057-A and 22057-B

“Orange Blossom Time” from “Hollywood Revue of 1929”

Sung by Johnny Marvin, with a saxophone solo by Andy Sannella. The combination of Marvin’s voice and Sannella’s sax (sax, we said) deserves a better vehicle than this sickly sweet number.

“Singin’ in the Rain” from “Hollywood Revue of 1929”

Marvin is interrupted this time by the Frohne White Quartet. Whether it’s the piece, which is pretty tinsy pannery or the Sisters Frohne themselves, we don’t know, but they reminded us a lot of the old man who used to cry “Ragston” up and down the street in piercing and monotonous tones.
Clara Bow's Secret

"You either love her or you hate her," men all say—and then fall in love with her

The secret’s out—Clara Bow’s secret—the secret something that brought her up from obscurity to stardom in a few short months, and kept her there.

For Clara Bow does have something. It's just as real off the screen as on it, and it's the big reason why Hollywood herself has taken Miss Bow into her arms.

Elisor Glyn calls that something "IT." Others call it personality. Clara Bow, in the October issue of Screen Book Magazine, defines "IT," describes "IT," classifies "IT," and even tells you how to get "IT"!

It wasn’t easy to get Miss Bow to write her story. For after all, "IT" is an intimate part of her being. She knew she’d have to boldly confess a good deal of her intimate and private life that screen stars don’t usually talk about.

But she knew the secret, and she knew it wasn’t fair to keep it. For her simple, clear explanation of how and why she has "IT" and how others can obtain "IT" is something everyone should know and profit by.

It was on this argument that we finally prevailed upon Miss Bow to write this story. Read "Clara Bow’s Secret" in the October issue of Screen Book Magazine. It’s on the newsstands everywhere for only 25¢. For the woman who knows she’s lacking—for the wise woman who wants to improve and develop "IT," Clara Bow’s story is bound to be of great help.

Screen Book is the newest idea in movie magazines. Everything every movie lover demands in a motion picture magazine is in Screen Book—and more! Each issue of Screen Book, in addition to Studio Gossip; News; Movie Reviews; Full-Size Gravure Portraits of the Stars; and personal stories written by the stars themselves, contains the equivalent of a $2. book-length novel complete in each issue. The October number of Screen Book contains the complete, fully illustrated novel "Madame X," the movie of which is now sweeping the country by storm.

"Clara Bow’s Secret" is only the first of a series of stories by prominent stars designed to help women improve their charms. In the November issue of Screen Book, Lupe Velez writes "How to Attract the Man," and following issues all through the year bring you equally informative, intimate stories by other famous screen stars.

If your newsdealer is sold out of the October issue of Screen Book, take advantage of the big bargain offer described at the right.

FREE!
24 Famous Screen Stars Teach You How to Make Love

French Stars show you French technique; Spanish Stars show you Spanish technique; American Stars show you American technique—all in our Exclusive Private Collection of 24 Real Photographs showing 24 Famous Screen Stars in the Act of Making Love. These we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Among the 24 Stars who demonstrate their individual methods of kissing and embracing in this Exclusive Collection are Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Mary Duncan, Ramon Navarro, Billie Dove, Clive Brook, Anita Page and Nils Asther. The photographs are 8 by 10 inches in size and are excellent for framing.

All you have to do to get this Exclusive How-to-Make-Love Collection of Real Photographs is to send us your subscription for the next 5 issues of Screen Book at the special reduced price of $1. Simply mail in a dollar bill or your check or money order for a dollar to the coupon below and mail it back to us. The October Screen Book with "Clara Bow’s Secret" and the Complete How-to-Make-Love Collection will be sent postpaid by return mail, and each month for the next four months an entirely new Screen Book will be forwarded postpaid. Simply Mail Coupon!

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. 
“How I wish I had that child’s lovely eyelashes!”

Haven’t you heard this said many, many times by attractive women? Perhaps you have made some such exclamation yourself.

But, do you not know that eyelashes—your own, for instance—can be nourished and made to grow luxuriously? Medical authorities, dermatologists, beauty specialists, all assert this fact.

Cream Winx Eyelash Grower has proved its growth-producing powers in thousands of cases, and has the unstinted endorsement of those who have used it.

Your eyelashes are dependent upon a group of very fine cells within the eyelids for their nourishment. Lack of intelligent care of the lids tends to starve these cells. Consequently, lashes are not sufficiently fed to grow and become richly colorful.

Cream Winx Eyelash Grower (colorless) should be applied morning and night—a few minutes each time. It is made of the purest, finest ingredients. Stroke it on the lashes gently with the fingertips. A small amount is all that is necessary. Immediately, your lashes will acquire a new sheen and softness. In a little while, scanty lashes will be luxuriant and rich again. Cream Winx Eyelash Grower comes in black and brown for daytime use.

At all Drug and Department Stores.

CREAM WINX

CAKE WINX

CAKE WINX BEAUTIFIER

Have you seen the new Cake Winx package? It is an attractive nickel-plated compact—smaller in size and breakable—easy to carry in your pocketbook. It comes in black and brown.

ROSS COMPANY
243 W. 17th St., New York

Gossip of All the Studios

(continued from page 104)

“It’s just too bad you happened to mention it,” said one of the party. “Do you know who I am?”

“No,” admitted Lon. “Well, I’m the game warden,” Lon thought with all the thousand minds of his thousand faces.

“I see,” he said. “Do you know who I am?”

“No,” said the warden. “Well, I’m the biggest liar in the world.”

CLIFF EDWARDS, better known as Ukulele Ike, was having his five cents’ worth about the dietfad at the studio lunch-iron round table.

“A pal of mine says he’s on the 18-day diet,” said Cliff, “but he got a job directing a quickie and had to rush the diet through in six days.”

J U S T try to keep this boy Mickey Nelland from having his little joke. The Boul’ Hollywood is buzzing with his latest. They do say that Jim Kirkwood wanted to have a test made. Nelland let him speak into the microphone. When he had left the lot the director got a very efficient young man to speak Kirkwood’s lines and doubled this on the film.

The great day arrived. Kirkwood invited all his friends to hear him speak on the screen. Fancy his having such a modification when the lip-slip, fabello voice filled the projection room. It is further rumored that Mr. Kirkwood is none too hilarious about the situation.

An old friend of the screen may leave us for the stage.

Irene Rich, now married to a millionaire real estate man, and last year enormously successful in vaudeville, may be starring in a stage play by manager Al Woods during the 1929 season. Right now, however, she is tiling away opposite Will Rogers in the Fox picture, “They Had to See Paris.”

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is working in three pictures a time; at once, doing scenes, rehearsing and learning lines. His hours number about twenty out of the twenty-four. The other morning Helen’s new wife, called him to get out of bed.

“It’s eleven o’clock, dear,” she said cheerily.

“You forget the details,” mumbled Bob, “what month is it?”

How can Irene Bordoni, the oo-la-la lady of the stage, also call the $10,000 she is said to rate from Warners each week she works in “The Show of Shows”?

That’s a mere bag o’ shells! Safety-pin money! John McCormack, the silver tongued tenor who hits High K with ease, is to get $500,000 for ten weeks’ work in a Fox picture.

The clouds have gone from the usually happy face of little George K. Arthur. He and his misus have kissed and made up. We’re happy again,” says George, all a-beam, “and I’ve moved my clothes back home.”

Hurray, huzza and a heigh-ho!

Oh, to be in Paris
Now that Gilbert’s there!
Oh, to roam the boulevards
With Jack and Joe Clairte!
Paris must grow high and wide
To hold that bridgefront and that bride!

LEATRICE JOY plans to adopt another child for a companion to Little.

Little Leatrice insists that boys are very fussy and push her down so she doesn’t want any brother. It looks now as if the stage is all set for a sister as soon as one of proper qualifications and about six years can be found.

Baby Leatrice, at the moment, is only “four and three quarters years old,” as she expresses it and since she is to be kept the baby of the two, the addition to the Joy household will have to be in the neighborhood of six.

BACLANOVA, the Russian tiger Paras- mount was building up as Negri’s successor in the foreign-language line, is leaving the big company in November.

Grand artist though she is, the mechanics of the talking picture whipped her. So Baclanova will probably go to a vaudeville tour, another film victim of that harmless looking little “mike.”

ANOTHER Blu Monday Musings by the irresistible Bugs Bailey.

“Fanny place, this Hollywood. I went out to rent a swell Spanish hacienda I’d been looking at and it turned out to be a gas station.”

EQUITY is the word of the moment in Hollywood, meaning rather a prolonged moment, perhaps this time till timely. The Legion Stadium was packed to the rafters with members of the Actors Equity Association, assembled there in the sight of God and man to discuss the problems of the day.

As one speaker stepped to the “mike” he stopped to publicly apologize to Gloria Gray, whom he had professionally compromised in no uncertain terms at the melee a week before. At this meeting she had been reinstated with due honor. “At the last meeting, Miss Gray,” he began, “I made some rather bald statements about you. Equity is always glad to admit its wrongs, and I know I have wronged you deeply. I’m sorry.”

They shook hands. Then turning to the audience, the speaker continued: “Now, are there any other ladies here whom I have wronged?”

HOLLWOOD has been saying that when Colleen Moore wins up her present picture and her contract at First National that she and spouse, John McCormack, will tour Europe for months.

Never was Hollywood wetter around the edges.

The pair can’t be pried away from the new shack in Bel-Air. Colleen and John eat it, dream it and talk it. John is so proud of it that he gets up early on Sunday mornings and massages walls and tennis courts. A misplaced cigarette butt may send him into dangerous tantrums.

Europe! McCormack doesn’t care if it’s halibut in matchsticks and old milk bottles, as long as there’s the estate at Bel-Air.

The current great nekkers of the colony are Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Down at the Beach Club the youngsters have discovered a grand new game of counting the buttons Doug smacks his bride on the lips. Each oscillation is greeted with lusty cheers and applause. Apparently Joan and her “Dodo” have no objections.

LEAVE it to Jetta, queen of the Goulash, to spring the latest bizarre note in human get-up.

At a recent Hollywood opening Jo Jette arrayed herself in a garonisa corsage hitched to her wrist, and so long that it cramped the elbow-joint.

[Please turn to page 112]
“Me and the boy friend”

You know them, bless their hearts. A pair of youngsters, really, in spite of their self-reliant air and their fast-vanishing teens. The girl—slim, clear-eyed, merry; the boy—flippant, a bit arrogant, full of secret, earnest plans.

They like each other. They go to the movies together, dance, quarrel a bit. They don’t believe in early marriages. But her eyes shine when she speaks of him. “Me and the boy friend.”

One of these days, suddenly, they’ll be grown up. Man and wife, those fearless youngsters. A home to plan, life to face. A budget, a savings account, economies.

They’ll make mistakes, but they’ll learn quickly. She’ll begin to be canny in the spending of money—to question prices and values. She’ll begin to read about the things she plans to buy, to find out all she can about them. She’ll become a regular reader of advertisements.

They’ll help her to become the capable, wise housewife she wants so much to be. They’ll tell her what clothes are best and what prices to pay for them. They’ll tell her about the foods to buy, the electric appliances, and correct furnishings for her home. They’ll help her, as the advertisements in this magazine can help you.

And she’ll meet her responsibilities and fulfill her duties easily and well. She won’t become a tired, flustered, inefficient drudge. Because her home will be modern, attractive, well-run, she’ll keep young—through the speedy years she’ll retain much of that shining-eyed, merry freshness. She and the “boy friend.”

Advertisements are wise counselors for housewives, young and old.
She looked so exquisite... but the evening betrayed her.

It was all very elegant, but the big bouquet forced Goulad to lay that arm on the back of the seat in front for two hours and a half, as though the fin were in a plaster cast. And such is the price we pay for the priceless difference that makes some people Joe Doakes and others Jettta Goulad!

PRODUCTION activity never prevents Douglas Fairbanks from having a good time. For years he has kept one or two assistants about who are ticklish.

It just brightens Doug's day to poke a finger in the ribs of a ticklish man. The big stunt during the making of "The Taming of the Shrew" is the secret wiring of chairs on the set. The "sieves" receive a slight but quite effective electric shock. Doug was wary for several days and refused to be caught in his own trap.

The other day he fell, however. He let out a yell that blew out the talkie tubes, and jumped higher and farther than he did in "Robin Hood."

RUTH and Arthur Rankin have come to the parting of the ways. Arthur is on his way to Reno to start divorce proceedings. The couple has been married for about eight years.

Many little tiffs and minor separations finally resulted in the gesture of divorce.

THEY were discussing a new picture for John Barrymore at United Artists, and were considering a talking version of "Hamlet" or some other classic for The Great Profile. It came to nothing, however, when they found that under the terms of John's Warner Brothers contract, that concern has the exclusive right to the golden voice of the star.

Which gave John the chance to say, "My profile may belong to United Artists, but my voice belongs to Warner Brothers."

DID you ever hear of a film actress being so temperance-like good that her work dangerously overshadowed that of her leading man and forced the shelving of the picture?

Well, you're hearing of it now. The news seeped out when Frederic March arrived in New York to play opposite Jeanne Eagels, the Henny Pettigrew of Paramount, in "Jedolowy."

Eagels made a version of it recently with Anthony Bushell as leading man, but when the production was finished executives held up its release, and finally decided to make a new version with another leading man.

So young Mr. March stepped into the picture. He made his film debut opposite Clara Bow in "The Wild Party," and is the happy and lucky husband of that pretty girl and delightful actress, Florence Eldridge.

THE dapper Georgie Jessel was strolling across the lot the other day, twirling his smart maxilla, when a large man slapped him on the back and said, "Hello, Epstein! Well, well. How goes it with you, Epstein?"

Georgie drew up his five feet very tall and said, cuttingly, "I'm not Epstein, and what do you mean going around banging people on the head like that?"

To which the other gentleman answered, "Well, what's it to you how I treat my friend Epstein?"

JUST another day on the set where they are shooting John Gilbert's latest, "His Glorious Night."

A summer house on an open air stage. Jack is cooing sweet nothings into the pink ear of his leading woman, Catherine Dale Owen.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

A carpenter is nailing merrily away on a nearby house. "I'll stop if you give me a day's pay," he tells a steaming production manager. He gets it.

The "mike" again picks up tender gobs of living words.

Overhead go a couple of tri-motorized planes, and out go a couple of high-priced tubes. Chang go a couple of beach-bound street cars. And onto a closed sound stage go the summer-house and the lovers.

Net result—guise, voe, bad language and the loss of time and money. Only gainer—the carpenter, who is in a whole day's pay and can go on hammering till his wrist wears out.

A LOCAL writer reviewing "East Is West" remarked, "As compared to Estelle Taylor, Lupe Velez work is like a candle beside a 1000-watt light."

Hearing of this, Estelle called the writer, "I wouldn't say things like that if I were in your place. You know, Lupe might come down and show you just how a candle can be."

It has been persistently rumored that Nazimova was going to make a talkie for Columbia. As yet, she has not put in her appearance in Hollywood, but the late unpleasantness between her and Eva La Galiene over the Civic Repertory Theater in New York might bring her to the film center.

Years ago she was the most dramatic, most glamorous woman on the old Metro lot. She surrounded herself with mystery and intrigue. She refused to give out interviews. Her sets were barred even to the other workers in the studio.

Such a great artist she was considered that the kids in the stock company used to cut holes in the canvas flaps and take turns peeping at her, while the electricians and prop boys from other sets used to climb on the overhead parallels to watch her.

ERNST LUBITSCH was directing "The Love Parade," a Viennese operetta, at Paramount. Suddenly he began yanking out hair by the handful.

"Get off!" screamed Herr Lubitsch. "The moosician iss shoongum, and he is shoong against the rhythm! I am going crazey!"

SOMEB unhurried clock at the studio played a dirty trick on Karl Dane. Karl has an interest in a beauty shop in Hollywood, and he also has an interest in the girl that runs it. The boys at the studio collected a lot of his advertising cards, wrote "O. K. Karl Dane" on the back, and distributed them among about twenty extra girls.

Karl has been explaining to the pretty manager of the shop ever since.

CASUALTY note. Little David Rolling, fair-haired boy of the Fox lot, has gone Hollywood, and his perspective is lost like a little fuzzy dog.

Last week a writer tried to get hold of Davy, phoning all over the landscape. At last a personal friend broke the cordon of guards to say that an interview was wanted.

"Well, he knows me," was Davy's complacent reply. "How many times do I have to see him to give him a story?"

That's the sort of smart high-hattedness that very soon relegates an actor of all annoyance by the press. And little David Rolling isn't quite a big enough shot to tell space ravers to go roll a hoop. So he had better wake up and look about.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilettet sample of Oodorono Regular Strength, the new Oodorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. Creme Oodorono (deodorant) 25¢.

Oodorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Oodorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry with two applications a week. Used the last thing at night.
MR. ZOOPI wince as the unit came to an end with much clashing of cymbals, and leaned forward portentously. "You've made news, did you know?" he stated, tapping Mr. Mountstephen on the knee. "He puts a camouflaged sob in every line and that always gets the women. Just give a glance around you—they're all weeping with real enjoyment!"

"Exactly what I need to rejuvenate my fans, I'm sure," agreed Hubert, who had begun to slip a trifle in composure at the advent of talkies. "Finally things happen to happen over, eh, what? That poor little chap will be astonished when—hello, here he comes now!"

Eddie advanced timorously and ducked his head toward Mr. Zooi, then his eyes strayed to the lustrous Rosie, who treated him to a dreamy stare.

"Have a couple seats," said Abie, concealing his interest behind an oily business front. "If you didn't know who I am, I shouldn't be embarrassed."

"Have I heard of Lindbergh?" blarneyed the singer.

"Listen," said Mr. Zooi, smirking inwardly, "that voice of yours is pretty near as soothsaying as silence at an exhibitor's convention, and a test we'll give it."

Mr. McCorkle stopped breathing. "You—you mean the talkies?" he quavered.

"I said a test," said the cagy Abie, "if you make the grade I can use you in a talkie. How much do you grab off a week?"

SEVENTY-FIVE.

"You'll draw three hundred if you get by. Quit bunch of tramps tomorrow night, y'understand, and report to me at Culver City on Monday. You can join the unit when I'm through with you, and that," said Mr. Zooi, as his quick eyes noted the gleam glaze of the theater under the makeup, "will be not less than four weeks. An April in California won't do you no harm, hey?"

"A month in the sun! Gee, Mr. Zooi, I'm sorry, Mr. Zooi, I'm sorry," said the president, suddenly overcome by his own generosity. "Well, I got to go, but I'll see you at the studio. Snick." And trailed by his party, he waddled down the ramp leading to the mezzanine.

"You're wonderful," he breathed softly, and was gone.

The dazed Mr. McCorkle managed to totter backward and hustled up Molly, to whom he broke the news with stuttering eagerness. "It isn't like leaving you altogether," he finished. "I'll hit the troup in New Orleans, or thereabouts."

"But just what do they want you for?" asked the girl. She was still panting a bit from the exertion of dancing and her curls clustered damply on her forehead. "I'm so glad, Eddie, and I was only kidding when I made that kick about me or the movies. Tell me what kind of a part you'll have."

"I didn't have time to ask him," confessed...
A marvelous laxative Science puts it in is the ballad of which you need a guaranteed relief. For seven minutes Eddie gave an excellent imitation of the well-known lark and then stopped, a trifle dismayed at the uncustomed silence and the unaccustomed gaze fixed on him. He called out, "Is this the end of the periods of which I spoke? Is this the end of the unrelenting vivisection of my soul?"

However, this is not a story of the system or method of relieving constipation. Chew it like delicious mint gum. By chewing you release a tasteless new laxative—naturally, gradually. This laxative is not absorbed by the system, like ordinary laxatives, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. There is no drugging of the system or habit-forming after-effect. Laxative action is gentle, thorough and refreshing.

Keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children especially enjoy its flavor. You cannot find a druggist who does not sell Feen-a-mint—with full approval, too!

FEEN-A-MINT
The chewing laxative

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1929

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Silence. The listeners stared curiously and coughed uneasily. Then fervent congratulations from the delighted Hubert, followed by a hoarse creak from Rosie Redpath, "He may be funny looking, and all that," she husked, "but he’s an artist. A real one!"

The artist turned to his director and negotiated his balsamic grin. "It sure takes it out of a guy, this creative racket," he said wistfully. "How’s chances for a hamburger sandwich?"

NINE, blinding searchlights streaked into the violet expanse of sky directly above the Javanese Theater in an effort to notify the cosmos that the world premiere of "Sing a Soothing Song" was about to take place. Inside the courtyard stood the glad-handing manager, flanked by a brass-hung individual whose duty was to announce the stars as they were uncrated from their shining motors. Each luminary expressed his, or her, individuality by going through precisely the same maneuvers, which consisted of waving gaily at the crowding Hollywood peasants, posing awkwardly for the cameramen in the lobby, and lisp giggish into a microphone under the delusion that the world was clapping an attentive ear. On this particular night the radio man had forgotten to connect the wires, but nobody knew the difference.

Into the theater marched Eddie McCorkle, tanned, tuxedoed and with the wrinkles ironed out of his stomach by thirty days of Imperial Valley fruit and vegetables. His ticket called for a seat right behind the famous Carlos Cabrillo and his wife, whereupon Mr. McCorkle swelled pridefully and leaned back to watch the house fill up.

Always in step with etiquette, Mr. Zoop had reserved sections for the despond Ignatz Volk and the ubiquitous Blotter Brothers in order that they should swallow a full portion of stupification's newest triumph. The orchestra was jammed with screen personalities.

After much "impromptu" ballet, all of which had been carefully rehearsed, the picture wound up, its talkative story, after two hours, afterward a lachrymose audience bore mute testimony to its success. On went the lights and out ambled Mr. Zoop to begin an orgy of introductions that were as unnecessary as parsley.

Hubert Mountstephen, summoned from the front row, mumbled his thanks after cracking applause to which Eddie listened knowingly. Too polite, he decided; none of the steady undertone he was accustomed to being awarded. Joyce Cleary, the victorious. Rosie Redpath, the vanished. More machinery-made appreciation. Grosvenor Hoople, starchy with dignity. Some minor characters. Director Adams wearing the benign smile he’d practiced all morning. And then Mr. McCorkle had risen, the horrible truth transparent as a flapper with the sun behind her. They were giving him the runaround. Anger replaced astonishment as he bounded into the aisle.

"HEY!" he yelled, gesturing frenziedly at coke. "How about me?" He swung around to face the crowded house. "Listen, everybody, I’m the fellow—"

A sneaky hand sealed his mouth as Carlos Cabrillo, absorbing the situation, went into action to save the sacred name of Zoop. Eddie felt himself propelled to the deserted lobby and out into the Boulevard.

"Crab the show, will you?" asked Carlos, kicking him smartly in the shin. "Come on into that cab and not a squawk out of you, either. You’ll camp at my place until I phone Able."

He bundled his quary into a cruising taxi, gave the driver a Beverly Hills address and settled back amusedly as his cargo stared morosely at the floor.

Later, Mr. Zoop, in a lather of worry, confronted his singing phantom. "For why did you have to go screech in the theater?" he demanded. "Ain’t I treated you good enough? Explanations we’ll have, and not next week, neither!"

Y OU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience by adopting this simple method of beauty shampooing which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it. A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleanses so thoroughly, is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle— with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter. . . . anywhere in the world.

Try it FREE

THE E. L. WATKINS COMPANY
179 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid.

Name: ............................................

Address: ...........................................
"All I want is recognition!" bawled Mr. McCorkle. "Me, I'm an artist, see? So where do you get off not to drag me up on the stage with the rest of Sam? Why, you admit, the picture was a flop until you found me!"

"A skull like ivory," lamented Abie, "and not so good lookin'. Listen, dumshlop, did I wish you the public on this double bill having a day's laugh instead of cry. And can you imagine how phony Mountstevven would seem to his admirers. And the crickets! Y' see, Eddie, you're me, we got a sneaker down on mile deep orange groves, from a cleft in the high Sierras or watching the sunset vanish into Asia, from a Monterey garden. Yet, like the individual who fingir-less reckless of Tis Jusna beer, he was conscious of a vague unrest.

"I thought you'd never get here," said Rosie plaintively, from where she reclined in shim-mering platinum. "It's been an awfully long day without you, Eddie, and Adams has about decided that my dancing's too slipshod. Damn all sound pictures, anyhow! I'm an actress, not a hard shoe pair dancer!"

"S'too bad," muttered Eddie. "Well, it'll be better."

"Let's have 'Don't You Mind It, Honey,'" breathed Rosie, "and then any you like, providing you finish with 'Soothin' Song.' You're such a comfort with that velvet voice, Eddie."

"I'm sure the tenor with sudden irrita-

bility. "Then why couldn't you give a guy a little applause once in a while?"

"Don't you shout at me," flared Miss Red-

path. "I'm not paying you for that."

Then the smiled pleasantly to remember-

her I'm pretty nearly as jumpy as a week-after in Montreal, and when this tinsy is finished I'm going home to St. Louis for a rest."

"ST. LOUIS! Mr. McCorkle embarked upon a dreamy voyage as mechanically he began to sing. A good thing if you didn't strike it in November and this was October. The Ambas-

sador was a swell house. Good audiences, too, who weren't afraid to let a fellow know when they liked him. Nobody sat on their hands in St. Louis. . . ."

"You've certainly got a weepy blend to your notes this evening," remarked Rosie, yawning with such ingenuous comfort. "I feel all smoothed down already." She closed her pancy eyes and lay there serenely, a perfectly rounded, fastidious bit of lovliness, cool and aloof as the Montana Rockies.

Mr. McCorkle regarded her with the detach-

ment of a connoisseur. Rosie was told, but she was too much like California. Too hard to handle. Over her hand, there was Molly, who was bowing off at the Hippodrome in Buffalo. She'd be tired and overheated, and maybe that tendon in her left ankle needed rubbing again. She—

SUDDENLY he heard himself addressing the star. "I'll bet you're never perspired in your life.

Miss Redpath sat bolt upright. "Have you gone crazy?" she said sharply, "or are you just cracking wise, like all the rest of the giggalingoos?"

"I'm just having a dance of dancing in it because I'm supposed to be a Broadway soubrette. It's got me worried."

"What for? You're three times more alive than those wails of wailing they've been doing.

"But I can't hoof worth a cent," pouted Rosie, "and I'll have to take lessons every day until I'm good enough. That's going to be nerve-racking, let alone doing the ordinary picture work, so what I want is for you to sing to me in the evenings. I'll pay you a hundred a week, and it'll do me more good than any doctor, because your voice is so positive calming. Besides, you're a homely little chap and I'd feel safe with you."

Eddie drew an ecstatic breath. "Leaving my girl aside, Miss Redpath, you always take my weakness, but it won't be my fault if I don't strengthen you."

One month later the blaze Mr. McCorkle entered the Redpath palace in Beverly Hills, strolled through to the cool patio and gloomily contemplated the glittering little fountain in the center.

California had done well with "The Smiling Singer and Sad Songs." Ten pounds in weight and six hundred weekly had given him a poise hitherto lacking. A full measure of artistry had been given to the creation of two talking epis-

cles, where he had set a lot of stock. Yet he was still so shamelessly swain. The rest of the time had been spent inhaling the fragrance of the lotus, Long, languorous days at the shore or on the cliffs at Enola Cove."

"It's been an awfully solitary life of beauty."

Five days later he threaded his way through Boston's crooked thoroughfares, emerged on Tremont Street and galloped eagerly along to the Metropolitan, just in time for Monday morning rehearsal. Electricians were stacking
letters in the canopy announcing the arrival of "Dark Brown Blues." The October air had a bracing tang to it and the shadowy alley looked like the passageway to heart's desire.

Inside the theater he buttonholed the unit manager. "Joe," he whispered, "has Molly come in yet? I wired her to Buffalo that I'd join the troupe here and—"

"Well, I'll be an uncouth name," shouted the manager. "So it was you who wired her, hey? I just turned it back to the Western Union and told 'em to forward it. Haw, haw. This is rich!"


"She never was better," boomed the manager. "Why, you dizzy apes, you passed one another somewhere in the West! She's gone out to these here Stupefaction Pictures to double for some dumbbell star's dancing legs. And maybe Molly's triple taps won't come through the old 'nike' like a balliff rapping for order. Boy, she'll panic 'em!"

Mr. McCorkle walked boldly to the center of the stage and gazed interestedly at the barren house. Four thousand seats, hissed. Four shows a day. The sense of power to sway those dim, white blurs of upturned faces; then the applause, coming across to him with that deep, steady thrumming that sounds like nothing else on earth. Food and drink! He grinned nervously, restless for the matinée.

"Say," remarked Joe, "for a guy who's lost his girl, I must say you certainly take it easy. Did you grab off something you liked better out in California?"

Eddie's smile grew broader as he shook his carotty head. "All I did was sing soothin' songs in dear old Hollywood," he said, "and that's why I'm not worrying about Molly. She'll be back, Joe. Us artists—we've got our pride."

Temperamental? Yes! What of It?

[Continued from Page 89]

She is not like volatile Mae Murray. Mae, who has driven executives to cutting paper dolls in an hour!

"Temperament is spirit," says Mae. "It is like the sea. And who knows when the sea will be angry, when gay, when quiet? Who knows when an actress will be all of these things and more?"

"I know what the public wants of me. I know they want illusion and brilliance and tinsel. During the making of 'The Merry Widow' they wanted to put me in horrid clothes. After arguing to no avail, I used the only whim I had, which was, 'Very well, then, I won't come to the studio. Then I won't do my work for you.' But I have real temperament and am glad of it. In Europe they want their actors to have it. It is that very thing that has made the public like me."

Joseph SchilDKraut is another who admits the charge.

"Certainly I'm full of temperament," he said. I display it whenever the occasion demands and it's worked out to my advantage. All artists have it. I'm conceded, too. All artists are, whether they admit it or not. Temperament is needed in one's work; otherwise the fire and vivacity that stamp a screen star's performance would be lacking. The public understands temperament, so do the producers, but the latter are unwilling to admit it."

On the whole, temperament is a term applied to any poor actor who gets into a mood (as we all do) or who has ideals (as most of us have) or who grows cross simply because it's too hot or too cold or not hot enough or not cold enough. And don't we all?

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A Hollywood Promise

[Continued from page 45]

"I'm so thrilled," she exclaimed. "You see, I never met anybody before, who had anything to do with pictures."

"You don't live around here then?"

"No, I'm from Illinois—just out here for a motor trip with some friends."

"Oh, I see—a society girl."

"You might call it that," answered Eileen.

"Are you with anybody this afternoon?"

"No. The Kingston-Smiths—those are the people who brought me on the motor trip. They were tired today, so they got me a card to the Beach Club. They're so sweet and polite and I am too—we really needed an afternoon off from each other."

"SAY," cried Jerry suddenly, "would you mind awfully going back to Margalo's with me for a bit? You don't know what a relief it is to be with someone who doesn't know a thing about pictures. I've got a lot on my mind this afternoon—that's why I left the party to go out swimming by myself. If I had to talk stop with anyone, I'd bust right up in smoke."

"But Margalo—would she want me, a perfect stranger?"

"My dear girl, half the guests at her party are perfect strangers to her. She's got a yen for society people anyway. Come on. You can help me carry the horse back."

So in tandem formation, bearing the horse like a corpse rescued from the sea, they marched across the sands and up a little staircase that surmounted the great white wall of Margalo's beach shack.

Inside was Paradise! A dainty jewel of a green marble swimming pool was spanned by an ornate sculptured bridge. There were gaily colored beach umbrellas and wicker chairs of marvelous size, shaped to fit every possible angle of a fatigued body. Strung around the pool were two or three more rubber horses, huge bright colored balls and a tiny inflated boat with a carved paddle.

And the guests! Eileen decided she had never seen so many beautiful girls and handsome men. She recognized many of them—idols, whose romantic struggles to fame and riches she had followed in fan magazines.

A golden blonde in bright blue beach pajamas disengaged herself from the crowd.

"Jerry Wilson! We'd begun to think you'd been drowned. Jack Gilbert was all for getting up a party to keep anyone from rescuing you. How about it, Jack?"

A little back, stretched on the sand, wriggled slightly.

"Nothing to it. Drowning's too good for any director."

Jerry picked up a huge rubber ball and bounced it accurately off the early black head, then turned to his hostess—

"Margalo, want you to meet a great friend of mine. Miss 'O'Hara,'" prompted Eileen.

"Miss 'O'Hara. She's a society girl," he added in explanation.

Margalo held out a warm and friendly hand.

"So glad to see you. The party's sort of dying on its feet," she added apologetically. "But I'll leave it to Jerry to give you a good time."

AND Jerry did. Why, it made Eileen happy just to be with him. He was such a big, overgrown boy. And yet how dominating! How he teased, flirted, strutted! Eileen could see that he was a leader, even in this gathering of leaders. Then suddenly, in the midst of a hilarious game of progressive ping pong, he took her hand.

"Come here," he said, "I want to talk to you," as he led her to a little balcony, hung riaculously out over the sea, its framework a wonderful piece of intricate carving that Jerry said Margalo had imported from some Venetian palace. Before them was flung the Pacific, blue and translucent, embraced in the curving arm of Santa Monica Bay.

A tray with two frosted glasses and a bowl of freshly cut limes was brought by a silent servant, who silently departed. They drank.

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Gary Cooper, as "The Virginian," is a-swingin' along the lonely trail singing a range song to his little piano hoss, and the faithful outdoor microphone, swung on a crane above his head, catches it all—even the protests of the little pinto hoss.
Then Jerry came very close to her. She thought he was going to make love and with a little shiver of fear she suddenly realized that if he did, she would let him.

But instead, he just took her hand and began to talk. If Eileen had only known it, this was the real reason he had brought her to the party. He was in that frame of mind, known to all creative workers, where it was desperately necessary for him to talk about himself.

And talking about yourself is just the one thing you mustn't do in a gathering of picture people, that is, if you wish to keep the reputation and popularity that Jerry Wilton had. So when on the beach she had listened so sweetly with her wide, admiring blue eyes, she had seemed what a not too educated producer once called "Mona from Heaven."

FOR a solid hour Jerry talked. By the time he was through, Eileen had heard all about his achievements, past and present, his plans for the future, his first talkie that he was starting production on tomorrow—the talkie that was to make him a leader of the new art as he had been of the old.

There was no guilt behind her admiring interest. It was all so new, so fascinating to her. She couldn't help comparing Jerry Wilton with the men she had known, nice men, always doing the expected things, following the ferrows that someone else had plowed out for them. Gary Owens, for instance, the banker's son, whom everybody, including Eileen, expected would someday marry her.

No, Eileen had never met such a man and Jerry had never encountered such a listener. Finally, the hard knots smoothed out of his mind, his soul at ease, he heaved a great sigh and stopped talking. Lazily, he reached for Eileen's hand and patted it. "Eileen O'Donald, you're wonderful," he murmured.

"My name's O'Hara," she corrected gently. "I don't care what your name is. You're wonderful, Eileen, and I've fallen for you—hard. You're the first man or woman I've been able to stand around me for more than five minutes. I've been so nervous and jumpy. You're like those purple mountains I often motor out to when I get the heebie-jeebies—lying in quiet staleness under the sun."

He paused and held up his hand for silence as he searched for similes. He liked to invent them. Some critic had said he had a genius for them. You're like a stained glass window in a cathedral—cool and beautiful and soothing. You rest me like that line of Kipling's, "Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas."

She made a grimace. "I make you sleepy? That's a doubtful compliment."

"DON'T be fresh." His arm curved around her. "I mean it, Eileen darling. Good Lord, you don't know what a director has to put up with from girls out here! They're always making a play for you. Oh, they're beautiful and smart all right, but you get to know all the tricks in time. Beneath all their vamping, flirting, kidding, there's always the same refrain, I-want-a-job—I-want-a-job."

"But suppose I wanted a job?" A daring, incredible idea had suddenly come to Eileen. Jerry glanced up. A faint, almost imperceptible shadow crossed his face. A second later it was gone and he was smiling with his old exuberance.

"You'd get it, of course! But what's the use of talking? You society girls are always raving about going into pictures, but you never mean it."

"Well, I mean it," said Eileen. She was surprised at her own earnestness. "I really mean it. Do you think I'd screw?"

"Like a million dollars! That sleek curl of your black hair—it's like carved ebony—you proliile's pure aristocrat—and your voice, so cool and deep! Why were you just made for the talkies?"

"Will you give me a chance?"

"Say, will I! That part of Lisbeth—you know, in the story I was telling you. It might have been written for you!" Jerry's voice was

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so hearty and reassuring. It made you feel good just to listen to him—gave you confidence and courage. Eileen leaned toward him.

“Oh, it’s all too wonderful,” she cried.

“You’re the wonderful one. Great luck my meeting you.” He caught her hand, pressed it and pulled her to her feet. “Tough luck that I have to tear myself away. Tennis date with Silvermarsh. My producer. In the picture game, it’s always business before pleasure, you know.”

“I’ve got to be going myself,” said Eileen quickly. “The Kingston-Smiths will be wondering what has become of me. You really meant what you said about the job? It’s a promise?”

“Sure!” he boomed. “It’s a promise. Come around to see me at the studio.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Any time. Just say you’re a friend of Jerry Wilton’s.” Then as he looked down at her uplifted face and eyes moist with speechlessness, his voice became more tender, “Gee, you’re a sweet kid, Eileen O’Neill—”

“My name’s not—” she began, but was suddenly checked, because he pulled her towards him and kissed her on the lips—a kiss, such as she had never received in all her life—so impersonal it was and yet so vibrant with the warm surging vitality of the man.

Eileen had adieu to her hostess, climbed back onto the sands and strode happily towards the Beach Club. What a contrast to her bared, aimless stroll along the selshame sands before she had encountered that horse! Now her heart was leaping high, like the charging waves themselves.

Now that she saw escape before her, she realized what a bound, depressing life hers had been. Trying with her lady mother to stretch that most inelastic of all inelasticities,—a government pension. Living on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Having people nice to her when she could never be sure whether it was due to her own charm or the memory of her revered soldier father.

Well, that was all over. She would never have to go to another party where she felt was invited only because the hostess was anxious to do something “nice for Col. O’Neils daughter.” She would be free and rich like those girls at Margalo’s party. She would be able to do things for her mother. And—she blushed as she realized how much it meant to her mother to be living in the same town with Jerry Wilton.

After dinner, she had it out with the Kingston-Smiths. They were perfectly polite about it. Of course, if Eileen did not wish to continue the trip with them— Oh, it wasn’t that, Eileen assured them, but this marvelous oppor-
tunity to break into pictures. Mrs. Kingston-Smith’s thin lips compressed themselves into a line still thinner.

Marvellous opportunity, indeed! What would Eileen’s mother say? And Gary Owens? Would he approve?

“I DON’T give a damn whether he does or not,” was on the tip of Eileen’s tongue, but she only breathed gently that Gary Owens really had no claim on her and as for her mother, why she was thinking mostly of her mother—the things she could do for her. Surely the Kingston-Smiths could understand? But the Kingston-Smiths could not or would not and after a frosty interval, it was finally arranged that they should continue their tour the next day while Eileen remained in some comfortable and respectable apartment which Mrs. Kingston-Smith would look up for her in the morning.

The next day, when the big limousine finally rolled away, Eileen experienced a little sinking of the heart. The month’s rent in advance for the apartment in which Mrs. Kingston-Smith had installed her, had absorbed most of her “P. F.”

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the careful boarding of bridge winnings, she had managed to save it, dime by dime, and quarter by quarter. With the "P. F." in her pocket, Eileen had always been able to argue with at least some degree of conviction, about paying her share of expenses; and when a house party or a tour like that with the Kingston-Smiths became almost more than her polite-ness could bear, she had always been able to comfort herself with the thought that should worst come to worst, the pride fund would pay her way home.

WELL, the old "P. F." was practically shot now. Eileen could count two five dollar drafts in her American Bankers' Association check book and some seventeen dollars in cash in her little alligator skin traveling bag. But the movies—the golden movies! She wondered if Jerry would think three hundred a week too much for playing the part of Lisbeth.

She was a little tired with moving and she decided it would be rushing matters to look him up too early in the day. Late afternoon would probably be best.

In the phone book she found the number of a beauty shop she had heard Corinne Griffith casually mention, so she called a taxi and spent the next hours in a half somnambulant state, soothed by fragrant creams, and dexterous manipulations with lotions, steam and ice.

When the last curl was seeking into place, the last rosy finger nail polished, she called another taxi and hurried to the studio.

The mention of Jerry Wilson's name and the assertion that she had an appointment got her past the gate-keeper, doorman and two secretaries. Her heart was leaping high when she finally came upon a frosted glass door with "Jerome Wilson, Director" stenciled in large gold letters.

But Jerry wasn't there. Instead, a cool blonde creature with the manners of a grand duchess, yet somehow exuding efficiency, announced herself as Jerry's secretary.

"I had you sent up because I wanted to tell you Mr. Wilson's not in town."

"NOT in town?" gasped Eileen.

"No. They had a little fire on the sound stage last night. Upset the whole schedule, so he's taking the principals of his cast up to the High Sierras to get some snow stuff for the Siberian sequences. No, I haven't the least idea when they'll be back."

Then seeing the stricken deer expression on Eileen's face, she relented a little. "You might call him up in a week, dearie."

Eileen could hear the crisp clicking of the typewriter keys as she hurried down the corridor. Outside the studio she decided she had best walk back to her apartment. That night she had her first experience of a Hollywood canteen, bearing before her a tray meagrely arrayed with a dinner that cost her thirty-nine cents.

Five days later, when walking to the drug store where she usually purchased her cup of coffee breakfast, she noticed headlines in the paper at the news stand.

DIRECTOR'S PARTY SNOWBOUND UNUSUAL STORM SHOWS RANGE CALIFORNIA CLIMATE

From the paper, which cost her a nickel, she gathered that Jerry and his cast were safe but suffering horrible hardships. That it might take a week before rescuers could bravely battle to their release.

But whatever hardships the marooned company suffered, were mild compared to those of Eileen. Though she lived on one meal a day and that at a canteen, the precious "P. F." was soon reduced to a minute. The minus representing debt due one lonely Marcus and secured by the leather traveling coat Mrs. Kingston-Smith had given her at the start of their tour.

Nevertheless, she was really as cheerful as the cheerful letters she wrote home, and when she read that the Jerome Wilson company had finally returned, she made another trip to Mr.

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Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.
That night Eileen took stock of herself and the situation. She must see Jerry Wilton. It was so depressingly necessary to her pride! Her scanty meals and the necessary beauty treatments for her daily trips to the studio had left her with an emaciated appearance. She was perhaps a little afraid she might have been pawed, and every dress, except the dark green one that she thought most becoming, had been sold. And to whom could she look for money? To her former husband, Jerry Wilton? The very thought made her pride curl up and die. Her mother, her darling mother, who was always at least fifty dollars behind by pension day? No, that was unthinkable also.

She would go to the studio. She would just wait and wait and wait until somehow she saw Jerry Wilton. It would be just like him to solve her troubles. He would take her in his arms and kiss her once more. She wondered if hunger was making her light headed.

The next morning there was the problem of how best to go to see Jerry Wilton. Fifteen cents she spent for breakfast, her first meal in twenty-four hours—the remaining twenty-five at her cheap beauty shop. Then she bought the hat she liked to wear.

She was very serene when the secretary announced that Mr. Wilton was busy and couldn't see her.

"Very well then," she said, "I'll wait till he can.

The secretary shrugged her best grand duchess shrug. "It's up to you, dearie. If you have something to say, go in."

A delicious avocado salad and iced tea tray went tiptoeing in to Jerry Wilton's private office. The first secretary came back, confiding in the second secretary that there was a lady with a paper cup of water from the lukewarm container in a corner.

The secretary sat in the shade, directly in front of an electric lamp. With her parching eyes it seemed a世纪s. This was a very rare and unusual career...

Mr. Wilton says he can't see anyone today. He's been called away to look at a location.

"But he's gone to—it's desperate—" there was panic in Eileen's eyes.

"Why not? You can ask him yourself," the secretary said sourly.

Eileen rose unsteadily to her feet. The door opened and there came toward her a mountain of gray flannel—a rumpled red haired crest and beneath it that friendly contagious smile.

Eileen took it for a look of glad greeting. She started forward.

"Mr. Wilton," she began and then stopped, as with a shock she realized he was not smiling at her at all. He was laughing at a joke told him by one of the men who followed him out. He looked straight through Eileen.

"Don't you remember—Eileen O'Hara?" she begged.

His eyes were as vacant as ever. Eileen might as well have been a piece of furniture in his way. He spoke rather sharply to his secretary.

"Can't see anyone today—going out to look for a location. Back in the studio for an important conference with Silvermarch."

Then the great outer door banged behind him.

Eileen stared at it unbelievingly. Then she cried, "He must know who I am. He promised— I stayed here on, spent all my money. I wouldn't have stayed if he hadn't promised."

Promised what? demanded the metallic voice of the secretary.

"Promised me a part. The part of Lisbeth."

"Lisbeth? Why Ruth Hale got that part three weeks ago. She always plays those things in his pictures."

"What?" gasped Eileen. For a moment she stood there swaying. The pent up resentment of her weeks of waiting, the high white cream and rouge—"I'm diminished, my darling mother. The "slow wandering sea" Jerry had spoken of rose in a whirlpool of wrath, the peaceful mountain broke forth in volcanic fires, the naval gun was hack-craned and shattered on the cathedral floor.

When Eileen came to, she was lying on her leather couch in the office. Her hair was dabling wetness on her forehead. And the voice of the grand duchess had become warm and human. "There, there, dearie. I was afraid you were going to faint. Nobody is going to give the run-around by these directors."

"The run-around?"

Yes, kid 'em along and then refuse to see them when they come to a show-down."

"Do you mean to say Mr. Wilton was giving me the run-around all the time I was waiting for him?"

"I'm afraid he was, dearie."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
“And he deliberately lied when he offered me that job?”
“No, it was just a Hollywood promise. You asked him for a job, didn’t you? Well, if he’d refused, said you wouldn’t do it, it would have meant explanation, argument. Good Lord, they get enough of that around the studio!”
“But I wouldn’t have argued,” quavered Eileen.

“WELL, ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would. That’s why the big directors and executives will promise almost anything—outside a studio. It costs too much in time and energy to say ‘no.’”
“But don’t they ever think how much it might cost the others—the people who believe them?”
“A lot they care. They’re so big and important they know they can get away with it, all right, all right.”
“Run-around.” “Get away with it!” The phrases hummed through Eileen’s brain as she left the studio.
And she had been so darned nice to Jerry Wilson. Listened to him all that time, and not only listened, but believed. Thought him too sure and strong and powerful ever to stoop to petty deceits, the meannesses of life.
Now she realized that he had deliberately used her to ease a restless moment of his mind. Used and discarded as one might pick up a rag to dink a bit of dust from a pair of shoes. The fighting spirit of her soldier father took possession of her. He hadn’t let

ENERGINE—the Favorite Cleaner
of World’s Greatest Studios

DAY IN, DAY OUT, THERE’S A NEVER-ENDING CLEANING JOB TO BE DONE IN THE WARDROBES OF THE WORLD’S GREAT STUDIOS. JEWELED COURT GOWNS FOR QUEENS! PINAFORES FOR A COUNTRY LASS! AND EVERYTHING IMAGINABLE IN BETWEEN. A NO ORDINARY CLEANING FLUID IS ACCEPTABLE TO THE EXPERTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE MILLION DOLLAR WARDROBES.
ENGERINE IS THE BIG FAVORITE—BECAUSE IT CLEANES QUICKER, BETTER, LEAVES NO ODOR.
ENGERINE IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN OR DAINTEST FABRIC BECAUSE IT CONTAINS NO HARMFUL SULPHUR, PARAFFIN, CAUSTIC, ACID OR ALKALI.
CHEMISTS AGREE THAT ENGERINE IS THE MOST PERFECT SOLVENT OF GREASE. IT IS GREASE THAT ATTRACTS AND HOLDS DIRT. ENGERINE REMOVES DIRT AND GREASE SPOTS QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY, FROM EVERY KIND OF FABRIC—FROM DRESSES, HATS, SCARFS, SUITS, COATS, NECKTIES, GLOVES, SHOES, CURTAINS, CARPET, DRAPES, UPHOLSTERY.

PREFERRED BY MILLIONS
FOR A QUARTER-CENTURY ENGERINE HAS BEEN THE PREFERRED CLEANING FLUID OF MILLIONS—PEOPLE WHO WILL TAKE NO CHANCES WITH UNKNOWN SUBSTITUTES. THEY BELIEVE THAT NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF ENGERINE.

A small amount of ENGERINE will do a big cleaning job. Large, handy can 35c. Double size 60c. Slightly higher in foreign countries. Sold by druggists throughout the world.

IMPORTANT
When a garment is generally soiled, send it to the “ENGERINE Dry Cleaner” in your community. Look him up in the telephone book. There’s nothing in ENGERINE to take the life out of your clothes—they are returned to you completely cleaned and odorless.

A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2¢ in stamps to cover mailing cost.

THE CUMMER PRODUCTS CO.
2180 West 15th Street • Cleveland, Ohio

World’s Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Don't let neighbors and friends pity you for having a cross-teething baby—and avoid you for the same reason.

You can keep baby happy and smiling all thru teething time if at the first sign of tooth cutting you rub the gums with Dr. Hand's and apply every day, as often as needed, until teething is over. Cooling and healing, it stops pain within one minute.

**DR. HAND'S**

- **Teething Lotion**
  - is approved by doctors and used by thousands of mothers.
  - It is the actual prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and is far superior to germ-carrying teething rings that may spoil baby's mouth and cause crooked teeth.

**Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

Hand Medicine Co.,
I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name

Name

Street

City

State

**$600 won by Palmer Students in DeMille "Talkie" Contest**

Both second and third prizes in the recent Cecil DeMille contest for the best "talkie" idea were awarded to Palmetto-trained writers.

"I have won the second prize of $200.00 in the Cecil DeMille contest for the best idea for a "talkie"," I am very happy in securing this prize entirely to Palmetto Institute," says a letter from Mrs. G. M. McKeever,

Harry M. Lawry

"To the Cecil DeMille Studio Real Motion Picture, Ctr.,
which just closed, I won third prize, a matter of $200.00.

Beaver McKeever

Such testimonials speak for themselves. Under Palmer Training you can learn the professional touch in writing—either playbooks or short stories. The Palmer Institute can take that talent of yours and make it produce its utmost. Mail the coupon below for booklet describing other Palmer successes and full information on Palmer Course.

**PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP**

CLAYTON HAMILTON, President


I have discovered:

- Photograph Writing
- Short Story Writing
- English and
- Self-Education
- Writers' Criticism

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesman will call.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The great Jerry Wilton was sobbing like a baby!
Eileen started to tiptoe from the room. Jerry raised a tousled head.
"Why you—who the devil are you?"
"I'm the girl you met on the beach. The girl you took to Margalo's party and talked to on the balcony."
"But what are you doing here?"
"You wouldn't see me, so I sneaked in by the fire-escape. I hid when Silvermarsh came—"
"So you heard that fracas, did you? Well do you blame me for blubbering? God, what a grind this picture's been! Everything from fire to snowstorms to hold me up. And Silvermarsh! Why Silvermarsh was wild today. He's been hectoring me ever since we started. Butting in, offering fool suggestions, whining about whether I can do talkies or not. It's driving me crazy! Look!"—he stretched out a bronzed hand. "Look at the way my arm shakes. I'm beginning to doubt myself. Maybe I'm not any good. Maybe I can't do talkies. Oh, I'm scared—scared to death!"

He flopped down on the desk again. Eileen had forgotten her own troubles, her own wrongs. All she knew was that she yearned to comfort this young Atlas, who seemed to be carrying the world on his shoulders—a world that might cost five hundred thousand dollars and never earn any profits. She reached forward a hand to stroke the curly hair. She gently turned the bowed head until Jerry's bloodshot eyes stared right into her cool blue ones.
"Why you big silly! To be afraid after all you've done! Don't you know nothing can stop you? Why you have power. Power to stir people. Just as you stirred Silvermarsh. And me—a few moments ago I was waiting behind that curtain angry enough to kill you—And now, I—I want you to succeed more than I ever wanted anything in my life. You've got a message, Jerry Wilton, a message for everyone—not just sophisticated New York audiences, but people all over the country, all over the world. You know Life, and that's what counts in silence or in sound."

Yes, Jerry Wilton knew Life and knowing it, he realized that standing before him was one girl who would always believe in him, match his strength with her strength, soothe and calm, comfort and understand. Being a man quick on decisions, he pushed aside the great curved desk and took her in his arms.
The mauve colored missive fluttered unnoticed from the desk.

Four weeks later, the grand duchess found it where it had lodged in a half opened drawer. Always efficient, she sent it down to Eddie Mallin.
Pretty soon Eddie came storming in and planked the scented sheet upon her desk.
"Read that aloud," he roared. "I want to see if it says what I think it does or if I've gone nuts."
In tones as precise as her coifure, the grand duchess read:
"DUE EILEEN O'HARA FOR ONE HOLLYWOOD PROMISE Complete with Run-around $221.15

ITEMS
Rent Apartment $75.00
Meals 31.85
Beauty Treatments 16.65
Ticket Home 97.65
$221.15

When she had finished, she yawned slightly.
"Now it's no use getting hot and bothered, Eddie. Don't you know since Jerry's picture is finished and looks so good in the cutting room, anything he says goes. You'll pay off on this and like it. Or have a hell of a row with Jerry."
"You see, and Miss O'Hara are spending the week-end at Agua Caliente getting married."

MODERNIZING MOTHER... Episode Number Nine

Old-fashioned ways cannot withstand the merry onslaught of the modern girl. Her enthusiasm is so sane and contagious, she is so everlastingly right in refusing the drudgeries and repressions of her mother's girlhood that the whole world is approving her gay philosophy, which demands the best and nothing but the best.

Her quick appreciation encourages manufacturers to strive for improvements. Two years of research in the largest laboratory in the world devoted to surgical dressings produced Modess. Modess is amazingly better. It is really and truly comfortable. It is deodorizing.

The gracious softness of Modess is due to an entirely new substance for the filler. It is not in layers but is a fluffy mass like cotton, yielding, conforming, yet highly absorbent and, of course, disposable.

For still greater comfort and to prevent irritation, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton and the sides are smoothly rounded.

Modess possesses deodorizing properties. Laboratory tests prove it to be superior in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

You are sure to prefer Modess. Since it costs no more, why not try it?

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Modess
(Pronounced Mo-dess')
SO INFINITELY FINER

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Films Go Baby Talk

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

alive and had their hearing and a phonograph.

Well, more Paramount officials saw and heard her in "Nothing But The Truth" and nothing would do but that she sign her name right there to that dotted line and pack her teeny-weeny 'little bag and come to California and make more people glad they're alive.

So here she is curled up in a great big suite of rooms at the Beverly Wilshire with her sister and her sister's little son (Aw, gee, Junior, sit still for Auntly Helen. Aw, gee, is at nice?),

but they're going to move to a great big house in Beverly.

"Now we're in California," said Helen, "we should live like 'e other picture people, now shouldn't we. We gotta great big house with trees, fig trees and lots—oo—lots of fresh air. We should have it, shouldn't we now?"

I REALLY thought they should now. In fact, you just gotta agree with Helen Kane. Personally, I think she isn't too fat, but I've always been a thief Turkish in my tastes. I said so.

"Aw, gee, it's nice," said Helen, "but honestly, I too big. I thought I looked turri-

ble in 'Nothing But The Truth.' I cried when I saw it."

I hadn't contemplated Helen's crying, but now that I think of it, it must be an amazing performance.

THOSE big goo-goo eyes all welling up with tears.

Is there a sugar daddy with heart strong enough to resist?

Is there man alive who could deny that baby talk baby anything?

I can imagine her going into B. P. Schulberg's office at Paramount and saying:

"Aw, gee, Mr. Schulberg, you shoulda seen what 'ey did to my nice part. I just know if you knew you wouldn't let 'em cut all out my nice scenes."

AND I can imagine Schulberg, the great high dignitary of Paramount, floating away on a saccharine sea of big heartedness and sending out an order that all those nice scenes—even the weeniest one—be put right back into the story.

If you had thought of it before you might have been depressed at the possibility of baby talk in the audibles.

But wouldn't be after you have seen Helen Kane.

She is the cutest little bit of femininity come to our doll shores in many—oh many—a new moon.

If she doesn't leave her audiances out in the aisles talking to themselves—talking baby talk at that—I miss my guess!

No wonder, when, after they have made a Great Mystery of the Art of Acting before the Camera, they see this untried girl step before one and give a motion picture performance of the very first rate!

"Do you miss the theater?"

"Yes, I miss it some, but this is a great change for me, and everyone at Paramount is swell to me, and I'm happy. Will you have a dash more of that ginger ale?"

I will. And do you enjoy knocking over helpless members of my poor sex?"

"I've played menaces right along, and I suppose I'll have to, for a while. But I'd like to do sophisticated heroines."

Sure—and she probably will, too. But the world reeks with heroines, while there are only a few superb demons like Kay Francis. What could Eddie Foy have gotten by playing Hamlet?

But this had gone far enough. Again I thought of Walter Huston and Dick Arlen and young Holmes, and shivered.

"WELL, thank you, Miss Francis," I stuttered. "I guess I'll have to be going now."

"I do have just a touch more of this ginger ale," she said, leaning forward.

"No, thanks! I really must be moving," and she, and rushed out the door, liking the last two steps and pursued by a gust of merry laughter, but no applause.

That was the joke of my interview with Kay Francis, the first great vamp of the talking pictures, and standard bearer of the new come-what-school.

If you come within gunshot of her tremendous fascination, take my advice and follow my example—get on your bicycle and pedal away with no back looks.

Run, do not walk, to the nearest exit.

Remember what happened to Walter Huston!
The Wisecracker Reveals Himself

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

great from it. Jack Pickford was the star. There was just a small credit line saying, "William Haines as Tom Brown." One day a friend said he had seen a preview of the film. He said that I was a sensation, and that I had the audience lying in the aisles. I thought he was kidding me, and I told him that it was a vaudeville expression, anyway. I was more surprised than anybody when my characterization attracted attention.

ILOVED that picture. I followed it around, like Mary's lamb, from theater to theater. One night in a little neighborhood house someone behind me started giving Tom Brown the raspberries. The fellow said, "Look at that big ox, crying. Ain't he funny looking?" I turned around, gave him plenty of time to recognize the pan, and said, "You're no Helen of Troy yourself."

I got the swelled head, an awful case. I was good and, boy! no one knew that better than William Haines. Right after "Brown of Harvard" I had to go back to Columbia to complete my agreement. This time I thought I was too good for them. What, a big shot working over on Poverty Row?

I was upstage and nobody could tell me a thing. When they wanted me to work at night I said that I had to go to choir practice with Ramon Novarro— that we sang in a Catholic church on Sundays. They gave me a funny look, but I got away with it. It must have been a great day for them when I returned to my own studio.

And then M-G-M. did a wise thing with me. They put me in a little picture called "Lovely Mary," with Bessie Love as the star. I played a sort of musical comedy milkman. I still put my fingers to my nose when I think of myself in that one. It took the wind out of my sails completely.

I couldn't be concealed as long as that picture was in circulation.

The rest of my picture career is pretty well known. I played "Brown of Harvard" seven times.

--

Welcome the Man Who Wears This Ring

This ring is the Majestic man's badge of identification—so that you may know him when he calls. He lives in your community. He represents a store in your own neighborhood. Becomes to help you discover a new world of entertainment—music, drama, laughter, song.

He does not wait for you to call on him. He calls on you—to urge you to hear the Majestic before you are hastened into buying some radio set you do not want. He knows the set you do want. He can give you in five minutes all the essential facts on modern radio. He will tell you why Majestic is the leader—pouring forth continuous enjoyment in more than a million homes.

He will tell you why Majestic long ago passed the experimental stages with which many manufacturers are still battling today. Why Majestic is the very last word in modern radio. He will tell you why the most talked of modern advancement in radio today, is Majestic's ability to bring you beauty of tone at any volume.

Welcome the Majestic man when he calls—give him your confidence. He comes to render a genuine service. Better still, do not wait—call his store today.

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RADIO

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"Double" with a Saxophone

Increase Your Pay

The modern orchestra wants men who can play more than one instrument and especially those who can play that most popular instrument—the Saxophone.

In just a few weeks you can increase your opportunities and income with a BUESCHER True Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all instruments to learn—easiest to finger rapidly—its tones are true, clear and full. It harmonizes beautifully with all instruments and readily joins the best known soloists and orchestra leaders, such as Clyde Deere, Tom Brown, Jack Crawford and Krueger and use and recommend Buescher Saxophones.

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Patented Snap-on Pads — the greatest improvement for beauty of tone — easy to replace, no more cementing. Found only on the Buescher.

Patented Automatic Octave Key — always positive. Perfect scale accuracy — every tone always full, clear and true.

Hands never moved from one playing position. Convenient key arrangement, simplifies fingering of rapid passages.

Six Days' Trial—Easy Terms

Try any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other instrument in your own home for six days. If you do not like the instrument, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Mail the coupon for beautiful literature and details of this wonderful trial plan. Mention instrument in which interested.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2854 Buescher Block
Elyria, Ohio

Empty Hearted

(continued from page 29)
York for six weeks. First time I’d been there since I was a kid living in Brooklyn. A couple of weeks ago a trip to Agua Caliente. I had fun gambling. Won a lot of money, too, until people recognized me and I had to be on parade and couldn’t be myself.

“Well that’s all. Those are the only places I’ve been. Get up in the morning— go to work. Work, work, work. Go home at night. Can’t sleep. Think too much. Think about everything. Mind goes on and on and on. Think about my life, about the new picture, about my lines.

“Is that living? To h — with it! What’s life? THIS isn’t it!”

She perched her feet on a desk. She kept running her hands— hot, restless hands— through that amazing tangle of hair, somehow like herself, flaming, turbulent and mad.

“WELL, where am I going to find life? Listen— do you suppose it might be in Europe? Somewhere away from Hollywood and all the familiar scenes and well known faces? Do you suppose life is in Europe, in some quiet little house in the south of France with some man who could give me something?”

“I’m getting maudlin. It’s because I’ve worked too hard. My nerves are all shot— honestly. Really, I’m at the breaking point. My contract has two more years to go. Maybe — after that. Maybe, I might resign. Maybe I might have enough money to go away and stay.”

And now there’s Harry Richman. But I’m afraid he isn’t what Clara Bow is seeking. He’s just another playboy. I’m afraid he’s only an antidote for Clara’s suffering.

Clara really suffers and who is to say that it’s any the less acute because she hasn’t the fundamental background necessary for complete and thorough introspection? If ever there was a Prometheus spirit, Clara Bow has it.

She hates her flapper rôle— all cut to the same pattern. She has the power to do great dramatic work. Paul Bern, whose critical judgment I reverre more than that of any man in Hollywood, says Clara has possibilities of being the greatest dramatic actress on the screen today. He says that she could do Zaza or Catherine the Great, or any other highly emotional part.

And Clara knows she could. She doesn’t know how she knows it, but she does.

Harry Richman? I’m afraid he doesn’t mean the final answer to the riddle of the universe for Clara.

They met in New York when Clara went back last year. He was nice to her. Her singing. She loves music— both gay and grave. He took her around a bit, like the other boys. She met there and when she returned to Hollywood they corresponded.

THEY met again a few weeks ago at Joseph Schenck’s home. Harry, you know, is doing a picture for United Artists, of which Mr. Schenck is president. And Clara, ever searching, ever restless, ever miserable, liked him as well in Hollywood as she had in New York.

Clara announced that Clara has been engaged many times. This time the name is Harry Richman. The colony is rather skeptical and inclined to say “Richman needs the publicity.” But Hollywood is like that.

But Clara needs more than gayety and jazz music. Clara needs rest—if she can rest—and a different background. New scenes. New faces. New hopes and ambitions.

She has worn herself out with giving. Her money, her time, her energy, her love— each is a blank check on which she scrawls her name. You can make out your own ticket if Clara likes you.

She doesn’t go about much. She leads her own life away from the studio. The gossips have hurt her deeply. She has been goaded by circumstance.

One of the most famous women in pictures is a pitiful, tired child who has called to life and heard only her own echo.

A Unique Discovery In Removing Arm or Leg Hair

Utterly without fostering bristly re-growth

A New Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty cley in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And — the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child’s. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel finer than probably ever before in your life of annoyng hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60¢ sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60¢ size.
Tan—Freckles
Can Be Secretly Removed!
You can remove that coat of tan,
these annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

BLEACHES
To a Natural Loveliness! Enthusiastic daily letters from users say there is no bleach like it, no other that smooths, softens, and so efficiently whitens. Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches your skin while you sleep. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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FREE new booklet "Beauty" for Everyone
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Please send me Free booklet "Beauty" for Everyone.
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MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Dept. 22-10, 1005 N. Dearborn, Chicago

Gray Hair
Today gray hair is given youthful color.
This way is clear, colorless as water. Just pour Mary T. Goldman's through hair. Imparts color that will not wash nor rub off. Make amazing test. Get full-size bottle from druggist. Every penny back if not delighted. Or send coupon for free "single-lock" test package (givs color of hair).

Phonoplay Wins But Talkie Stays On
[continued from page 50]
also explain how I came to be called the First of the Mad Parsonses. Here we go! Hold tight to your scalps!
3000 people didn't read the contest rules.
200 people suggested videophone and other established trade names.
10 employees of Warner Bros. suggested videophone, on purpose.
7 people suggested squeakily—6 out of sheer sentimentality and 1 by mistake.
3 people with hangovers suggested sayshow (shay it ever to yourself and shee).
2 had read Walter Winchell and suggested boompson and smotion picture.
3 had read Elia Gun in atlire-
tone, tolerance and tolerance.
1 spoke baby talk and sent in assphotic.
(Helen Kane?)
1 sneezed, liked the sound and sent in achoo.
I saw "Rain" and "White Cargo" and sent in sonopingo. (Me Sonopingo—I me like white man.)

QUITE a few had been to school and sent in lapophotograph, theoperascope, and realiz-
oscopGraphic.
Quite a few hadn't but knew a man who had a dictionary. They'sent in sonosophograph, photoautograph and ecpophographic.
Then there were the linguists—a, the linguists—paradoxical, steaky, paparati, and others including the Milt Grosse.
1 man had met an Indian and sent in ikon-
cheer (pronounced ikonacheer if anybody cares).
Several suggested Pickfordtone, Valention-
tone and the like. (Nobody thought of Bull Montana.)
The gay sex favored spreadies, chatties, gabbies, gompis and moviegoers.
And someone sent in photio, to which we can only answer—photodoccoco you yourself and see how you like it.

This Dainty MUFTI CLEANING COMPACT
New! A complete cleaning outfit—purse size. Removes any grass instantly, no matter where you are. Protects you from embarrassment at parties—dances—when dining out. Attractive compact container of MUFTI and individual cleaning pads. Given to you as evidence that MUFTI should be your choice.
MUFTI NEVER FAILS!
The unusual dependability of this marvelous cleaner is made possible by the skillful combination of its eleven ingredients. No spot is able to withstand its at-
tack—delicate fabrics are never harmed—and MUFTI leaves no ring or odor.
FREE Offer!
We will send you the MUFTI Cleaning Compact free on receipt of 10c to cover postage and ship-
ing. Or, the compact is given with each purchase of a regular 60c bottle of MUFTI at any Drug or Department Store.

MUFTI COMPANY
282 McNab Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Compact Given With Each 60c Bottle!

PRETTY ANKLES $3.75
and CALVES
D. R. WALTERS'S Special extra strong Ankles Bands of five Para Rubbers will support and relieve the ankle and calf while reducing them. Made of pure Para rubber. They fit like a glove. They can be worn under stockings, have no rhamentation and various veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at rest and require very little care or during the day wearing then extra comfort of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankles Band now. Be sure request is made of your dealer or send money under one of our guaranty positions.

Send Aisle and Gulf measure to DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue
New York

CLOGGED PORES
prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only Resinol

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
and the wisdom of meeting a serious situation with the most direct and sure means at her command, she is able to save her husband from his own waywardness and lack of stability, from the self that is not a great artist but a spoiled little boy. In spite of the fact that she realizes she may have to meet similar situations over and over again, she can do all this because she sincerely loves and believes in him.

Feeling as you do, I am sure no words of mine would deter you from marrying this man. And I am not at all sure I would speak them, if I thought they might. As you say, you may not find complete happiness with him, but neither will you be happy without him. You may have the inconstancy and wit to avert serious situations, to recognize the first hint of danger. But I warn you that you will get nowhere by constantly asserting your authority as a wife, by watching too closely where he goes and with whom, by checking up on the things he does and his reasons for doing them. No one likes to be kept under surveillance, even when love prompts it.

The whole situation is squarely up to you. It is not likely he will change much, and you must make up your mind to accept him as he is now and to look upon marriage with him as a sporting proposition. When you have accepted failure at times you can console yourself with the thought that you often succeed in working things out on your own way. Don't misunderstand me when I say that your marriage will have to be "a sporting proposition." I emphatically don't mean that you should enter it as you would into a game in which you may be quickly defeated and withdrawn. Quite the contrary. If you decide to marry, you must also decide to bend every energy to making your lives together happy and successful. You will have to be satisfied to be the sufferer between your husband and the world, to meet his irritability with calmness, and to refrain from too much censure, no matter how much he may seem to deserve it. You will have to content yourself with the reward of having won the man you love and of having the opportunity, as his wife, of remaining preeminent in his affections.

If you are not financially independent of him, you should learn some profession or business that will make you so. If he knows that at any time you may go out and earn your own living, or if you have an income that will cover your needs, then he will be careful not to go too far and run the risk of losing you. And you will be able to keep your self-respect and know that it is love which holds you, and not financial dependence.

Such dependence may often save a woman from breaking up her home too impecuniously, but it also keeps many couples together who should never have married and who would be much happier apart.

My sincerest wishes for your happiness go with this letter, Anna.

Barbara K.

I am sure your slight limp will not interfere with learning to dance, especially since you do so much swimming. Among my friends is a girl who walks with a decided limp, yet I am told she dances gracefully, and I know she dances a great deal. A few lessons and some good partners are probably all you need to get started. Then you will be invited to the school dances and in that way meet some of the boys you want to know. I am so happy to know my articles have been helpful to you.

Evelyn S.

If I were you I would not give up swimming just because of an undeveloped figure. Swim...
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Every woman longs for clear, bright eyes...and here is the way to have them! Just apply Murine each night and morning. It removes the irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition and imparts an alluring sparkle to the eyes.

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Heart Throbs

Joplin, Mo.

I am one of those among "many thousands of afflicted souls to whom the passing of the silent picture is a genuine tragedy"—quoting from Mr. Quirk's editorial in the June issue of Photoplay.

I desire to express my appreciation of his genuine understanding of us who have lost their hearing and also to assure him and his readers that there are compensations, after all.

To have lived in the age of the fine growth of the motion picture industry is a privilege in itself. It is true that the silent pictures, with their clever sub-titles, were easier to understand—but I am fast learning to read the

on our sleeves and we can't too obviously pursue the men we admire. But when a man shows a girl he is really interested in her, and she admits to herself she likes him very much, doesn't it seem foolish for her to act as though she were totally indifferent, to ignore his letters for months, and to take an injured attitude when he resolves it? You had better change your methods, Beverly. I hope the estrangement will not be a permanent one, but it has taught you a lesson and you won't make the same mistake again.

BILLIE:

No, I don't think you are a bit too tall, but you might gain a few pounds. Your weight is a little less that it should be for your height. All blues will look well on you, and so will golden brown, dark purple, pale pinks and soft rose tints. Black should be becoming, especially if relieved with white or cream at the neck.

R. K. O.:

If you will send ten cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to send you my booklet on sane reducing. Those extra pounds are probably making you self-conscious and over-sensitive.

DOLLY:

No, you are not overweight for a growing girl. Part your hair rather high on one side, draw softly over your hair, and tie with a soft knot at the back of your head. That's a girlish, stylish coiffure and is almost universally becoming.

MOLLIE G. M.:

You forgot to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and to enclose ten cents for a reducing booklet. If you will write me again and follow instructions I shall be glad to reply with a personal letter.

JACKIE A.:

The May issue of Photoplay contained an article describing the correct color combinations for your type, the brown-haired girl. If you will send 25c to Photoplay, 750 North Michigan Avenue, with a note requesting a copy of that issue, it will be sent you promptly. If you are thin I suggest that you wear the pleated skirts that are so popular. Gracefully draped skirts are also flattering to the figure, and are lovely for more formal wear.

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At last the screen does justice to the name of Ziegfeld... The master producer's greatest musical comedy success, staged on a scale that dwarfs all other screen musical attractions in beauty and magnificence... Exquisite color sequences, gorgeous girls, glittering costumes, Rio Rita's lilting melodies, and new, interpolated numbers, and the superb singing of the title role by Bebe Daniels, make this production even greater than the original.

Betty Compson, as the cabaret violin girl, scores the greatest triumph of her career in "Street Girl."

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P & A.

George Lewis speeding through the open sea at fifty miles an hour, in a thrilling race scene from Universal's "Excuse My Spray." Air boats and a wind machine are whipping the old studio tank into foam, and Director Holmes, with the megaphone, is cautioning George not to knock the concrete down.
They Must Suffer to Be Beautiful

[continued from page 33]

only inaccuracy is the ONE trip to the beauty parlor. It is not one secret but many. It is not one hour, but the payment of days that beauty demands. You can’t do just one thing to be beautiful. My grandmother used to tell me that if I swallowed a chicken egg white, standing on my head behind the kitchen door, I’d be as beautiful as the Queen of Sheba. Wouldn’t it be as easy as that! You must make many, many gestures to appease the surly goddess.

OVER on Sunset Boulevard is a luxurious beauty establishment called Czarina’s Charm. This is the shop owned by David Mir, of whom I have already spoken, and Gestia Berg.

The soft, padded, grey carpets of Czarina’s Charm lead the beauty seeker to a back room where an imposing electric machine is to be found.

This instrument, invented by a plastic surgeon, is to face lifting if the treatments are taken soon enough.

A brisk operator gives a facial de luxe. After being softened with cold cream, the face is given a strenuous treatment with a smooth wooden electric patty that works faster than the most skillful fingers could. Next, the operator places on her forearm plates through which the electricity from the complicated machine passes from her fingers to the patient’s face.

Many of the stars surround their visits to the shops with mystery. They often go, crestily, in heavy veil, fearful of admitting that theirs is not a perfectly natural loveliness. The truth is that a modern Helen of Troy could not remain beautiful without caring for herself. Those who are frank about paying constant visits to Mir’s shop are Norma Talmadge, Virginia Valli, Agnes Ayers, Julia Faye, and Edna Murphy, wife of young Mervyn LeRoy.

These women are so beautiful that they do not fear giving away their secrets.

When I say that the stars average three hours a day in beautifying themselves, I do not count the hours and hours they spend on sun baths.

The fad for tanned backs, faces and legs has swept the film colony like the eighteen-day diet.

Half of feminine Hollywood is as brown as the morning after a tan.

Evelyn Brent, Lilian Tashman, Joan Crawford, and dozens of others have allowed the sun to give them the fashionable shade. The most approved method consists of applying a generous amount of olive oil to the body and lying in the sun for hours.

Our fair cinema stars end up by smelling like Italian dinners.

NOT only do they give hours to beauty but they deny themselves many pleasures as well. Dorothy Mackall’s skin is so tender that she cannot sunburn. She has a home at the beach, and while others may loll happily on the sands she must stay indoors and watch them through a window.

Of course, rich foods are taboo and while they are working they must give up parties and other social events for the necessary beauty sleep. Eyes that have been closed for only four or five hours won’t sparkle for the camera.

No beauty stone has been left unturned by Hollywood. There are the quacks, of course. There are the fly-by-night “specialists” whose shingles gleam in the sun for a week or two and are suddenly seen no more. But the stars are leery of these. They are sure before
they go to a shop, for one wrong beauty treatment might ruin their chances of future success on the screen.

Legitimate specialists, however, invariably do a big business. But the specialists cannot do everything. The stars themselves must give daily care and time to the nails, the neck, the hair, the body (exercises with machines and rolling pins if necessary) and the complexion.

ESTHER RALSTON'S tender skin is so thin—that it requires the most minute care with creams and lotions. Billy Dove brushes her hair night and morning forty strokes. Mary Brian gives her eyes an especial treatment every night to stimulate the muscles and make them lustrous.

Dorothy Dwan uses a thick tissue cream on her face before retiring and wears out a large cake of ice on her face every morning. Anita PAGE keeps her skin firm with ice. Aileen Pringle removes the make-up with cold cream, followed by a witch hazel rub to thoroughly cleanse the pores.

Joan Crawford uses a good soap and soft water on her face and gives the skin three rinsings in lukewarm water.

Each star has her pet beauty theory. Each one has discovered the method that is most effective for her. We all do these things, but you and I may neglect them. You and I may drop into bed just one night without taking off the powder and rouge. You and I may neglect the daily dozen for a week and it doesn't matter.

But the girls who work in pictures can never once relax from their task of remaining beautiful.

Sadie Nathan, Frederickson, Weaver-Jackson, Betty and Bill, Hepner, Jim—these are some of the favorite shops. The stars spend hours of their lives at them. And there are hundreds of women who visit the actresses in the evenings and in the mornings to administer beauty treatments.

Money and courage and time are spent in Hollywood for beauty's sake.

Beauty is a taskmaster whose whip never rests.

AND beauty is demanded by the fans. The picture goes on the screen idealized women. They discover women of charm and grace and distinction with every hair in place and every fingernail properly gleaming. The women of the films are the loveliest women in the world.

But the stars pay for their beauty. They pay in energy and thought and suffering. They do not murmur when the treatments are arduous, when the hours are long and the bills longer.

Be glad you don't HAVE to be beautiful. The stars are lovely.

They should be.

They pay a spectacular price for their beauty.
Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929

(Presented by Carl Laemmle)

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The Roosevelt Hotel, on Hollywood Boulevard, has been the scene of the battle for the stage people. Wait a minute. Don't get ahead of the story. After registering at this hotel, they later spread out into Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, into homes and apartments. The Roosevelt is the Clifforde, the Algonquin and the Ritz of the West. Home life appeals to these people of the stage, accustomed to apartments in New York, and restaurants and baths in hotels on the road. Ann Harding, the star of the stage production of "Mary Dugan," has a house, and wonder of wonders, there is grass in the front yard. Ann's baby doesn't have to have a sun bath on the fire escape.

Irene Bordoni and Lenore Urie, both arriving in the West with huge staffs of servants, have taken big houses in Beverly Hills. Miss Bordoni has leased Marie Prevost's residence. Ina Claire, of course, the moment she became Mrs. John Gilbert moved her trunks out of the smart Beverly-Wilshire into John's house on Tower Road, overlooking the mountains, the sea and the Los Angeles plain.

Others among the Broadway personalities who lost no time in finding houses are Charles Bickford, Clift Edwards (Ukulele Ike), Charles King, Robert Montgomery, George Arliss, Walter Wofl, Chester Morris, Fannie Brice, Lilian Roth, Frederick March, Florence Eldridge, Mary Eaton, Kay Francis, and Paul Muni. Ruth Chatterton, Carlotta Linn, Pauline Frederick and Raymond Hackett are living at the seashore. Hackett says Hollywood is the cleanest place he knows. Everyone goes to the beach from May to October.

Some of the footlight stars couldn't sleep unless they had apartments. Someone snoring on the floor below, a wild party on the floor above, and a domestic squabble in the suite adjoining.

The Beverly-Wilshire, built with the intention of attracting Los Angeles society folk, has become a very fashionable hotel for theatrical top-notchers. The Beverly Hills hotel, until a short time ago, a resort for over-uptoched Eastern dowagers, is filled with the big names of the stage. Apartment and hotel life, New York or Hollywood, appeals to Jack Buchanan, Pert Kelton, Marilyn Miller, Beatrice Lillie, Charlotte Greenwood, Al Jolson, Bernice Claire, Zita Johann, Catherine Dale Owen, and most of the song writers.

Things are still a bit chaotic along the new Broadway, but life's like that. The stage people are trying to become accustomed to Hollywood, and Hollywood is trying to become accustomed to the New Yorkers. At first the arrivals from the legitimate and variety stages rather kept to themselves. Now, gradually, the two groups are beginning to merge. Particularly this is true of Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Marilyn Miller, the Gleasons, and Basil Rathbone.

VAUDEVILLE people are slower to venture out of their own circle of fellow performers and song writers. But then there is the picture of Fannie Brice, the proud possessor of a house with a swimming pool in the back yard, entertaining hosts of film people on Sundays. Fannie, however, has long been popular with the colony during her many visits to the Los Angeles Orpheum. Sophie Tucker was quite exclusive while she was here. Tex Guinan didn't pal around much, either, but then she couldn't find anyone to pal with.

At times there have been some hard feelings between the old line motion picture stars and...
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1929

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Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Felix Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
The Weigh of All Flesh

Day by day, in every weigh, Hollywood is getting smaller! Molly O’Day lost twelve pounds in fourteen days. Belle Baker packed with twenty-six pounds and Sam Hardy decreased his circumference by eleven. Polly Moran announced that she had taken off ten pounds, but that she did not know whether it was the diet or the strenuous exercise of continually wiping the grapefruit juice off her glasses.

Then the reports began to grow alarming. Besse Meredith, after being on a diet twelve days and losing eight pounds, became very ill and was under a doctor’s care.

From Vienna came the news that Marietta Muller, Hollywood’s new girl, was dead as the result of following a starvation diet. It was said she died of tuberculosis as an aftermath of too strenuous dieting. Friends said she reduced to get under the weight limit set by a film contract. Paramount officials gave out the information that her contract with them had expired and nothing was known of any new connection.

Meanwhile, the Mayo Brothers warned at the unearned notoriety which was being thrust upon them, and each day they gave out a longer and more emphatic statement denying the authorship of the new craze. At the American Medical Association convention in Portland medical men were decisively against the diet, and daily it was attacked in the newspapers by doctors of some repute.

When questioned as to their attitude, certain Hollywood mechanics in good standing refused absolutely to quote. Others maintained that the diet itself was all right, but that no diet, however good, could be recommended wholesale. The statement given out by Dr. Louis F. X. Wilhelm, one of the best known dermatologists in Hollywood, is representative of the opinion of the majority of medical men.

Dr. Wilhelm says: “It is a good axiom that whatever is good for one individual is not necessarily good for the masses. I urge the individual to accept no diet unless he has been thoroughly examined by a competent physician under whose close supervision the diet best for this individual’s condition is carried out.”

The studios, on the other hand, report that they have writers, directors, technical men, players and producers on the diet, and that none of their people has had any ill effects from it. A rumor that several extra girls on the “Sally” set at First National had fallen out as a result of the 18-day regimen was discovered to be unfounded, for a check-up revealed that none of the girls were on the diet. They had fainted as a result of the intense heat and the unusual number of lights required for the color photography which was being used in the making of the picture.

Restaurants all over the country have bowed their heads before the onslaught of the Mayo-Hollywood 18-day diet. Montmartre in Hollywood has the 18-day special menu printed on the back of the regular menu cards. There, as at Sardi’s in New York, one usually says, “Sixth Day” and beholds— as if by magic, a bright, shiny orange and a cup of tea make their appearance.

We agree with Bugs Baer, however, that eighteen days seem like a long time to stay in any restaurant! We must admit that the 18-day diet offers a fair variety and genuinely appetizing food, although much of it. In that respect it has an edge on most of the w.k. recipes for torture—such as the lambchop-pineapple method.

At any rate it has a stronger hold on the country than ever Coué, mah Jongg or the crossword puzzle had. It is running neck and neck with Lindbergh—and Lindbergh had better look to his laurels.

For the benefit of those who have been unable to beg, borrow or steal the famous formula, we are hereby reprinting it. We warn you that Lon Chaney is reported to have lost eleven faces and Fanny Brice to have eaten the whole eighteen days in five minutes—but if nothing can stop you, here you are:

The Day by Day Menu

(Reprinted from The Los Angeles Examiner, June 26, 1929)

**FIRST DAY**

**BREAKFAST**

One-half grapefruit
Melba toast
Coffee

(Breakfast the same every day)

**LUNCH**

One-half grapefruit
Six slices cucumber
One egg
One slice Melba toast
Tea or coffee

**DINNER**

Two eggs
One-half head lettuce
Coffee

**SECOND DAY**

**LUNCH**

One orange
One egg
One slice Melba toast
Tea or coffee

One-half grapefruit

**DINNER**

Broiled steak (plain)
One tomato
One-half lettuce
Tea or coffee

**THIRD DAY**

**LUNCH**

One-half grapefruit
Lettuce
Eight slices cucumber
One egg
Tea or coffee

**DINNER**

One lamb chop (trim fat before cooking)
One egg
Three radishes
One-half grapefruit
Two olives
Tea or coffee

**FOURTH DAY**

**LUNCH**

Pot cheese
One-half grapefruit
One slice Melba toast
Tea or coffee

**DINNER**

Broiled steak
One-half grapefruit
Watercress

**FIFTH DAY**

**LUNCH**

Orange
Lettuce
One lamb chop
Tea

**DINNER**

One-half grapefruit
One tomato
Two eggs
Lettuce Teas

**SIXTH DAY**

**LUNCH**

Orange
Lettuce
One poached egg
Orange

**DINNER**

One slice Melba toast
Tea

For, truly, there is news—big news. Only once in years is a scent created that starts a new mode. And now—for the first time in a long while—it is happening again.

This scent is called Deja le Printemps—Breath of Spring. Perfume experts at home and in France are talking about it. Women are asking one another what it is. And even the great big he-man who prides himself on having perfumes is taking one sniff and murmuring, “You were never so lovely at night, my dear.”

It is so simple, so innocent, yet so enchanting.

Wouldn’t you like to know at first hand what this new mode is? To make that easy and convenient for you, we have prepared a special purse-size bottle, packaged and sealed in France, which we will send you for only 50c. It is ample for a month’s use and should sell for much more, so we can send only one to a customer (there are larger bottles in the stores at $3.50 and up). So use the coupon and learn about Deja le Printemps before everyone else knows about it, too.

Le Printemps

“breath of spring”

Made in France by Oriza L. Legrand

30-Day Bottle

P.J.

Maurice Levy, Sole U. S. Agents,
120 West 41st Street, New York.

For the enclosed 50c, send me the 30-day purse-size bottle of Deja le Printemps.

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Photoplay Magazine for October, 1929

SEVENTH DAY

LUNCH

One-half grapefruit

Two eggs

Coffee

DINNER

Two lamb chops

Six slices cucumber

Tea or coffee

EIGHTH DAY

LUNCH

One broiled lamb chop

Grapefruit

Dinner

Two eggs

Four stalks asparagus

Toast

Grapefruit

Tea

NINTH DAY

LUNCH

One egg

One-half grapefruit

DINNER

Any most salad

TENTH DAY

LUNCH

One-half grapefruit

Letuce

DINNER

One lamb chop

Tea

ELEVENTH DAY

LUNCH

Cinnamon toast

DINNER

Broiled steak

Lettuce

Tomato

TWELFTH DAY

LUNCH

One-half lobster

Grapefruit

DINNER

Two boiled lamb chops

Crackers

Tomato

Plain

THIRTEENTH DAY

LUNCH

One egg

Grapefruit

DINNER

One slice toast

Grapefruit

Coffee

Plain

Marion Davies is way, way out in the studio woods with Lawrence Gray, the staff and some well wishes. Taking a scene for "Marianne," Marion's first talkie

NAME

ST. 

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranted.
25 of the Screen's Greatest Stars—Chorus of 200—Amazingly Revolutionary Motion Picture!

Surpassing the dreams of the most optimistic, attaining a goal that was deemed impossible only a few months ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has created in its gigantic "Hollywood Revue" an entertainment that will stand as a landmark in the annals of the talking screen. Every important resource and talent of show business contributed to its making. It is star-studded with names, its choruses are picked beauties, its voices represent the choice of experts, its songs are from the genius of the country's most famed, Its dialogue was conceived by the leaders of their craft, its settings and costumes, its recording, each element of this mighty entertainment is the product of the top-notchers! Now playing at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Los Angeles, and the Astor Theatre, New York.

"The Hollywood Revue" with
MARION DAVIES
JOHN GILBERT
NORMA SHEARER
WILLIAM HAINES
JOAN CRAWFORD
BUSTER KEATON
Bessie Love
Charles King
Conrad Nagel
Marie Dressler
Jack Benny
Gus Edwards
Dane and Arthur
Laurel and Hardy
Ukelele Ike
Anita Page
Polly Moran
Gwen Lee
Bros. Sisters
Albertina Rasch Ballet
Natasha Nattova
and Company
The Rounders
Directed by Charles S. Shyer
Edited by George F. Turner
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture—Talkie—Chromatic Sound.

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Stop those rackin g
sinus Headaches!

Get at the cause! While local applications may give temporary relief, you must reach the sinuses themselves to clear up the trouble. HALL’s Catarrh Medicine—the one scientific 2-in-1 treatment—penetrates sinuses and other closed-in areas as no wash or spray can. Acts through the blood as tonic. Relieves the inflammation. Tones up the membranes. Restores them to health. Builds up bodily resistance. Start this simple, effective treatment today!

HALL’S CATARRH MEDICINE
Successful for over 50 years

Get the combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 510, Toledo, Ohio. Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers.

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The New York Institute Is one of the world’s foremost schools of photography and the only one offering both modern and Home Study courses in all branches. In one year, New York studio you will, with most students, end graduates Motion Picture, Portrait, Commercial and Print Photography.

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You never lose Ivory in your bath—it floats!

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Brickbats and Bouquets

CONTINUED

Look—We’re Turning the Other Cheek!

New York City.

Your criticism of “The Rainbow Man” is both unjust and ridiculous. The picture is well acted and very entertaining, without one dull moment.

Please remember that not everyone has seen “The Singing Fool.” To me “The Rainbow Man” was a real treat.

THEFEE AGER.

But Even Movie Gods Have Socks to Darn!

Flushing, N. Y.

Why do motion picture actors get married? It spoils all when you know that your favorite actor, John Gilbert, has married Ira Claire!

Why say that actors have a right to get married as well as other people? Don’t they know when they start in pictures that they have to dance to the tune the fans play and that they can’t dispense their public? I wish something would be done to stop them!

VIOLET HOPWOOD.

From Overseas Customers

London, Eng.

The first British talkie has made its bow. “Kitty” came as a great relief after the many American talkies, which, with one or two exceptions, were ordeals rather than entertainments.

The voices and acting were most refreshing, and before long British talkies will hold the public as the American brand is now doing. Hollywood—you’re up against it!

J. O. A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

Bunrie, Tasmania.

Just to voice my appreciation of Photoplay, as one of many thousands living in obscure parts of the world, where even in the towns there is little chance to see any of the big films until they are ancient and mutilated, and are endured while sitting on hard benches.

I read and reread Photoplay, even the ads, and only loan the magazine on promises of quick return.

As one who rarely has the chance to lose himself in the luxury of a modern theater with a first class film (I dare not hope to see and hear a talkie), I am grateful for the magazine which weaves so much romance into the lives of lonely people in a new country!

RAOUL ISTEED.

Bouquet? It’s a Garden!

Birmingham, Ala.

Hail to the Talkies! Admitting defects inevitably attendant upon their incipency, the combination of great screen acting and sound effect is rich, stimulating, captivating!

“The race is to the strong,” and this new, virile, vital Art will some day write its name upon the pages of those Annals which Man’s all-conquering skill is fashioning into a History of artistic and mechanical prowess. Silent, some pictures would leave but an evanescent, negligible impression. Under the spell of Sound, these same productions are Gorgous Events in the emotional and esthetic consciousness of thousands of ardent lovers of Motion Pictures who are watching this Bud of the Cinema Hothouse blossom into a superb flower!

May it never fade, nor its petals droop!

MRS. RORHEWELL H. COBB.
Stay Frenchy, Maurice!

Winona, Minn.

I was born and brought up in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. Everyone—Paris! French Paris—my Paris—for its gaiety, its light, love and laughter.

I know it for its sorrow and its heartaches, for, after all, it is human, this pulsing, throbbing city.

Last night I saw Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." His charming voice and personality deserve all the praise he has received, but may he stay French!

Please don't Americanize him. Don't give him American roles in American stories—there are enough fine American actors for that.

Let him continue to play roles like his first— the lives of the French. Merci.

Loïe Bertelet.

They'll Die for That Dear Garbo!

Dallas, Tex.

Well, well! For once, maybe, you have told us just what a star looks like, without any flattery. In August Photoplay there was an article about the girl who played Garbo. In the story Garbo gets a lot of socks, while the little De Vorek is complimented on every hand. If this is the real Garbo, I am a greater admirer of hers than ever, and that's saying lots!

Here's a star that doesn't care for publicity or beautiful clothes, and she is criticized for it. She is just herself outside the studio, and not one of these unreal pieces of perfect humanity. I believe that Greta Garbo is one of the greatest actresses the screen has ever seen or ever will see!

Bernadine Allen.

Seattle, Wash.

On Page 51 of August Photoplay you have a few things to say about that great artist, Greta Garbo, which are not true. First, the great Garbo does not dress in "a careless manner." Second, it is neither for "solem" nor for "spite" that Greta Garbo has been chummer than ever with Nils Asther.

Greta Garbo had all the chance in the world to marry John Gilbert. Of the two, as far as love is concerned, he loved her most.

Hereafter, when writing about the "beautiful Garbo," please be a little more considerate in your writings, because we (all the fans) who love her, like to see nice things written about her, as not anything to the contrary is true, anyway. So why lie about that famous, exotic beauty, Greta Garbo—blonde, statuesque and beautiful? May she always remain in the movies. One who adores her.

H. H.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from Page 15]

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warner.—Texas Guinan in a gory story of slyke revels. Of course, if you want to get a look at Tex, here she is.

Pat Tolles. (June)

QUITTER, THE—Colombia.—Rather trite story redressed by an effective climax. Silent. (July)

RAINBOW MAN, THE—Sono-Art-Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does 69 version of the Jolson story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July)

RED SWORD, THE—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal, Carmel Myers. Silent. (April)

ROARING FIRES—Elchee.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July)

ROYAL RIDER, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard is still another mythical kingdom. Can't keep cowboys on the range. Oh, dear. Silent. (May)

SAVAGE—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. Silent. (June)

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The new Tower Console Reducer is cost new within the price-range of everyone. $59.50 complete—ready to use. Cased in walnut and rose wood— with adjustable stroke— with variable speed.

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The alluring beauty of clear, petal-smooth skin may be yours, easily and surely! No more tan and freckles, muddy yellow color!
Not a trace of pimple, blemishes, roughness to mar your natural beauty.

One wonderful beauty-aid, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, will transform your complexion quickly into radiant healthy loveliness. Before bedtime tonight smooth over your skin a little of this pure white, delicately fragrant cream. Instantly it will give its best effect. You see your skin growing whiter, smoother, more lovely.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream works mildly and gently yet quickly and surely. Positive money-back guarantee with simple directions in every package. Begin with Nadinola tonight. See how quickly it restores your skin to exquisite whiteness—clear smooth beauty.

At drug and toilet counters, 50c. Extra large, money-saving Cream, 85c.

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RAOUL WALSH’S all-talking
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Flagg and Quirt of “What Price Glory” fame, love ‘em and leave ‘em from Siberia to the
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Watch your local theatre
for this all talking
Movietone from

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Casts of Current Photoplays
Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—*Frat*—From the story by Arthur Richmond. Adapted by Arthur Richmond and Horace Jackson. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: Laura LaVerne, Ing Claire; Norman Warren, Henry Daniel; Edgar Trent, Theodore Von Eltz; Dan Leon, Paul Harvey; Mrs. Leon, Blanche Frederick; Jeanne Braham, Judith Vossell; Jimmie Kempster, John Roche.

**BLACK MAGIC**—*Fox*—From the play by Walter Arnold. Directed by Beulah Marie Dix. Adapted by Dominick Bonfiglio. The cast: Katherine Hackett, Josephine Dunn; Hugh DaRold, Earle Park; John Dreyfus, John Holland; Dr. Hackett, Henry B. Walthall; Ann Broad- brooke, Dorothy Jordan; James Fraser, Fritz Pehl; Watch-Dog, Sheldon Lewis; Zeig, Ivan Linow; Unit, Blue Washington.

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—*Fox*—From the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The scenario by Raoul Walsh. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Serge Bent, Victor McLaglen; Sergeant Harry Quick, Edward Mydosh; Elena, Lily Damita; Ola, Leila Kershaw; Orson, El Brendel; Canacri, Bobby Burns; Kaukis, Jeanette Dugan; Bronson, Joe Brown; Buckley, Stuart Erwin; Senechi, Ivan Linow; Fanny, Joan Brown; Van Keeper, Solido Jimena; O'Sullivan, Albert Jolson; Jacobs, Joe Roche.

**DIAMONDS**—*M.-G.-M.*—From the story by Jean MacPherson. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Roger Livesey, Conrad Nagel; Georgia Craig, Kay John- son; Hugon Dork, the "Fair Boy," Charles Bickford; Marsha Tovia, Julia Faye, Kate Durkin, Marsha Corman; Marco, the "Shish," Joel McCrea; Three Wise Men, Robert Edmondson, William Holden; Stockbridge; Young Villatta, Leslie Fenton, Burton Heburn; Good Movers, Abbot Hines, June Nash, Nancy Dover, Neddy Edwards, Jerry Zier, Rita LeFay; The Life of the Fairy, Tyke Brock, Charley Burton, James Aroby; The Judge, Robert T. Haines; Bobby, Douglas Frasier Scott; His Mother, Jane Reckery; Neighbors, Blanche Craig, Mac Gordon; Vines Scalfury, Radio Announcer, Scott Kolk; The Dune, Fred, Launched.

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CASE, THE**—*Fox*—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Directed by Marv Cramer. The cast: Lillian Gish, John Rathbone; Wanda Brewer, Ralph Lewis; Mrs. Pom- fret, Julia Swann, Gordon; Dan Jackson, Charles Selton; Attorney Gellows, Robert Haines; The Judge, William Holden.

**HAPPy MARRIAGE**—*Fox*—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Directed by William Cowan. The cast: Judy Page, Olive Borden; Dick Carroll, Morgan Farley; Charles Turner, Ken Murray; discrete Turner, Ann Greely; Wanda Brewer, Sally, Sally Bogan; Mrs. Page, Hedda Hopper; George Page, Richard Tucker; Mr. Turner, Jack Talmage; James Eagle, G. Pat Collins, Will Stannum; John Rock and Gus Aranwin's Coconut Grove Ambassadors.

**HALLELUJAH!**—*M.-G.-M.*—From the scene- rio by Wanda Tinchuck. Dialogue by Ransom Red- ow. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Erka, Daniel L. Haynes; Chick, Nina Mae McKinney; Joe Shaw, Robert Young; Ferguson, Harry Gray; Mammy, Fanny Belle DeKnight; Spark, Everett McMorris; Miss Ray, Victoria Swift; Johnson Kids, Milton Dietz; Robert, Walter Tait; and the Dixie Jubilee Singers.

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGANCE**—*Uni- versal*—From the story by George H. Plympton and Wm. L. Wright. Directed by Henry MacRae. The cast: Rex, the King of Wild Horses, Rex; Secret, Jack Gordon; Jack Perrin; Mary Flane, Helen Foster; Jud Breen; Al Ferguson; Starlight, Starlight; Markie, Warren.

**KEMPY**—*M.-G.-M.*—From the story by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Kempy, Elliott Nugent; Kate, Norma Lee; Duke Perrin, Roland Young; Mrs. Breeze, J. C. Nugent; Mrs. Breeze, Clara Blandick; Ruth Breeze, Marion Schilling; Jane Wade, Leora Slemiman; Ben Wade, James Donlan.

**KITTY**—*World Wide*—From the novel by Warnecki, Teddy. Directed by Andra Chayton. The cast: Kitty Greensleeves, Estelle Brody; Alex, St. George, John Stuart; Mrs. St. George, Dorothy Cummings; Sarah Greensleeves, Marie Allard; Paramount; Win- ston, H. Warner; Old Hat; Wanda, Charles; Charles O'Shaughnessy; Dr. Dealey, E. B. Routledge; Dr. Drake, Rex Maurin; The Armit, Jerrold Robertshaw; The Elektrician, Gibb McClaughlin.

**LAST OF MRS. CHEWNEY, THE**—*M.-G.-M.*—From the stage play by Frederick Lonsdale. Contin- uous by H. Kraly and Claudio West. Directed by Sydney Franklin. The cast: Mrs. Chewney, Norma Shearer; Lord Arthur Dilling, Basil Rathbone; Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, Billie Burke; Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Leatrice Joy; Lady Maria, Hedda Hopper; Joan, Moon Carroll; Mrs. Wray, Madeline Sweeney; White Hyman, Cyril Chadwick; George, George K. Arthur; Effie, Finch Smith; Myra, Maude Turner.

**LUCKY LARKIN**—*Universal*—From the story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Hans Kraly and Claudio West. The cast: Lucky Larkin, Ken Maynard; Emory Law Parkison, Nora Lane; Marion Boreman, James Farley; Bill Parkinson, Harry Toddy; Pete Brannam, Paul Hurst; Colonel Lee, Charles Chary; "Hambone," Blue Washington; Tarzan, Tarzan.

**LUCKY STAR**—*Fox*—From the story by Tristram Prupper. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Tommy Oshara, Charles Farrell; Mary Tache, Janet Gaynor; Martin Aven, Quentin "Big Boy" Williams; Joe.
GROW—
Yes, Grow. Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

This most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow.
Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful, eyelashes.

Try it in plain English that no matter how short the eyelashes and eyebrows, we will increase their length, curl, and thickness in about 30 days.

I will help you to please English in this matter that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mee, Helen, 32 E. 14th, New York, C. 3., I am satisfied... I have made you a discovery that you can grow lashes and eyebrows as beautiful now.

From Frances Ravi, 2nd Ave., Biddeford, Me., "I am more pleased with your Monterey. Eyelashes are growing long and luxurious.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The perms little up and eyelash curl shows itself. The eyelashes become sleek and straight—without a noticeable appearance of length and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as you ever saw.

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that you will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. If money sent with order price is $1.50 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
M. R. B., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Jacqueline Logan played the part of Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings."

MISS J. GRIER, DUNBURY, CONN.—Audrey Ferris was the girl who played with Irene Rice in "The Silver Slave." June Nasb was the girl you saw in "Daughters of Desire."

LOUISE MONT, BOSTON, MASS.—Warner Baxter was married on March 20, 1901, and is married to Winifred Bryson. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has dark brown hair. He has been in pictures since 1921 and claims Columbus, Ohio, as his home town. Johnny Mack Brown is twenty-five years old, six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He played football on the college team in Alabama.

Y. DEL ROSSI, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Frederick March is thirty-one years old, six feet tall and hails from Kansas City, Missouri. He is married to Petal, Edith and his next picture will be "Paris Bound."

ROSEMARY LING, ELK CITY, OKLA.—Al Jolson is forty-three years old and hails from Washington, D. C. In "Coquette," Darnell was played by John Sabinis; Jimmy was played by William Janney and Stanley was played by Matt Moore.

JAY, WINCHESTER, MASS.—The man you saw in "The Glad Rag Doll" was Ralph Bellamy. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Virginia Goodwin.

ERROLA, HARRISBURG, PA.—John Davidson's latest pictures are "Queen of the Night Clubs," "Skin Deep" and "The Place and the Girl." Conrad Nagel's latest picture is "Dynamite" and his next will be "Evidence."

RUTH R., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Corinne Griffith is thirty-three years old, five feet, three inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Walter Morosco. Whetler Campbell was her first husband.

"WAGON MASTER," THE—"Universal." From the story by Jack Olsen. Directed by Lewis J. Rachmil. The cast: Harry Brown, the cast: The Rambler, Ken Maynard; Sue, Edith Roberts; Bill Hollister, Frendy Morgan; J. B. Lynch, Toma Santschi; Jacques Fradelle, Al Percrim; Ball, Hal Hooper; Jack Hutton; Charley Fife, Bobbi Dunlop; Stanwix, White Horse; Grasshopper Jim, Frank Rice; Tarzan, Tarzan.

"WHY BRING THAT UP?"—"Paramount." From the novel by James Roosevelt Cohen. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: Morlan, George Morlan; Max, Arthur Mack; Jean, Evelyn Brent; Irma, Harry Green; Powell, Freeman S. Wood; Caro, Lawrence Leslie; Maisie, Helen Lynch; Eddie, Selma Jackson; Treasurer, Jack Luden; Shotts, Monte Cal- kin, Jr.; Doorman, George Thompson; Manager, Eddie, Frank Hall.

"WOMAN TRAP," THE—"Paramount." From the play "Brothers" by Edwin Burke. Screen play by Barlow, Cameron. Adapted by Louie J. Low, Directed by William Wellman. The cast: Harry Malone, Hal Skelly; Kitty Kern, Evelyn Brent; Ray Maloney, David More; Chet Monters, Edson Knight; Mrs. Malone, Elsie Eliot; Watts, William J. Davidson, Mr. Corn, Guy Oliver; Smol, Charles Gabby; Detective Captains, Wilson Hummed.

"WONDER OF WOMEN," THE—"M-G-M."—From the novel "The Wife of Stephen Trombley," by Bertram Alice. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Stephen Trombley, Lewis Stone; Lane, Leo Lyons; Bridget, Peggy Wood; Bruno Him, Harry Myers; Ares, Sarah Padden; Doctor, George Foxwell; Trombley's Housekeeper, Blanche Frederici; Walter, William Albritton; Jr.; Lott, Carmelina Johnson; Amanda, Lott, Fremont, Kurt, Dietrich Haupt, Ulrich Haupt, Jr.

"Questions and Answers [continued from page 92]"
Broadway has burst Manhattan's boundaries. The world's most famous thoroughfare is 3,000 miles long now... No longer must you travel to New York to see the greatest stage attractions. Just—

**Step around the corner...**

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For Vitaphone brings you the living voices of headline stars who were once Broadway's exclusive property. And now COLOR, coupled with Vitaphone, breaks the last barrier between you and Broadway at its best.

With the introduction of FULL NATURAL COLOR, by the amazing Technicolor process, Warner Bros. and First National Vitaphone productions will give you everything the stage can offer—its cyclonic dancing choruses, the flaming color of its glorified revues, its fabulous beauty ensembles in all their glory of costumes and settings.

Come downtown tonight to the Vitaphone theatre nearest you. Get all the thrills of a night on Broadway—at motion picture prices... Make "going to a Broadway show" an every-week event...

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Watch for these newest EDUCATIONAL TALKING COMEDIES—they are playing in the leading picture theatres now.

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"JAZZ MAMAS"
(First All-color All-talking Comedy)
"GIRL CRAZY"
"THE RABBER'S DAUGHTER"
"THE CONSTABULE"
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CORONET TALKING COMEDIES
with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
"TRUSTING WIVES"
"PRINCE GABBY"

JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES
"LOVERS' DELIGHT"
"LOOK OUT BELOW"

MERMAID TALKING COMEDIES
Jack White Productions
"THE CRAZY NUT"
"TICKLISH BUSINESS"

Nowhere is the sound film a more spectacular hit than in Educational's short talking comedies. Old favorite stars such as Lloyd Hamilton and Lupino Lane are incomparably more funny than ever before; whole new fields of humor are opened up for your amusement through the addition of talking and sound.

Public demand has put these great talking comedies in the best theatres everywhere. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when you can see and hear them.

With sound, Educational Pictures are more than ever the spice of the program.
I was sure Camay would be a wonderful soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, from my own complexion, I discovered it was so mild that I was convinced it must be the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions.

To be sure my opinion was right, I consulted 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists—something no other complexion soap ever received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

"I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A Chicago authority says:

"Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will you try Camay? I am sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize, just as I did, that there never was anything like this fragrant new soap for helping you keep your complexion fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

Face Your World With Loveliness is a free booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. Write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YV-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.
On pleasure bent

A beautiful woman... a beautiful car ... and a glorious world to play about in! And for the Modern Girl there's more in the joy of the Open Road than the thrill of speed and motion. . . . For it wouldn't be a real pleasure trip without that package of fragrant, mellow-mild Camels in the side-door pocket!
Slipping the Marriage Noose

Hollywood Leads Paris in Styles
Unanimous medical approval comes to a complexion soap for the first time from 73 of the most eminent dermatologists* in America.

I'm sure we all know from our own club meetings how next to impossible it is to get even six or eight people to agree on anything under the sun.

So you'll probably be surprised when I tell you that 73 men could unanimously agree about this lovely new complexion soap, Camay.

But—these men are scientists. They are the foremost complexion authorities in America—teachers of dermatology in some of the largest medical schools or consultants at some of the greatest hospitals and clinics. They examined and tested Camay scientifically.

And this was their verdict: "Camay is a pure and unusually mild soap, the kind we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

No other complexion soap in history was ever honored with such scientific approval.

Many of the doctors added such personal commendation as the following from a famous New York City dermatologist:

"I have induced one of my patients who claimed that she could not stand any soap, to use Camay for her face without causing any irritation."

Another practicing in a large Southern city says:

"My skin reacts very quickly and unpleasantly to an alkaline soap. Even during this changeable weather I find that Camay has not irritated it."

I think you'll be especially pleased to discover that the Camay which has such unquestioned medical approval is really as lovely as if it were a frivolous trifle! And there simply never was anything like Camay for helping to keep complexions fresh and outdoor-looking!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of complexion advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-119, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY 10 CENTS A CAKE

*What is a dermatologist?
The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap.

I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

[Signature]

M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 19 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)
If you neglect your gums expect “Pink Tooth Brush”!

IPANA defeats gum troubles while it cleans your teeth.

The modern practice of oral hygiene and the present-day conception of what a toothpaste should be, is far different from what it used to be.

IPANA and massage are keeping hundreds of thousands of families safe from gum disorders, free from dental worries.

IPANA is easy to use, refreshing in taste. With it your teeth are spotlessly white. And your gums become sound and firm, for IPANA tones and stimulates the gum tissue!

Watch “pink tooth brush” and prevent it!

In spite of the progress made in dental care, many people whose teeth are sound and white never give their gums a thought. The danger lies in that fact.

Dentists remove good teeth in thousands of cases—simply because the gums have grown weak, tender, inflamed.

No matter how perfect they are, teeth set in infected gums are endangered. For “pink tooth brush” leads to gingivitis, Vincent’s disease... even the dreaded pyorrhea!

Soft foods are the trouble. Creamy sauces, delicious salads, well-cooked meats. They appeal to jaded appetites but they rob the gums of needed exercise.

But brushing your teeth and gums with IPANA sends the fresh, clean blood speeding through the millions of tiny gum cells! Wastes and poisons are carried off. Soon, the gums are restored to health—to firmness—to vigor.

Thousands of dentists urge the use of IPANA. It is scientifically compounded to care for the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains zinc, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by dentists in treating gum disorders at the chair.

So use IPANA. Insist on it. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows a tinge of “pink”, you need it. IPANA is well worth a few cents more because of its double protection.

So send for the sample today, if you like—but stop at your nearest druggist’s and get a large-size tube as well. Beginning tonight, test IPANA for a month. Your teeth will be whiter. Your gums will be healthier, firmer.

In this day of gum disorders, it’s common sense to use the tooth paste that insures protection.

IPANA Tooth Paste

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Now HEAR Harold Lloyd in his first talking picture!

You'd think he couldn't possibly be any funnier, but you'll hear he is when you see him in "Welcome Danger," his first sound and dialog picture. Twice the laughs than ever before, if you can imagine that! You'll be all eyes and ears when you see it—it has laughs, thrills, romance, youth, gayety, everything! And what a treat for the children—more fun than a three-ringed circus. Don't miss seeing and hearing Harold Lloyd in "Welcome Danger" when it comes to your theatre. You'll laugh at every minute of it, and it will give you something to talk about for weeks after!

HAROLD LLOYD IN
"WELCOME DANGER"

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Sound and Dialog Release. Also presented silent for theatres not yet equipped for sound. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.C.

Paramount Pictures

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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14.
They Had to See Paris—Fox

WELL—it's an unpretentious and sometimes cheap yarn, and the Paris shots are obviously interpolated newsreels—and yet somehow it manages to be a knock-out. The comedy is comedy and the emotional moments are sincere. Will Rogers is gorgeous as the unpolished Oklahoma gambanego who gets rich overnight and whose ambitious wife drags him to Paris for the sake of culture and the children. Scrap all your John Gilberts, give John Boles back to the Indians and Gary Cooper to anyone who wants him—and let me have Will Rogers. The rest of the cast is more than adequate, particularly Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay, who play Will's wife, daughter and—a girl he meets in Paris. "All Talkie."

Last Minute Reviews


"The Mighty" — Paramount. George Bancroft's first war picture and his nearest approach to sex appeal. Edward Arnold supports with grace and beauty.


"The Saturday Night Kid" — Paramount. A little gal named Jean Arthur steals this picture from right under Clara Bow's double chin. Clara should look to her calories and her laurels.

"Welcome Danger" — Paramount. Not the best picture Harold Lloyd ever made, but not half bad for his first all-talkie. There's a gag to please every member of the family from the four year old to the octogenarian.

"Rio Rita," with Bebe Daniels. See Mr. Quirk's editorial on pages 27 and 28.

"The Trespasser," with Gloria Swanson. Consult Mr. Quirk's editorials, and if you like Gloria get a thrill.

Rogers makes their home with Buddy in Hollywood—which solves the problem of that big house which young Rogers is building in the outposts of the film capital.

The persistent rumor that Clara Bow's contract would not be renewed at Paramount is all the bad. Clara will be one of Zukor's children until 1931 at least. She will make a talking version of "Man Trap," her most popular silent picture.

Morgan and MACK will make a second Paramount picture. In spite of the non-stop contract (87 pages!) upon which they insisted, they have been extremely tractable gents.

Fox wanted Edmund Lowe to renew his contract without the called-for raise in salary. There were fireworks and Eddie threatened to leave. But after the phenomenal success of "The Cock Eyed World" Fox renewed at more than the stipulated sum. Another Quilt-Flag epic is in the cards.

The big Paul Whiteman set at Universal makes the colossal "Broadway" set look like a telephone booth. After months of bloodshed a story has at last been agreed upon for the Jazz King. "Twil" will be a revue.

Oliver Borden's option has been renewed, and her fans will see her next in "Dance Hall," the Vina Delmar story.


First National goes in for co-starring teams in a big way. Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner will be seen together again in "Furles." And Alice White and William Bakewell will team up again in "Playing Around."

The Behavior of Mrs. Crane," a stage play by Harry Seevar, will be Laura La Plante's next. At present she is co-starring with Hollywood's latest wonder, John Boles, in "Marseillaise."

Don Terry, leading man of "Me, Gangster," and Madge Bellamy are this, and the other way about each other. They got the habit when they played together in "Exiles."

As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

If looks as if the Barrymores might soon have a little profile in their home. Dame Rumor still insists that Dolores Costello is expecting the stork.

Another Lona Chaney story is being made without Chaney. "The Bugle Sounds" was to have been his vehicle, but his illness and his refusal to face the microphone caused the film to be given to other players. Now 'Brother Officers' is to be done with an all-star cast, Niblo directing. It is still doubtful when Chazey will return to work.

Renée Adorée is visiting her sister in Mexico, and the rumor hounds say that her heart is beating double time for an official in the Mexican Diplomatic Service.

When Mary and Doug departed for Europe with Mary's niece, a valet, a secretary, a maid, three batboys, two rovers, and a mysterious gentleman who may have been Calvin Coolidge or the Prince of Wales, the Fairbanks suite consisted of only seven staterooms and three bathrooms—which is almost like camping out for Mary and Doug.

A good many sequences of Norma Talmadge's picture "New York Nights" are being retaken by George Fitzmaurice. Norma's first talkie was one of the most difficult films she ever made.

Evelyn Laye, English musical comedy star, will receive the mere pittance of fifty thousand dollars for her work in Sam Goldwyn's revue which Flo Ziegfeld will direct.

When Jack Gilbert returns from his European honeymoon he'll find plenty of work waiting for him. "The Tale of Two Cities" is a prospective story for him, and he may do it before he begins work on "Way of a Sailor."

When he completes "The Rogue's Song," Lawrence Tibbett will make another picture for M-G-M, probably in New York where he must be by October 15th to keep an opera engagement.

The Duncan sisters have also won out on Old Man Option. They will make another film after "Cotton and Silk."

Elia Hyams will have the only feminine role in "The Bugle Sounds." The part is only a bit and Director George Hill boasts that he's making the only picture without a kiss.

Gary Cooper made such a success of "The Virginian" that he will be cast in another outdoor drama, "Fighting Cavers."

Bill Haines will wisecrack his way through "Get Rich Quick Willingford" before he does 'Fresh from College,' sequel to "Brown of Harvard." After the latter Billy will take a long vacation in Europe.

Henry King has at last found a name for the big special which he is making from "Out of the Night." It will be called "Hell's Harbor" and Lupe Velez and Jean Hersholt are parked there for a time.

George Bancroft is regarded as the greatest male box office magnet on the Paramount program, topping Charles Rogers and Gary Cooper. Bancroft and Clara Bow are going to Europe for vacations—but not together.

The Olathe Mirror is for sale and Charles Rogers' dad will retire from the newspaper business. Mr. and Mrs.
Photoplay Magazine for November, 1929

Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube to everyone who wants white, dazzling teeth

Will you try the toothpaste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon.

HERE is a marvelous scientific way to combat the beginning of tooth decay and pyorrhea... to give teeth a brilliant whiteness you have never dreamed is possible. Will you write for your free tube?

Simply try it for 10 days. That is long enough to see results. You will be amazed at what Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, can do.

The reason for the change
If you run your tongue across your teeth you will feel a slippery coating. That is film.

It clings to teeth so stubbornly that brushing alone will not remove it successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth dingy.

This film hardens into tartar. Germs breed in it by the millions. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and serious disorders.

How it acts
Based on exacting scientific study, a special film-removing dentifrice, called Pepsodent, has been compounded. It acts to curdle film and to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do.

FREE-10-DAY TUBE
Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 511, 1144 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name
Address
City
State
Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E.C. 2, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family

Use for a few days
Get a tube at your druggist's for a few cents, or write to nearest address below for free supply. You'll see far whiter teeth and firmer gums ten days from now. See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
CAMPUS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school, as if it isn’t. Don’t waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

CAREERS—First National.—More intricate and scandalous in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHARMING SINNERS.—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHASING THROUGH EUROPE.—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (your effort!) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Silent. (Aug.)

CHINA BOUND.—M.G.M.—Messieurs Dane and Artin in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. Sound. (June)

CHINATOWN NIGHTS.—Paramount.—Piping hot melodrama of tension and sex, with Wallace Beery and Florence Vidor good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHRISTINA.—Fox.—Slender and improbable story made beguiling and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (June)

CLEAN-UP., THE.—Excellent.—A noble new paper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

CLIMAX.—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old man in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

CLOSE HARMONY.—Paramount.—Brilliant talkie of backstage vaudevile life. Fine fun, with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll aces. All Talkie. (Aug.)

COCK EYED WORLD.—Fox.—Further disarrayments of Sergeants Eddie Lowe, Quiet and Vic McLaughlin, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

COCONUTS, THE.—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx brothers’ musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

COLLEGE LOVE.—Universal.—"The Callaways." Horrific and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

COME ACROSS.—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE.—Galloustor.—Engaging version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary’s voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you’ll want to see— and hear— All Talkie. (Aug.)

DANCE OF LIFE, THE.—Paramount.—Hil Stelley and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from a famous backstage play, "Barqueuse." Grand. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS CURVES.—Paramount.—Clara Bow in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS WOMAN, THE.—Paramount.—Reviewed under title of "The Woman Who Needed Kicks," a prewar tale, a bit old-fashioned and starchy. Some good singing by John Boles. Part Talkie. (June)

DEVIL’S CHAPLAIN, THE.—Rayart.—Adventures of a chaplain in America. Fairly entertaining. Silent. (July)

DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE.—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has no cost. All Talkie. (June)

DRAG.—First National.—Dick Barthelmess stashes in a quiet domestic story. No Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DUKE STEPS OUT, THE.—M-G-M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July)

DYNAMITE.—M.G.M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

ETERNAL WOMAN, THE.—Columbia.—Frenzied society melodrama with a rubber plot that bounces all over the map. Silly and of no value. Sound. (Aug.)

EVANGELINE.—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America’s best-loved poems. Written by a first-rate poet. (Aug.)

EXULTED FLAPPER, THE.—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and Nine Royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (Aug.)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD.—Universal.—Old-fashioned music thriller. Silent. (July)

FALL OF EVE, THE.—Columbia.—Rowdy face of the buyer who comes to the big town to make more. Ford Sterling, Patty Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FASHIONS IN LOVE.—Paramount.—Adolph Menjou in a story of a young girl’s love affair. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

FATHER AND SON.—Colombia.—Doing right by a brotherly boy. With the inevitable "woody" boy. Patty Tays. All Talkie. (Aug.)

FLYING FOOL, THE.—Pathe.—Hit-the-becky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and being a magnificent actress. (July)

POTATOES.—United Artists.—Denatured version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary’s voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you’ll want to see— and hear— All Talkie. (Aug.)

TROUBLE.—Paramount.—Engaging version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary’s voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you’ll want to see— and hear— All Talkie. (Aug.)

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TROUBLE.—Paramount.—Engaging version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary’s voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you’ll want to see— and hear— All Talkie. (Aug.)
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Weighing the Mail

HIGHEST spots of the month's mail—
Their letters leap on poor Lois Shirley and her article in the August issue of Photoplay about Garbo's double, and the reason is that Lois said that Garra was a bit ungraciouslystarred and retiring. In the case of Garbo, the queen can do no wrong. What ever she is, is not only all right—it's perfect.
The serious advertisers from John Bole's admirers keeps up. So do the long and interesting letters in favor of the talkies, with a few dissenting votes. Some folks are impatient with producers for importing the Broadway actors at the expense of the old, silent favorites. And Nils Ascher addicts are mourning for fear his accent will crucify them.

Many fans in smaller towns are mad on managers who put into poor talking picture apparatus and operate it incompetently.

A great girt of letters this month. Write long and often!

What "Four Sons" Did—
The $25 Letter

Gainesville, Tex.

Last night I saw "Four Sons" for the second time. Though I am an ardent fan, I never see a film twice. So let me explain.

The first time I went to "Four Sons" I was intoxicated for the first time in my life. I got nothing out of it, and before it was over I had to be taken out of the theater by my friends. I went again to see what my reaction would be. What a wonderfully fine picture! I shed a tear when Margaret Mann was sad. I rejoiced when her heart was glad. She made me as happy as the first time, and to think of my own mother.

I never realized my condition until I saw the picture the second time. When I think what this experience has taught me, I am resolved never to take even one drink again.

BOYD SINCLAIR.

Censorship in Singapore!—
The $10 Letter

Singapore, Straits Settlements

Being an enthusiastic of the movie stars and of Hollywood interest, I would like to point out that I always go to cinemas, and feel tired of the same plots under different titles. I assume that new themes are very much appreciated by the public; not of the underworld dramas which are seldom passed by the censors.

We are deprived of not seeing such pictures as "Vanity," "Captain Salvation," etc., and the exhibition of such is banned here.

I think in America all are raving for talking pictures and what-not, but we out here have no such diets. Recently I went to see "Wings," which recorded a full house because this is the only sound picture which was out here that showed people in the East are also craving for such talkies.

"Old Maids" far surpassed many pictures. George Bancroft lent a firing interest to the story.

C. H. KROH.

(A shock to all of us. So that's what Kipling wrote about!—"Somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst—where there ain't no Ten Commandments," and so on. Don't tell Kip about this. It would break his heart to find there were film censors out there!—Ed.)

American A—

The $5 Letter

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please, my nerves! Since the movies have broken into speech, these broad A's threaten my sanity!

Why can't the actors be natural and say "Father was drunk" instead of gargling "Pawthaw was intubicated"?

If the talkies want to live to a ripe old age, the artists must talk United States and foreign that drawing-room chatter. They must remember that their efforts must be pleasing to the natives of Chillicothe, Ohio, as well as to the ultra-smart set making refined whoopee on the Lido and points East.

I never talk like that. Nor do any of my friends and enemies. Whenever I do hear anyone using that manner of speech, I find that usually invariably it is an affectation, and heartily despised.

Let's be natural. The talkies have a rosy future, if they will only relax, take off their shoes, park their feet on the table and make themselves at home and homely.

BARBARA BERRY.

Hear a Parent's Plea!

Philadelphia, Penna.

As the father of a five-year old son, I'd like to remind motion picture producers that in making talkies exclusively they have lost one of their best markets.

Until a year ago, our son took us to most of the shows we saw. As long as Noah Beery and Baclanova expressed their venom in action, as long as Richard Dix and Conrad Nagel defended womenhood with their fists instead of with epigrams, our offspring was delighted with the movies and would sit through an entire performance without fidgeting once.

When the talkies came along, he waited patiently for somebody to break a chair over somebody else's head. When they did nothing but stand and speak, he asked for a drink of water. He got four drinks of water that evening.

A few more trips to the jabbering drama and he was done forever.

Mention movies to him now and a terrible expression of mingled boredom and thirst comes over his face.

There must be thousands of parents whose patronage of pictures has been reduced for the same reason. Someone must be done to provide for the kids.

B. STORM.

Making Good Americans—

Bruno, Neb.

What are the movies doing to us back here in Bruno? Why, they're making true-blue Americans of us!

When a person can say that all his relatives were born in the old country, naturalization papers or no, he can't call himself all-American.

What's more, if you settle in a foreign country where everybody is no farther removed from foreign influence than yourself, you don't become an American very quickly. We're nearly all Bohemians.

That's where the movies come in. Zdenec Jim, Buh! (God bless them, in our Bohemian language.)

Once a week an organization shows a motion picture before an average crowd. The music is player-piano, and the selections aren't too appropriate.

As a result, we live differently, think differently, dress differently, talk differently. We are becoming Americans as fast as the movies can teach us.

GRACE JELINEK.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]
Every Saturday...in every stadium...

SORE THROAT!

Gargle with Listerine when you get home...

HERE, as any doctor will tell you, is a bit of sound wisdom for those who attend late season football games.

Before going, and after returning from them gargle with full strength Listerine. This pleasant little precaution may spare you a nasty siege with a cold or sore throat or their more dangerous complications.

Medical records show that after football games, there is marked increase in the number of cases of colds...sore throat...influenza and bronchitis.

They are caused by germs in the mouth which get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by over exposure, change of temperature, and emotional disturbances, all of which are coincidental with seeing a football game.

Listerine checks them effectively because, used full strength, it is powerful against germs—kills them by the million.

Even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds, repeated laboratory tests show. Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Use Listerine systematically during winter weather. It is a pleasant habit, a cleanly habit, and one that may lengthen your life. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Ind.
Soup, Salad and Dessert

They Make or Mar the Meal

Matzos Kloese

On the stage and screen Eddie Cantor is one of our most rollicking comedians. But he is serious-minded about food. He says he is a connoisseur of soups, and who are we to doubt him? His favorite soup is made with Matzos Kloese—dumplings of unleavened bread. Needless to say, this is a Jewish dish.

The matzos may be purchased at almost any delicatessen store.

These are the ingredients:

- 4 matzos
- 1 onion
- 3 eggs

Salt, pepper, ginger

First soak the matzos. Place the chicken fat in a frying pan and add onion which has been cut fine. Drain the matzos, put in pan, and fry. Let cool and add well beaten eggs. Then add a small quantity of the matzos meal, the chopped parsley, salt, ginger and pepper to taste. Roll into balls and drop in any kind of clear soup. Cook ten minutes in a covered kettle.

French Banana Salad

The salad which has been christened with Joan Crawford's name is made of chicken and lettuce—a non-fattening combination. But once in a while, being only human, Joan forgets all about her careful diet, as witness her recipe for French Banana Salad:

- 6 bananas
- 1 cup chopped peanuts
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 head lettuce

Arrange lettuce on plates, using only the tender, crisp leaves. Cut bananas in half, lengthwise. Loosen the peeling, but do not remove. Place bananas on plates and cover with mayonnaise. Sprinkle generously with chopped nuts (Joan prefers peanuts). This is a nourishing winter salad which should be prepared at the last minute, so the bananas will not become discolored. Decidedly not for those who are watching their weight.

Lemon Pie

AND here's the happy ending—for dessert, Lemon Pie à la Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

1 cup sugar
3 level teaspoons cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1/2 level tablespoon butter
Pastry crust

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt in top of double boiler. Add boiling water slowly and stir. Cook over the fire until boiling point is reached. Place over hot water and cook 20 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Mix grated rind, juice of lemon, and egg yolks slightly beaten. Add butter and stir. Cook two minutes.

Cool and turn into a cooked pastry crust. Spread meringue and bake eight minutes in moderate oven.

Carolyn Van Wyck.
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8


FOX MOVIEVIVING FOLiLLIES—Fox. —Lots of good tunes, swell comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July)

GAMBLERS, THE—Warner's. —Well acted story of light crime with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (July)

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount. —A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performance by an able cast. All Talkie. (Sept.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER, A—Supreme. —From cowboy to curb in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

GIRL IN THE GRASS CAGE, THE—First National. —The slammed in gal. In case you wondered, it's a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young, Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox. —Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sounds. (June)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE—Liberty. —In spite of its title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You'll like it. Silent. (June)

GLAD RAG DOLL, THE—Warner's. —Merry boxum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

GREENE MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount. —Another fine Van Dyke murder mystery film, with bill Powell an elegant Pio Tino. All Talkie. (Sept.)

GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE—Warner's. —No dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It's strong, exciting and good fun. Sound. (June)

GUN LAW—FBO. —A lot of shooting, all in fine. Silent. (May)

HALF MARRIAGE—RKO. —Another dull one about comparatively marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

HALLELUJAH—M-G-M. —Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

HEARTS IN DIXIE—Fox. —Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. All Talkie. (May)

HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathé. —Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE—Paramount. —Convincing crime story, acted by a good cast. All Talkie. (May)

HOLLYWOOD WAVE OF 1929—M-G-M. —A great little girl movie and music show, with all stars, including Gilbert and Sweare on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HONKY TONK—Warners. —Story of a night club singer with a song and a smile for Sophie Tucker and her songs. All Talkie. (July)

HOOPFRIGHTS OF VENGEANCE—Universal. —Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvellous borax gun, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

HOT STUFF—First National. —College stuff in music, comedies, etc. Alas! Who needs, smokes and tipples, as usual. Part Talkie. (May)

HOTTEINT, THE—Warner's. —Hilarious farce comedy. You'll like it. All Talkie. (July)

HOUSE OF HORROR, THE—First National. —Cheap chimp and magic mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. Sound. (May)


INNOCENTS OF PARIS—Paramount. —Most unconvincing plot made delightful by the charming personality of Maurice Chevalier. All Talkie. (July)

IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER—UFA. —The story of an American gal running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

JOY STREET—Fox. —Oh, how the kids carry on! Young generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Louis Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

KEMPY—M-G-M. —High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

KITTY—World Wide. —First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE—M-G-M. —More from Dukeshine's charming and witty crook who plays her trade among Britain's blue-bloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

LAST PERFORMANCE, THE—Universal. —Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much overacted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

LAUGHING AT DEATH—RKO—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in early role and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoopee! Silent. (Sept.)

LAWLESS LEGION, THE—First National. —A cowboy story with Ken Maynard, that is good enough entertainment for the young. (June)

LETTER, THE—Paramount. —The talkie's first big emotional performance, by Jeanne Howard, a good strong drama. Not for kids. All Talkie. (May)

Photoplay Reviews in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MELODY LAND—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead All Talkie. (Oct.)

MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS—Franco-Film.—One of the very few from France. Awful story, acting, direction. Silent. (Sept.)

MOTHER'S BOY—Pathe.—Just another Jolson plot, only this time the singer is an Irishman, Morton Downey. All Talkie. (July.)

MISTERYIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental deviltry. All Talkie. (Aug.)


NAVAJO—Goodwill.—Lives and habits of the Navajo Indians, shot among them. Very educational. Just a little longer than need. Silent. (May.)

NEW BANKROLL, THE—M-G-M.—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harvey Lembeck as very pitty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

NEW YEAR'S EYE—Fox.—Drinking with sentimentality and starchy with melodrama. Sound. (June.)

MORE CHILDREN—Broughton.—Twice-born and women birth control propaganda. Don’t be fooled, it’s just stupid. Silent. (June.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an old, but good, stage farce. A pleasant evening's entertainment. All Talkie. (July.)

NOT QUITE DECENT—Fox.—Louise Dresser also does an Al Jolson. Can you bear it? Part Talkie. (July.)

ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE—Fox.—Rod La Rocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that’s about all. Sound. (Sept.)

ON WITH THE SHOW—Warner.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spec but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (All.)

OPPRESSED, THE—William Elliott Production. —This ought to be danced, The Depressed—mean- ing the audiences. Raquel Meller disappears. Silent. (Oct.)

OUR MODERN MAIDENS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a sequel to “Our Dancing Daughters.” Must you be told that it’s a sun-rise picture? Sound. (April.)

PARIS BOUND—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woe that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

PAWNS OF PASSION—World-Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

PEACOCK FAN, THE—Chesterfield.—A quickie melodrama that could only happen in the films. Tom (“Big Parade”) O’Brien in it. Silent. (May.)

PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All-Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

PHYSICIAN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsmere Rick. Silent. (Sept.)

PICCADILLY—World-Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray & started but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

PLEASURE CRACKED—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

PLUNGING HOOPS—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. Silent. (June.)

POINTER WAYS—Universal.—Good all-fashioned Western melodrama. Silent. (June.)


PRISONERS—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (July.)

PROTECTION—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warners.—Texas Guinan in a phoney story of slyly revels. Of course, if you want to get a look at Tex, here she is. Part Talkie. (June.)

QUITTER, THE—Columbia.—Rather trite story redeemed by an effective climax. Silent. (July.)

RAINBOW MAN, THE—Sono-Art-Paramount.—Ferriqhpard, Debbie Dyeing does her version of the Jolson story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

RIVER OF ROME—Paramount.—Humor- one romance of oil derricks in the South, with excellent work by Flora Robson, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

ROARING FIRES—Elisbe.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July.)


SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathe.—Ridiculously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALUTE—Fox.—A glorified newscast about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALVAGE SUPREME.—All a picture should not be. Silent. (June.)

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Fox Film Corp . . . . Page 131
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 139

Paramount . . . . Page 4
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Warner Bros . . . . Page 147

BE an ARTIST
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Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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First National . . . . Page 143
Fox Film Corp . . . . Page 131
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 139
**Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls’ Problems**

Choose “becomint” perfumes. Select them with as much care and discretion as you do your clothes. That last-minute spray of fragrance is often the beginning of charm.

Cologne is a splendid substitute for the cold shower, when time and facilities are limited. It acts as a skin fre-hunter and tonic. The busy college girl, the traveler, the professional woman who has only a few moments in which to dress for dinner, will find it invaluable.

AND let me remind you that the hair must be clean and well-brushed, if the whole effect of good grooming is to remain unspoiled. After the shampoo the use of a perfumed hair lotion or brilliantine is a dainty touch. It makes the hair more manageable and imparts a lovely, healthy sheen, without stickiness or greasiness. The girl who has exposed her hair to summer suns and winds, with deplorable results, will find these lotions helpful. They can be obtained in one’s favorite scent.

If you like just a dash of delicate fragrance, you will find toilet water most desirable. Pour a little into the rinse water when you wash your hands, dab it on your throat and arms. Perhaps a bit on your forehead. Some girls like to use a matching sachet. An easy way to prepare sachets for dresser drawers is to divide a piece of cotton into two layers; pour the sachet powder on the bottom layer, and put the cotton together again. The sachet can be renewed as often as necessary, and lingerie, handkerchiefs and gloves will be pleasantly perfumed.

**Scents and Incense**

SWEET-SMELLING powder, a dash of perfume—these are some of the things that add daintiness. Do you need advice on the care of your skin? Send for my free complexion leaflet.

Are you trying to lose a few pounds without sacrifice of health or energy? My booklet of reducing exercises and menus will help you. Send stamped envelope for this booklet.

Is there some other problem of appearance that is troubling you? Are you in doubt about the colors you should wear? Your letters will be answered promptly, if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

The range of perfumes is almost incredible, and among them is one for every type and temperament, for every mood and occasion, and for every season. Many of them are complemented by a full line of beauty accessories—face and body powders, bath salts, sachet, toilet water, hair and skin lotions, rouge, talcum, creams, soaps, compact—all in the same delightful odor.

There is a new perfume that freshly breathes youth and verve and gayety. And there is another which is sophisticated in the extreme, without being heavy. There are light floral odors, spicy bouquets, and rich, subtle scents.

DOZENS of girls have written me, asking about perfumes, scented dusting powders, toilet waters, sachets, colognes—all the fragrant accessories to charm and good grooming.

It is the rare girl who does not care for perfume in any form, although there are many who reserve the use of a heavy scent for play-time hours. This is as it should be. No one who is shut in for long periods with other people should indulge in a definitely strong scent, however lovely and sense-enthralling it may be, on those around her. Such a scent is distracting, which is precisely what we want it to be—but not in a business atmosphere.

There are many ways of projecting ourselves from the feeling that we lack daintiness and freshness. Where there is a tendency to profuse perspiration and a consequent odor, there are deodorants. Above all, the girl who is truly dainty strives first for perfect cleanliness—the soap-and-water cleanliness of a frequently bathed body. She may also use soap and water on her face and neck, or she may prefer creams—or a combination of both. She may use a liquid cleanser. That is a question of individual preference and the requirements of her skin.

Perhaps she has already used a scent in her bath, in the form of perfumed salts. Perhaps she enjoys a fleecy dusting powder, to give that feeling of perfect dryness and comfort. There is also a soap which leaves one’s skin feeling as though freshly powdered. For those who like to use a fragrant talc or dusting powder, there are many odors from which to choose.
VIBRATING TO THE HOUR
FRAGRANCE GLORIOUSLY KEYED
TO EVERY CHIC GAIETY

THE NEW VOGUE OF
LES PARFUMS
COTY

For their nights of scintillation,
the world's smartest women magnetize their charm with L'Aimant
— or one of the glorious group
of COTY Perfumes which
keynote the gaieties of nighttime.

FOR EVENING DIVERSION
L'AIMANT—Magnanimous incarnate.
Du luxe flacons $15.00 and $3.00.
1 oz. $2.00, ½ oz. $1.00.
L'ORIGAN—Expression of elegance.
Presentation flacons, 2 oz. $7.00.
1 oz. $3.75, ½ oz. $2.00, ¼ oz. $1.00.
“PARIS.—Gaiety and jocurness. Presen-
tation flacon, 2 oz. $6.75,
1 oz. $3.75, ½ oz. $2.00, ¼ oz. $1.00.
CHYPRE—Pec exotic, intense nature.
Presentation flacons, 2 oz. $6.75,
1 oz. $5.75, ½ oz. $2.00, ¼ oz. $1.00.
EMERAUDE—Different finishes.
Presentation flacons, 2 oz. $7.25,
1 oz. $3.75, ½ oz. $2.00, ¼ oz. $1.00.

All toilette creations in these odeurs.
The Smartest Perfumes In The World
Are Not Necessarily Costly.

COTY
714 Fifth Avenue, New York.
**WOODBURY'S IS MARVELOUS. IT SURELY HELPS TO KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY AND SMOOTH**

MISS LOLITA GLADYS GELPI, OF NEW ORLEANS...CHOSEN AS THE LOVELIEST SUB-DEB

A VIVID LITTLE FACE—brilliant, long-lashed dark eyes—a velvety skin, touched with flame-like color—Southern softness, French vivacity—

She is seventeen years old, a true child of New Orleans; nursed by a colored mammy, educated by French convent nuns, speaking French—the intimate language of her family—as readily as English; passionately attached to the things, ways, people she has always known.

A shade of fright comes into her eyes at the mere thought of living in the rich, wonderful, but terrifying North. She loves the easy graceful life of Louisiana; boat rides up the Mississippi to the plantations; dancing in flower-filled patios; boys and girls piling into each other's automobiles to spend the day at the Lake or the Country Club; the girls in simple, little cotton frocks all summer; everybody knowing everybody else.

... “And everyone has a good time. And all the girls in New Orleans are beautiful. Yes, eight out of ten are not just pretty—they're beautiful. . .

“...And nearly all of us use Woodbury's for our skin. We think Woodbury's is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury's soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!”

A LOVELY SKIN—what woman, young or old, can be indifferent to it! There are many, many different types of beauty—as this series of lovely Woodbury users, brought together from every part of the country, shows. But one thing is essential to every type—a clear, flawless complexion.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of women to overcome the faults in their complexion, and to keep their skin smooth and clear, radiant with health and beauty. Get a cake of Woodbury's today! Begin, tonight, to care for your skin with this wonderful soap!

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Envelope 50 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2224 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
YOU can try from now until Clara Bow marries Harry Richman, and probably still go wrong on guessing who this flashing, flaming child is. Sparkling with the old zip and ginger, displaying undreamed-of curves—Colleen Moore, not so long ago the coy little flapper who toyed with dangerous cocktails and had harmless dates with high school boys. Colleen will look something like this in her new one, "Footlights and Fools"
WE forget letters to mother, and old gas bills, and our wives' birth dates, but we fans never forget this queenly lady of the films, who has always had our respectful admiration. After a long and honorable career playing really nice women in a big parade of pictures, Alice Joyce is still at the producers' call, and our big Kalem Days Fan Club is hoping unanimously that she'll be summoned for a fine job soon.
HE sole survivor of the royal line of stars—the queen who, in the eyes of her devoted fans, can do no wrong. Greta Garbo now occupies a peculiar and solitary place in the hearts of picture lovers. Traits that might be unfavorably mentioned in the case of other players become positive virtues in the case of this amazing Swedish girl. “Our Greta, may she always be right,” says her public. “But right or wrong, our Greta!”
THREE things, close observers suggest, created this glamorous girl—the new Fay Wray. One was her happy marriage to John Monk Saunders, one her smart new bob, and one the splendid part in "Thunderbolt" that she played so brilliantly. Whatever the causes, we'd hardly recognize, in this picture, the shy little violet that came so quietly to light in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March." Anyway, whatever brought it on did well!
YOU'RE going to admire and envy, simultaneously, this extremely blonde and atrociously pretty newcomer to pictures. First, she's really a raving beauty. Second, she's so fascinating Maurice Chevalier's leading woman in his second American picture, "The Love Parade." Jeanette MacDonald is her name, and she came to the studios from a line of Broadway musical comedy successes, including "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and "Sunny Days."
No player in pictures has raced to the top more rapidly than our boy, Richard Arlen, in the past year. Dick is now a full-blown Paramount star, after earning his rank and medals as leading man in a long list of good pictures which his work adorned. Not long ago four of his films were playing on Broadway at the same time. The little wife, Jobyna, out at Toluca Lake, sings at her work these days. For her boy’s a real star!
THE SUCCESS OF THE NEW SILHOUETTE DEPENDS UPON ITS FOUNDATION . . .

The new sculptured silhouette which dominated autumn and early winter showings in Paris has found enthusiastic endorsement with the American woman, who accepts the mode as one of wearability and charm. The particular importance in this silhouette is the rediscovery of the natural waistline. After seasons of neglect, the waistline has been spotlighted! As a result, an entirely new type of foundation garment is required to mold the waistline under the new frocks—to define and to confine the new silhouette.

The one-piece garment is the logical choice, since it preserves the smooth, unbroken line, and achieves the youthful contour. The backless interest, introduced last season, remains a vogue, because this type allows greater freedom and is most comfortable for daytime wear, and is smart for evening wear with the backless type of formal frock.

Model 1352—A solitaire fashioned of soft satin and tricot, with thirteen-inch skirt sections formed of machine elastic at both sides. This model is cut very low in the back, yet furnishes the same confinement to the bust that a well-fitting brassiere gives. The straps are of satin ribbon. Pink and black. Priced, $12.50.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.
Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires
Which...

are the hands of the Rich Man's Wife?

Two women at Sally's gay little luncheon—both with hands so exquisitely cared for that they fascinated you with their smooth whiteness.

Yet one, Sally said, was a millionaire's wife—the other, the wife of a young salesman with a very modest salary.

"Jane, the lovely ash blonde, has four maids,—and she never saw a dish cloth! While Fran, the slim dark-eyed one, keeps house charmingly and cares for two romping youngsters with no help in the world save those two exquisite hands of hers!

"But I happen to know," Sally added, "that Fran uses Lux for every soap and water task around the house. Says it gives her hands beauty care."

Later Sally coaxed them to have these photographs taken. Honestly, can you tell which is which? Number 1 shows the hands of the young wife who does all her own work—number 2, the hands of the millionaire's wife. Equally lovely!

Lux for every soap and water task

Your hands, too, will stay young and lovely if you use Lux for every soap and water task.

For Lux is different from ordinary soaps. Made of the purest materials known, by a special process, Lux protects the precious beauty oils of the skin—the youth oils.

So many soaps dry up these oils, leaving the skin just a bit rougher, a bit coarser, each time they're used.

Try this new kind of beauty care for yourself! Each time you wash dishes—or do any soap and water task, let the delicate Lux suds tend your hands very gently, leaving them whiter, smoother, more exquisite than before! This wise beauty care for your hands costs almost nothing. Begin it yourself this very day!

Lux for ALL your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day

Hollywood, Calif.

This town is no place for a conscientious student of the motion picture who comes out here in a spirit of helpfulness and charity, prepared to discuss its most intricate problems of technical development and deplore the morals of the community.

There hasn’t been a ghost of a scandal in the whole blamed town. There have been four marriages in the past week and not one newspaper rumor of a new divorce.

It used to be a genuine intellectual treat to argue about tempo, movement, rhythmic flow, and all that sort of thing with the other sand-dodgers, but now all the hell-raisers go to bed early and there is no one with whom to sit up and talk constructively about the art.

Mickey Neilan, Eric Von Stroheim, Paul Bern, Eddie Sutherland, Al Cohn, Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Goulding, Harry Crocker, Alan Dwan, and all the other film intellectuals, are too busy making pictures to talk about them.

All those New York actors and song composers I knew in the East go in for tennis and get so tired out I never meet them.

Aileen Pringle has gone in for the speaking stage. Those highbrow Eastern authors on location here have all reformed and gone to writing.

The supervisors have all been sent back to the milk wagons and overalls, and the producers with whom you could once enjoy a good scrap are busy studying music.

When you ask a press agent for news he sticks his fingers up to his nose. The talkies have ruined Hollywood as an intellectual joint.

It must be that they are catching up on the sleep they lost for months when the talking picture came roaring in like a lion and threw such a scare into the Hollywood studios.

But now they have the lion tied meekly outside the studio gate, playing with the goats; the most timid little stars pat him on the head as they pass by and say:

“Nice little lion, him wouldn’t hurt no one,” and pass on in to the sound stages to warble song hits like Mary Ellis and speak their lines like young Ethel Barrymores.

It all goes to prove that our movie stars, men and women, all the time had something in addition to pretty faces, bathing suits, and Arrow collar profiles.

“But,” said one newspaper cynic a few weeks ago, “wait until they try to put over Janet Gaynor in a talkie.”

Yeah? I have come from a projection room showing of “Sunny Side Up” in which that little bride puts over lines and songs like a Broadway favorite. And I almost mistook Charlie Farrell for John Charles Thomas. Put this on your “Must See” list.

And who do you think will knock you for a solid row of microphones when you hear them
talk and sing? Geraldine Farrar and Jeritza? No, no, comrades of the fan millions, none others than our old pals and movie favorites, Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels.

THE Shadow Stage department must go to press several days before these several pages of mine or you would have read about both of them in the Best Performance list. As it is, only one was able to catch the press. But the other will be there next month in capital letters.

That is the one prerogative of the editor. He can be lazier than his associates and get his stuff in two days later. And pictures move fast these days.

I HAVE just seen Gloria's new picture "The Trespasser." I am pretty hardboiled, but it got me. It's a new Gloria and another picture you must not miss. If we must have a Bernhardt of the screen I nominate La Swanson.

And Bebe? You must see and hear Bebe in "Rio Rita." You'll find it reviewed on page 52, this issue.

MAYBE when they get that microphonophobia, which is high hat for fear of the talkies, thoroughly out of their systems there will be some fun in Hollywood again.

But right now the bootleggers are starving to death and night life ceases promptly at nine-thirty, when they all start home to spray their throats with Listerine and go beddy-bye.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN will not talk in his next picture. There will be no fanfare of pressagentry about this. Charlie has reached his decision in his own quiet way.

For almost a year he has been working on a new picture. Half way through he stopped production and gave his cast and studio staff a vacation. The next day sound technicians moved in with their equipment, and Charlie was not seen in his usual haunts for weeks.

During that time he made over ten thousand feet of talking picture test film, and when he finally emerged from the privacy of his studio, he was still puzzled.

Only a very few close friends have seen and heard the tests, and it is known that they have advised him to stick to the pantomime, in which he has no equal.

Now he is considering a picture in which there is sound and dialogue for the other characters, but in which he will remain silent. Of one thing we may be sure. If Charlie does use sound in the picture he will give the picture business a new conception of its use.

Over in a corner Donald Ogden Stewart, famous author and humorist, paced back and forth repeating his lines like a schoolboy studying for a class recitation.

Thirty minutes were consumed in preparation before the sound man yelled "O. K. Silence." The camera started and Marion walked through a door into the bright light of the incandescents.

FROM nowhere in particular came a strange noise. The sound man signalled to stop and then through the silence came the merry chirp of a cricket.

For one solid hour, forty people, from director to property boys and the entire cast, hunted high and low for the insect, without success. That hour cost three thousand dollars. Finally work was resumed and the cricket was heard no more.

"I know who did it, King," said Stewart, after the day's work. "Who did what?" asked the director. "I know who put that cricket on our set. It was Jesse Lasky. He's sure because you signed me up first."

THERE is a story in this issue of Photoplay that no one familiar with the motion picture folks of ten years ago can read without a little pang of sorrow. The story of the passing of the old studios, now awaiting wrecking crew and apartment house builder.

I thought of it as I walked through the magnificent new Fox Studios, now nearing completion, many miles out and beyond Los Angeles and Hollywood where real estate has become too valuable for such a vast acreage of art.

Forty million dollars are being expended there. The famous old Universal City, that was the pride of Uncle Carl Laemmle, would be lost in one corner and D. W. Griffith's old Fine Arts Studio could be tucked away in the vast property warehouses.

SOUND stages of massive concrete, outside of which a battery of artillery could hold target practice without a sound penetrating its scientifically-constructed walls and doors; a research laboratory, in which four hundred thousand dollars a year will be spent; a restaurant for studio workers which rivals in appointment any in Hollywood or Los Angeles; a hall of music, in which four huge studio orchestras can practice and a score of composers and musical adapters can work undisturbed by the outside world or each other; endless acres of outdoor sets, shaded parks and perfectly kept lawns, administration buildings, power and light and air cooling and heating plants.

A complete city of architectural and landscape beauty.

AND back in New York sits the man who is responsible for this tremendous achievement, a man who twenty years ago fought the whole motion picture industry for his business life and independence.

We can almost say that William Fox built this great studio with his own hands, for when he was fighting a lone battle against the combined producers of that day he personally cut and prepared every single film that came out of his little New York workshop.
EXPOSING the Hollywood Orgy

We draw the curtain from vice and crime of film colony's mad night life

By Leonard Hall

"Mother," I said that evening, "lay out the old gutter-stained drinking clothes. We're going to a Hollywood party, and we'll be back a week from Thursday."

"Do you think we'd better?" said the dear soul. "Remember that time you threw the bus boy through Childs' window? What about the—"

"Mother," I said, very firmly, "that was mere Childs play. Tonight we lose our amateur standing and get in the big money. These people out here really know how to sin. When they orgy, they stay orgied. So let's have no more of this reminiscing. Just lay out those old pants and the bullet proof vest!"

So Mother shut up, packed the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

"Mother," I said, "lay out the drinking clothes. We're going to a Hollywood party, and we'll be back a week from Thursday!"

S END Junior and Betty Jane to bed, and lock up Grandma in her own room! I propose, here and now, to describe a Hollywood orgy in all its harrowing details, and name real names. This is no place for the reverend clergy and lots of tender years.

It is only fair to begin by saying that when I went to Hollywood I was fed up to the eyelashes with the ordinary Eastern variety of orgy. I had guzzled green Maryland rye on the very shadow of the dome of our nation's capitol. I had sliced down New Jersey beer till my head felt like the Graf Zeppelin and my feet were three feet off the ground. I was sick to death of gin still warm from the kitchen sink, and the accompanying beaver-board sandwiches, hot ginger ale, airless apartments, dumb wisecracks, silly hostesses and sticky girls.

But Hollywood!

THERE, thought I, will be something new in the way of star-spangled debauches! There, among the gold-plated actors and ruby-starred magnates will be something fresh and tasty in the way of sin. I'll have the finest, truest sort of depravity to relate to my innocent kiddies in the long winter evenings to come, as I sit around listening to my blood pressure rise.

So, poof! I am in Hollywood—Mother and I.

"Sin!" I told the porters, the bellboys, the room clerk, the press agents. "I want to see some new sin, fresh from your own ranches. How is your sin today, out here?"

"Fine!" thundered a voice at my elbow. Turning quickly and drawing my .45 like a flash, I saw that it issued from the stylish stout body of my friend Arthur Caesar, dialogue writer for the film foundry of the Messrs. Warner.

"When did you get here?" roared the Caesarian body. "My dash dash dash dash blank cypher, it's good to see you! I'm giving you a party tonight. I'll send a car for you at nine. Good. Oh kay! Yes—yes—yes! So long!"

Well, there I was, one step from Go-morrah. How the girls would say, when I got back home, "Isn't he just too interesting-looking. A little dissipated, you know, and cynical! I'll just bet he's been places and done things!"

Shanks
S L I P P I N G  T H E

A FEW weeks ago the much-written-about engagement of Clara Bow, the queen of the movie flappers, and Harry Richman, the big song and dance boy from Broadway, exploded with a large bang on the front pages of a thousand metropolitan newspapers.

It appeared that Clara and Harry were not engaged any more. It appeared that the stunning ten thousand dollar diamond that Harry had slipped—before the camera—on Clara's fourth finger, left hand, was very much like "button, button, who's got the button" in the old nursery rhyme.

Only this version was, "Diamond, diamond, who owned the diamond in the first place?"

Nor was that all. It even came out—with a good deal of newspaper space expended using both Clara's and Harry's names—that Harry's love had been peddled around Hollywood like so much cement before the contractors' convention. It wasn't so much that Harry's little heart needed a home as that Harry's fame needed a good strong publicity boost.

The bright promoters of the cabaret boy's romantic urge even had offered Harry first, it was revealed, to Greta Garbo. The Swedish Sphinx inferred by a rich Swedish silence that when she wanted a man she could get one by her own efforts. Still, they egged her on. They told her about all the pictures they would get her—and Harry—in the papers. They raved about all the columns of space. Said Garbo, "I luff no man. My chest is empty." Which may have meant her old smuggler's chest where she keeps the gold pieces, for all anybody can tell.

All of which raises an interesting question.

"Why don't people get married in Hollywood?"

"Why don't they want to?"

All over the rest of the world, people do it. Chinks do it. Japs do it. Up in Lapland, little Laps do it, as the old song has it. That is, they fall in love. And when they fall in love, everywhere else, almost always they get married.

They fall in love in Hollywood. How they fall! They take love in a great big way. They love all over the place and particularly all over the press. But do they marry? Not very often.

In fact, the finest art of love in Hollywood seems to be slipping the marriage noose.

Now before you all think that I am just a cynical old thing and prod my memory with shouts and murmurs about Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and such honeycomers, let me make a list for you.

Think of Messrs. Richard Dix, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Carl Laemmle, Jr., William Haines, Charles Farrell, Ben Lyon, Gilbert Roland, Ramon Novarro, to mention but a few.

Or think, equally, of Mila Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Alice White, Bessie Love, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, the Day girls, Alice and Marceline; Lois Wilson, Sally O'Neil, all the Young sisters—Loretta, Polly Ann and Sally Blane; Ruth Taylor, Olave Borden, Lois Moran and numerous others.


Think of the potential waves in the second listing. Youth, charm, money, ambition, IT. What wives! What little women! What pets! Breaths there a man with soul so dead he wouldn't like one of them waiting on his doortstep as the five-three pulls in each night?

But why don't these boys and girls marry? Why, in fact, don't some
of them marry each other? If Hollywood was any other town, you'd soon see them paired off, married and having babies. That's the law of the universe.

How does Hollywood dare defy the law of the universe? How does it get that way?

Personally, I think it gets that way because of its individuality and the individuality of its species.

Let's consider the case of Richard Dix.

About two years back Richard blazoned forth in the pages of our own Photoplay how much he wanted to marry. He even promised to be married before another year passed. And before, during, and since that time it has looked as though Richard had the most honest intentions toward that promise. He has been engaged and engaged and engaged.

It started with Lois Wilson. Maybe it wasn't an honest to goodness solitary diamond-wedding shower engagement, but certainly everybody thought it was. Everybody expected those two to be married almost any minute. But suddenly Lois wasn't seen about very much and Richard was going everywhere with Charlot Byrd.

A cute trick, Charlot. Saucy, provocative and very sweet. Not as important as Lois professionally, but Richard seemed to have a terrific crush on her and she seemed to have an even more terrific crush on Richard. So everybody sat back and waited for Charlot to become Mrs. Dix. Only the next thing they knew Richard was going with Alyce Mills.

That was real love. And how! Richard told everybody. Alyce told everybody. They played together in a picture. Love's young dream. Bee-yu-tiful. Only Richard started going with Mary Brian.

He had loved other girls before Mary? Don't be silly. This, this was different—for a couple of months. Then Marceline Day caught Richard's eye. Richard went around with Marceline. And then he stopped.

Right now his heart—his heart—but why bring that up?

Buddy Rogers hasn't had as many engagements as Richard. In fact, he's had no formal engagements at all. But he's had several beautiful interests. Claire Windsor was one, succeeded by Mary Brian, succeeded by June Collyer. But it seems that Buddy went to a fortune teller a year ago September. The mystic gazed into her crystal and discovered that any 1928 marriage of Buddy's would turn out something terrible. She said a marriage in 1933 would be pretty neat, however. So girls who can manage to hang on for the next four years have a chance.

Work keeps Ramon Novarro and Junior Laemmle away from the girls. You know how work is. Takes all one's time. Becomes the central drive of life. Gives one purpose. Junior Laemmle was once reported engaged to Alice Day and after that to Sue Carol. But since those rumors, he's been too busy looking after his father's Universal studio to spend his evenings with the girl friends.

Ramon Novarro has a hundred interests. His singing. His little theater. His trips to Europe. His family. His church. Personally I believe Ramon to be the perennial bachelor. His art really is his life.

There are those who thought that Charles Farrell truly loved Janet Gaynor. But when the wedding bells rang, it was Lydell Peck and not Charlie who responded. Charlie lives his life of blessed bachelorhood rather silently.

Then there's Ben Lyon. You've heard of Mr. Lyon and his engagements? Listed in the order of their receipt they are: that lamented, beautiful creature, [please turn to page 137].

Two Romantic Free-Lances
Miss Swanson has selected one of the most successful models of the new season, developed in platinum broadtail. Note the severe line which cuts midway across the forehead, the close-fitting crown and long, graceful sides.

This handsome formal wrap is worn by Miss Swanson in "The Trespasser." It is of Goblin blue Peau de Soir silk and ermine. The ermine is caught cape-fashion over the left shoulder and is carried around in a dashing modernistic line to cover the lower portion of the wrap on the opposite side. The distinctive costume jewelry is of green, black and white cut crystal.
Luxury, femininity, dignity—and above all, chic, are the keynotes.

We dare to predict that this stunning coiffure will be discussed and copied by smart women the world over. Its charm is in the skilful blending of severity and femininity.

Miss Swanson's street frock of blue Jersey combines many of the important new style elements. Notable features are the raised waistline, the flared skirt dipping slightly lower in back, and the long, wide scarf. The inserted design is of blue satin crepe, both sides of the material being used. The hat has the new, high-on-the-forehead line.

Exquisite detail and line mark this luxurious evening gown, matching in color and material the wrap on the opposite page. The gown is extremely short in front, sloping sharply to a long, irregular hemline. Panels form a train.
Herr Lubitsch, Der Old Master from Ger-

THE most striking photograph, friends, to be smuggled from the sound stages since the silent drama found its larynx. It shows Ernst Lubitsch, the great German director, doing something unheard of in the history of pictures—staging two scenes at one and the same time, and without the aid of a plug hat full of rabbits. Herr Lubitsch sits on the milking stool between the two camera booths. In the secluded garden nook on the left are Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth. Before the screen on the right, and seated on a sofa, are Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, star and leading lady of the new Paramount single-talkie, "The Love Parade." The script and score of the production called for a double duet by these four principals, and Herr Lubitsch was forced to devise ways and means for directing...
many, Directs Two Talkie Scenes at Once

two sets of actors with one wave of the wand. So he had his hirelings erect the two sets cheek to cheek, arranged his people, and went at it. In the foreground are the two camera booths, each with its crew of camera and sound geniuses. At the left, out of the picture except for one bold fiddler, is the orchestra which accompanies the singers. Over the heads of the actors you can see the malicious microphones, suspended on cords. And this gives you a good idea of the enormous number of lights necessary to shine up a talking picture scene. Our hard-working directors may soon be expected to direct three scenes, juggle four pool balls, eat a bacon and tomato sandwich and sing "Mammy" simultaneously. Just out of camera range old Cal York, PHOTOPLAY’s studio nuisance, is being strangled by four assistant directors.
JUST how do you think these mellow curves will register? And if so, what?
The silver-haired gent listening to the do-re-mi is none other than Mr. Mack Sennett, who was making comedies when Hollywood Boulevard was a cow-path. The nameless young lady, who has passed the eye-test with honor, is now hurling her high C into the microphone, in the hope of making a comedy that is not only funnier, but louder. Of course, with Mack’s bathing girls a historic institution, Mr. Sennett couldn’t think of running a voice test if the young lady wore galoshes and a raccoon coat. He just couldn’t hear a thing!
The world wonders whether Joan and Doug will uphold the Pickford-Fairbanks tradition

By Frances Hughes

THERE is no denying that the Fairbanks-Fairbanks story has always been a fascinating one. It was the story of a young couple who, against all odds, succeeded in making their way in the world of show business. And it was a story that was told in a way that was both charming and captivating.

Joan Crawford, the daughter of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mrs. Fairbanks, is beloved by her family and friends for her beauty and kindness. She is known for her love of the theatre and her talent as an actress. And she is also known for her sense of humor and her ability to make others feel welcome.

The Fairbanks-Fairbanks family has always been a close-knit one, and it is no surprise that the new generation of the family is following in their footsteps. Joan Crawford has inherited her parents' love of the theatre, and she is already making a name for herself on stage.

Young Doug Fairbanks and the bride, Joan Crawford, who do not like to be called the Crown Prince and Princess of Hollywood, having a little sunshine and privacy on one of the famous California beaches

I've known Joan Crawford intimately for four years. I've shared her confidences and the hospitality of her home. I've been able to see her in the throes of despair and on the gayest parties. And I have never known her to drink anything stronger than soda pop!

She has never had a real home before. That house is the end of the dream of a little girl who stored her treasures in a tiny room in the back of a laundry and later moved them to a half bedroom above the Strand of New York traffic. In "El Jodo" the silver is of the finest. Long creme-colored tapers grow out of antique candle sticks (a wedding gift from Billy Haines). The table glows with lace and beautiful linen. It is Joan's home, a home for which she would not have had the taste two years ago, before she met the man she loves.

Even this, the end of the dream, is ammunition for the gossips. "I remember Joan," they say, "before she was Mrs. Fairbanks, when she didn't need four servants."

All of her mental and spiritual growth has been blamed on the tradition.

But it isn't the tradition. It is Doug himself who has changed her.

Doug, Jr., has been criticized for his hand in bringing Joan up the way she should go, but every book he has asked her to read, every art exhibit he has taken her to, every concert he has brought her to, has made her a more delightful person.

In a sense he has done for Joan what his father did for Mary Pickford, yet the ideals of father and son are different. Doug, Sr., is a doer; young Doug, a dreamer.

Slight as they are in frame, there [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
A short story that is based on a real life episode in the Talkies

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

Meet Mr. Jack Delancey, the three dollar a night sheik, who wears tan brogans under his Arabian nightgown.

MOON of dull gold hung like a spotlight in the sky. Silhouetted against it was a figure in a long white burnoose, walking with slow, stately tread across the narrow stone parapet. Now and then he paused and faced the East. He might have been murmuring a prayer to Allah—while his caravans rested.

But the prayer would have been a crossword puzzle to Allah, and could those below have heard it, their illusion of desert skies and Songs of Araby would have been quickly shattered.

"Gosh, it’s cold up here," the sheik was saying to his shadow. "Tomorrow night I’ll keep my coat on under this damned nightgown. It’s enough to put a guy to sleep, jogging along at this snail’s pace. Wonder how many miles I’ll cover in an evening?" The tan brogans beneath the white burnoose paced off another fifteen steps, then paused to face the East.

The long milky fingers of a battery of searchlights combed the evening sky, telling the world that Jed Neuman, Hollywood’s master showman, was launching another screen epic.

As the sheik made the return trip across the parapet, in the golden glow of the prop moon, he was thinking: "Showmanship, huh? Say, I’ll bet half those saps down there don’t even see me. They’ve got their eyes peeled for the stars."

He risked a glance toward the street below. It was glutted with a million dollars’ worth of shiny limousines. Blue-coated officers were trying to keep the milling crowd back of the ropes, which formed a lane leading to the entrance of the theater. As he reached the far end of the parapet he caught the voice of the radio announcer, broadcasting the arrival of the Great and the Near-Great of filmdom.

"Miss Florentine Duval and party are now arriving. Miss Duval is wearing an ermine evening wrap over a gown of peach-colored velvet. Will you step up to the microphone, Miss Duval, and say a word to your radio friends?"

"Hello everybody," came the throaty voice of the popular screen star. "It’s certainly a big night at the Algeria. Wish you were here."

ENTHUSIASTIC applause from the sidelines as Miss Duval and party continued their triumphal entrance.

"Yeah, and some day those same yokels'll be paying five bucks a throw to see Mr. Jack Delancey and party arriving," the erstwhile sheik promised his shadow. "And Mr. Delancey’ll be wearing his soup and fish with a gardenia in the buttonhole and a silk topper."

Mr. Delancey, it will be gathered, called himself an actor. Due to the poor eyesight of the makers of pictures, however, he had been more recently engaged as a demonstrator of razor blades, a feeder for a small time vaudeville star, a soda jerker and a crystal gazer in the window of a large Oriental store.

It was here the manager of the Algeria had seen him and offered him three dollars an evening to patrol the roof of the new theater in his sheik regalia. Mr. Delancey considered it a genuine tribute to his makeup ability that the shrewd manager had believed him to be the real thing. Rather than risk disillusioning him, he had arrived at the theater that first night in costume and makeup. Once the job was cinched, he told himself, he would make up backstage with the rest of the actors.

And it was backstage, a week later, that he met Billie, the little Blue Streak Blues Singer. He had come down off the roof five minutes early and had caught part of her act. He had seen her in the wings before and had smiled at her. She had not bothered to return the smile. That had piqued him. When Jack Delancey smiled at a girl she usually smiled back.

As he watched her go into a hot tap dance he concluded that she was a swell little number. Not exactly pretty—but cute. He liked them cute. He liked her straight, black, shiny bob and the way she used those naughty eyes. She had the cutest knees he had ever seen. They were like little round, dimpled faces.

He watched her take a couple of "bows" and when she ran offstage he managed to be standing directly in her path.

"You’re certainly there, baby," he said audiously.

"Tell that to the manager," was her cool retort. "He might give me another week." She started to push past him. Then her eyes fell on the white burnoose hanging over his arm. "Well, if it isn’t the sheik himself." Her red mouth widened in a smile.

"Jack Delancey’s the name," he grinned. "I’ve been watching your act. You’re pretty good."

"Yeah?" The naughty eyes looked up at him through heavily mascaraed lashes. "Thanks for the good news."

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"How about putting on the feed bag after the show?" She gave him a swift appraisal. Something about his boyish grin caused her to decide that he was just a harmless kid who was trying to be friendly instead of fresh.

"O.K.," she agreed. "If you want to wait while I change." 

"Sure. I'll stick around."

He was waiting for her at the stage door when she came out. She looked different in her street clothes. But that was not surprising since the costume for her act consisted of a very abbreviated pair of black lace shorts and a little lace thing which passed for a brassiere.

They walked down the Boulevard, now almost deserted, and though he had less than two dollars in his pocket, he optimistically piloted her into a popular all night cafe. Before Billie could even look at the menu he had sold her the idea of ordering a cheese sandwich on rye and some coffee.

Billie listened while he talked about Jack Delancey and how good he was.

"Well, what's a big time boy like you doing in a small time job?" she finally had an opportunity to ask. "That roof marathon won't get you anywhere. You ought to be in the movies, I'd say!"

He had already catalogued her as a smart girl but that last remark proved it.

"You've said it, baby. All I need is a director to agree with you and it'll be unanimous."

"What's to keep a bright boy like you from finding one?"

"Well, you see you've gotta have influence to get in these days," he said."

"Horse feathers! If you're as good as you say you are you don't need influence."

"I kinda thought somebody might see me doing that sheik stuff on the roof—"

"Don't kid yourself. Sheiks went out with mammy songs."

"Maybe you're right at that," he shrugged. "But I'll get a break one of these days. Somebody'll discover me. Sure to," he added with conviction.

Billie studied him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Say, you know what you ought to do?" she asked. "The same kind of stuff that Bill Haines does."

"That Smart Alec!" he said contemptuously.

She smiled. "Somebody ought to give him a mirror so he could take a look at himself," ran her thought, "and one of those sound things so he could hear himself."

Still, absurdly enough, she found herself liking him. He was good looking in spite of his trick clothes with their padded shoulders and pinched waistline. Something feminine in her recognized the appeal of his smile and the clearness of his eyes. He was just a cocksure kid. A few hard bumps would cure that.

"Have you done any picture work at all?" she asked.

"Sure. I was the tenderfoot guy that fell off a horse in a Ken Maynard picture. And I danced with Clara Bow once in a dance hall scene. But I guess I was too good," he said importantly. "When I saw the picture they had cut my stuff out."

Billie finished the sandwich and lighted a cigarette. He was like a small boy, talking big. But she remembered times when she had talked big herself, to bolster up her sagging spirits.

Perhaps it was a maternal complex which she did not even know she possessed which gave her the sudden impulse to render first aid to this boy who pretended to be so sure of himself. "Listen, I've got a friend over at Paradox. His name's Bernstein and he's got a lot of say-so over there. He told me the other day they wanted somebody to play opposite Odette Dayne—"

"But I guess they'd want some guy with a name."

"No, that's just the point. They figure she's got a big enough name to carry the picture. Of course," she added. "they'd want somebody who could act a little bit."

"Well, say—" he bristled.

"I'll give you a letter to Bernstein if you like. You never can tell. It might get you a break. He's out of town right now or I'd introduce you personally."

"Gee—gosh—that's great."

They walked home along a street bordered with pepper trees. The moon shining through the lacy branches made fantastic patterns across the walk and the air was filled with the delicate fragrance of orange blossoms. When they reached her door, as a matter of course, he started to kiss her goodnight. Billie would have none of it.

And here is Billie O'Neil, known to a few small billboards as The Little Blue Streak Blues Singer.
If you don’t think the camera is trickier than a boarding house card shark, look at these! At the left is a hard-boiled, smart alecky master of ceremonies. At the right, a soft-eyed, wistful college boy. Believe it or not, they’re both Buddy Rogers!

See this beautiful but wise woman of the world, looking very much like Elsie Ferguson, with her chiselled loveliness and her perfect poise.

This shy young sorority sister is the same girl, tricked by the camera—Catherine Dale Owen, Jack Gilbert’s leading woman in his new film!
He Threw Away A Million

A remarkable and true story of a man whom Hollywood couldn’t buy

By Herbert Howe

They offered Leslie Fenton a million dollars, and he threw it away.

They led him up the golden mountain and showed him the kingdoms of the world that could be his, and Leslie Fenton laughed it off.

Hollywood calls him mad. Producers say that the young actor who cussed into fame as the free-speaking young Lieutenant Moore in “What Price Glory” has gone haywire.

But Fenton just laughs. He’d rather be thought haywire than worry his life away over check-signing and the state of his balance at the First National Trust and Savings.

A hit in a half dozen films, he’s shipped on an Italian tramp steamer that is now butting her way through the golden seas to the island of Majorca. And I’ve a date to crack a bottle of laughing Spanish wine with the happy Hollywood madman a year from today. Les Fenton—who laughed away a million dollars and is sailing six thousand miles for the privilege of being himself.

He loves, he fights and now he runs away. He climbs in windows when ladies smile and he’s had his nose broken four times. He’s Irish.

As genealogist, I trace Leslie Fenton to the doors of Messrs. Byron, D’Artagnan, Villon, Cellini and fellow racketeers. He’s the character our romantic actors play but aren’t.

Romance was not dead until Les sailed away. He’s on the high seas now and so I can betray him boldly.

I recall a scene in my apartment house without benefit of cameras: Les backing into the lobby, circling a piano and hurling a chair at a bellowing gent, while down the hall a fair one wept. He swear he climbed in the wrong window and evidently he did, but the lady wept and wept.

You recall Leslie Fenton as the young lieutenant who goes mad in “What Price Glory” and blasphemes to the high heavens.

“And I’ve been going mad ever since,” said Les over a farewell lunch in Henry’s.

“Producers only see me as mad.”

Producers, for once, are right: Les is romantically, gallantly mad. When he recently rejected a contract that would bring him close to a million ducats the producers were confirmed in their opinion.

There was nothing mad about their offer. It was elicited by epistolary tonnage from [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

His first great role. Leslie Fenton as the tender, sensitive Lieutenant Moore in “What Price Glory,” writing in his diary after his first tragic battle
A backward glance at the deserted, romantic dream workshops of the Hollywood that was and the stars that were

DOTTING Hollywood here and there, they stand today—the ghostly studios of other times. Some of them are still faintly alive. Most are dead and almost forgotten. In a year, at the longest, all will be gone. On every rubbish-cluttered lot is some monument, some memorial to the great men and women of pictures' more spacious and romantic days.

It scarcely seems possible, even to those who remember, that only a few years ago these deserted studios were gay and busy, peopled with happy-go-lucky humans.

Pictures in those days were not so much a business. It was romance, and glorious dreams were being woven for all the world—dreams that left Hollywood in two-reel cans and occasionally as a super feature of five!

Rescued from ruin, this picturesque structure is now a private home in Beverly Hills. It was moved from Culver City where it had been the general offices of Irvin Willat, Billie Dove's producer husband.

Remember the heydey of Bill Hart Westerns, of Bessie Barrie scale, Glaum and Dalton? This little church and the film vault built into the Malibu hillside are all that remain of the magic city of Inceville.

Heartbreak Studio, they call it. It was once used by such producers as Garson, Selig and Marshall Neilan. And on the adjoining lot "The Adventures of Kathlyn" made serial motion picture history.

That was yesterday. Now the old Hollywood landmarks are going, and there is little today to suggest the Hollywood that was.

In the days of '49 California saw another gold rush. Towns sprang up like mushrooms. Nowadays, traveling through the Sierras, one comes suddenly on these deserted ghost cities. They are isolated and alone, brooding over their turbulent yesterdays.

But aren't they more pathetic—the ghost studios of Hollywood? They stand forgotten and forlorn in the heart of a great city, their purpose served, their death knell sounded. Thousands pass by unheeding, or perhaps with a casual, curious glance at the ugly eyesores.

There is not a trace left now of the old Lasky studio.
The old Metro studio. Neglected now, but haunted by glorious memories of Valentino in Ingram's "Four Horsemen"; of June Mathis, brilliant scenarist, and of lovely Barbara LaMarr.

The door that welcomed Mabel Normand to Mack Sennett's world of beach peaches, Keystone cops and custard pies—those pies that "talked" even in the old, silent days which stood on Vine and Sunset in Hollywood, once the proudest studio in the land, and the site where Jesse Lasky, Cecil B. De Mille and Dustin Farnum made history with "The Squaw Man."

At the Lasky gates the crowds used to gather for fleeting glimpses of Mary Miles Minter, Wallace Reid, Valentino, Marguerite Clarke, Robert Warwick, Ethel Clayton, Roscoe Arbuckle and William S. Hart. Glamorous, never-to-be-forgotten names. In this day when Hollywood is again crowded with stage people, it is not to be overlooked that at this old studio worked Irene Castle, Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, Madge Kennedy and Billie Burke.

All that was spared of that studio is the barn, standing on the same vacant lot when Lasky leased it years ago. That barn became executive offices, and the stables were dressing rooms. When the studio moved to its new home, the magnificently reconstructed Brunton studios, the old barn went along!

Outmoded street cars, as grotesque as a tintype, are left to the mercy of the sun and rain where once stood the rambling studio where Mary Pickford and Owen Moore used to make pictures in the earlier days of California production.

Griffith directed here long before he dreamed of "The Birth of a Nation." Later, in this same studio, Katherine MacDonald rose to fame as the American Beauty.

Edendale, a residential community in Los Angeles, was the Hollywood of years past. Important studios were there then. They're still standing. Edendale is a pleasant place with its rolling hills and little valleys. Here was the Mack Sennett studio where Keystone comedies were made;
Through this grand old gate walked Kathryn Williams, in the golden days when she was making "The Adventures of Kathlyn." The old Selig Studio mates—now used as a zoo for elderly and lonely lions.

It looked ghost-ridden. And a world once laughed at its products! Somehow, the old Sennett is the most tragic of deserted studios, because a comedy ghost is more tragic than any other kind.

GLORIA, never dreaming that she would one day become a Marquise, lived in a humble dwelling across the street. In private life she was Mrs. Wallace Beery.

She was a quiet girl, a bit apart from the others who were not married.

Louise Fazenda was earning forty dollars a week. Some of the other girls received less. Strangely enough, although it was the bathing girls that made Mack Sennett a household name, they were not highly paid. The male stars, however, made what seemed a great deal of money in those days.

Through the now sagging gates these now famous players used to leave on location trips to Venice and Santa Monica. They sat in the back of the disreputable studio car with Pepper, the cat, Teddy, the great Dane, and the famous Sennett baby. Piled atop all of them were numerous dummies.

All of the contract players reported at the studio every day whether they were working or not. Scenarios were written on the cuff as the picture progressed. An actor might be needed for a scene at any time. Gloria couldn't be located one night so Marie Prevost doubled for her.

Mabel Normand had the grandest dressing room on the lot. She had a whole room to herself. Mabel of the joyous spirit, beloved by everyone who knew her. Now she is fighting for her life, climaxing a career of tragedy.

Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, Charlie Murray, Ben Turpin and Bert Roach could also tell tales of the old studio.

ACROSS from Sennett's is one of the heartbreak studios of the industry. It is the down-at-the-heels, but still picturesque place where productions were made at different periods by Selig, Garson, and Marshall Nellan.

With its Spanish architecture, ivy clad walls and graceful palms no other studio could equal it for charm. There is a swimming pool and pretty dressing room bungalows.

Between this studio and the historic lot adjoining the present Selig Zoo was made "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the serial that made Kathryn Williams famous.

It was a picture, too, that introduced many new elements into the business. Stock shots of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

where memories of Charles Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Mack Swain and Mabel Normand linger. And the bathing girls that grew up to be stars. Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda. Harriet Hammond, one of the loveliest of them all, married and left the screen. Mary Thurman is dead. Two years ago Sennett completed "The Goodbye Kiss" at the old stand and departed for his new studio in San Fernando Valley.

The other day I happened to drive past old Sennett's. Neighborhood youngsters had amused themselves by tossing rocks through the windows. A cat which had chosen an inauspicious time to cross the thoroughfare had been left unceremoniously in front of the main entrance. Dingy walls and faded ragged awnings, flapping disgustingly in the breeze. Even by daylight this is the studio where Louis B. Mayer lived and labored in the films before he became the big mogul at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now it is a deserted village.
Another Hollywood Racket

Regis Toomey used it playing tennis with Roland West's assistant

SOME day one of the smart boys is going to write a play about Hollywood. It will be patterned along the lines of "White Cargo" and will describe in minute details what happens to young stage stars who come out with ideals all mixed up with the grease paint.

The story may or may not end like "White Cargo." The legit boys may be able to resist the strange influence of the Gold Coast. They may be able to keep outside interests. Maybe. And maybe not.

Regis Toomey is one of those who thinks he will be able to cast aside the glamour and the all-enveloping atmosphere of the pictures. Certainly his foundation is secure enough. Certainly he has more than a small-town background with Hollywood success the ultimate end of existence.

He's a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. A Sigma Chi. A good runner and all 'round track man. A member of the Cap and Gown Club. A business failure with a flare for acting. And the husband of an adoring wife, named Kathryn Scott, a producer of chorus numbers, whom he met in London.

REGIS TOOMEY has seen and read and thought. And, at the moment with a snug little house tucked away in Laurel Canyon and his wife tucked away in it, he has taken a vow to keep on reading and seeing and thinking. He is still somewhat startled at the success which now surrounds him.

It all began in London after he had finished a couple of seasons on the stage, when, at a farewell dinner, a friend said gaily, "When you get to Los Angeles, look up Eddie Belasco and give him my regards."

It was Toomey's intention simply to visit his family in Los Angeles, proudly show them his new wife and go back to New York and the stage. In the meantime he looked up Eddie Belasco and, instead of simply saying "Hello," Belasco added, "Sign here." He played a successful season in "Hit the Deck" and decided to stay in California if he could find a job.

By

Katherine Albert

And here is where tennis and fate stepped in. He had had the usual amount of very bad screen tests that every actor has, but he had made a good friend in Thornton Freeland, who is Roland West's assistant. He and Freeland and Mrs. Roland West (Jewel Carmen) played tennis together. West could not be dragged into the game. He was just plunging into the vigorous business of assembling a cast for "Alibi."

One night over the dinner table he remarked that he was having a tough time finding a boy to play Danny. Chester Morris had already been cast as Chick.

"I know just the lad," said Mrs. Roland West. "A kid who sometimes plays tennis with me."

But apparently West did not give his wife credit as a good casting director. He forgot about it at once.

In the meantime Freeland had the same idea about Regis and Danny. "But," he explained, "I couldn't say anything to Mr. West. He'd think I was trying to plug a friend of mine, and he hates that. There's got to be another way."

So Toomey got a manager and, through him, had his first interview with West. The manager and West first considered him for the role of Tommy Glennon, which was really played by Pat O'Mulkey. So late that night they made a test. Freeland took the test and did it as carefully as if it were his own picture he was directing. When he had finished with Regis as Tommy, he insisted that he change make-up and do a test for Danny.

West saw the test. He knew it was good, but still he was not convinced. Toomey learned the script as if he had written it and appeared every afternoon for three days in West's office to act out bits of the role for him. Every scene was done in the director's office until West saw that there was only one man for the part.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Above, Regis Toomey flashing that old wistful Toomey smile that helped him click as the young copper in "Alibi." Below, a scene with Irma Harrison from that film
Nobody in Hollywood believed it would ever happen, but Lydell Peck, a young San Francisco lawyer, and Janet Gaynor were married September 11. These Frisco barristers get their women like the Northwest Mounted get their men! Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli next?

Joe! Hurry up! Stop the press!
Hollywood's most engaged gal
Now to the gossip is dead!

Good for a story a month,
Patry is now under glass,
And Cal, who depended on her,
Soon will be back selling gas!

Gloria Swanson, after ten happy and hectic days in New York, stood in her cabin on the liner Olympic, surrounded by friends aboard to say goodbye. In the avalanche of going away gifts Gloria found one expensive looking package. It was luxuriously wrapped and tied. She had a steward open it.
The box contained a beautiful laurel wreath. Concealed by the green leaves was a large, musty-looking bottle, with fancy seals. The label read—"Bethlehem Rye, Twenty Years Old."

"Huzzah!" said the star. "Just the time to drink to a happy and successful voyage for Gloria! Open 'er up!"
The visitors all looked eager.
She held the bottle up to the light, but no liquid winked back at her. Which was not odd, because there was no liquid in it.
Hollow laughter from the crowd. Glares from Gloria. She didn't even look at the card to find out who the brilliant jokester was. Dry of tonsil and dull of eye, Gloria's well-wishers shook hands and left the ship.
And as Gloria sailed away, a handsome brown bottle might have been seen dropping unobtrusively from a porthole into the Atlantic Ocean.

On Chaney seems to be changing his tune a little on this talking proposition.
"I never said I wouldn't make a talkie," said Lon not long ago, while vacationing for his health. "I simply said I wouldn't until the apparatus was improved."

Stepin Fetchit has a new job, and it seems to puzzle him. He's Keeper of the Seals in the new Fox Movietone film, "Big Time."
Here is one of Stepin's little pets going for a fake fish. How long can Stepin fool a seal?

Which settles the matter of the man of a thousand faces and only one voice.

Charlie Bashful Ray, now a vaudeville headliner, tells of the woman who came to him and confided that she was going to make an actor out of her son.
"Why do you think he can qualify?" he asked her.
"Because he sleeps until noon?"
"No," replied the doting mamma, "because he can go a week without food."

Dolores Del Rio appears to have found more than a lot of admiring fans on her recent personal appearance tour. In Pittsburgh toils one Teddy Joyce, a handsome and popular master of ceremonies. It appears that while Del Rio was making the grand tour she saw the debonair Mr. Joyce and succumbed to his charms—to the horror, no doubt, of his adoring flapper fans in the city famous for steel and millionaires.
This would seem to leave Mr. Roland Drew rather out in the wind. Mr. Drew, who, as Walter Goss, chased fire wagons as a New York reporter, has had a case on Dolores for some time, and it was decidedly mutual. At the moment Mr. Joyce, the Pittsburgh foot-tapper and stick-waver, seems
Lillian Gish is back in New York after a long stay abroad, waiting to make "The Swan." She's living at a quiet little hotel on a side street—going to the theater now and again with George Jean Nathan, who seems as devoted as ever.

Oddly enough, she came back on the same ship with her former boss, Charles H. Duell, who sue her for millions every now and then, and spent most of the trip avoiding him, to hear her tell it.

Her mother, Mrs. May Gish, is in London, carefully tended by Sister Dorothy.

Mrs. Gish's health is a little improved. She's been an invalid now for some years, you remember.

Dorothy, by the way, has had a successful voice test made in England and will appear in a British talkie, "Wolves.'

Funny, but Dorothy has her best luck in England.

She made her best picture, "Nell Gwyn," over there, and the British public adores her.

A few months ago Dorothy told me that she was afraid not to have the whip hand, while Mr. Drew finds himself directly behind the eight-ball.

Apparently Nils Asther, the solitary Swede, has learned to go to Hollywood parties and like it, for he and Vivian Duncan, the pretty half of the famous sister act, are to be married soon.

When Nils and Vivian split up, Nils blamed it on his anti-whoopeeishness.

Joan Crawford is enjoying the football season, now that she has this football suit. She says she wears it to all the big games, but you judge! That thing on her chest is not a watermelon, as you think. It's a football.

Pity Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, unused to the ways of Hollywood's most exploited love birds!

The other night the French couple were guests of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Doug took a look at the table. He found himself seated next to Mrs. Chevalier instead of Joan. Nonchalantly he moved his place to be near his wife.

The little French actress merely shrugged her shoulders and remarked, "Ah, zee Americans!"

Will Claire Windsor soon be a relative of Vice-President Charles Curtis?

If you can't answer yes or no, we'll still remark that a heavy romance seems to be brewing between Harry Curtis and the blonde star.

Interest in the Clara Bow-Harry Richman thing slowed down quickly to a feeble crawl.

Clara's red-haired dandelion rose when it was reported that sportsmen along the boulevard Hollywood were laying 12 to 1, in American money, that the nuptials would never come off. Clara didn't mind the fact so much as she did the notion that people were actually making wagers on such an intimate matter as a wedding.

Then a bright-eyed newspaperman wrote a story to the effect that Mr. Richman's press agent had approached other film stars, prior to the Bow announcement, on allowing a story to be printed linking their names with Harry's.

This article even reported that the aloof and dignified Garbo had been asked about this—which, knowing Garbo and her ways, is one of the funniest things in history. Imagine our calm blonde queen permitting such a business! Naturally, she is reported to have sent the press agent sky-hoisting out of the house with coat-tails flying.

And still the odds are said to be 12 to 1. Old Cal would give even higher, and count it a sure-thing wager.
Soaking up sun at Norma's new beach home. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Gilbert Roland and Connie's new husband (No. 3), Townsend Netcher, on the front porch overlooking the old Pacific

THE beauteous Ina Claire is still finding new slants on how it feels to be married to John Gilbert, the Heart of the World.

You remember that she was a little upset when Happy Jack stole all the headlines at the time of the wedding. Old Cal tried to tell her that when they passed through New York on their way to Europe, she would get more than her share of the big type. But it wasn't to be. The reporters spent most of their time badgering Gilbert with questions about Garbo—which were about as tactful and welcome as so many cases of diphtheria.

THEN Paris! Jack didn't stick his head outside the hotel door without fifty women leaping at him, on adoration bent, and it seemed to Ina that she was just "among those present." No cinch to be wedded to a heart interest like John!

But when her picture "The Awful Truth" is shown all over the country, there'll be a break for her. She photographs like a million in gold, and the picture itself is grand.

M-G-M's latest acquisition is the New York Weather Man! It was the night of the Broadway opening of "The Hollywood Revue of 1929," and Times Square was jammed with thousands gaping up at the famous Living Billboard above the Astor Theater.

On it stood a score of pretty chorus girls in tights. Spotlights played on them, and cameras ground. Traffic was at a standstill. Led by a loudspeaker, the young ladies began singing the hit song, "Singing in the Rain."

And they hadn't finished one chorus before, upon the girls and the billboard and the great crowd, a gentle downpour began falling!

That's what Cal calls fixing it up!

"IT wasn't any 18-day diet that gave her that figure," declared Sue Carol as a tall sylph-like girl passed us at our table at the Montmartre. "She's been going around with a Scotchman."

THERE are a lot of newcomers in Hollywood these days. Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton are playing in "Painted Faces" for Pickwick Pictures.

Another happy couple from the sunkist studios. Little Marian Nixon and the new husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., prettily posed just before they sailed for Europe for a honeymoon. The studios gave Marian a nice, long holiday, and Hillman doesn't worry about time off.

Monroe Salisbury is playing a rôle in "The Mississippi Gambler."

Ben Turpin is in Warner Brothers' "Show of Shows." So is Ruth Clifford.

Alice Lake, Conway Tearle, George Walsh and Vera Reynolds are all acting here and there.

What! You've heard of them before?

BACK to our gold-filled shores swept the glittering Pola Negri, not long ago. But it was a different Polish Rose. There was no princeling in her train—she showed none of the mingled fear and hauteur that hurt her standing in earlier days.

She laid herself out to be charming and gracious to the press when she stopped in New York, and made a grand impression on everybody.

POLA just finished a picture in England. She was on a short visit to Hollywood to settle up the last of her affairs there. She still distrusted the talkies. She was going to make more pictures in Europe! And all through the interview she was pleasant, sweet, affable, kindly, and the reporters went out glowing.

Pola's learned something! She seems to have found the value of gentleness, and a smile.

WHAT a flock of weddings!

Here's the list of recent weeks.

Carol Dempster, Griffith's slim mystery girl, to Edwin S. Larsen, investment banker, in New York. The couple immediately sailed away on the Leviathan for an European honeymoon.

Marian Nixon, long a popular leading woman, to Edward Hillman, Jr., of Chicago. Marian's first husband was Joe Benjamin, the boxer. This happy couple went abroad on the Ile de France.

Alma Bennett, the dark menace of many a picture, to Harry Spangler, her manager. It was the second matrimonial try for both.

Last but not least, Ruth Elder, the flying actress or acting flyer, to Walter Camp, son of the late king of football. Ruth gave her age as 25, Camp his as 38. It is Ruth's third try.

Which means that Hoot Gibson now rides solo, singing "Bury me not on the lone prair-ee-e-eet!"

IN September, their production of "The Taming of the Shrew" safely in the can, the Royal Fairbankses sailed away for one of their triumphant tours of the old world. They're to be gone two months.

"It isn't vacation," said Mary, before she sailed. "We
Don't get your Boyds mixed, or, killing two Boyds with one photograph. Left, the well known movie William Boyd, hero of many films. Right, the William Boyd famous on the stage, creator of Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory." He's in a new film, "The Locked Door."

go to Europe to 'tune up.' Now we're going abroad to get ready for the next job.'

Doug and his wife spiked the rumors that they were going to retire right away. It is understood they'll get to work on individual starring pictures as soon as they get back to Hollywood.

IF you can bear it, we can.

At Boasberg suggests a theme song for "Jungle."
He calls it "Ain't We Got Fungus!"

JOHN PRINGLE, said to have been John Gilbert's father, died recently at his home in Hollywood, while Jack was honeymooning abroad.

Gilbert didn't know the old man was alive until a very few years ago. Then the elderly Pringle, who was playing a bit in a picture, came to Gilbert's dressing room and announced himself.

From that time on Jack maintained the old actor in a comfortable cottage in Hollywood, where Pringle lived with another and later wife. Jack made his last years comfortable-free, at least, from the need of doing bits in occasional films.

A T the Writers' Club the other night a chap with a flashlight kept bobbing up first in one side and then another.

"What in the world is the matter?" inquired someone.

"Nothing," he moaned. "I'm just searching for a story for Paul Whiteman."

STEIN FETCHIT at last has become really famous.

After marrying the woman of his choice, Dorothy Stevenson, he was sued by a colored girl, Yvonne DeDair Butler, for one hundred thousand dollars because her expectations were shattered and her pride and reputation hurt.

What is stranger still, the judge awarded her a verdict of five thousand dollars!

THERE is an elderly vagabond with a flowing white beard who can be seen in "The Vagabond King." He answers to the name of William H. Taylor and claims to have been about these parts for 101 years.

Although Mr. Taylor has seen a century roll by and has done a lot of things in his day, this is the first movie he's ever made. And he's all for the talkies. He feels that he has found his calling at last and that 100 years is not too long to look for a career if, in the end, you find one that suits you.

Not to be outdone by other artists who have gone talkie, Mr. Taylor is taking singing lessons for the first time in his life.

The best picture of Pauline Frederick we've ever published. Pretty and trim as ever, Polly sits on the steps of her beach home, between pictures at Warners. She's an honor to the screen.

HELENE COSTELLO, whose marriage to young Jack Regan lasted about two hours and a half, unless we're wrong, is now going about with Lowell Sherman, the former husband of Pauline Garon.

It's all very serious. Sherman attended the funeral of Mrs. Costello—one of a very small group of mourners—and Hollywood would be far from stunned if he and the Costello child made a match of it soon.

Pauline is still a prominent figure in Hollywood life, lunching at all the best places and being squired by young George Baxter, who appears with Marion Davies in "Mariamie."

BACK to the scene of her greatest joys and sorrows has come Mary Miles Minter, at least pleasingly plump, rumored engaged to a gentleman outside the picture business and firmly determined to stage a come-back.

She is having voice and photographic tests made, and makes no bones about saying that she is going to make another successful attack on the picture fortress. Well, at least we can say, Cheeio, Mary! Go to it.

WHO'S home in Hollywood but the Queen of Sheba herself—Betty Blythe, whose pint of pearl beads and pleasant smile made picture history almost a decade ago?

She's been in vaudeville most of the time since.

Now she's been taking voice tests at M-G-M, and they do say she's turned out well.

LUPE VELEZ, on leaving the studio, accidentally struck a carpenter with her elbow. She quickly turned and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, did I hurt you, darling?"

The carpenter, realizing that opportunity may knock but once, quickly closed his eyes and appeared in a dead faint while Lupe attended him for the next few minutes.

IN a morning's ramble down the boulevard Old Cal saw—Lupe Velez doing everything but sitting on the steering wheel of Gary Cooper's fancy Packard touring car.

Pauline Frederick walking into the Brown Derby for lunch, dressed in a studio tea gown. Two lions from Gay's Lions Farm sitting in the tonneau of an open car. [Please turn to page 76]
The words "bachelor" and "apartment" are, somehow, synonymous. When hyphenated into bachelor-apartment the phrase is one that shocks a Nice Girl. In the nineties any maiden who visited a bachelor apartment was relegated to the not-quite-decent class. A stigma always seems to hang about a bachelor apartment. But a bachelor home—well, my dear, that's something different. The most well bred young lady may gladly accept an invitation to dine, tea or lunch in a house. A home, after all, means a fireside and a book and all the Decent Things in Life.

Hollywood abounds in bachelor homes. They are, by the way, an attack upon the time honored custom of marriage. Most men wed for a hearthstone and good cooking. But the hearths and the cooking in the bachelor domiciles of Hollywood are enough to make the most housewifely matron turn a pale sea green with envy.

But a home means obligations to fulfil. Nowadays a bachelor, with his luxurious house, must return every invitation he receives, because he is equipped to do so.

William Haines, Gary Cooper, Nick Stuart, Ronald Colman, Jimmy Hall, Grant Withers, Matty Kemp, Charlie Farrell, Hugh Trevor—these are but a few of the bachelors with homes.

Buddy Rogers still lives in the one room which he rented when he first came to Hollywood. When his mother comes to visit him, they move into an apartment at the Chateau Elysees. Only a few of the boys have apartments. Buster Collier and Ben Lyon are among them.
You're among the luckiest of the lucky, if you get an invitation to Ramon Novarro's miniature theater, built into his interesting home. The seating capacity is limited to sixty, but lighting and stage equipment are on a lavish scale.

George O'Brien divides his time between the Athletic Club and his beach home. He is not included here because he does so little entertaining.

But Charlie Farrell is a real bachelor with a real bachelor home. Before the place was finished Charlie spent all his days on the site, counting every brick of the foundation and every nail driven into the walls.

It is situated in Toluca Lake Park. The view from the living room is one of the most charming things about it. His back yard slopes into Toluca Lake. On it Charlie paddles his own canoe.

The lake is necessary to Charlie's happiness. Born near the water as he was, his greatest hobby is sailing.

His house reflects that ship-shape atmosphere. The drapes in the dining room, for instance, are decorated with pictures of vessels that resemble Charlie's own boat, "The Flying Cloud." The chair backs are also painted with ships.

But the dining room sees very little service. Why should it when there is an entire back porch and yard in which to eat? And then there's the marvelous outdoor fireplace with its grill.

The day I visited Charlie (in pursuit of my duty, you understand, to ensnare the Hollywood bachelor and make him Tell All) a little folding table had been set up on the porch to command the view.

The meal—luncheon—was simple and excellent, starting with lettuce and tomato salad and going from there into the most delicious lamb chops, cooked over the outdoor charcoal fire, baked potatoes, greeh peas and hot rolls. Charlie had milk and there were fresh peaches and cake for dessert. The luncheon was served by Charlie's colored man of all work, Jack.

Before luncheon Charlie and I had been busy going over the house.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]
MARIANNE—M-G-M

There may be some limit to the versatility and cleverness of this Davies girl, but you won't find it in this musical cinema. Marion carries a difficult French accent through ten reels without a relapse, sings, gives imitations, dances, glides smoothly from delicious comedy to superb pathos, and for good measure registers one of the most poignantly beautiful parting scenes ever filmed.

Right on top of that comes Lawrence Gray, erstwhile indifferent screen actor, as her doughboy sweetheart, and knocks the audience for a row of sound sequences by his acting and singing. Ukulele Ike and Benny Rubin go into a frenzy of comedy lines and songs and dances.

Story? Well, would you ask Charlie Chaplin to play Shakespeare? All Talkie.

KIBITZER—Paramount

This is your old friend, Ike Lazarus, in the flesh, popping up to give you a tip on the stock market. You don't remember him? He rode down on the bus with you yesterday.

No matter if it is Harry Green, comedian of the legitimate stage that impersonates him, Ike can't fool me. Ike is in the tobacco business now, but he still has aspirations to dip into high finance and show those Rockefellers a thing or two.

By a crazy fluke of luck, he hits Wall Street with a yip. If you have been discouraged about anything, see this and take heart. You may have to buy a new vest from laughing, but it will be money well spent, for Harry Green's grand comedy can't be heard and seen every day. All Talkie.

RIO RITA—RKO

For the wiseacres who said that a musical comedy could not be transplanted successfully to the screen, "Rio Rita," Ziegfield's great hit, comes as a bolt from the blue.

In practically every respect it is the finest of the screen musicals, and yet it is more like the stage than the cinema, from the overture to the opera bouffe finale. The plot is an evasive sort of thing, yet it ties the situations satisfactorily. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance are interwoven.

The "Rio Rita" music is ingratiating, warm and vivid. There are numerous examples of Ziegfield pageantry in the Mexican fiesta scene, and again on the pirate's barge. Joseph Urban never conceived more fabulously lavish settings. Technicolor is glorious at times.

Despite very strong competition Bebe Daniels, in the name rôle, is the most glowing personality. Her voice, untrained as it is, has a rich quality which an experienced prima donna might well envy. Her performance is colorful and she appears lovelier than she has for years. "Rio Rita" will revive Bebe's one-time great popularity. John Boles' glorious tenor voice is heard to advantage; he is a romantic, dashing Texas ranger. Comedy is of the sure-fire, riotous type. Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler are principal funmakers. Wheeler's ineptitude characterization is a classic. George Renavent, Don Alvarado and Dorothy Lee are also outstanding. The entire cast performs with tremendous pep.

Luther Reed's direction of a difficult assignment is most commendable. "Rio Rita" is elaborate extravaganza and well worth your while. All Talkie.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

RIO RITA  TAMING OF THE SHREW
MARIANNE  KIBITZER
HER PRIVATE AFFAIR  BIG TIME

The Best Performances of the Month
Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita"
Bert Wheeler in "Rio Rita"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Taming of the Shrew"
Marion Davies in "Marianne"
Lawrence Gray in "Marianne"
Harry Green in "Kibitzer"
Ann Harding in "Her Private Affair"
Louise Dresser in "This Mad World"
Margaret Wycherly in "The Thirteenth Chair"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140

★ HER PRIVATE AFFAIR—Pathe

If your reaction is like ours when you come out of the theater after seeing this picture, you won’t be discussing whether Vera Kessell should have killed Arnold Hartman or not. You will be willing to have it remain “Her Private Affair.” Your only thought will be, “What a glorious creature this Ann Harding is!” Harry Bannister and Ann Harding are husband and wife in real life, as in this picture. This is Bannister’s first screen appearance.

This picture deals with the problems of a young wife of high social standing in Vienna, who kills a man who is attempting blackmail. Did she do it deliberately or did she think the gun was not loaded? Find out! If you leave before the finish we hope you slip on a banana peel on the way out. All Talkie.

★ TAMING OF THE SHREW—United Artists

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks had scarcely arrived at the majestic Pickfair after a preview of "Taming of the Shrew" when they heard chains rattling in the halls. A bearded, wrathful ghost charged upon the king and queen of the cinema. It was Bill Shakespeare, late resident of Stratford-on-Avon. "That you have wronged me doth appear in this," he proclaimed. "Mebbe so," chuckled Doug. "But it’s box office."

Poor Bill trudged dejectedly back to the tomb. He never did understand box office.

Here is the long anticipated co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It has been hailed as the event of the decade. Splendidly acted, picturesquely mounted, it is a lot of fun in addition. Doctor Mack Sennett couldn’t have done a better job. Laugh? You’ll die when Petruchio smacks his man Friday, Gennius, with an Elizabethan custard. And Mary falls off her horse into a pig wallow.

"The Taming of the Shrew" tells how an aristocratic wop made a bad tempered dame say "Uncle," and like it. It is the granddaddy of a million and one screen romances. Everyone will like it excepting perhaps ardent admirers of the Bard. But it is also quite true that if they had liked it the rest of the world would not. Smart Doug and Mary! Mary is a lovely, storming Katherine. Somehow she made us recall the hoyden in "Tess of the Storm Country." Doug is a boisterous woman tamer in the best manner of Delsarte. His line delivery is excellent.

But it isn’t Shakespeare. Who cares? All Talkie.

★ BIG TIME—Fox

The market is flooded with pictures about small-time hoofers with Big Time aspirations. It’s a new type of hero—but it’s in danger of being done to death.

Having spoken our piece, we will break down and admit that “Big Time,” although rather more than first cousin to “Burlesque,” is darned good. Dialogue is bright and natural, background realistic, and the players are so spontaneous they manage to make the story convincing.

Hats off and a deep bow to Lee Tracy. The boy who clicked in the stage productions of "Broadway" and "Front Page" takes to the movies like an actor to a spotlight. He’s great. Mac Clarke, as the little woman, brings a new kind of charm to the screen. Stepin Fetchit and Daphne Pollard contribute some hilarious amusement. All Talkie.
TWO things stand out about this gay picture. One is the startling beauty of its all-Technicolor treatment. The other is the fact that it has two catchy tunes. The picture people are Conway Tearle and Lilyan Tashman, while Ann Pennington, Winnie Lightner and Nancy Welford, from the stage, have the fattest parts. A lavish story of life among the chorus girls of Broadway.

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists
All Talkie

TALMADGE fans won’t be disappointed in Norma’s voice in her first talkie. None of her charm is gone when she speaks, but the story, which concerns a cheap comedienne and her drunkard song-writer husband, is full of hokum. Gilbert Roland, by the way, manages to speak without an accent, but the big performance is given by John Wray, as the gangster. Advised for Talmadge admirers.

IMAGINE a mystery play without a murder, a Hindu servant, or an adequate solution! This serio-farce is interesting, with cleverly turned situations. The cast sparkles with names, although most of the participants have been allowed to take it big. Madge Bellamy and Vera Reynolds return with pleasant results. Robert Ellis is the philandering husband. Margaret Livingston, George Lewis and Mary Doran are effective.

THE theme song in this one had to be coaxed in with a lump of sugar. They really didn’t need to make the effort. Remember Corinne Griffith’s excellent silent film “Classified”? This is it, revived as a talkie for Dorothy Mackaill. The actors wait between lines for laughs. The joke’s on them, there aren’t any laughs, except those contributed by Jack Oakie and his funny pan.
F I R S T  a n d  B E S T  S C R E E N  R E V I E W S  H E R E

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox
All Talkie

LENORE ULRIC makes her talkie bow in this big and
exciting story of life among the Eskimos and dance halls
of the Far North in the 'nineties. Some of the studio ice
is hard to take, but the scenes in the dance halls and barrooms
of Nome are grand. Life sure was vivid in those gold rush
days! Hot melodrama, with Ulric as the halfbreed heroine
and Louis Wolheim excellent.

THREE L I V E  GHOSTS—United Artists
All Talkie

THE moral of this play seems to be that if you're bally you
may kidnap the baby and somebody else will be accused.
Only occasionally does the picture, which deals with three war
buddies, who return to life after being reported killed, interest
you. The cast is from the stage, including Charles McNaughton,
Robert Montgomery, Claud Allister and Joan Bennett.
Not important.

T H I S  M A D  W O R L D
M-G-M—
All Talkie

O N E of the most beautiful of war stories, this picture is
an excellently done piece of romantic entertainment. It
has glamour. Kay Johnson, the stage actress who made good
in "Dynamite," does another glorious job, and Basil Rathbone
confirms the good impression he made in "The Last of Mrs.
Cheyney." A very tender and delicate piece of work. Credit-
able all round.

HAPPY DAYS—M-G-M
All Talkie

BUT for the first half this would be the best college film ever
produced. The U. C.-Stanford football game is done in
sound and if it isn't one of the biggest thrills you've ever had,
consult your doctor. The rest is just another farce that will
make real collegians commit hara-kiri. But maybe they can
bear it for Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery are perfect,
as is Sally Starr.

THE LOVE DOCTOR—Paramount
All Talkie

R I C H A R D D I X'S last picture for Paramount is made from
the stage play "The Boomerang." Dix is pleasing enough
as he portrays a young physician prescribing for a man in love,
and finding himself in worse fix than his patient. June Collyer
as the nurse and victim is coy and captivating. Morgan Farley
and Miriam Seegar are almost equally as interesting in a
romance of their own.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
Hollywood

That despised "Hollywood Line" is now the rage of the boulevards

By
Katherine Albert

THE last of the old guard has fallen!

With one dull, sickening thud, Howard Greer, fashion dictator extraordinary, the only hold-out left in Hollywood, gives in and confesses all. Horribly, as a man torn by emotion, he hangs his head in shame and admits that Hollywood leads Paris in fashions. And he also adds that Paris designers would gnash their teeth if they but knew the truth that Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Alice White and Joan Crawford have won, and that they are actually setting the styles!

I remember that I interviewed Greer about a year ago and tried by every subtle wile to make him admit that Hollywood has a place in Paris.

Greer was as stubborn as a new bob, then. He rushed about his expensive shop, tearing into his sables and chiffons, and shouted, "No, no, a thousand times no! I won't say it! It isn't true!"

I left him alone with his hysteric and talked the matter over with a designer on the wrong end of the boulevard. She gave me a swell story. "Sure," she said, "sure we set the styles. Where'd ya get that stuff we don't?"

But Greer's remarks haunted me. I had to admit, after all, that he was Hollywood's leading designer and his words depressed me. I felt that he was wrong, but I couldn't argue with him, not after he told me so emphatically that the gowns made for the screen were such a crime against smartness.

I remember that he dwelt at length on what he chose to call "the Hollywood line."

He bit his finger nails and ripped asunder his neatest seams and exploded about the horrors of the pulled-in-waist and the constant curve of the Hollywood figure.

Now Greer has returned from Paris, a sadder, wiser, humbled man. He has discovered that the very lines on which he gnashed his teeth and the very women whose taste he so spurned, were the Paris fads of the moment.

"Bring me that maroon colored coat I made a year and a half ago," he cried. He looked at it sadly and shook his head. One year and a half ago he had designed it. It did not sell to his smart customers, but the Hollywood flappers liked it. Now, at this very minute its line is the accepted one in Paris.

BRUSHING a tear from his eye he sat down and tried to analyze the situation. He said he felt as if he hadn't a shred of professional reputation left by the time it was over.

"One of two things has happened," he said. "Either the vogue has moved in cycles and Hollywood has stood still for seven years or else Paris has definitely come around to Hollywood and adopted its styles.

"For years our worst dressed picture girls have been wearing those abominably fitted dresses. They were conceived by the producers who thought that sex was an essential on the screen. And rightly, too, I suppose. So they put their girls in clothes that would show off every line of the figure and they kept on doing it no matter what fashion said."

"Well, now Paris has come to it—with modification. I definitely believe that Paris has been influenced by Hollywood—"I could see what this was costing him—"but its influence is this.

"The big designers from Patou—Molyneux, Chanel, Lelong and Augusta Bernard—have looked upon the styles in pictures as a sane man looks upon a modernistic art exhibit."

"He sees that the cubists are mad, he realizes that there must be some truth in it.

"This, I believe, is what has happened in Paris. Mind you, Paris has only adapted Hollywood fashions. It has taken that form-fitting dress (that horrible figure fitting thing I've loathed for so many years) and has given it rhythm. The clothes that Clara Bow wears are not

Ninon, one of Mr. Greer's mannequins, poses in a wrap that is cut on the flowing Princess lines. Paris insists upon this season.

Alice White's coat, designed by Mr. Greer eighteen months ago, duplicates the silhouette Paris has just labelled "new."
LEADS PARIS in Fashions!

smart, but the lines of her clothes have been adapted and made smart.

THE really chic women of the screen, Lilyan Tashman, Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Norma Talmadge and a few others, would be, I'm sure, as shocked as the Paris designers to learn that they, too, must now conform to the Hollywood styles.

"The Empire mode is the thing of the moment. The waist line is high, as the hem line is lower. The waist line, in fact, extends from just below the chest to the hips. It's about twenty inches. That means that there isn't much of a definite waist line and the gowns are now molded to the figure. The ugly ones will be the form-fitting, pulled-in-tight-at-the-waist things. The real ones will be the flowing, smooth, beautiful gowns that are shown this year in Paris. Skirts now have uneven lines, but at their shortest point they should be five or six inches below the knee or half way between knee and ankle.

"Corinne Griffith is always willing to take a chance on advance models. She has but recently returned from Paris herself and she has gotten used to the longer skirts, so her clothes in 'Lilies of the Field' will be the real thing.

"At first my mannequins were dissatisfied with the high waist and the long skirts. It is all a matter of getting used to them and women, to be really smart, must conform.

"THE day of individuality and eccentricity in line is done. Jetta Goudal, for instance, dresses in a bizarre fashion all her own. But she is not smart. The smart woman is a pattern. Her frocks follow the accepted vogue. She may be individual in color only, not line."

I stopped him to ask about beauty and chic. It has always seemed to me that many of the most beautiful women I know (conventionally beautiful, I mean) were not always smart. I thought of Billie Dove. Billie, the flower of the screen, is far from smartness. Yet other girls, less blessed physically, are cleverly clothed.

"It's intelligence," said Greer. "A woman who isn't beautiful uses her head. She tries to make herself attractive. She learns to stand and sit well. She acquires poise and charm and she is, therefore, willing to be chic. The conventionally beautiful women don't have to bother about being interesting.

"Designing for the screen is limited, naturally. The motion picture is still a two-dimensional art. The Hollywood line, the same over which Paris raves now, was originally created to meet the demands of the camera for definite curves and the public's demand for sex.

"Although I've admitted a lot, I still say that Paris women look smart, but the lines of her clothes have been adapted and made smart."

First the original sketch, then the muslin model. Finally, this distinctive Greer street frock of dull red crepe, featuring the Empire waistline and longer, uneven skirt

This formal gown, designed for Norma Talmadge, has Parisian authority for its every line. Gowns of this type were worn in Hollywood many months before Paris realized that women were ready to return to more feminine fashions. At the right is a Greer sketch of a design for Betty Compson.
Reeling Around

Leonard Hall

The Gag of the Month Club

Fred Allen, popular and clever Broadway comedian, gets this month’s prize—the Erie, Penna., company of Greta Garbo.

Fred says the talkies have made it so tough for stage actors still in New York that they are now renting their gold-headed canes to blind men.

Getting Personal

There now being eleven towns in the United States named Hollywood, the postoffice department refuses to allow any more such mailing addresses, and I guess eleven are plenty. . . . Mrs. Inga Loff, mother of the fair Jenteen, has been awarded a divorce from husband Morris Loff, on the grounds of cruelty. . . . The late Gladys Brockwell left her mother her entire estate—a home and $1,500 in personal property. . . . Ramon Novarro is the proud uncle of a boy, born in Ramon’s home. And it’s his mother’s first grandchild. . . . Hal Roach is one of the few left-handed polo players in America. . . . A Russian, Yiddish, Italian, Swedish and Spanish are spoken in “The Cock Eyed World,” not to mention a certain type of English. . . . A memorial service for the late Rudolph Valentino was held August 23 in the Church of St. Gervais in Paris. The church was packed, mostly with women in black. . . . Remember Richard Travers, the old Essanay leading man? He’s now working in a picture in Hollywood. . . . The only Swedish name known to Hollywood is Greta. It has Gretas Garbo, Nissen, Almroth, Garde, Von Rue and Granstedt. . . . Five years ago Paramount pictures had less than two stockholders. Now it has 10,000. . . . Private wealth has given $5,000 for the purpose of free movie shows in four Pittsburgh parks. . . . Nancy Carroll’s little sister, Terry, is a dancing girl in the prologue to “Glorifying the American Girl.” . . . Paramount uses the newspaper headline—“Three Ships Sight Zep at Sea”—as a talkie test line. Try that on your lisper! . . . Billie Dove’s hair has some premature gray streaks. . . . The Minnesota Theater, in Minneapolis, in an effort to build up its matinee business, is passing out free flowers to lady customers. . . . In the first ten weeks the theme song for “The Pagan” sold 625,000 copies. . . . How ZaSu Pitts got her first name. It seems she had two aunts, Eliza and Susan. Mother and Father Pitts just took the last two letters of Eliza and the first two of Susan.

dollar talkie offer. Whether it is because Dr. Sunday hates a million dollars or because he is afraid his husky voice will sound like a troop of cavalry on a wooden bridge, no one yet knows. . . . Lupe Velez has paid $75,600 for a block-long home in Beverly. Just a simple little dove-cote for two young things to try to get along. . . . Archery is getting popular among Beverly Highbildies. They’ll have to dig up some arrows, but what a Bow they’ve got! . . . One hundred picture theaters in Scotland will be set for talkies this year. The first Scottish talkie scenario has already been turned out. It says “No!”

The Disgruntled Stage Actor—“And, my dear, I said to the director, ‘I simply can’t play to that microphone, old chap. It’s so cold. It doesn’t give me anything!’ Then the fellow said, ‘Try this!’ And then, my dear, he struck me on the nose!”

Thanksgiving, 1929

Great Master of the Perfect Plots, Who looks on little, as on Lots—
For pictures silent, pictures loud, If they amuse a life-worn crowd—
For Chatterton and Norma Shearer, And all whose voices make them dearer—
For big Kay Francis, little Mae, The changeless contours of La Dare—
For Clarence Brown’s unfailing skill, For Garbo’s everlasting thrill—
For five new talents from the stage, For older friends who do not age—
For screens that do not squawk and squawk, For talking newscasts thrice a week—
For all these picture gifts, today, I thank you, in my simple way!

Good Mean Fun

For years Mary Pickford has been “America’s Sweetheart,” Buddy Rogers is now “America’s Boy-Friend.” We will now receive ballots for the proud title of “America’s Pain in the Neck.” . . . Guinn, formerly “Big Boy,” Williams was kicked by a horse while on location a few days ago. This angered Mr. Williams, and he is said to have kicked back. F.S. The horse was out of the picture for two days. P.P.S. Mr. Williams was a star punter in his football days, but it is the first time in history that a horse has been punted successfully. . . . The Rev. Billy Sunday has turned down a million
CLUTCHING her white dog, but perfectly cool and calm, little Leatrice Joy, Jr., steps out to meet the folks. Mother Leatrice, now a bright light of both stage and talking screen, performs the introductions for the daughter of John Gilbert and herself. The younger Joy, who is wearing an exact duplicate of her mamma's gown, has a Hollywood reputation for wise and witty sayings that just kill callers!
FIVE months ago Milton Sills left Hollywood flat. On the edge of nervous prostration, this six-footer's weight had fallen to 150 pounds. He worked ten years without a single week's vacation, and while making two pictures at once—"His Captive Woman" and "The Barker"—he averaged four hours' sleep a night. Look at him now, at his Adirondack camp! A hundred and eighty-five pounds, hard as nails! Look for him back soon.
ANNA HELD, you remember, had trouble making her eyes behave, according to her famous song. But Irene Bordoni's eyes are absolutely uncontrollable. This noted singing actress of the stage has made such a hit in her first phonoplay, "Paris," that she seems to be ready for as brilliant a career in Hollywood as her theatrical engagements permit. And believe us, zis Bordoni is certain death as far back in the house as Row Z!
JUST a pretty little New York girl, all peaches and cream, whose path led from the Bronx to Broadway to Hollywood and glory. Nancy Carroll, in her new party dress of pointed tulle—no doubt earned by her remarkable work opposite Hal Skelly in "The Dance of Life."

On the opposite page you will find the smile-compelling, tear-teasing story of Nancy's rise, starting with the days before she was a little dancer at all!
The Littlest Rebel
in Hollywood

The Story of Irish Nancy Carroll, Who Battled Her Way to Film Glory

By Elinor Corbin

“My life didn’t begin until I married,” says Nancy Carroll. “Before that it was just nothing. I was but half a person. Now we are together. We hold the fort for each other.”

But it was that life before her marriage that gave Nancy that wonderful courage of hers. It was when she was a little two-fisted Irish girl on Tenth Avenue, New York, that she began to wonder. What did she want? What did she want of life? She didn’t really know. She didn’t actually realize what she was seeking. But she had taken the first step. She knew what life wasn’t.

It wasn’t bending over a typewriter in a big factory under a dead blue light in a room with a hundred other girls trying to answer a letter from a lady in South America who seemed to want a pair of pink slippers. It wasn’t going from one firm to another, getting fired as quickly as she got a job because she was only thirteen and didn’t have her working papers.

And, although she liked her employers, Urcbs and Hagemer, it wasn’t being private secretary in their lace company. Life was something more gallant; Life had more spirit.

She was, like every other red-headed Irish girl her age, stage-struck. Her family were all talented. There were, in all, fourteen children. Nancy was the seventh child of a seventh child. Only eight are now living, Martin, Elizabeth, Sarah, Teresa, Tommy, Nancy, Johnnie, Elsie. It was a bright, laughing, Irish Catholic family, with big Thomas Lahiff, their father, at the head of it. Tom Lahiff played the concertina. Their mother told the children that’s why she married him. All the kids inherited laughter from him and played the piano and sang and danced.

But Nancy’s hopes of entertainment went beyond family gatherings.

It all began in an amateur way.

NANCY and Teresa worked up a little sister act. They crooned and harmonized popular melodies and, unknown to their mother, tried out at one of the vaudeville houses. They heard of a theater on the East Side, sufficiently far away from the disappointing parental roof. They were from the West Side and had no right to be there, but a friend, Buddy Carroll, told them to say they were his sisters and to give his address as theirs. And so they became Nancy and Terry Carroll.

They became sort of professional amateurs, and went from one local theater to another until various musical comedy impresarios began to call them. George White asked for an interview. And J. J. Shubert. It was the latter who offered them a specialty number in his “Passing Show of 1923.”

The two sisters huddled in a family conference. Would their mother ever be reconciled to their going on the stage? Would their father allow them another night’s rest under his roof if he knew?

But Nancy was willing to take a chance. As she always is. Because both girls had jobs as secretaries, Shubert was good enough to let them rehearse at night and they didn’t tell their mother until after dress rehearsal.

WHEN they got to the house on Tenth Avenue their mother was in tears and a fury. She had called the police. She had searched every hospital. They had to tell her that they were on the stage. Dark looks accompanied them to bed.

But publicity won Irish Ann Lahiff. The next day was Sunday and there—right in the rotogravure section of the paper, was a large and beautiful photograph of Nancy.

It was several weeks before she would go to see the show and when she did she sat high in the balcony to watch her daughters. Her only comment was, “Oh, you were very good, very good, but I thought you tossed your limbs a bit too high.”

Still she groped for life. The stage was better than the factory. It was better than being a private secretary, but it was a full, important life she wanted.

She found what was important when she met a young reporter on the New York News named Jack Kirkland. And, when she married him a few months later, she knew that her life had just begun.

She gave up the stage for a while, but went back to it in “The Passing Show of 1924.”

She danced until four months before her baby was born! The enforced inactivity bored her. Nancy, who had never been idle in her life, could not be idle, so she talked to Jack’s managing editor, Phil Payne, who went down with “Old Glory.” He let her interview all the actors she knew because she could get past the imposing ogres who guard stage doors.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
Mr. Mountstephen, the star, gets his broad A's narrowed by a social leader, a big ruffian, and a wise little manager.
"For the love of Dempsey!" said big, tough Rafferty, backing away from the snarling, scratching Joyce. "Lay off me, baby! I'm no chump. You battle harder for him than you did for yourself?" Mr. Mountstephen, in the background, was torn between acquired dignity and natural and manly anger.

Illustrated
by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Well, they go to the races and Newport and—"

And look hell like hell in the Sunday papers," flashed Joyce. "You, who used to be counterman in a Baltimore lunch!"

Mr. Mountstephen reddened. "That was back in 1920," he whispered furiously, "and if you say a word before the servants, I'll—"

"Ham on rye! Make it two!" chanted his loving wife. "Why, you'd dash to the nearest faucet if somebody yelled, 'Draw one!' Go on, hit me, you little tailor's dummy, and show that you're not a sissy!"

YEARS of excellent direction had given Hubert a certain poise, so now he withdrew his grip on the marmalade jar and cudgeled his brains for a phrase from his latest picture. "The upper classes," he said at length, "do not brawl. A gentleman keeps his temper when he can't keep anything else, so perhaps we had better—"

His eyes wavered to the door. "Look out," he warned, burying himself in The Times, "here comes Wattles!"

The entrance of that worthy was the signal for an uneasy truce. Mrs. Mountstephen mimicked a song with exaggerated carelessness and replied to her husband's pleasantry with a disdainful smirk, while the poker-faced butler juggled the hot plates. Finally the seething Hubert negotiated a spurious yawn and telegraphed a meaning glance to the enemy.

"My dear," he said cordially, "when I get through at the studio this evening I believe I shall look in on old Zoop. I want to see him regarding our future. Thoughtful of me, eh?"

Extremely anxious to hold her advantage Joyce impaled half a waffle on her fork and used it as a baton to emphasize her remarks. "So you want to see if Abie is able," she inquired. "Well, dearie, you won't be alone. It's you'n' me both." And ignoring Wattle's disapproving eye, she swirled daintily out of the room while Mr. Mountstephen cursed softly into his liver and bacon.

MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP blinked his shoe button eyes in dull complacency, unlimbered his belt and prepared to sneak forty winks.

The rush and wrangle of picture making at Stupefaction had quieted down by six P. M., and having read that Napoleon, to whom he bore a fancied resemblance, had been famous for snoozing before a battle, Mr. Zoop was willing to give the system a tryout. Something told him that Hubert was going to make him a squawk, but he felt quite capable of steam-rolling the actor's hopes. A ten minute relaxation, now, and—

Half an hour later he struggled out of a nap to find himself being tickled in the ear by a svelte redhead.

"Roll over, Abie," ordered Joyce, "and get a shock from your live wire ingenue. Little Lord Fauntleroy and I are going to separate because he's getting blue corpuscles in his blood."

"In other words," said Hubert [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
The BIRTH of the Theme Song

A musician tells how music came to the films and what it did for the shadows on the screen

By Maurice Fenton

The Theme Song has arrived. Further, it looks as though it intends to stay awhile. Why not? The mystery is: Why so late in the day?

The Theme Song is described as a special melody designed to breathe the feeling of a particular picture.

In other words, we are given to understand that from now on "seeing" and "hearing" are hooked up.

If this is so we ask: "What of it?" For under the circumstances it was high time the Theme Song was recognized and given a name. For when Dolores del Río had made "Ramona," nobody was too wild about it, Emil Hansen, the publicity man responsible, scratched his thatch in an endeavor to stir up inspiration.

The idea of a special song struck him. What he wanted was a special melody; to special words, titled after the picture, dedicated to Dolores and to be used with the showing in such a way as to become part of it. He 'phoned a music publishing house to send around a man to take his order.

The end of that was Wayne and Gilbert's song, "Ramona," which gets much of the credit for the million and a half brought in by the picture.

Of "Ramona, it is: they say that it was the first of the Theme Songs, that it started the intimate combination of music from the orchestra pit and action in the story. As a matter of fact it was the forerunner of a new phase of something as old as the stage itself.

When the light operas of Vienna centered themselves around a waltz theme it was the same thing, and as soon as the first flickering comedies were shown, it was to the accompaniment of music supplied by pianists.

As the theaters were enlarged the orchestras did little more than broaden the idea of the pianists. As early as "The Wrecker" of Rex Beach, deliberate attempts to harmonize accompaniment and drama were made.

When the special score came into vogue, with Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld in the front rank, movie fans, who once heard the idea of sitting through an opera, were becoming familiar with operatic excerpts without knowing it.

An early production of "Tosca" used as much of Puccini's music as could be fitted to its length. Each of the characters in "Way Down East" had a musical line intended to be typical of it.

When the movies threatened to start talking there were rattlebrats throughout the world. First came the shorts. Opera singers and musical comedy stars did their turns. Then Warners stepped out with "The Jazz Singer," George Jessel in the middle of it. Plans were held up. Four songs were required and Jessel could not see his way clear to put these in. So it was decided to approach Al Jolson-Mammy singer par excellence. Jolson could do what contracts forbade Jessel to undertake and the effect was instantaneous.

By that time the lesson had been learned. Music and action were inseparable. If there was a scarcity of material on the open market, the songs must be specially made.

So three Mammy-makers signed contracts. In Hollywood they found themselves caged up. They chewed their nails, solved innumerable crossword puzzles and punched their private time clock. But not a song came out.

"They'll soon settle down," producers said.

They seemed to be settling, but not a melody was turned in. Then occurred the scandal. One fine morning the birds-who-wouldn't-sing failed to check in. The next morning they were still A. W. O. L. And the next.

This article introduces Mr. Fenton, musician and critic, to Photoplay readers. Each month he will review for you the latest and best in phonoplay music.

[Please turn to page 136]
The Amateur Movie Contest Prizes

By Frederick James Smith

"Three Episodes" is directly the work of Robert Burhans, who wrote the scenario, directed and contributed largely towards the production in a financial way; Robert W. Ward, who was the cameraman; Alice L. Buckle, who acted as title and script girl; and Edwin J. Fairall, who was production supervisor. The acting of the soldier was well done by Scott Hardester. It should be noted that both Mr. Burhans and Mr. Ward have been experimenting actively with amateur cinematics for years. Mr. Burhans was a competitor in Photoplay's contest of last year.

The second award, of $250, in the dramatic division was made to Dr. H. A. Heise, of Uniontown, Pa. Dr. Heise also was a contestant in Photoplay's last contest. His winning 16 millimeter film this year, "Whither Flowing," depicts the nervous evils caused by parents in the thoughtless upbringing of children. The drama was compactly told, well acted and directed, and was marked by unusual photography.

Second prize, of $250, in the non-dramatic section went to B. V. Covert, of 154 Genesse Street, Lockport, N. Y., who last year won a first division prize of $500. Mr. Covert submitted an interesting 16 millimeter study of fishing, ranging from deep sea thrills off the Florida coast to an expedition into the Canadian wilds. As in the first contest, Mr. Covert demonstrated a better sense of scenic photography than was revealed by any other contender. He builds his scenic upon an interesting story framework and the result is not just a series of hap-hazard shots.

Third prize, of $150, in the dramatic division went to the Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton University for "Incident," which was marked by some extraordinary cinematography. This was in 16

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Photoplay Amateur Movie Contest Awards

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<tr>
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<td>Foto-Cine Productions</td>
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<tr>
<td>418 So. Stanislaus Street</td>
<td>350½ West 24th Street</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Drama, &quot;Three Episodes&quot;</td>
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<td>Second, $250</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. H. A. Heise</td>
<td>B. V. Covert</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Uniontown, Pa.</td>
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<td>Princeton University</td>
<td>276 No. Whitley Street</td>
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<td>Princeton, N. J.</td>
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<td>Drama, &quot;Incident&quot;</td>
<td>Scenic, &quot;The Sea&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth, $100</td>
<td>Fourth, $100</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jac Thall</td>
<td>Edward E. Jacobson</td>
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<tr>
<td>957 77th Street</td>
<td>9 East 41st Street</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>New York City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Drama, &quot;A Quickie&quot;</td>
<td>Scenic, &quot;Our Metropolis&quot;</td>
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Honorable Mentions

| Edward E. Jacobson | Hiram Percy Maxim |
| 9 East 41st Street | 276 No. Whitley St. |
| New York City | Hartford, Conn. |
| Drama, "What Does It Matter?" | Scenic, "Summer" |

| Leonard Clairmont | Koji Tsuchimoto |
| 6247 Banner Place | 11 Sujirocho |
| Hollywood, Calif. | Kyoto, Japan |
| Drama, "Nemesis" | Scenic, "Inland Sea of Japan" |

| Jack Nevins | Edward E. Jacobson |
| 1111 Yorkshire Rd. | 9 East 41st Street |
| Grosse Pointe Port | New York City |
| Detroit, Michigan | Scenic, "Our Metropolis" |
| Drama, "Sophistication" | |
Four Babes in the

Alexander Gray

H e lives on one of Hollywood's most exclusive hills and if you didn't know that he had just rented the house you might suppose he'd been living in it all his life, so settled he seems to be.

But that's the sort of person Alexander Gray is. His mother and father and baby live with him and, although he still feels that the cinema is just a long rehearsal and he's still amazed that people do as good work as they do when the grand finale of a mood pitcher is often shot before the introduction, he's signed a long term contract with First National and has completed the lead opposite Marilyn Miller in "Sally."

With that out of the way, he is now busy on "No, No, Nanette."

There have been several steps—somewhat unrelated perhaps—in his career.

He started out to be a business man. He had always sung, but concerts didn't pay.

A job as advertising manager for a motor truck company brought in a good-sized weekly salary. Yet that didn't make him entirely happy.

Alexander couldn't forget his sharps and flats and he suddenly found himself in a Ziegfield show where he warbled about pretty American girls and lovely Hawaiian girls and elegant Chinese girls.

Unlike most young men who do this sort of work, Alexander could hit a grace note as well as look handsome.

So he left the revues and tried his luck on the musical comedy and operetta stage.

H is first speaking and singing rôle was in "Sally" and that was followed by other successes, including "The Desert Song," which really made him famous.

Then Warners got Marilyn Miller's name on the dotted line for "Sally" and then came her request that Gray be her leading man.

He's a good looking lad of medium height, with blue eyes and light hair.

The eyes are grave, for tragedy came into his life when his wife was killed in an accident in January.

His charming mother keeps the home together and makes him happy.

Vivienne Segal

"T his," said Vivienne Segal to an important New York producer, "will be your last chance to hear me sing!" Some ultimatum!

She was all of sixteen years old and had sung only in amateur operettas in Philadelphia.

The manager, who was anxious to get away to an important engagement, had asked her to return the next day.

But Vivienne wouldn't listen to any such thing. No sir! She'd sing—or else.

It's just that attitude that brought about her success in "Blue Paradise," "Three Musketeers" and "The Desert Song" on the stage and has now prompted Warners to sign her to a long term contract after "Song of the West" and "Golden Dawn."

Vivienne's mother had wanted to be an actress. But her family was shocked, so she determined that Vivienne should choose a theatrical career. They went to New York for a weekend.

Nobody told them how hard it was to see managers, so they saw them all in one day.

And Vivienne sang.

What could the managers do?

There was no stopping her.

When the producers told her that she'd hear from them shortly she was frightfully downcast and quite sure that she was a failure.

Two weeks later a wire from Lee Shubert brought her back to New York.

She was told to watch three performances of "Blue Paradise" and to learn the lines and the songs in it.

Four days later she opened in the musical comedy in New York, and was a sensation.

"If I hadn't been so young and foolish I couldn't have done it," she said.

SHE was what Broadwayites call "a natural." She stepped into her first leading rôle at sixteen and she's been stepping into them ever since.

The camera shows her as a lovely graceful girl with a beautiful figure, but misses the transparency of her skin and the radiance of her light red hair.

68
Hollywoods

By Cal York

Kentucky prides itself on its fine horses and beautiful women. For the moment let's forget all about horses and consider the women. Catherine Dale Owen, a Kentucky beauty, plays the haughty princess to John Gilbert's dashing soldier in "His Glorious Night.

As a result of her work in that picture M-G-M has placed her under a five year contract.

Even John should forget the blonde Greta in the charms of the blonde Catherine.

Perhaps Catherine's stage career is a greater surprise to her than anybody else.

Her elder sister was originally expected to attend Sargent's dramatic school in New York.

When she decided not to go, Catherine took her place. No sense in wasting the tuition.

Her first professional experience was in the ingenue rôle with O. P. Heggie in "Happy-Go-Lucky." Dennis King also made his American debut in this play.


Catherine is slender and beautiful, with the soft, lovely voice of the Southern girl, although her accent is pleasantly British.

No less a personage than David Belasco paid a tribute to her charm.

In a telegram to a film columnist he wrote, in part:

"When she was working with me she showed a genius for hard work, which was full of promise. In addition to that she is one of the most beautiful girls in the American theater and her voice is cultured, sweet and clear. If cast properly this girl is destined to go far."

Having been a successful, haughty princess in "His Glorious Night," she will be a slightly less haughty noblewoman in the Lawrence Tibbett picture, "The Rogue's Song," with a background of the Ural Mountains.

Catherine's one worry is that she will go on and on being a haughty princess.

The American Tragedy" and Morgan Farley are names synonymous. Morgan played the rôle of the tragic Clyde in the Dreiser drama more than an entire season in New York. It is an intense, terribly exciting psychological study of a young man's bitter life, and it ends with his death.

It "does things" to the boys who play the rôle.

Leslie Fenton, who played the rôle in Los Angeles, has "chucked" his career and gone to South America on a cattle boat, as is told on another page of this issue.

"I've never quite recovered from that rôle," said Morgan.

"Likely I never shall. You had to give too much to the rôle. It took too much from you."

The reaction from Clyde set in while he was playing "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in London. His health broke and he left the cast. He recuperated by taking a bicycle trip through Europe.

Morgan is now in Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.

He has already appeared in "Half Marriage," "The Greene Murder Case," and "The Mighty."

It is not likely that "The American Tragedy" will ever be screened, although Patrick Kearney, the original adapter, says he has written a censor-proof version. Morgan sees no reason for filming the play.

He is one of the most interesting personalities that Broadway has sent to the screen. Slight of build, with light hair and grayish-blue eyes.

The Farley manse in Hollywood is more like a monk's habitat than the home of a famous personality.

There are bare floors and a few pieces of unpainted furniture. Rude monk's cloth is at the windows. Candle light is the illumination.

His car is a humble flivver.

Perhaps he will remain in pictures, but it is problematical.

"It all depends on what I can accomplish," is the way he puts it.

"There has always been a force within which has driven me onward—the desire to accomplish something worth while—something that would satisfy me."
The Quest for Silence: Or an Old-Fashioned "Fan" Goes to the Movies
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AND HOW TO USE THEM

UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY
AND HOW TO USE THEM

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

CARLOTTA KING ("The Desert Song," Warner Brothers) is a graduate of stage operettas and comic operas, with a beautiful soprano voice. Her first big part in "The Desert Song," opposite John Boles, brought her instant success, and Metro-Goldwyn signed her to a five year contract. She will next be heard in the sound version of "Rose-Marie."

CHARLES KING ("The Broadway Melody," M-G-M) Charlie King has long been one of Broadway's musical comedy favorites. In vaudeville for many years, he became popular as leading man of such George M. Cohan shows as "Little Nellie Kelly." His last big stage hit was in "Hit the Deck." He's in the big "Hollywood Revue of 1929."

JOAN BENNETT ("Bulldog Drummond," United Artists.) Joan is the youngest of the three pretty actress daughters of Richard Bennett, the well known stage star, the others being Constance and Barbara. Just before her picture hit in "Bulldog Drummond," with Ronald Colman, she was her father's leading woman in the stage play of Hollywood, "Jarnegan."

MORTON DOWNEY ("Mother's Boy," Pathé) first came to light as tenor soloist on a concert tour with Paul Whiteman's band. A success, he then became a popular and high-priced entertainer in New York night clubs. His first successful picture appearance was in Radio's "Syncopation." So he ups and marries his leading lady, Barbara Bennett.

LEE TRACY ("Big Time," Fox) was just another Broadway actor when Producer Jed Harris gave him the hoofer lead in the famous play "Broadway." It made Tracy's reputation and Harris a million dollars. Later, Lee made a hit in the role of the reporter in the same manager's sensational "Front Page." From here he jumped into the Fox film crowd.

JEANETTE MacDONALD ("The Love Parade," Paramount) will be popular as Chevalier's leading woman in his second American picture. She is a beautiful blonde girl with a nice voice, and was a musical comedy lead in many Broadway shows, including "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and "Sunny Days." A Hollywood success, she will do some more pictures.

O. P. HEGGIE ("The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," Paramount) is an English actor who for years has adorned the American stage, always in featured character roles. He has never been known to give a really bad performance. He came to notice in pictures with Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter," and since then his voice has made him film-successful.

MARILYN MILLER ("Sally," First National), it seems hardly necessary to say, is Flo Ziegfeld's leading musical comedy star, her last stage appearance for him being in "Rosalie." She began in show business as a specialty toe dancer, rapidly graduating to leading roles. She is the former Mrs. Jack Pickford, and was later courted by Ben Lyon.

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No sooner were Young American hats offered for sale than they became Hollywood's newest and smartest enthusiasm! And why not? For who could be more alive to each new current of fashion than the young stars of Hollywood? Who could typify more superbly the gay modern spirit of the Young American?

Here is Alice White, for example, photographed in one of the new Young American models which she keeps to wear with the different ensembles in her wardrobe. She is only one of the well-known film favorites who have discovered this smart, modern way of settling their hat-problems. These younger actresses say: “We are tired of wearing the hand-me-downs of Paris—the unbecoming copies of French models designed for women old enough to be our grandmothers. We are Americans—and young! We want a style designed for our own personalities—a mode that only a Young American could wear!”

And that is exactly the idea behind Young American hats! They are designed by Jackie Starr, the young millinery genius discovered and trained by the House of Gage, America's most distinguished hat-makers. Jackie is herself a Young American, not yet twenty years old. She never fails to give the true Young American touch to every hat she creates!

In order that you may have one to wear with every costume, Young American hats are priced extremely low. Each carries in its lining the modern symbols of the Young American: the bow for supple grace; the arrow for unswerving speed. And each hat is sold to you in a gay red-white-and-blue box carrying the same symbols. You'll find them awaiting your selection in leading shops and department stores. Look for the bow and arrow!

If your favorite shop or store has not received them, won't you write to Jackie Starr herself? Address her Dept. PO, Gage Brothers & Company, 18 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Write to Jackie, anyway! She'll be delighted to have you consult her about your clothes-problems, or to hear any suggestion that you make concerning her designs.

YOUNG AMERICAN HATS
DESIGNED FOR YOU BY JACKIE STARR • MADE FOR YOU BY GAGE • EACH IS $5 (BOX INCLUDED)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
Olga Baclanova
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Kathryn Carver
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Richard Dix
Paul Guzman
James Hall

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Rene Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Carl Dane
Mary Davies
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Frank Albertson
Mary Astor
Ben Baran
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Dorothy Burgess
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
June Collyer
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Mary Duncan
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Lina Basquette
John Boles
Evelyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorne Greene
Ruth Elder
Hoist Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan

At RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Bugs Barton
Sally Blanc
Olive Borden
Betty Compson

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Robert Armstrong
William Boyd
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawn
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Don Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Olive Borden
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Vilma Banky
Wallis Byran
Walter Byron

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tc-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Dolores Del Rio
Roland Drew

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Glenda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City,

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Talt Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Field, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, 200 Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 809 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Talt Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

The MEEKER-MADE

New Fall & Winter Handbag Models

More definitely than ever reveal the extraordinary smartness found only in bags, underarms, billfolds and many other leather accessories by Meeker. Of genuine imported Steerhide...skillfully tooled...hand-colored...and with equally smart frames, any one of these beautiful handbags will fittingly add to the lady's striking fall costume.

At better dealers everywhere

Made by the largest manufacturers of Steerhide leather goods in the U.S.A.

THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Missouri

MEEKERMADER

Genuine Steerhide Handbags

VANITIES BILLFOLDS

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed
The road to roses on-the-cheek

There are women in the world, blessed with millions and with maids, with easy access to every source of beauty, who still have the dull, dead complexion of a careless frump!

For it is not alone a question of money, nor of costly cosmetics, however helpful, however pure. The fact is that thousands of women frustrate their creams and lotions because they neglect the a-b-c of health — they do not keep themselves internally clean.

Women who would be in perfect health — who would have complexions clear and free from blemish — should know the benefits of Sal Hepatica!

This famous saline not only banishes constipation, but it frees the bloodstream from the poisons that bring blemishes. It neutralizes the body acids which dull the skin. It helps complexions to become smooth, pure, youthful and translucent.

Well do the smart women of Europe know the benefits of salines to the complexion and the skin. To the famous spas — Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden— distinguished people from the four corners of the earth come to “take the cure.” And physicians long have appreciated the saline method for correcting a long list of human ills.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the wonderful saline springs. Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way to its use. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom!

Taken before breakfast, Sal Hepatica is speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to act within thirty minutes.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, “To Clarice in quest of her youth,” which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-119, 71 West St., N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, “To Clarice in quest of her youth,” which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name

Street

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WEDDING bells will ring out shortly for Virginia Brown Faire and Duke Worne, an independent director.

Virginia, you remember, was once married to Jack Daugherty who, in turn, was the spouse of Barbara La Marr.

WHEN you pay a visit to the Talmadge home you wade knee deep in gazing crystals, and psychic phenomena get in your hair. Norma, Constance and Natalie are all believers in fortune tellers. Constance had luncheon at a little tea room, "The Bottom of the Cup," every day for a week. When you've finished the creamed chicken and cake your past and future passes before you in tea leaves.

Constance was the despair of the lady fortune teller. Every day she came and every day she wanted a new fortune. And every day she wailed, "But don't you see any romances?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]
... She goes to Paris, and to Callot Soeurs for clothes ... but the Callot model watch she wears is no farther away than your nearest ELGIN jeweler.

A thing is fashionable only if enough women of fashion adopt it. The first ELGIN Parisiennes were introduced a mere year ago ... and today over 150,000 women are timing their comings and goings with Parisian flair and ELGIN accuracy. There is Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle. Everyone in New York, Newport, Paris, and Biarritz, knows that her taste in clothes and accessories is faultless. Which explains her liking for costumes by Callot. So when Callot designed a series of cases for ELGIN Parisienne watches Mrs. Biddle was among the first to slip one on her wrist. And though she must go to Paris for Callot clothes, a Callot Parisienne watch can be purchased no farther away than 'round the corner or across the street ... at the nearest ELGIN jeweler's. The usual role is reversed ... you need not go to Paris, for Paris has come to you ... via ELGIN. But only the designs come from Paris — the Parisienne watches themselves are made and cased by ELGIN. American efficiency, economy, timekeeping accuracy, wedded to Paris style ... at a truly American price. Ask any reliable jeweler.

Parisiennes plain and enamel cases, $35 Diamond-set Callot models shown, $75
Completing a successful Technicolor test for Paramount's flashy musical romance, "The Vagabond King." The big wheel behind the camera is a gelatin light filter, which gives the required Technicolor hues to the background.

It is sometimes possible to blow one's own horn a trifle too loudly, as the following instance, related by Betty Compson, goes to prove.

Betty was visiting the office of her husband, James Cruze, when a girl who had been recommended as a screen possibility was ushered in.

Naturally the first question asked, after she had disclosed her identity, was whether she had ever had stage or screen experience.

"No," was her reply. "but my friends all say I have an angelic voice and play divinely on the harp. And I am noted for my acrobatic disposition, too."

"Little girl," said Cruze, kindly, "you would be wasting your talents in pictures. Why not ask St. Peter for a job?"

The young gals never seem to light, romantically speaking; however Loretta Young and Grant Withers were seen lunching together very intimately the other day and Sally Blane and Arthur Lake were found at another table in the same restaurant.

I hope that's not wrong. I hope Loretta wasn't with Arthur and Sally with Grant. They look so much alike, sometimes you can't tell.

Johnny Mack Brown feels that he would like to do as much for young Billy Bakewell as George Fawcett did for him.

Johnny Mack wants to make an athletic type out of Bakewell, but it's some job, for Bakewell likes his oyster. Brown was teaching Bakewell the bicycle leg motion, having him lie on his back and move his legs in the air as though riding a bicycle. A few minutes later Brown led around and saw Bakewell's legs in the air stationary.

"What! Tired?" he called.


HELEN FERGUSON tells his one on herself. It seems that Helen is always being mistaken for someone else. At openings the crowd accuse her of being everyone from Gloria Swanson to ZaSu Pitts. And at Montmartre the signature fiends dash up and say: "Oh, Miss Daniels—may I have your autograph?"

"I'm a good sport about it, but she has grown just a little weary of having people say, Aren't you Bebe Daniels? Aren't you Buster Keaton? Aren't you Rin-Tin-Tin?—or almost anything except. Aren't you Helen Ferguson?"

One day she went into a glove shop. The girl behind the counter beamed and said:

"Rod LaRocque has a good line! First he baited fascinating Yulma Banky and persuaded her to become a Missus. Then he took her fishing, and look what they caught..."

"Aren't you—"

"No!" said Helen.

"Helen Ferguson?" finished the girl.

Helen was carried fainting from the shop. When she recovered she returned and bought nine or ten dozen pairs of gloves.

I WANT real spirit stuff in this sequence," said the Great Director.

So they summoned the shade of the great Edwin T. Booth.

"What experience?" demanded the director, frowningly.

But he finally turned the tragedian down because his hoofing was weak.

ARTHUR LAKE'S first stage role was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show.

Night after night he died to the accompaniment of Uncle Tom's lamentations and might have continued to do so indefinitely had it not been for an ice cream festival held next door to the theater.

When Arthur saw the cream being dished out he announced Little Eva would not die that night. Instead she would fill up on frozen dainties. Lots of persuasion and a promise of cream after his death finally got him back on the job, much to everyone's relief.

It seemed to Arthur that Uncle Tom was much too lachrymose that night. He stood for it as long as he could, then, in a voice plaintively audible to half the audience, blurted out:

"Say, shut up and let me die before that cream's all gone.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 81]
Smart Compacts
to match each costume
.....the newest Paris vogue

Extravagant ?.... NO!

DOUBLE ONLY $1 SINGLE ONLY 50¢

THEY'RE smartness personified—these intriguing new Tre-Jur compacts with their brilliant color and chic new oblong shape. And such wonderful powder, too. Soft, clinging, exquisitely fragrant, it blends marvelously with the skin, delightfully accentuating all its natural loveliness. Comes in flesh, rachel or the fashionable new Southern Tan. Refills always obtainable.

You may choose the case in red, blue, green or black—colors that match or harmonize with every ensemble. And the price? Amazingly low—just 50¢ single, $1.00 double with both powder and rouge.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price and specifying color of case and shade of powder desired. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.
In gay Vienna, where the women are enchanting; in romantic Budapest, on the Danube—there is one name in beauty culture which has been recognized for over a hundred years—the distinguished name of Pessl!

Today, in the celebrated shop across from the opera in Vienna, S. Pessl carries on the tradition of the Pessl name. The crowned heads to which he has ministered are evidenced by the interesting group of royal crests he is authorized to display above the windows of his typically Viennese shop.

He has served many of the queens of Europe, and has numbered such dignitaries as the Empress of Austria among his distinguished patrons.

To his select patrons, Pessl recommends a very simple treatment for retaining youthful loveliness—the same treatment advised by the outstanding beauty specialists of Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Geneva—everywhere beauty culture is practiced.

**Palm and olive oils in soap**

"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

**The famous "international" treatment**

The poisonous and dangerous secretions of dirt and dust, of make-up and cream which find their way deep into the pores must be removed. Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften the skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring.

To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, later cold. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

M. Pessl’s advice is echoed by such famous specialists as Lina Cavalieri, of Paris; Elise Bock, of Berlin; Bertha Jacobson, of London. Wherever women seek the best skin care they are told by professional experts: safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap.

**Palmolive Radio Hour**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.
IF you're tired of reading this particular sob story just skip the paragraph.
But it has been a good empty-emptiness times before. James Murray has been given another chance. He has been cast for the leading male role in the Universal production of "The Shanghai Lady."

James is the young gentleman who thinks nothing of departing in the midst of a picture for some port of missing men. It has happened again and again. Yet, he has been given more chances to make good than there are on a punchboard.

Recently he was cast for a picture at M-G-M, and then he was out of it again. Good reason, too. They couldn't find him.

THERE seems to be a little dissension between songbirds Harry Richman and Al Jolson. That is to say, all the dissension is on Mr. Richman's side. Al either doesn't notice or has other things to think about.

Anyway, the yarn goes thus: at a large and swanky dinner given in Hollywood's best manner, both Jolson and Richman were present. Many of the guests were headliners and entertainers par excellence, and in the course of the meal all did their stuff graciously and without demurring—including Al who is used to receiving a pretty sizable sum per syllable for the rendition of "Sonny Boy."

CAME Mr. Richman's turn to contribute to the fun and frolic. Would Mr. Richman oblige the ladies and gentlemen with a little song? Mr. Richman would not. And why wouldn't Mr. Richman sing? Because Mr. Richman refused to follow Mr. Jolson on the program!

Just in passing we might recall the fact that Al was up in the big money while Richman was still singing in a cellar beneath the Earl Carroll Theater and hadn't yet reached street level.

EVERY DAY Sue Carol receives an ardent letter from a young man she has never seen. He's seen Susie on the screen, however, and has decided that he wants to marry her. If persistency means anything, as the best movie plots seem to indicate, the young man may win out eventually. It's been going on now for a couple of years.

Florence Vidor and husband, or Jascha Heifetz and wife (take your choice), resting on the Santa Monica sands. When they're not swimming they're ping-ponging—two good ways to keep fit.

Give these little boys a hand, Leonard and Bernard West, who sing and dance in the First National-Vitaphone picture "The Forward Pass." Don't know the gal's name, but "Cutie" will do.

RUMOR had it recently that Mary Philbin would no longer decorate Universal films. It was also rumored that her engagement to Paul Kohner was finished. As the last episode of a serial. But rumor is wrong again.

Having completed her work in the re-issue of "The Phantom of the Opera" Mary is going into "Shannon of Broadway" and she's getting herself seen with Paul at all the local tiddle-dee contests.

THE silly season is on. Anita Page is wearing a rouge ring. The setting lifts up and inside is a mirror. The base of the ring holds the rouge.

La, how these movie stars do carry on!

TOM MIX may be able to endure one night stands on his current tour with a circus, but it's too much for Mrs. Tom. She has returned to the comparative peace and quiet of the Mix "cottage" in Beverly Hills, where there are no elephants.

Mrs. Tom also found

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Very nearly perfect! Beauteous, blonde Josephine Dunn, in a Nile green taffeta gown with square decollete, and reams of ruffles in back.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 74 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

Inquisitive, Norman, Okla.—I've been wondering about Madge Bellamy's latest picture. It is "Tonight at Twelve." Madge is divorced from Logan Metcalf. Nils Asther comes from the land of the Garbo,—Nils calls Malmo, Sweden, home. He played the part of George Shelley in "Topsy and Eva." Anita Page was born in Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1910.

Avery C. Tovle, Santa Barbara, Calif.—No, Richard Arlen was not in "The Flying Fleet." It was two other fellows—Ramón Novarro and Ralph Graves.

Marjorie Williams, San Diego, Calif.—Can't have you! It's not the girl friend fighting. Lupino Lane was born in London, England, June 17, 1895. He is five feet, two and one half inches tall; weighs 130 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and is very, very funny off the screen, too. You can reach him at the Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Constance Talmadge is a regular glutton for matrimony, this being her third attempt.

Sis, Plymouth, Penn.—Nancy Carroll will be twenty-three years old Nov. 19th. She is married to Jack Kirkland, playwright, and has a small daughter. How did you like our September cover?

Foxy, Milwaukee, Wis.—The deluge has begun! Now that Rudy Vallee has gone into the talkies I suppose I'll have to work some days, too. Rudy, whose real name is Hubert Prior Vallee, was born in Westbrook, Maine, twenty-six years ago. He has blond hair and blue eyes and can have a framed diploma from Yale hanging on his wall if that's what you want. He is soon to start work on a new picture appropriately named "The Vagabond Lover," and you can reach him at the KKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Surb, Farrell, Penn.—Nick Stuart was born in Kounmania, April 10, 1906, and promptly qualified for this column by yelling "Waawah!" Nick is five feet, eleven inches tall; weighs 155 pounds and has black curly hair, brown eyes and a case on Sue Carol. Eddie Nugent, the "authentic" dancer turned actor, was born Feb. 7, 1904. He is six feet, one inch tall; weighs 155 pounds and has dark brown hair and green eyes. He entered pictures in March, 1928, and is now Bill Haines as Hollywood's pet wisecracker.

HeLEN NOLLE, Jackson, Mich.—Someone has been kidding your girl friend. It was really Tom Mix and Tony that you saw with the Sells Floto Circus. The one without the diamond belt buckle is Tony.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
Look to my Mannequin—
Look to your Skin and see why

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

Frances Ingram

The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes . . Puffiness and crow's feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.

The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.

The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

First and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between Ingram's Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

For my Milkweed Cream is not content, as most creams are, in keeping the skin fresh and soft textured. It does help the appearance, yes, but it also benefits the health of your skin and, by keeping it healthy, defends you against beauty-stealing blemishes.

Look to my Mannequin. Study the six spots where lines and defects first appear. Then study your own skin, and you will realize the great importance of Milkweed's extra benefits.

Aging little lines and imperfections are no respecters of youth, so I have selected for my mannequin this month, a girl on the under side of thirty. Her skin, like yours—no matter how few or how many your birthdays—depends upon health for its attraction.

Guard well the six starred places—the column just above tells how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new loveliness.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth—clear—altogether lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. Also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-119, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name

Street

City

State

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
“Smooth Lovely Skin always

9 out of 10 screen stars lovely with

No matter how perfect a girl’s features—no matter how striking her coloring and her figure—she is not really attractive unless her skin is freshly smooth and lovely.

Hollywood knows this so well!

“A girl’s most appealing beauty is a fresh, velvety-smooth skin,” says the well-known Hollywood director, Donald Crisp, summing up what leading directors have found from their experience with the movies.

“In Hollywood, the priceless possession of an exquisite skin is one of the chief gifts which make a motion picture star,” he continues. “Especially for a close-up the skin has to be faultlessly smooth and fine. And

Mary Nolan, attractive Universal star, has the fair, clear skin of the perfect blonde. She says: “I am utterly enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. Even the most expensive French soaps have not kept my skin so beautifully smooth.”

May McAvoy, Warner Brothers’ famous and charming little star, enjoying the luxury of a lovely bathroom with marine decorations.

The next time you see May McAvoy in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her beautiful skin.

“A smooth skin is one of the most important assets a screen star has. Like every woman, I have to see that my skin is extremely well cared for. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so exquisitely smooth.”

May McAvoy

Lux Toilet

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
brings an answering thrill,"

39 Hollywood directors find

keep their skin

Lux Toilet Soap

it's care, not make-up, that does it, for you can't fool the camera."

Lovely skin being so absolutely essential for success on the screen, it is extremely significant that nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

Of the 451 girls who are considered the important actresses in Hollywood, 442 keep their skin freshly smooth and soft with this daintily fragrant white soap. And because of the stars' enthusiasm for this delightful soap, all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

You, too, will love the way Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin feeling like satin. Use it in your bath, too, as so many of the lovely Hollywood stars do—and for the shampoo.

Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps

at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
millimeters. Third prize in the non-dramatic division was given to Hiram Percy Maxim, of 276 North Whitley Street, Hartford, Conn., for his beautiful scenic, "The Sea." Mr. Maxim submitted four 16 millimeter films in the contest and another of these, "Summer," was awarded an honorable mention. Mr. Maxim is the pioneer president of the Amateur Cinema League and a national leader in amateur cinematography.

JAC THALL, of 957 77th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., a publicity man for a theatrical circuit, captured the fourth prize in the dramatic division for his little sesio-comedy of the tribulations of a Poverty Row movie company. This was called "A Quickie" and was marked by some unusual amateur acting by Helen John- son. The photography of Mario D’Giovanni, 45 Garvine Street, New York, was admirable, too.

"A Quickie" was shot with a Bell and Howell on 35 millimeter film and was made chiefly on Staten Island.

EDWARD E. JACOBSEN, of 9 East 41st Street, New York City, won the fourth prize in the non-dramatic division for his short study of New York City, "Our Metropolis." Mr. Jacobson also submitted a drama, "What Does It Matter?" which was given an honorable mention.

His study of Manhattan was deemed of greater merit, presenting some fine photography and excellent choice of subject. Both films were in 16 millimeter width, Mr. Jacobson using a Bell and Howell Filmo.

Mr. Jacobson, by the way, is an art director of an advertising agency.

A SIDE from the honorable mentions already noted, another was given to Tsuka-moto, of Tokyo, Japan, for his lovely 9 millimeter entry, "The Inland Sea of Japan." This contestant achieved some astonishing results with a difficult medium. Another honorable mention goes to Leonard Clairmont, of 6247 Banner Place, Hollywood, Calif., for his tragedy, "Nemesis." Mr. Clairmont is an amateur cinematographer, although he is employed as a retoucher in a professional movie studio.

"SOPHISTICATIOn," submitted by Jack Nevin, 1111 Yorkshire Road, Grosse Pointe Port, Detroit, Mich., is given an honorable mention purely as a striking juvenile contribution. This drama, something of a satire upon life as reflected by the tabloids, was written, acted and filmed by a group of youngsters.

THE awards were made by a jury of judges numbering Stephen F. Voorhees, the distinguished New York architect; Colonel Roy Winton, managing director of the Amateur Cinema League; Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review; Philip K. Wright, the well known amateur enthusiast; Professor George Pierce Baker, of Yale University; King Vidor, the famous motion picture director; James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY, and Frederick James Smith, Professor Baker was unable to be present at the final voting.

The many contest entries were put through a careful and searching examination and analysis. Slowly the large number of entries were sifted down to seventeen films.

From these seventeen films, the final awards were made.

PHOTOPLAY wishes to acknowledge the splendid co-operation of the Amateur Cinema League in the handling of this contest, as in its first competition. Particularly, PHOTOPLAY extends its thanks to Colonel Winton, Stephen Voorhees, Arthur Gale and to the other executives who gave so much of their time and thought to the successful consummation of this competition.

PHOTOPLAY, too, wishes to extend its thanks to the many amateur competitors. To the contestants who failed to capture an award, PHOTOPLAY says: "Better luck next time!"

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Picture of a director having no fun at all. Alfred Santell, Fox megaphone wielder, may be seen inNegligee on the left, had to hold a railroad at Yuma, Arizona, while the mercury broke all altitude records. Santell, who is directing "Romance of Rio Grande," featuring Warner Baxter, Mary Duncan and Mona Maris, feels that he is now qualified to lay a direct line to any place short of—and including—Hades.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A Box of Candy
for Her

Buy a box of candy with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

The saving averages about 83 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

This modern dentifrice

Cleans teeth, then polishes them

FOUR years ago we were certain we had produced a dentifrice which would clean teeth quicker and give them exceptional whiteness and lustre.

The reception of Listerine Tooth Paste by the public proves us right.

Every day thousands are discarding old favorites for this remarkable new dentifrice that beautifies teeth so gently, so pleasantly, and so quickly.

Get a tube today and try it. Note how it takes away tooth deposits and discoloration, then gently polishes teeth until they gleam.

Note how it penetrates and cleanses tiny crevices between the teeth, thereby checking decay.

Note, too, that wonderful sense of invigoration that comes to mouth and gums after using it. The clean, healthy feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

And remember, that these benefits are costing you about half of what you ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste is 25¢ the large tube. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
The much photographed Mrs. Michael Arlen has exquisitely tended hands

"A flattering radiance to my nails is so easy with this New Cutex Liquid Polish," she says.

She has restored romance to a tired world!
Young—tranquil—very beautiful—the grave-eyed Countess Atlanta Mercati!

Talented—sophisticated—a writer of romance and intrigue—the brilliant Michael Arlen!

The society of five continents paid homage to her beauty and his fame at their impressive marriage in the Greek Orthodox Church in Cannes.

And Michael Arlen, renowned both as a novelist and a lover of beauty, wrote another story—a fragrant romance bearing the delicate imprint of his exquisite wife.

Skiing at St. Moritz, dancing and tennis on the Riviera—at all the blue and green and gold places where the fashionable world plays—Mrs. Arlen is conspicuous for her exquisite grooming. Particularly noticeable are her expressive hands—her slender tapering fingers and beautifully cared for nails!

"Tome," Mrs. Arlensaid thoughtfully, "hands are just as expressive and interesting as people’s faces. Perhaps that is why I have always given mine especial care.

"I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days after using it my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous sized bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35c; Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60c, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50c. Other Cutex preparations 35c.

Say your "Merry Christmas" with the charming new Cutex Manicure Gift Sets—at prices to suit every purse. 25c, 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.00.


SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER - 12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren
Dept. 9 Q-3-11, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

With grave sweetness the lovely Mrs. Arlen explained the exquisite simplicity with which she cares for her hands, so that they have always an enchanting perfection.

"First, I use the Cuticle Remover which shapes and softens the cuticle; second, the Polish Remover to remove old polish, then the beguiling new Liquid Polish that sparkles for days; third, a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil and just enough Nail White to enhance the radiance of the Polish!"

Where the brilliant pageantry of society gathers Mrs. Michael Arlen lends the exotic beauty of a tropic flower. "Like lotus buds that float" her exquisite hands leave you with an image of slim, unforgettable beauty! They tell of a nobility fostered through the dim centuries. Mrs. Arlen is descended from a distinguished Florentine family that has married into prominent families in this country, England and France. From such a broadly cosmopolitan background has her uniquely exquisite personality grown.
Girls' Problems

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

And of course there are the attractively shaped and decorated incense burners. Sandalwood is a favorite choice, but there are many other pleasing ones.

Here are a few final warnings about perfume I would like to impress upon you:

Don't over-use it. A girl is known by the subtlety and distinction of her perfume, its quality and not its quantity.

If you are going to dance in a crowded, overheated room, be careful not to use an extremely heavy scent. Or if you choose a rich, strong odor, use it sparingly.

Buy good perfume, in small quantities if necessary. But never, under any circumstances, buy cheap perfume. Remember that you use perfume for your own enjoyment as well as to make you attractive to others, and if you don't get pleasure from its fragrance it is unlikely that it will be pleasing to them. So many of the fine perfumes come in purse-size flacons, which are inexpensively priced, that it is hardly necessary for any girl to content herself with inferior grades. And most salespeople will let you try out perfume on the back of your hand (which of course is the proper and practical way to test its fragrance), so you need make no mistakes in choosing.

You don't need to use one perfume all the time—you can change as frequently as you desire. But try to choose the scents that "become" you.

Remember that you "wear" perfume, just as you wear clothes and cosmetics. All these externals are the outward signs of the inward "you."

Joyce:

Max Ree, well known Hollywood designer, advises all girls to wear high heels, except for sports. As long as you feel so unh more comfortable and happy in them, I think you may well take Mr. Ree's advice. No, you are not a pound overweight. A flesh or light champagne powder, and a medium rouge should be becoming to you.

Mary J:

The use of a softening cuticle cream will help to prevent hangnails. For home manicuring there are a number of excellent cuticle removers.

Faith:

Yes, brown would be an excellent color to choose for the keynote of your winter wardrobe. There are many shades that will go well with your auburn hair, brown eyes, and light olive skin. The warm golden browns will be

Just a little informal—but charming, none the less. Pretty lady plus pretty teddy plus pretty flowers equals pretty picture. The scantily clad damsel is Mona Rico, one of the supporting cast of "Shanghai Lady," Universal's picture starring Mary Nolan

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

If you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and... brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will... stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

Try It FREE

THE H. L. WATKINS CO., 29-G-20
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name

Address

[In Canada address Old Wellington W., Ked, Toronto, Canada]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
LOVELY HAIR
always more lovely
by combing

For combing enhances its smooth silky texture by stimulating the flow of natural oil and gently exercising the delicate scalp muscles. It has the added feature of softening the lines of the waves.

Ace Combs have certain very definite advantages. Made of pure grade hard rubber, they are impervious to tonics, oils and soap, or any preparations used for cleaning or dressing the hair. All surfaces, even those between the teeth, are smoothly finished. Ace Combs are made in a wide range of sizes and patterns—large 8 or 9 inch dressing combs to use at home, small pocket or purse combs to take along with you, and the fine-tooth or "dry shampoo" combs. These are sold by drug stores and department stores everywhere.

From this Cabinet, as illustrated, on display in leading stores everywhere, you may select those styles of Ace Combs most suitable to your personal needs.

ACRE
COMBS
American Hard Rubber Co.
11 Mereer Street, New York

Enclosed find 25¢ stamps preferred for booklet and sample comb. I have written my name and address plainly in margin.

especially flattering. All shades of brown are extremely fashionable this season.

HARRIET: Try using a castile shampoo for a while. It will not darken the hair nor make it dry. Different types of hair require different treatment, but I think this will bring you good results.

SUE C.: You sound like a very attractive person and I don't think you need worry about being popular. Nor do I think you need fret about giving the impression of being reserved. That's a happy combination—to look up-to-date and yet retain the appearance of a girl who has kept her self-respect and the respect of others. And I can think of a much worse fate than to be called a "nice" girl. Even in this upsetting age that's a desirable adjective for any girl to merit. The use of correct grammar and the cultivation of a low tone of voice is surely praiseworthy, as long as you are careful not to seem affected. Don't let yourself get "stagey." Study the best voices in the talkies and be guided by them.

ANGELA: There isn't any way of making coarse hair finer. You can't change its texture, but you can keep it soft and glossy by proper shampooing and daily brushing. The use of a hair lotion or brilliantine will help you to train your hair in the way it should go.

HELEN G. W.: Cold water, dashed on the face for several minutes, is an excellent, mild skin tonic. For those enlarged pores I suggest the use of an astringent. There are several good ones, prepared by reliable beauty specialists.

TROUBLED: The ever-useful squatting exercise will help to make your knees symmetrical.

Whether your muscles have gradually become accustomed to it, you may practice this exercise five minutes, night and morning. Stand erect with feet close together in parallel lines. Rest your hands lightly on your hips. Rise to tiptoe. Then sit in squatting position, bending knees sharply outward until the thighs and legs are doubled upon each other and the weight of the entire body is supported by the toes. Be sure to keep your body erect. Return to standing position.

ELLEN M.: Yes, if you are overweight, and are starting a reduction regime, your face will get thinner gradually. You won't want to lose weight too quickly, as that brings about a loosened skin and resulting wrinkles. You can make your face appear more slender by wearing your hair very simply about your face, not too far forward on the cheeks. If your lips are colorless I suggest you use a lipstick, choosing a shade that is not too bright.

BETTY S.: Yes, most young boys pass through that "manly-sack" stage before they approach the more dignified years. Some of them never do outgrow that annoying phase. And most girls rather resent their antics. But if she is wise, the girl will be a little tolerant in her attitude, laugh indulgently at the boy's foolishness, unless it is too marked, and set him a better example of dignity and maturity. Boys don't grow up mentally as quickly as girls, in most cases, and it takes them a few years to catch up. After all, it's probably good that they keep us girls from taking life too seriously before we need to!

KAY M.: I think you are a little proud of being notable and changeable in your attitude toward others. Perhaps it is that touch of boredom in your manner that makes you popular with boys. Indifference may pique a man's interest, but when you meet a man for whom you can really care deeply, you may find that after the novelty of your attitude has worn off, your indifference will bring out indifference from him. I don't believe, Kay, that you can afford to indulge a quality which can prove to be such a boomerang against your future happiness.
Colgate's Cleans Teeth Best
because actual scientific tests prove that it has highest penetrating* power

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

In this foam, of course, is a safe, effective polishing agent which makes teeth sparkle and gleam. Thus Colgate's cleanses with a double effectiveness.

Millions of people get this extra protection... why not you? When you use Colgate's you have the comfort of knowing that the home-care of your teeth is approved by the vast majority of dentists.

Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Questions and Answers

M. R. D., ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.—Joe Cobb is very much alive. He has reached the ripe old age of fourteen years and is leaving our gang to free-lance. Norman (Chubby) Chaney, who replaces him, is still in the prime of life, being nine years old and weighing 160 pounds. Norman is not related to Lon and hasn’t a single face in common with him.

O. P. HARRISON, JR., JASPER, FLA.—Oliver Borden is twenty-two years old and her latest picture is “Half Marriage.” That still leaves Olive’s many male admirers half a chance. Mary Nolan will be twenty-four in December, and her latest is “The Shanghai Lady.”

ELIZABETH BROWN, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Here I am, just chuck-fall of answers. Clara Bow has finished work on “The Saturday Night Kid” and is off for Europe for a rest. Imagine Clara resting! May McAvoy was born in New York City about twenty-eight years ago. Richard Arlen’s latest picture is “The Virginian.”

LYNDON, MOUNT VERNON, ILL.—James Hall had the lead opposite Clara Bow in “The Fleet’s In.” Charles Kay appeared with May McAvoy in “The Fire Brigade.” Don Alvarado acted in “The Apache.”

PAT, GREENFIELD, OHIO.—Try a soundproof stage when you want to rave about Lupe! In the “Wolf-Man the song ‘Yo-Te-Amo.’” It is in sheet music form and can be purchased anywhere. Lupe hails from Mexico. Yes—Bebe Daniels is Bebe’s own name—until she changes it to Mrs. Ben Lyon.

ROBERT BRISTOW, BAYSIDE, L. I.—No bother at all—but Irene Rich would probably resent that crack about her name! Irene was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1894. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. June Collyer sistered Mary Brian in the “River of Romance.”

RED, PITHAM, N. J.—Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, near Paris, France, about thirty-seven years ago. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be “The Love Parade.” Now, Reds—how can you say more of Irene than expected to know what Clara Bow will do after she gets married—if she gets married!

V. S., LEBANON, PENNA.—Ben Lyon and Claudette Colbert played the leads in “For the Love of Mike.” Nils Asther is twenty-seven years old and divorced. The pride and joy of the Young family—Loretta—is only nineteen years young. The other Youngsters also in pictures, are Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

M. P., DEERY, CONN.—Your friend was wrong about Clara. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, thirty-eight years ago. He has dark-brown hair and eyes and is married. Carlotta King played Marga in “The Desert Song.”

HELEN JEPSESEN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Pleased to meet you, Helen. Come see us again some time. H. B. Warner could sign checks Henry Byron Warner if he wanted to. Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll don’t even come within a mill of being Nancy. Nancy is a recordings moniker is Lahn and Sue’s is Evelyn Lederer. James Hall is divorced from his wife, but will probably try again with Merna Kennedy. George Barraud was the crook partner in “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.”

PHILIP McGEE, UNS. OF KENTUCKY.—I have a Ken Warren’s own word for it that he was born in Mission, Texas—and if he wanted to invent a birthplace he could think up a better one than that! Adolph Menjou is making pictures in Europe. In “The Son of the Sheik” Rudolph Valentino played the dual role of father and son. You will hear both John Beles and Bebe Daniels singing in “Rio Rita”—and reports have it that Bebe is a sensation.

D. D., AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK.—“Wild Orchids” was an original story written for the screen by John “Shanghai Gesture” Colton.

M. E. B., TORONTO, CANADA.—Mary Pickford is thirty-six years old. She divorced Owen Moore in 1920 and is now married to Douglas Fairbanks.

[Please turn to page 94]
When Billie Dove Faces the Camera
Her Make-Up is by MAX FACTOR

Faultless Beauty that Thrills! . . . and now you may know the make-up secret of the screen stars. Max Factor, Film- land's Make-Up Genius, offers you this Priceless Beauty Gift. See Coupon.

Billie Dove
in "Careers"
First National Production
Make-Up by Max Factor

Billie Dove, resplendent in her regal beauty, will again thrill you in "Careers", her first all-talking Vitaphone Production.

"Max Factor's Make-Up, in my opinion, renders a distinct and valuable service to the motion picture profession."

Billie Dove

Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno in a dramatic moment in "Careers."

UNS|EN... yet back of the flashing beauty of the screen stars is the deft touch of art in make-up. Make-up so perfect, so natural, so lifelike that you are never aware of it. The personality of the star dominates ... you are enthralled with her rare beauty, her charm.

So it should be with you, too, and with every woman. Make-Up to really enhance your beauty must become a natural part of your Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials must blend in color harmony with your own complexion colorings, beautifying naturally, emphasizing your own personality ... thus creating that vision of beauty you have always dreamed of.

This amazing new kind of make-up, created by Max Factor for the stars of the screen, is based on cosmetic color harmony ... the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Under the blazing motion picture lights Max Factor proved that cosmetics must blend in color harmony ... otherwise make-up appears off-color, spotty or grotesque. And you, in hundreds of feature pictures like "Careers" and "Adoration", starring Billie Dove, have seen the perfection of make-up by Max Factor, for in all the big Hollywood motion picture studios, Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively.

Upon this new principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor created a new kind of make-up for every woman, for every day... Society Make-Up ... and today it is the sensation of Hollywood. Stars whose beauty is famous adopted it ... Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, Thelma Todd, Myrna Loy and scores and scores of other celebrities. Now you may know what Hollywood knows about make-up!

Whether you are blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type ... there is a correct color harmony in make-up for you. Discover it, learn the correct individual method of make-up, and you've at last found the way to actually double your beauty; the means to give to your own personality an alluring charm and fascination. These secrets of make-up Max Factor offers to unfold to you. In your color harmony in make-up which he will chart for you; in his book "The New Art of Society Make-Up", you'll receive a priceless beauty gift. Accept it, by mailing coupon now.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-11-29


Name
Address

Addressee
Address

Color Chart

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
H. F., NEWARK, N. J.—John Mack Brown is married. That’s his real name. George O’Brien was born in San Francisco, Calif., twenty-nine years ago.

A. W. W., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Now that the new sun-tan complexion is in vogue, I had to give up using buttermilk. Renee Adoree is twenty-seven years old. Betty Compson is married to James Craze. Her latest picture is “Street Girl.”

E. H. U., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Great wave of curiosity in the City of Brotherly Love this month! Mary Pickford was born in 1893 and Charles Farrell in 1902. Gertrude Ederle was born in 1904—September 8th, to be exact.

AN INQUISITIVE SOPHIE, MISHAWAKA, IND.—The picture you are thinking of was “The Midnight Rose. Am I right?” Eddie Hearne, Connie Keeke and Rose Doro played in “Hook and Ladder No. 9,” and Johnny Harron was the hero of “Rose of the Tenement.” Adolphe Menjou’s father was a Frenchman; his mother is Irish. But Adolphe himself was born in Pittsburgh, Penna. So that makes him an American.

MRS. F. WILSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why does Tom Mix always wear gloves? I suppose because he rides horseback so much and it’s the thing to wear heavy gloves when you have to handle a spirited steed.

RUTH, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Write to Carolyn Van Wyck about your reducing problems. This poor old fellow knows the pounding of the stars, but he doesn’t know how they get that weight. Hey, Hey! Light blue and pale yellow photograph white. White itself is a harder photographic subject; it is apt to catch the light and cause haloing. Red photographs black, as do most of the other darker shades. Green photographs grey.

G. C., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Donald Keith was born in your State—Boston, to be exact. He is six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes. Born September 5, 1905.

F. H., SPEICLAND, IND.—Here is the “all” about the lady who fascinates you. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, March 29, 1898. She is five feet, five one-half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes. Married to the Marquis James Henri de Falaise de la Coudray.

MISS PAULINE B., NORTHWOOD, N. D.—Photoplay received scores of requests for that beauty of Barbara Stanwyck and Sonny Boy, published in the September issue. Unfortunately I do not know where duplicates can be obtained. However, it is fine to know that Barbara and her many good deeds are not forgotten.

CUBAN FAN, HAVANA.—So you thought Greata Garbo was born in Canada? As a matter of fact, she is Swedish by birth. Cecil De Mille hails from Massachusetts—Asheville, to be exact. Walter Pidgeon was born at St. John, Canada; and Barbara Bedford is a native of Prairie du Chien, Wis. Okay?

SALLY JO, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Here’s a call for an Anita Page Life Story. How many agree? Anita is eighteen years old, weighs 118 pounds and is five feet, two inches tall. William Haines is not married.

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**Watch For The Winners!**

**Photoplay’s $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest**

Closed September 20

Look for the 50 winners in the January, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

On Sale About Dec. 10th

**The Photoplay Gold Medal**

For the best picture produced in 1928 will be awarded as soon as the thousands of ballots are counted.

**It’s Filmland’s Nobel Prize!**

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A velvet surface . . . new pastel shades . . .
this is the mode in writing paper today

Is my writing paper up to date? Is it modern? Will it give my friends a 1929 impression of my personality, just as my clothes do? These are questions any sensible woman asks herself.

And, as you see Eaton’s Highland Vellum . . . as you admire its fine, flat, smooth surface when your pen glides over it . . . as you note its delicate, feminine, pastel shades (blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory, white) . . . there is only one answer, “Yes, it’s modern. Yes, it’s the mode.”

Made by Eaton, Crane & Pike, style leaders for generations, Eaton’s Highland Vellum is of the same high quality and correctness for all social and personal correspondence as the famous Eaton’s Highland Linen. For more than twenty-five years Eaton’s Highland Linen has been on the writing desks of literally countless American homes. But now this new, smart, velvet-surface paper is available in Eaton’s Highland quality.

Eaton’s Highland Vellum comes in a convenient package of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes at 50 cents, larger sizes priced proportionately. Then there are novelty packages, too, with gayly lined envelopes in attractive colors, priced from $1 to $3.50. Eaton’s Highland Vellum (white) for men, too.

You will instinctively appreciate the quality of this paper the minute you look at it. You only have to use it once to know the satisfaction your friends and relatives will get when they receive your letter. Of course, you’re going to write to them! Today, possibly. Write that letter on Eaton’s Highland Vellum. Obtainable wherever fine stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON’S

HIGHLAND VELLUM

HIGHLAND LINEN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Exposed the Hollywood Orgy

CONTINUED

...bravos, the spirits of ammonia, the straight-jacket and the extra clips of ammunition, and we were set.

Promptly at nine the Caesarian chariot rolled up, and at nine-fifteen we were set down on top of one of Hollywood's fifty-seven hills, among the mumbling yuccas.

I must admit we were a little taken aback to find many guests assembled, because in the tame and decadent East, revellers don't get up till eight-thirty in the evening.

But I let it go, and began making friendly passes at the girls, in my exuberant, boyish way.

"Pat," hissed Caesar, "that's out."

There, in a corner, lurked the superlative Estelle Taylor, dressed in white spanx and red shoes.

CARMEL MYERS arrived with the new spouse, Marjorie Daw and Myron Selznick, newswpys and very serious about it, came early. So did Director Hill Howard and his wife, and Judito Lamacne, twenty-one-year-old son of the Universal Range, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason, dragging their six-foot youngster, Russell, arrived in a cloud of nifties. In a corner (Estelle's) crouched Louis Ferdinand, second son of the former crown prince of Germany.

The old Hohnenkorns must! And in came Frank Fay and Hal Skelly, two of New York's favorite sons, to lend that raillery Hollywood touch.

It was perfect.

"Well," I said to myself, clutching the old derriere family. "This is it—the real dewberries. Hey, and also Hey! Get purple! Let's see that old stuff. When does the unveling begin? Leave us have a look at the hooch-kooch!"

Then, with a crash like a spider falling on a flannel cake, the orgy began!

At this point I must confess that things get a little confused in my mind.

I seem to remember that, off in their corner, the unhorsed prince was telling Lulie Beil Taylor a long, rambling story of his life, in what was either rotten English or passable Hoch Deutsch.

It seems to me that Mother and Mr. Selznick had a long and inconclusive argument on the relative merits of "Alibi" and "The Broadway Melody," as if they could be compared or anyone cared a hoot—even a Hoot Gibson.

It seems to me that Caesar went around baying, and that Wise Cracker Fay said nothing all evening, and that Miss Myers and the boy friend held hands with all the eloquence of a Harpo Marx, and that Dora Caesar passed vittles. And I am certain that, after inspecting Mr. Gleason's whoopee sock, I engaged him in a long and unimportant discussion of the motion picture industry, its cause and cure.

The other guests simply rolled up their shirts, put on their paddles, chose sides and talked about talkies.

My brain was reeling with the unrestrained lavender passion of it all. Momentarily I expected some snappy charades, or a lascivious session at parchesi.

After years and years of toil, if there had been a clock, it would have struck twelve and knocked it down for a count of twenty.

The guests, as if by pre-arrangement, yawned.

Then they arose, en masse, and stretched, in regular seven-inch timing.

"Well, I have a couple of sequences to write in the morning," said Mr. Gleason, and, whistling his little fock to heel, reeled into the night. The other guests, like wraiths, followed.

"Arthur," I said, my brain afire, "it's been nice to meet all these lovely people. Now when does the sin start?"

"Sin?" said Caesar. "What sin? This is all there is. Now, if you'll excuse me, I punch the time clock at nine tomorrow. See you in church! Good night!"

I SLEPT all the way home in the car.

"Well, Mother," I said at the door of the inn, "I think you talked a good safe draw with Selznick. Do you suppose there's a good debate on tonight, or a New Thought lecture, or perhaps a snappy lying-in-state?"

You may think I'm clowing about all this, but I'm not—much, with all due regard to a very lovely party at the Caesars', whom I adore, especially Dora.

Hollywood works too hard to monkey around all night over a bottle. The boys and girls are on the set bright and early, especially butler and lady's maid.

All the party talk is of pictures and picture people.

One good wise crack is a marvelous batting average for an evening of Hollywood debauchery, and it's a wise gag that knows its own father out there.

Then, too, it's hard to win with. All the liquor tastes alike, though it has different labels. Namely, it tastes terrible. If you are asked which you prefer—Scotch, rye or gin—say brandy. It will taste just like all the rest, anyway.

So, young people, be reconciled to your old-fashioned Eastern sin, with its fights, arguments, brawls and games of post-office and spirit the gain. Mother, keep the kiddies away from Hollywood.

First, they may be talked to death. Second, they'll get to bed so early they won't be able to sleep papa and mama.

And this is fierce training for a career of passionate purple sin!

Filmland's Royal Family

CONTINUED

is a virile strain in the Fairbanks men that they should make two women adore them so and that they should so completely change the lives of their women.

Doug, Sr., laid the gifts of the world at Mary's little feet. He brought kings and queens and ambassadors to her door, while his son brought racer gifts to the Winter Garden show girl, Lucille Le Sueur. He gave to her an artist's appreciation.

Mind you, Joan had latent within her the desire for and appreciation of his gifts. And she has given him the honor that it due.

They have stopped going to all the openings.

"We got tired of thinking up clever things to say over the radio," says Doug. "But it was more than that.

They prefer to see a picture after the fanfare is over, when they can wear sweaters and can arrive without being stopped by autograph seekers.

Joan has given less time to undignified publicity. As Garbo did when she found herself a star, as Norma Shearer has done. As all the rest.

THE Fairbanks name has been a handicap to us in many ways," says Joan. "I adore Dodo's father and Mary. We used to go to Pickfair almost every Sunday afternoon before we were married. But we go there less now than many other of their friends, because we WON'T be hangers-on.

"Oh, we've seen too much of the people who are thrilled to imbecility at an invitation to Pickfair.

"We've seen too much of the chislers who simply exploit Uncle Douglas and Mary for their own purposes.

"So we go to the parties to which we are invited for ourselves alone."

"You see," says Doug, "Dad and Mary have built up their own dynasty. They weren't born that way, you know. They have made their own fame.

VERY well, we, Joan and Doug, have severed from that union. We will build our own.

"We will begin the Crawford-Fairbanks tradition, rather than trade on the Pickford-Fairbanks one."

"We've got a lot to live up to. But it concerns ourselves. We've got our own way to make."

"The main thing is to keep our marriage a perfect thing."

"That ambition is much keener with us than any hope of mere professional success."

"We're not going to let the talk bother us. So much of it has been untrue, anyhow. They said that my entire family objected to Joan."

Dad was always crazy about her. They used to romp around this house long before we were married. And mother—well, she did object for awhile but even that's been straightened out. She and her husband, Jack Whiting, are spending their honeymoon here with us!"

The folks at Pickfair are immensely proud of the restrained, conservative lives their children lead, but they have never in any way interfered with the running of their lives.

The youngsters have upheld the tradition unknowingly. Or, perhaps, as they wish, they have built up their own tradition.

Certainly the most demanding of families could discover no signs of a solitary chorus girl life at "El Jode."

JOAN's friends are not the rostering bunch who used to feed on her generosity. Her clothes, her manners and her speech become the Fairbanks name. But—it's not because she is the wife of a Fairbanks. It's because she's Joan Crawford, whose early, haphazard days were only a training school for the woman Joan.

Had she married Mike Cudahy her life would have been different. Emotional, artistic. But she and Doug are suited. They are completely happy together.
"I've found my affinity"

says SUE CAROL

"Perfumes . . . I'd haunted the perfume counter for months, trying to find one I really liked . . . Sweet . . . sad . . . demure . . . languorous . . . oh, there were all kinds there, except one for me . . . And then . . . one day . . . I found such a modern little flacon . . . 'it looks like it might be' . . . ! I said, half doubtfully . . . And it was . . . my very own dreams, come true at last, in a fragrance . . . I knew then and there . . . SEVENTEEN was my affinity!"

For modern you . . .

a new perfume . . .

SEVENTEEN

For you . . . goddess of a new age . . . a perfume which is the very soul of you!

Seventeen is young . . . with your own eternal youth. Seventeen is daring . . . demure . . . different as you are from everything that has ever had its being in this world till now!

Seventeen is your delightful self . . . whispering your own keen ecstacies, your own flashing charms, your own laughing challenge to things of other eras . . . it is a poem of fragrance . . . made to say . . . the inmost thoughts of you!

Try Seventeen today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with Seventeen! The Perfume, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the Powder so new and smart in shadings . . . the Toilet Water, like a caress . . . the fairy-line Dusting Powder for after-bathing luxury . . . and the Talc . . . the Sachet . . . two kinds of Brilliantine . . . and the Compact, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!
The Preference of "Our Modern Maidens"

"My Priscilla Wedding Ring is my most cherished possession."

Joan Crawford

It is only natural that such a notable star as Joan Crawford would choose her personal jewelry with discriminating taste and care—especially her wedding ring. So in a Priscilla Wedding Ring, Miss Crawford found all of the exquisite beauty, modern style, and quality appearance to exactly suit her taste. This quality leadership of Priscilla Wedding Rings and Priscilla Standardized Diamond Rings is the reason for the outstanding popularity of Priscilla Jewelry.

Priscilla Wedding Rings, platinum encased by the famous Bek process, have all of the rich appearance of pure platinum, yet retail at a price so low as $16. Priscilla Standardized Diamond Rings are the most exquisite creations of the craftsman's art. Designs of the most intriguing beauty set with perfect stones at prices to suit every purse. Ask your jeweler to show you these super-quality rings. In choosing Priscilla Jewelry you are assured of the highest quality by the name it bears.

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Priscilla Jewelry

Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Rings have all of the quality appearance of pure platinum, yet retail for $16.

Priscilla Standardized Diamond Rings are preferred for their superb quality and exquisite settings.

Wedding scene in "Our Modern Maidens" produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
elephants in their native Indian haunts were matched onto the film, and everybody in the industry wondered what had happened. Even in those days sets were built in perspective, giving the effect of distance. The town was ages two years ago when Murnau built in perspective. The idea came to use after the time of the German director Raymond Cannon, now a Fox director, played twenty different parts in "The Ad

venture of Kathlyn." Frank Grandon, who directed, died very recently.

WHILE shooting was still in progress on the later episodes of "Kathlyn," Colonel Selig began production on "The Spookers," a feature which was to make a great fortune. The high point of "The Spookers," of course, was the famous fight between Thomas Santschi and William Farnum. Before, screen fights had been faked, but there was no fake about this one. Before the battle was over Santschi and Farnum were both so fighting mad that they forgot the camera. Kathlyn Eyton, then gloriously beautiful, with her vivid red hair, was the heroine.

Rivalry developed between Kathlyn Eyton and Kathryn Williams. They strove for the best performances. Strange it was, for Kathlyn was then the wife of Charles Eyton. Now Kathryn Williams is his wife. Kathryn Williams made a brief comeback in "Our Dancing Daughters." When Garson took over the studio he was trying heroically to keep Clara Kimball Young on the ladder of fame. She was putting on weight at an alarming pace, and Garson used to watch her diet with anxious eyes.

This same studio brought financial disaster to Marshall Neilan. He purchased it for $300,000. Blanche Sweet, his wife, invested $50,000. Today it couldn’t be sold for a third of that. He made three pictures that were too successful. "Diplomacy" was the last picture Blanche Sweet ever made in America.

The old Metro studio stands on its narrow, quiet street—the gray stone of its walls. One day a beehive of activity—the next deserted, never to be used again.

There are some people who say that it is haunted. Certainly a trail of devastation of those who worked there, and most certainly it looks as if it might well be haunted. Windows boarded up, doors barred, cracked paint, and overman over it all the damp, all-pervading smell of dust.

Yet, once, Metro was most imposing and romantic. There was a day when the colonial pillars were glistening white. Through the studio gates, barred by a rusted iron rope, rode the most glamorous stars ever seen.

IT was here that Rex Ingram made "The Four Horsemen," and in it appeared the greatest lover the screen has ever known or ever will know, Rudolph Valentino, a happy boy with sparkling, dark eyes. Jane Mathis, one of the greatest of scenarioists, had her office in a front wing. A crumbling ruin of "The Four Horsemen" set still stands.

In the same studio was made "The Prisoner of Zenda." Two new people were seen in that, too. Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro. Ramon kept a piano in his dressing room and would practice singing and dancing between scenes. Now Barbara is dead. Ramon, of all those Metro stars, is the only one to retain his place in after years.

Lionel Barrymore deserted the grease paint to become a director. But Director Robert Z. Leonard picked up the discarded make-up box and he back to it. Only temporarily, of course.

Leonard plays a doughboy bit in "Marianne," Marion Davies’ new starring picture for M-G-M which he also directed.

All part of brilliant old Metro. No wonder people say that it is haunted. Over it hangs shadows, the shadows of "The Four Horsemen."

Near the much grander Metro was the friendly little place where Buster Keaton made many of his most successful comedies. It was informal and rowdy, overrun by gag men and numerous visiting friends.

In one day it was romantic, a kaleidoscope of color and action. The Pacific and the mountains were its boundaries.

One structure still stands today of the many that used to cluster up the hillside. It is a little weather-beaten church, built for the wedding in "Peggy." Remember? The star was Hilde Barke, and it was a great event when the red-headed actress, the toast of Broadway, came way out to Inceville! Robert Brunton was the designer of the church, long before he built the Brunton studios. Now he is dead, and the church is his monument.

It was in this isolated location that Thomas Ince built his career, before he created the beautiful studio in Culver City, a close replica of Washington’s home at Mt. Vernon. Ince had always dreamed of having a studio just like it. He built it—and died.

You haven’t forgotten Inceville if you knew the California of ten and fifteen years ago. A road leading from Santa Monica, choked with dust in summer, and impassable with mud in winter. On rainy days everyone used to ride horseback from the Japanese fishing village, where the car line ended. John Gilbert was one of the riders. Ince believed that John was a good actor, but did not think him cast of heroic material.

Dorothy Dalton became famous in "The Flame of the Yukon," made here, and Louise Glaser saved her peacock feathers and laced mo shoes on to destruction (for the cinema only). A bashful boy named Charles Ray came to attention in a Frank Keenan picture, "The Coward," William S. Hart, the two-gun man, strode through the Western streets. Kathlyn Barriscale was the big star.

Now all that is left of Inceville is the "Peggy" church and the old film vault. The old church is now a small store and dress equip- ment, with fine Mediterranean houses replacing the sets. Most of the stars of that studio have disappeared. Only John Gilbert, the most dubious possibility at that time, is a reigning star.

Before Louis B. Mayer joined Metro-Goldwyn he produced in his own company on the lot of Los Angeles, now adjoining the Selig Zoo. This small but impressive Norman-French building is deserted now. Things were enlisted at the Mayer Studio when the anim- al cage was at the zoo.

Anita Stewart, highly paid, was the greatest star of the lot. Norma Shearer had her first real acting opportunities on this lot, and, occasionally, Barbara La Marr worked as an extra.

THE Paramount studio today is a greatly improved version of the Brunton studios of yesterday, then considered very swank. Brunton was a rent studio. Mary Pickford was making "Pollyanna" at the time Douglas Fairbanks was producing across the street at Clune’s, now Tec-Art. Busy Melrose Avenue was then a dusty, country road, lined with great eucalyptus trees. It was there that Benjamin Harepton, who later married the beautiful Claire Adams, made his pictures. The street car line ended blocks down the street in Western Avenue, and it was necessary to trudge that long distance, rain or shine. The only café in the neighborhood was a hot dog stand. There was a bar down on Western Avenue if stronger fortification was necessary. Clune was a great name in those days. He had produced the first "Ramona." He also owned the two most important downtown theaters. It was at his Auditorium, now the Philharmonic, that "The Birth of a Nation" had its world’s premiere.

Much later, Fred Niblo produced "Strangers
New Personal Belt

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift."

Price $1

Three lovely ladies of the cinema? No, only one. Marilyn Miller, as radiant a maiden as ever drew cheers instead of sneers from a Broadway first night audience, is shown here with her two sisters, Mrs. John Sweeney, of Glencoo, Ill., and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, of Boston. Marilyn has just finished recreating her famous rôle in "Sally" for the talking screen.
April Showers Talc 25¢
April Showers Dusting Powder $1.00

Eternally enchanting is APRIL SHOWERS Talc—for its soft, refreshing smoothness is further graced with the elusive perfume of rain-caressed flowers—the secret glamorous fragrance of a perfect Paris Spring—April Showers (Ondees d'Avril).

CHERAMY Paris
380 RUE ST. HONORE
Ten Years Ago in Photoplay

This month, November of 1919, the learned editor estimates and tabulates the standings of our movie idols in the light of their pictures of the past year. And these are some of the results—

Charles Ray and Wally Reid are neck and neck as chief male favorites, with Ray given the edge because he is a pet of men, women and children, while Wally's appeal is chiefly to women—says the editor.

Dick Bartholomew is miles ahead of the other juveniles, but Winslow Ford and Tom Forman are very hot, too.

Tom Meighan tops all established leading men by his work in three mighty films—"The Miracle Man," "Male and Female," and "Peg O' My Heart." Eugene O'Brien heads the great lovers, Frank Keenan the character actors, Bill Hart the Westerners, and Chaplin is unique among comedies. Bushman, Earle Williams, Henry Walthall, Warren Kerrigan—slipping.

Mary Pickford is still queen of the movies, says the ed.

Nazimova is the odd bird of peculiar plumage. Lilian Gish is superb and alone—regarded as a sort of Bernhardt by the fans. Mary Miles Minter has a great future (if he could have only known her tragedies ahead!). Norma Talmadge has held her rank as queen bee of the emotional actresses.

Of the ingenues, Viola Dana is the year's big winner, with Margaret Clark sliding and Alice Brady coming. Dorothy Gish, too, is unique—considered our first comedienne and a female Chaplin.

Dorothy Dalton (now Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein) is the ace vamp of the year, with Theda Bara already history, and Louise Glaum disappearing.

Corinne Griffith is advancing. Gloria Swanson has a prominent and solitary place in her sophisticated De Mille dramas. Priscilla Dean is a bright possibility. Betty Compson is causing lots of favorable talk.

For the others, they hold their places, and that's all.

Nineteen nineteen! Count up the stars of 1929 who have fought through. And think of those who have faded and fallen from Heaven.

Our big story this month is about the Fernam boys, Bill and Dustin. A beautiful love held them all their lives. Both stars of the stage and of the screen, there was never a trace of jealousy or distrust. They stirred together on the stage in "The Littlest Rebel," with little Mary Miles Minter, and were tremendously successful.

"Dusty" died in 1919, in the fifties, and his brother and his widow, Winifred Kingston of the older films, were his chief mourners. A grand family of fine men, true brothers and good actors.

A page of pictures of Doug Fairbanks wrestling with a heavy gentleman called "Ball" Montana. . . A swell story of pretty Pauline Starke, of which she found fault. They called her "Stubb-Nose" in 1919! . . . Whoa! Here's the gal I loved in 1919. Gloria Hope was her name, and she was almost too pretty to be true, and she appeared with Jack Pickford in "Bill Apperson's Boy." Now she's Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, and a happy wife and mamma. Heigho! That's life in the raw! . . . A nice piece on Frank Keenan. Even then they called him "The Grand Old Man," and that before dear Theodore Roberts got the title . . . Elaine Hammerstein—story and pictures. Elaine—Elaine. Almost gone from memory now, and how popular she was ten years ago! . . . Hedda Hopper rates a story, too.Only last night I saw her in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." . . . Pictures of Rio Larruche when he was an Essanay comic.

We use "The Miracle Man" in fiction form this month, all illustrated with stills from the history-making film.


This is the month of the tell of the tragic accident to Harold Lloyd—how, in his two red comedy days, he was lacerated and almost blinded by the premature explosion of a trick bomb. But we are glad to say that doctors now relate that his eyes won't be permanently hurt, and that he is already planning new films.

Jack Pickford has signed a new three-year contract with Goldwyn . . . Elliott Dexter is back at work after four months' illness . . . Jack Holt is going to play in "Treasure Island" and so is Shirley Mason . . . Lois Wilson has signed with Lasky . . . Eileen Percy has just married Ulrich Busch . . . Lila Lee is in the East on a vacation . . . Mary Pickford is setting herself to play Pollyanna for the films.

Athalie K. Thomasville . . . Yes, the Irish Mary Fuller would come back, too . . . You want a photo of Sessue Hayakawa? Be patient. Harrison Ford, I believe, has been married. Mac Murray is Mrs. Bob Leonard. You're quite welcome!

The announcement of the winners of Cut Picture Puzzle Contest will appear in the January Photoplay, on sale about December 10.
They *knew* what they wanted

Several years ago a play with this title was popular. A tale it told, of life in the vineyards of California—and how the members of a little household there solved their problem of domestic happiness because they had the good fortune to *know what they wanted*.

Today successful housewives everywhere are solving the problems of housekeeping—simply, easily, happily—by *knowing what they want* before they start out to buy. And knowing what they want isn’t a matter of good fortune. It’s a matter of foresight and forethought.

They read the advertisements—regularly, thoroughly! They save hours of shopping time by having their minds made up before they begin to buy. They know quality brands, comparative values, dependable merchandise. They don’t waste time and risk money in investigating “unknowns” and “just-as-goods.”

When a manufacturer places himself on record in the printed page, he is forced to guarantee you consistent quality and service—or the disapproval of millions quickly forces him out of the market. Advertised goods are reliable. Read the advertisements. *Know what you want* before you spend a cent.

*Reading the advertisements is an important part of successfully managing a home.*
bad news for cavemen

You be-men—here is bad news! Prepare to meet your fate. For a perfume has been developed which is deadly to the great big strong man. One sniff of it and you have that irresistible impulse to take her in your arms. So beware!

But you, dear ladies, we will say just this: This scent is called Deja le Printemps—Breath of Spring. Perfume experts at home and in France are talking about it. Women are asking one another what it is. And even the obdurate male who prides himself on hating perfumes is taking one breath of it and murmuring, "You were never so lovely as tonight, my dear."

It is so simple, so innocent, yet so enchanting.

Wouldn't you like to know at first hand what this new mode is? To make that easy and convenient for you, we have prepared a special purse-size bottle which we will send you for only 10c. It is packed and sealed in France, and is ample for 15 days' use. It should sell for a substantial sum more, and we can send only one to a customer (there are larger bottles in the stores at $3.50 and up). So use the coupon and learn about Deja before everyone else knows about it, too.

deja LE PRINTEMPS
"breath of spring"

MADE IN FRANCE BY ORIZA L. LEGRAND

Gossip of All the Studios

(continued from page 81)

time to tell the local news hounds that she had no intention of divorcing Tom.

DO you remember Joe Cobb, the little fatty of the Hal Roach, "Our Gang" comedies? Well, Joe has said a tearful farewell to his playmates. He's not gonna be no pitcher no more. At least, not in "Our Gang" comedies. The new fatty is named Norman Chaney, and is no relation to Lon.

Norman is nine and weighs 160 pounds. He's never heard of lamb chops and pineapples.

IN case you haven't been able to eat your rolled oats from wondering if Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer, her former leading man on Broadway, are married or not, you can settle back and rest easily.

They were married at Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., several months ago. Gilda Gray, the queen of the slimmes, was matron of honor, and Bruce Bairnsfather, British cartoonist, was witness. Lenore is making a moon pitcher at Fox, and bubbly puts on the grease paint these days at First National.

Hollywood has been on pins and needles for weeks as to the exact state of their romance. But then Hollywood just loves to be on pins and needles.

THE old chestnut about the stolen "jools" is with us again. It seems that Clara Bow's watch has been having a bad time. Anyway, it is reported missing. Clara wants it back. It is just a simple, little platinum wrist watch, set with thirty-eight diamonds and ten sapphires.

Clara probably wants it back because it kept better time than the family alarm clock.

STANDING by the Post Office window at Paramount, we heard Hal Skelly make the following inquiry: "Is there any mail this morning for Nancy Carroll's youngest and handsomest juvenile lead, Hal Skelly?"

SOME of the best sound effects in the movies are being obtained these days by accident. For instance, Bill Boyd threw a handful of peanut shells on a bass drum. They did a loud tattoo on the drum head.

"What's that?" asked the director, sitting close by with ears well cocked.

"Peanuts, your eye," countered the director. "It's the airplane effect we've been looking for."

A few aspirin tablets and a pair of dice were added to the peanut shells, and the whole works was an electric fan. Thus a sound effect that had been bothering the technical department of "High Voltage" for two weeks was solved.

THE rage for opening restaurants in Hollywood roars right along, grape fruity diets to the contrary.

Now Virginia Brown Faire has gone and done it. Her new eating house is called The Cafe D'Alejandro, and her mother, a native of Italy, will preside.

Nothing like a little good old fashioned spagetti to offset this starvation mania.

THOSE sterling athletes, Jobyna Raistin and Richard Arlen, have made their front lawn into a croquet court.

The tennis racquets and golf clubs are being used for potato mashers and curtain rods respectively.

Croquet is king and is being taken very seriously by the Mayor and Mayoress of Tolula Lake Park.

Pin Money For Our Readers

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representaives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you. Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

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I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
NO one ever remembers the good girls, but the ladies with no futures, but, oh! what parts, go on forever.

The naughty DuBarry is going to make things tough for the King of France all over again. This time Norma Talmadge will be the fascinating courtesan of the royal court.

Pola Negri and Theda Bara have both essayed the rôle in the old silent days. DuBarry will spic this time, of course.

JUST another of those little real life stories that wrack your frame with great dry sobs.

Mike Boylan, Fox dialogue writer, had a special, all-white automobile, the pride and joy of his life. It was the only specimen of the kind in town.

Along came Stepin Fetchit with an exact ditto! Now Mike is driving an all-blue car, and grumbling about it.

INTELLIGENTZIA please note. Aileen Pringle is returning to the screen. Mary Prevost was to have played the leading rôle in "Ringside" with Hugh Trevor.

She acquired an abscess in her ear (maybe from listening to too many "yes-men"). So Aileen's playing the part and the fact that young Trevor is the gentleman in the case reminds us that Pringle is still going around places with him.

IT must have been an awful blow to Phil Vance William Powell, but a few hours after he visited the Los Angeles United Artists Theater thieves broke in and appropriated $15,000 from the safe. The theater thinks maybe Sherlock Holmes should be called in if that's the best Phil Vance can do.

REMEMBER the dignified Harry F. Morey who used to beau around with Anita Stewart and other gals in the old days of Vitagraph?

Well, Morey is now playing his first talking rôle as the arch-criminal in Paramount's "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr., and the "little woman," Joan Crawford, are entertaining another pair of newlyweds, Beth Sully Whiting, and Mister Whiting.

Whenever I cross the continent I look forward to the comfort and relaxation I experience on the "Golden State Limited." The attendants seem to feel such a sense of personal responsibility for your welfare that your pleasure is never marred for a moment.

Mary Bancroft

Fast and fine—no extra fare!

"Golden State Limited"

Southern Pacific  Rock Island

Convenient ticket offices—6768 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 212 West 7th, Los Angeles; 531 Fifth Ave., New York; 33 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
In this case doesn't mean all that it should to you, Beth Sully Whiting is Doug, Jr.'s, ma, recently married to a New York musical comedy leading man.

Both sets of honeymooners were married in New York in June.

**Herr Max Schmeling, the German contender for the heavyweight championship, had just one wish when he arrived in Los Angeles.**

He didn't want to see the City Hall, and he didn't want to see the Pacific Fleet in the harbor. He wanted to see Clara Bow work. Clara not only obliged him, but boxed a round with him as well. There was a cameraman handy, of course.

Incidentally, Herr Schmeling looks a great deal like Jack Dempsey, which gives the German fighter no end of satisfaction.

**Mary Doran wins the Pulitzer Prize for something or other.**

During the past two months her hair has changed color three times. It's been black, red and blonde.

**Hollywood gets 'em all sooner or later, flagpole sitters, the man who wrote the prayer on a pinhead, and all the really smart murders.**

The latest celebrity in this fair city is Augusto Flores, nineteen year old Peruvian boy scout who walked 21,000 miles to satisfy his curiosity, (Peru papers please copy.) Gosh, what if he had been disappointed when he got here?

Young Flores set out from Buenos Aires for the United States on July 11, 1926. He forded rivers and tramped through the malaria infected swamps. Two boys who set out with him died enroute. Now he's writing a book.

**Ruth Elder's ex-husband, Lyle E. Womack, manages a fox farm near Los Angeles while Ruth dances and dines in the film colony.** They have never seen each other since their divorce. Womack wanted a little house for a wife. He wanted her in the kitchen and not in the clouds.

"I like my new work," he said. "It's a darn sight easier to tame foxes than it is to tame a woman."

If the Crawford-Fairbanks savings account doesn't grow as fast as it should the fault is sentiment. Joan and Doug were married on a Monday. That makes every Monday an anniversary. Anniversaries mean presents.

And what presents! Joan gave Doug a new car. He gave her a fur coat. She gave him a gorgeous etching. He presented her with a lace negligee. And on and on and on. And there's none stopping them.

"For the rest of our lives we're going to hold Monday sacred," announced Doug.

"And we're going to exchange gifts," Joan added.

**Wallace Macdonald** is playing a ghost in Evelyn Brent's first starring picture, "Darkened Rooms."

Louis Gasnier, the director, signaled for the scene to begin.

"Wait a minute," bawled Wally, frantically.

"What's the matter?" asked Gasnier.

"The ghost has to powder his nose," was the answer.

**John Francis Dillon's four-year-old son was spotted on one of the First National sound stages where Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was making "Fast Life."**

In the scene young Doug and Ray Hallor fight for the gun. At last Hallor says, "You don't dare shoot. You're afraid."

Just that dramatic moment, the kid shouted, "Aw go on, Doug, shoot him. You ain't afraid. Show him you ain't afraid." It spoiled the best "take."

**Marilyn Miller** is an exceptionally popular girl at the moment.

Whether or not she will be popular among other stars in Hollywood remains to be seen, because she has established, this week, a precedent that may be expensive if others try to follow in her steps.

On the completion of "Sally" she presented her director, John Francis Dillon, with a solid gold cigarette case. Val Paul, the assistant director, with a solid gold Dunhill lighter; Irv Ross, the script girl, a gold pen and pencil set, and the property man and hairdresser each received a fifty dollar gold piece.

It was all a mistake about Jeanette Loff losing out at Pathe. Truth to tell, she was surprised the studio gave her work in "The Racketeers" that she has been signed on a new and better contract.

It seems that Jeanette has a clear, sweet soprano voice and it looks now as if she will play the lead in "Treasure Girl," the George Gershwin musical comedy, which will be made on a very big scale.

**All right, don't believe this. Call poor old Cal a this and that. But it's true.**

Dick Arlen, all ambitious, was prizing the trees on his Toloca Lake estate. He was carelessly falling on a limb, puffing a Murad, and sawing off a limb.

That's all there is to the yarn. Except for the fact that the limb he amputated was the one he was sitting on. And that's the truth, so help me Dc Mille.

**Renee Adoree and Charlie King met on the set. Charlie was formally introduced to her and complimented her on her screen work.**

Finally Renee said, "Do you remember when you and your sister were playing with the Shuberts in New York and there was a specially dapper lady in the little audience who had just come over from France."

"You bet I do," said Charlie, "she could make the most amazing carvethings. I've often wondered what's become of her."

Renee took a deep bow. "Here she is. The name was Renee Adoree."

**Autograph hunters have ruined more perfectly good evenings for the stars than all the income tax reports in the world.**

This hardly-ever-opening species of fame-hunters, armed with ponderous books and leaking fountain pens, approach each and every star. They find it unnecessary to provide any such introduction as, "Oh yes, you're Mr. Addison Simms. I met you at the lumbermen's convention in Seattle."

A young lady fan came up to Betty Bronson at a Carthay Circle premiere, and demanded an autograph.

Betty, after spilling ink on her evening gown, was about to write her name: "Quick, gimme the book," the fan shrieked.

"I see Greta Garbo."

**Jetta Goudal**, in spite of a long succession of pauly lady roles, is an absolute "totetler," as the happy inebrate explained.

She does not drink, neither does she smoke. To the host who takes his duties seriously her virtues are time to take off the velvet coat.

Not long ago La Goudal was the guest of a well known screen writer.

"May I mix you a highball?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I never drink," answered Jetta politely.

"Do have a cigarette," requested hostie.

"Thank you, I don't smoke."

A bit distressed the gentlelady offered a box of bonbons. No, Jetta never ate candy.

"Well, won't you let me fry an egg?" was the host's last despairing question.
It's an awful temptation to call this "Picture of a Gold Digger"—but we wouldn't do Carol Lombard a dirty trick like that. The little round disc to which Carol is pointing—in defiance of the best Emily Post traditions—is an early California coin, and although its face value is fifty dollars it is now worth $10,000—count 'em.

ONE of the interesting sights at the Beach Club was Irene Rich with her four children, trying to see that they all got an even tan at once.

Yes, I said four.

You know about the two girls, Frances and Jane, but perhaps you don't know that she has two fine stepsons as well, making a very delightful family.

Now that they are all home from school, they are having a happy vacation together.

NOW that it's definitely settled that Colleen Moore will not be parking her bicycle daily in front of First National's choicest bungalow, there's much discussion as to who will now become mistress of said bungalow.

If Corinne Griffith were to take it, that would be an admission that Colleen's had been a little bit better than hers. If it is given to Billie Dove, they will have to build one equally elegant for Dorothy Mackaill and vice versa.

If Dick Barthelmess happened to fancy it, it's not unlikely the pet parcel would go to him. Who says producers don't have their own problems?

AND now Lottie Pickford is shaming the dust of Hollywood from her feet.

She is taking herself and her new husband, Russell O. Gilillard, to the East where they will permanently reside. Perhaps she is wise, for Hollywood seems a difficult place in which to find marital bliss.

Lottie has been married twice before, to Albert Rupp and to Allan Forrest.

BILL HAINES says everybody else has relatives in pictures and there's no reason why he shouldn't. And in a twinkling of an eye he has both his sisters doing a bit in his new picture, "Navy Blues."

Not to be outdone, Clara Bow has her youthful cousin, William, emoting in her present picture. He is a little taller than Clara and shows some signs of the same personality. For that reason he's getting screen credit right off the bat.

IT takes one thing to be a successful motion picture star. It takes something else to be a good chorus girl. If you don't believe it just...
Your Skin is softer and smoother when hair is removed this easy, quick way

"I've never used creams, soaps or beauty lotions that didn't look clean and pure. For that reason I've always been especially partial to Del-a-Tone Cream. It's so snowy-white and safe-looking—and it is safe, too. Del-a-Tone leaves my skin so wonderfully soft and velvety smooth."

Del-a-Tone was the first white cream hair-remover offered to American women. Consequently, it enjoys a tremendous popularity with those fastidious women who demand that their toilet requisites not only be safe and dainty, but that they have the modern quality of being swiftly active and easy to use.

Del-a-Tone Cream, snowy-white, faintly fragrant, doesn't encourage heavier growth. It has advantages found in no other product of its kind. Try it.

SUMMER FASHION NOTE: The languid style is smart and attractive only when the legs are absolutely free of hair. Use Del-a-Tone when going stockinged or wearing sheer chiffon hose—and confirm your personal cleanliness.

Del-a-Tone Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

WHILE! Removes hair in 3 minutes

ask Janet Gaynor. Dance routines in "Sunny Side Up" were too much for her. She got all tuckered out and had to go to bed for a week. Legmanica case now on the mend.

TUI LORRAINE didn't marry and divorce Papa Bow just for the fun of it, nor just for the alimony. She was probably wise enough to know there would be a nice little picture coming just around the corner. At any rate, this is what the Courtlandt Pictures handed her the minute she had her divorce.

This is to be the young-and-the-last sequence of the story, a stage version, thus combining the stage and the screen, which will mean that Tui will travel with the picture, appearing on the stage as a tag ending. You know everybody will want to see Clara Bow's stepmother.

WHEN George Bancroft's first talking picture had its premiere, an enthusiastic reviewer pointed to the fact that here was one silent drama actor who proved that a speaking stage experience was not essential for dialogue pictures.

Only a few short years ago George Bancroft and Octavia Brooks (Mrs. Bancroft) were big time vaudeville headliners and featured in musical comedy.

Reviewers sometimes make mistakes, too.

GLORIA SWANSON is at last fulfilling the ambition of her youth. She has always wanted to sing and her hope had been to become an opera singer. In fact, when she reluctantly accepted her first part with Sennett, it was only because this would be a means to an end. Her subsequent fame in pictures is old history.

Now, in "The Trespasser," she has at last been able to sing. And don't fool yourself, she is one little girl who did her own singing. At least forty members of the press were invited in to hear her do it, so there is no question about it.

Her voice has a fine lyrical quality that will delight her fans.

The unusual kindness shown Marian Nixon by her studio when she announced her engagement will have a very marvelous effect on the industry.

They have given her six months' leave of absence so she can enjoy a honeymoon in Europe, reporting again for work February 1st. This will likely be the last of the one-time marriage. It's all right, no doubt, for her and the other actresses, but it's a little too much for those of us who see the studio work for a living. When the girls return after her honeymoon, they will probably be a lot more desirable as employees.

Marian's well-deserved week-end was a quiet one, taking place at the Belmont Apartments in Chicago where Mr. Hillman's mother resides. Only very near relatives were present.

YOU know something about Mary Eaton's brother, Charles, as an actor. You have heard him talk in "The Ghost Talks" but you would never guess about his hobby. For years he and his brothers, too, have been making miniature metal soldiers.

For years the collection has been growing until now it numbers about seven thousand, all of them wearing authentic uniforms and many are mounted on tiny metal horses.

The boys have made a particular study of the soldiers of the Napoleonic Wars. Charles himself makes all the designs for the moulds of the numerous soldier models. It's good at last to find a player with a different hobby.

THERE are indications that another little girl, who struggled long for recognition, has gone Hollywood.

Armida, the diminutive Mexican dancer, protégé of Gus Edwards, and contact player at M-G-M, has become temperamental. If things don't suit her on the set she walks out until they do. Furthermore it is reported that her mother feels that she should be paid when she is asked to appear as guest of honor at any kind of a public gathering, whether it be for Lindbergh or Hobey Jones.

Let's hope somebody will put her wise before it's too late.

BIG things are brewing for that stormy petrel, Clara Bow, Those who consider her a great potential tragedienne will probably be too excited to sleep with the news that she may play "Madame Sans-Gene." The story is of a pretty French laundress who became a power in the nation.

Clara was also considered for "Zaza" but was declined.

While all these things are brewing Paramount will give their box office a trip on a vacation in Europe. Clara hopes to get a new outlook, a fresh inspiration, or whatever people go to Europe to get.

READING the announcement that John Ford has been chosen to direct Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," I am reminded of what singularly good sense John and Mary Ford have always displayed.

For years they have owned a moderate home at the top of Odin Street. They lived there when John was a coming director and they still have there with all of their added prosperity. They call it their lucky house and they refuse to move even though their friends have gone on to Beverly Hills and Del-Air.

Tom Mix had the same feeling about his home on Carlton Way. It was there that his first great success came to him and he never wanted to leave the place, feeling that his luck would change when he did. And, strangely enough, there is no indication that Tom Mix ever had any real happiness after he moved to the mansion in Beverly Hills.

GLORIA SWANSON's former masseuse, Sylvia, is under contract to Pathé at $250 a week, and all the women players have to visit her once a week and get pummelled and like it.

If they don't see them sent to bed without their gin, or something.

No quantity china and jutting tummies for the Pathé girls. Sylvia is said to pummel a mean body. At least, Carol Lombard says it's the roughest game she's played since her old lacrosse days.

CLARA BOW: DE-OH-DO works by flashes of genius. That is, she refuses to learn her talkie lines but once or twice and then when a Russian or Slavish study would take all the spontaneity out of her strutting. A couple of minutes before her scene she says the line once or twice and then maps them out in the mule the way she thinks she should be said. Yes, and what about the other poor actors, trying to catch a cue on the first bounces? "They just have to follow me," says the pride of the Bow tribe. "I can't work any other way. Rehearsals smp my pep.

Sure. And if any directors are found dead with gas tubes in their mouths, old Cal, for one, will know whom to blame.

NEWS from the European front says that it will be a long time before Hollywood gets another look at the sparkling black eyes of little Louise Brooks.

Surely the microphone turned American pictures sour on her, Louise lit out for abroad. She clicked smartly in a film called "The Box of Pandora," and is now acting out in "The Diary of a Fallen Woman" which title will be too hot a potato for American screens.

Plenty work, and no pestiferous miles, and a little something in the envelope each and every week.

A CROWD of actors and would-be actors stood in front of a Hollywood boulevard delicatessen foundry the other day and all were roaring with laughter.
Old Cal, who likes his guffaws as well as the next, pushed through the crowd to see what all the howling was for.

"It was just a sign in the window, and it read—"

"Only the best Eastern hams used." I'm going to steal it and stick it on the door of a movie casting office.

"ALL, you girls go to lunch!" barked Director Chuck Reisner on the "Road Show" set.

Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and a crowd of little chorus girls made a bolt for the commissary.

"What?" yelled Reisner. "I said GIRLS!"

And Polly and Marie came meekly back to the treadmill.

HOT or cold, schedule or no schedule, the work stops on the "Disraeli" set at Warners' every day at four P.M.

The cast is all-English, and if it doesn't have its tea right on the dot it goes sulky and bally and drops its stitches.

The olong is brought on the set by George Arliss' High Church valet. An hour later, rain or shine, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss call it a day, knock off and go home.

What elegant English atmosphere. The spat buttons are agleam, and the brogues are so thick they get in your hair.

WHEN Jimmy Gleason, famous author-actor now a hit in pictures, was on the New York stage, his only exercise was walking from manager to manager.

Now, the owner of the largest outdoor pool in Hollywood and a regular go-to-thunder sportsman, Jim is so brown that he looks like a particularly fine piece of old mahogany.

In fact, he says that when he goes back to New York for a visit he will have to wear a sign reading "James Gleason, Caucasian."

BEENY Rubin, the two-handed, two-reel star of Universal, is making a collection of letters from a Jewish Merchant to his Son, and here is the first:

"Ikies, how many times bef I tol' you not to play vit matches in the street! Ef you must play vit matches, come in the store."

Sir Gilbert Parker. The distinguished novelist, who is a dead ringer for King Edward, has made a secret affiliation with one of the Hollywood studios. This intrigue, no doubt, is intended to give weight to the kingly resemblance

SUE CAROL, Junior Fox Star, favors Allen-A Hosiery, found in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop. Fifth Ave. at 38th St. — and other New York Stores — and at Allen-A dealers the country over.

NEW shapeliness of leg, Screen Stars have found, is gained with an ultra-modern hose by Allen-A.

...It has a charming "Tipt Picot Top". An exclusive Panelcurve or Pointed Heel. In either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. The shades are the very newest and smartest. ... Ask for the "4000" style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles from $1.50 to $2.50. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.
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FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

**FELLOWS' SYRUP**

**THE TONIC**

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---

"Not even a little kiss?" he asked, surprised. He could count on the fingers of one hand all the hard-to-kiss babies he had ever encountered. "Why I thought you were a live little number."

"Yea? Well you can just check that funny idea, big boy. I may look hot—but believe me I keep plenty cool!"

But inside the cheaply furnished single, which she shared with another girl, she did not feel so cool. She was aware of a peculiar sensation somewhere around her diaphragm, as though the cheese sandwich might have parked itself there. She stepped out of the one-piece dress, kicked off her pumps and peeled off her stockings.

"The fresh thing," she was thinking. "Thought I was easy, did he? Well, I'll show him. Not."

But later, while she was smearing her face with cold cream: "Gee, he had a sweet looking mouth—"

When she came out of the stage door the following night, she thought, he might have been an opposite to the show case of roast chickens and Danish pastry.

"Gee, you're a peach to do that."

He took the whole blue envelope on the corner of which was written in a little girl scrawl: "Introducing Mr. Delancy."

She hoped he wouldn't think she was crazy about him just because she had sort of talked him up to Bernstein. It was all business with her, she assured herself.

"When they make a star out of you, you can send me an autographed picture," she kidded.

"Say, I'll do better than that. I'll give you one right now."

With a swift stroke he drew a caricature of himself on the back of the note and signed it, "Love and kisses from Jack Delancy."

"How's that?" he asked as he presented it to her with a grand gesture.

"Swell!"

On Thursday night Billie closed at the Algiers. She was booked over West Coast time, and her next jump was Frisco. Jack took her to the train. As the porter shouted "All Aboard," a sudden silence fell between them.

"Well—goodbye." She held out her hand and lifted her mouth expectantly.

"So long, he intimated for her to appreciate that letter—" He lifted her onto the step and the porter swung her suitcase aside.

It was not until she was waving to him from the window that she was aware that her heart was behaving very queerly.

"Well, imagine me falling for him," washer thought as the train crawled out of the station. Girl-like, she felt cheated because he had not kissed her goodbye.

Life, she decided philosophically, was certainly funny. You called yourself hard-boiled and turned a deaf ear to the fifty-six varieties of hot apple sauce that people tried to hand you; then along came a fresh kid like this Delancy person and suddenly you weren't hard-boiled at all.

"Why he's just a ham," an inner voice said.

"Suppose he is," she answered back. "He has to start somewhere."

Billie played Frisco, Portland, Seattle, then looped down to Salt Lake. Here she received a much forwarded post card on which was written:

Bernstein's a smart egg. Gave me a job to play with Dayne. It won't be long now.

She was thrilled as though it had been a Folies contract for herself. She wired congratulations, but received no answer. The company must be on location, she decided. But the following books failed to bring the letter she had expected. Oh, well, the thing to do was to forget him. Why clutter up her mind with schoolgirl memories? She had her own career to think about. She had time to bother with his. Still, she read all the movie magazines religiously, hoping to find some news of him.

She was still in Kansas City, Des Moines, Chicago. Chicago liked her and kept her four weeks. On the strength of this she had an offer from Pubbix, which took her to New York. It was more than just her first appearance on Broadway. It was the realization of a dream that had begun when she had gone on a small-time theater in Alhambra, California, amateur night, in her way to rehearse her lesson in the lobby to look at the billling. The name of Odette Dayne was plastered all over the place. Billie paused before the framed four sheet where the photographed scenes from the feature picture were on display. Then suddenly her heart skyrocketed toward her throat and she forgot all about looking for her own picture. That before her, in his arms the beautiful Odette Dayne, was the former sheik of the Algeria.

"Well, can you tie that?" she said to the little adagio dancer who was with her.

"What?"

"Why—that boy there with Dayne. He was just a ham. I got him his first chance—"

"Hurt? Well you sure picked something when you picked him. I caught the picture last night. Believe me, that boy's got IT—and how! Gee, it was cute the way he handled her." Billie caught the picture a few minutes ago. When the name of Jack Delancy flashed across the screen, her heart beat faster. With each reel its tempo increased. By the time the fadeout was reached and the blonde Odette cuddled contentedly in the hero's arms, it was beating a mad tattoo against her ribs. A sudden indescribable longing which she had never before admitted swept over her as the camera of memory hurried back to that moonlight night when he had said, "Not even a little kiss!"

"Funny how you never knew what you wanted until it was too late to get it."

When she went on for the next show there was a new note in the low, throaty voice which sobbed across the footlights:

I had a lovin' man.

He was such a lovin' man.

And when he went away

The sun was now.

If only he'd come back to me—

The sentimental words of the song seemed to echo the disturbing ache which had crept into her heart. When she finished, the house was silent. They couldn't get enough of her. She had to sing the chorus over and over again. For the first time in her life, the little Blue Skies Stocking girls were piling into her. She could not say enough about their kind.

"A gentleman to see you," the doorman called to her as she hurried to her dressing room. "Name's Bernstein."

"Bernie?" she exclaimed excitedly. "I thought you were in Hollywood."

"Five days ago I was. Say, Billie, I just caught your act." He got down to business immediately. "You sure tied up the show."
"Weren't they marvelous to me?"
"You had it coming to you. I'm here to sign up some new talent. How'd you like to do a talkie for us?"
"Oh, gee, Bernie. Do you think this pan of mine would screen?"
"Sure. Why not? Fannie Brice got away with it."
"But think of all the years I've struggled to get on Broadway. Now that I've arrived it seems kinda foolish to give it up for pictures."
"Don't be a sap. We can double the salary you're getting here."
Bernstein leaned against the makeup shelf. "Remember that kid you sent me—Jack Delaney?"
"Remember? All these minutes she had been wondering how soon she could ask about him without Bernstein suspecting her personal interest.
"Yes—what about him?" She managed to ask casually. "You signed him up, didn't you?"

"He's a great bet. Only done two pictures but he's getting a flock of fan mail already. If he keeps on like he's started we'll make a star out of him in less than a year."
"Honestly?"
"His next picture's a talkie. He's to play a hoofer on a small time vaudeville circuit. Now, in the story he falls in love with a dame who's a tight rope walker. For the talking sequences that's not so good. While I was watching you out there I got the idea that if we made the girl a blues singer instead of a rope walker—
Billie was miles ahead of him. Already she visualized the names of Jack Delaney and Billie O'Neill flickering in electric lights. Before he had finished the sentence her mind was made up. The next day she signed her contract. Two weeks later she had packed her makeup box in a dressing room at the Paradox Studio in Hollywood.
She had not let Jack know she was coming and she had asked Bernstein not to tell him. Womanlike, she wanted to surprise him. She did. He was so surprised that when he tried to introduce her to Odette Dayne, who was with him, he couldn't even think of her name.
"It's great to see you again," he stalled.
But Billie was so thrilled at seeing him that she did not notice that puzzled, where-have-I-seen-this-dame-before look in his eyes.

Blondes will never go out of style as long as they continue to look like Mary Nolan. Mary will next appear in the stellar rôle of "Shanghai Lady," a Universal all talking special from a play by that eminent Chinese student, John Colton

Lipstick Tussy may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GABA

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Cosmetiques
Lesquendieu

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"Gee, you're looking swell, Jack," she enquired. "A lot of cameras seem to have clicked since the old Algeria days." She had imagined him answering: "That was a great bunch of yours, sending me to Bernstein. If it hadn't been for you, I guess I'd still be hoisting across that roof.

WHA'T he actually said was: "Miss Dayne's been perfectly wonderful to me." The dazzling blonde smiled up at him and linked her arm through his possessively. "I owe everything to her—"

Billie felt a sudden bellowing feeling in the area of her stomach. She had expected him to be changed, but not like this. She managed to put on something which resembled a smile while he told her just how wonderful Miss Dayne had been—how she had helped him with his make-up and had taken time to rehearse little intimate scenes with him over and over so he would get them just right.

"And I'll bet they were love scenes," was Billie's thought. "She's just the type who would spot you for a new thrill."

"We must hurry, dear," Miss Dayne was saying.

"Yes, dear," he echoed. Then to Billie: "Well, it's nice to have seen you again." Not a word about "what are you doing now?" or "when are you getting married?" There was that same flashing smile as he said goodbye, but that was all. The coxswear manner, that indescribable something which she had thought carried him to stardom,

As Billie watched them cross the lot to where Miss Dayne's car was waiting, she was thinking: "It's just like getting a clue from Samson, after all; he gave him a new haircut, I know her type. Can't he see that she?"

But what man ever sees what any woman can see at a glance?

Before the end of the week Billie had seen enough of Odette Dayne to be certain that she would ruin his career if he continued to be her 'yes' man.

Jack had been considerably surprised when he learned that Billie was the blues singer who was to play opposite him. "Well, for cryin' out loud, why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

"I didn't hear you asking." She said.

"Darling, I can't see you tonight," the red lips pouted.

"Why, darling?"

"I have to rehearse some horrid, old talking sequences with this new leading man." Billie hid her smile behind her makeup box.

"But, darling," I'll be there."

"No, darling. Please don't do that. It'll probably be terribly late." She gave him a hurried kiss and was gone.

Billie noted that Harding was waiting for her near the exit to Stage 3.

"All right, Billie," called the director.

"We're ready for you."

There were two bras from the Syncopatin' Six and Billie snapped into her song.

"Gee, baby, I'm lonesome for you."

June moonlight was made for us two.

"Might as well, then."

"Till that day when you'll be cravin'"

The kisses I've saved up for you—

"Just you—"

"The kisses I've saved up for you."

It was what in studio parlance is called a "hot number." Billie put it over with a bang. Once of course she was singing it to Jack—only he didn't know it. But something—perhaps it was the dimpled knees which were like little round faces—apparently brought back some forgotten memory. For later, when they were leaving the set for the day, he called to her.

"Say, Billie. How'd you like to drive down to the beach tonight for dinner? I'm feelin' kinda lonesome."

"Hold everything," she was saying to herself. "Don't let him guess that this is the moment you've been praying for." Aloud, she said: "I'll love to—only I've promised to judge a tap dancing contest tonight. Why don't you come along? It'll be fun."

He had promised the contest would be at some out-of-the-way place. When she directed the chauffeur to the Valencia he had a mild attack of cold feet.

Now, the Valencia, as everybody who has been to California knows, is that well known night club where tourists go to see and stars go to be seen. The Friday night dance contests are a popular feature. A lesser known picture star usually acts as one of the judges, and pictures are taken of the crowd and presented to the guests as souvenirs.

When Billie and Jack were seated at a ring-side table, and an exuberant master of ceremonies had broadcast their arrival, Jack was uncomfortably aware that if Odette found out about this, it might not be so good.

Billie, however, found the setting made-to-order. Her dark eye had spotted Miss Dayne's cameraman at a nearby table and something within her was saying: "It won't be long.

"We must try." Even before Miss Dayne appeared on the set the following day the news had flashed across the lot that the 'wonder girl' was having one of her celebrated tantrums.

Her eyes were ice blue and the red mouth was drawn in a tight, ugly line when she approached Mr. Delancey.

"HELLO, darling," he greeted her as usual. "Don't darling me," was her haughty retort. "Not until you have explained that."

"What?"

"Which is why I was ducked behind the floral display."

"Well, believe it or not, I didn't do that. I was directed to obscure his face. Some trick of the camera, however, had made it seem as though Billie's head were resting on his shoulder and that his cheek was wet.

Who could explain such damning evidence? Jack tried. That is, when he could get it in a word between the rapid fire epithets which Odette was hurling at him.

Billie listened tensely. "Oh, please God, make him talk back to her. Don't let him be a sap all his life." She was breathing a little
prayer. "If he eats out of her hand now he's absolutely finished."

By this time Odette had reverted to the vernacular of the streets from which she had sprung, and she was including Billie in her tirade.

"I knew the little tart was crazy about you the first day I ever laid eyes on her, but I didn't think, after all I've done for you, that you'd try to two-time me the first minute my back was turned."

Billie was watching Jack's face. He was looking at Odette as though he were really seeing her for the first time. Suddenly he caught hold of her wrists and in a low tense voice he ordered:

"Stop it! Billie's not a little tart. She's a good little trumper who knows her business and minds it—"

"Oh! So that's the way you feel about her," she taunted. "Well, this is the way I feel." She jerked her hand free and struck him across the mouth.

THERE was a pregnant silence on the set as the "wonder girl" walked away. Jack's face showed crimson beneath the white of his make-up.

"Let's get on with this scene," called the director. "We've wasted enough time."

Incongruously enough, it was a love scene—a talking sequence. According to the continuity it followed Billie's "Lonesome" song. It showed Jack in the wings, waiting for her to finish her number. The Syncopatin' Six could be heard repeating the chorus of "Gee, baby, I'm lonesome for you."

Billie ran offstage, Jack caught her in his arms. She clung to him breathlessly, waiting for the line which the title writer had given him to speak.

"Gee, baby—did you mean that about being lonesome for me?"

She nodded.

"And did you mean that about saving up your kisses?"

She nodded.

"Then how about giving me one now—on account?"

She did.

That was where the scene was supposed to fade out. But Jack added another line which was not in the script:

"If you'll save tonight for me—I'd like to collect the rest of them and interest."

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PRAY FOR THE DEHIND OF LOVE

"I'm going to Spain," Les said, in refusing the offer.

"Have you bought your castanets?" asked the producers, since it is always best to humor a lunatic.

"DON'T need them," said Les. Maybe he didn't say that, but I say it for him.

It has been my observation that Les doesn't need to play guitar or castanets; all he needs is a whisk, and that's it.

When it was learned about Hollywood that he had rejected gold the conclusion was: "The poor kid's gone haywire."

"It's Equity," said some. Others, "His girl threw him down."

It has been remarked that the First National Trust and Savings Bank of Hollywood, with its dominating tower, resembles a cathedral, and this is as it should be since it contains the thing we love.

He who rejects that god is either a lunatic or a pauper.

Since Les not only rejects but blasphemies, his case in just plain lunacy—temporary, at least.

"Why, you could make a million dollars," friends pleaded with him.

"That's what I'm afraid of," said Les. "A million dollars! Oh, God, do you realize what that can do to you?"

"There's nothing so enslaving as money and fame.

"Look at them! Look at the great actors who came to Hollywood and now exude complacency and smugness. Great actors who were great when they were rebels. They were great when they were rebels.

Now they are householders with yachts and motors and swimming pools . . . and mortgages and taxes and monthly bills.

I quoted from the Lord Buddha: "Rid yourself of possessions ... From attachment comes grief and fear."

Les quoted from another: "The measure of a man's pleasure and greatness is in what he does without."

Les had with him a copy of Erich Remarque's "A Boy in the Western Front". He had been in the grip of it, and I had spent the previous night reading it and recalling a little of the wisdom I'd divined in France.

We talked of other writers.

Les is a close friend of many of them, particularly intimate with John Russell of South Sea classics.

Such friendship is easy to understand.

Les has a brilliant, acquisitive and sympathetic mind. None of the obstructive egotism of the actor.

In fact, I would classify him as a writer. And he has had stories published by Argosy, All-Story and other fiction magazines. He has written poetry, too, but refuses to let anyone read it. "The truth is I'm ashamed of it . . . perhaps later . . . !"

One reason for his quitting Hollywood is that he hasn't written anything for two years, not even letters.

He says he has gone Hollywood like all the rest.

That it is inevitable.

He bought a house in Hollywood, had another at the beach, a couple of cars and a boat. He brought over his brothers from England with the intention, too, of being underwritten by the Sybaritic ease of this luxurious city. Aunts and uncles came to visit. Rooms had to be added and individual baths were considered essential.

"Bills, bills, bills . . . miserable little two dollar, five dollar, ten dollar bills like gnats each month.

"Can you concentrate on your work when your spare time is given to writing checks and looking after finances?"

Les was scheduled to take an Italian freighter from San Pedro, arriving in Majorca in a month or more. The boat was delayed ten days because the captain had a girl in San Francisco.

There is no way of ascertaining how many he has in other ports. Anyhow, Les will be in congenial company.

He is going to get an old boat and cruise by himself among the classic isles of the Mediterranean until he feels his mental deck is cleared for fresh action.

He would like to do "An American Tragedy" on the London stage. He did it in Hollywood in a way that made you feel he knew the tortured human heart.

There is also an offer for picture work in Germany.

But more important to him than these is playing the rôle of Les Fenton, which, in my opinion, is one of the richest, most romantic plums ever handed anyone.

Dare to live dangerously and you'll be considered haywire, but stagnant and the pollwags will surely get you.

The Littlest Rebel in Hollywood

She interviewed Hal Shelty and Fay Bainter and a number of others and, with Jack's help, wrote pieces about them for the paper.

Then, quite suddenly, the great idea was born.

They would go to Paris! Nancy would have the baby and Jack would write the Great American Novel.

A baby and a novel in Paris!

They looked at their bank balance. By some mysterious process a thousand dollars had gotten there.

Plenty of money for vagabonds.

Jack told his managing editor that he was going to resign and go to live for awhile in Paris.

"Well, as long as you're going," said Payne, "you might as well have a job."

So appealing vagabondage was denied them for awhile. Jack was literally handed a position as Tom Mil's press agent at $350 a week and all expenses paid for himself and his wife.

THEY lived like kings in Paris.

They entertained all the newspaper men royally at the Ritz bar and then fled to a little restaurant on a side street and pretended that they were poor.

Nancy had thought it thrilling to have her baby born in Paris.

She had even made reservations at the French Hospital, but something American took hold of her and she wanted to be in New York when the great event occurred. They booked passage at once.

Nancy had never thought of a doctor. She went to a fine specialist just a few weeks before the baby was born and he took one look at her, said she was perfect and dismissed her at once.

Patsy was a very expensive baby. She was born there was no money. So Nancy went back on the stage and Jack took his old job on the stage.

JACK worked the graveyard shift. He finished at three. At that time it was the saddest of the big musical shows to send acts to the nightclub. Nancy completed the day at three, also.

And they met and found new adventure together.

But Jack, having once touched movie gold, was sick of newspaper salaries. He wanted to go to California.

They adventured to California. Jack found movie gold scarce, so Nancy went on the stage.

She worked in a little musical comedy called "Nancy." Mackoon seen her and signed her for three years.

During this time she had dozens of picture tests made. M-G-M, First National, Warner Brothers, Universal—all had her face recorded, but nothing ever came of it. Jack took a place writing for Paramount.

At last a test amounted to something and she did a picture for Fox called "Ladies Must Live."

But she was tied up on her contract with Mackoon and that had to be straightened out before she did "Alie's Irish Rose" for Paramount and signed a long term contract.

In the meantime she held the fort for Jack. When he went back to New York to do his play, "Frankie and Johnnie," she stayed on with Patsy and worked to give him the chance to do it, and when he came back she was happy again.

Nothing really matters as long as the three of them are together.

"FUNDAMENTALLY," she said, "I'm an Irish Catholic girl like my mother and if Jack married me I won't work and he just a wife and have ten children like Patsy, I'd do it."

But fundamentally she is a rebel. She gets exactly what she wants by fighting for it. Years ago, when she was a kid she fought with her two fists.

She fought to go on the stage. Now she fights with her mind. Her brisk, humorous, keen mind.

Studio politics worry her not at all.

She knows what she wants. She knows when and how she can do her best work. And she does it.

She is a rebel with her tongue in her cheek. She's a red-headed, fighting Irish kid with gypsy blood in her veins.

114
HOW she found the way to a MAN’S HEART

He could not resist the charm of that haunting, delicious fragrance

Jim didn’t dislike me, apparently. It was worse than that. He was indifferent to me—sometimes even ignored me altogether.

It isn’t much fun, not being noticed by a man you admire—feel strongly attracted to. It hurts your pride, if nothing more.

Jim came to our house often, but to see my brother. And I used to see him out at parties now and then. Sometimes I danced with him. I wore the prettiest clothes I could manage, and was as charming as I knew how to be. But all to no avail. Jim was good humored and friendly—but oh, so casual! How could I make him think of me, want to know me better—seek me out?

I was a modern girl, but not altogether in sympathy with the frank, obvious methods of “getting one’s man.” And Jim was a little old-fashioned, and reserved. Not wild about girls—certainly not wild about me!

But I found a way. A subtle, fascinating way, to impress myself upon Jim’s consciousness! Up to that time I don’t believe he ever thought of me when he was away from me.

My brother and I gave a little party at our house and that night for the first time I used a perfectly enticing perfume.

Deliciously fragrant, delightfully elusive— all evening I was aware of its alluring fragrance. I felt it made me distinctive—charming.

Jim must have thought so for he danced with me again and again, and his glances and speech became more and more personal as the evening wore on. It was evident he was seeing me with new eyes—seeing me as I had always hoped he might see me—in a flattering, romantic light.

Jim stayed after the other guests had gone. When the door had closed on the last of them, I sat down at the piano and softly played some of the tunes to which we had just been dancing.

Jim came over to stand beside me. He held out to me a flimsy square of chiffon and lace, and said:

“This is your handkerchief, I know. I picked it up in the hall and I recognized the perfume at once. Where did you ever find a fragrance so lovely, so irresistible—so like yourself?”

I looked up to meet his eyes and put one hand up against the piano to steady myself. Jim’s hand closed over mine, and then we were both seeing things through a fragrant mist of glamour and enchantment.

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How to win friends—and hold them.
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How to cultivate your natural charm.
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How to dress smartly on a small income.
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THE WRECKER—Tiffany-Stahl

We review “The Wrecker,” an English production, chiefly because it offers one of the first of American male screen idols. Carlyle Blackwell. Carlyle married a mess of English gold some years ago. In the lead of this exciting railroad melodrama and mystery the boy still looks and handsome, though not so much older around the edges, and stouter, too. The picture is not very successful, being largely a distressing series of wrecks caused by the mean old villain. Sound.

NIGHT CLUB—Paramount

“NIGHT CLUB” was made a long time ago at the Paramount Eastern studio, and really is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities, including Fannie Brice, Pat Rooney, Ann Pennington, June Walker and others. Little song and dance specialties are tied to a fine short story by Katharine Brush. A companion feature to “NIGHT CLUB” is a short comedy called “In the-Face,” with Lester Allen and Estelle Taylor. The double bill can be labeled an early talkie experience. All Talkie.

FAST LIFE—First National

ONE of the saddest failures of the summer melodramas, due to extreme pokiness in direction, and an unbelievable story. Even Chester Morris, the “Alibi” hit, is so dragged by the pace that his face-making looks like an old-time slow motion film. He plays a governor’s son who committed an after-kin party murder for which Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is sentenced to be electrocuted. One of the bright spots is the youth, beauty and budding talent of little Loretta Young, as Doug’s sweetheart. Not even a wild party goes gay, in this. All Talkie.

DARK SKIES—Biltmore

If this were not an all-talkie, we’d suspect it of having been made ten years ago, at least. Cruel uncle brings girl into sublimation behind the counter of his general store, until a handsome young stranger, with very dark eyes and moustache, rescues her from drudgery. And when he turns out to be a rum pirate with a price on his head! Well, we just can’t cope with it, that’s all. All Talkie.

THE DRAKE CASE—Universal

A TENSE murder melodrama that gets you right from the fade-in, but the story is diabolically synthetic—a suspiciously reminiscent of “The Trial of Mary Dugan” and “The Argyle Case,” and the denouement is both forced and obvious. However, Gladys Brockwell’s performance, in the lead role, is probably her best, and a fitting epitaph for a finished actress whom the sound screen lost at the zenith of her career. A well-directed and well synchronized production. All Talkie.

WHY LEAVE HOME?—Fox

A COUPLE of years ago Fox made the silent version of the stage play “Cradle Snatchers.” This is part of the same story. Strangely enough the other picture was Nick Sturz’s first juvenile lead and this is his first talking picture. The story is about three married women whose husbands go duck hunting and the wives go fun hunting. Walter Catlett is somewhat disappointing, but Sue Carol, Nick Stuart and David Rollins are delightful. Lots of fun. All Talkie.

MADONNA OF AVENUE A—Warners

MOTHER runs a low saloon on Avenue A, New York, while unsuspecting boarding-school bred daughter believes the family connections are all Park Avenue. Something is bound to happen—which it does. Even Louise Dresser couldn’t rise above such trite trash, although she and Dolores Costello, as the daughter, contribute a few plausible and beautiful scenes. Grant Withers plays a cocksure young sailor-bootlegger. Not for children and too thin for grown-up minds. Part Talkie.

THE BIG REVUE—All-Star

ONE wonders just where modernism is taking us when ten-year-old kids sing “Moonlight Madness” and other such rot into the microphone. But, at that, the youngsters are good. It’s straight revue (thank goodness they didn’t bring in Papa Boy) and gives the Ethel Mergin Wonder aggregation a chance to see the world without joining the navy. It’s an all-talking, singing, toddling juvenile extravaganza, and ought, somewhere, to please somebody. All Talkie.

THE PRINCE AND THE DANCER—World Wide

JUST another reason why European producers should leave the subtle art of picture-making to Long Island and Hollywood. The theme of dissolute prince and lovely dancer, which is, in itself, just a bit old school, is not noticeably improved in this case by His Highness’ flabby- ness and her dancership’s clumsiness and general inability to act. However, the titles are diabolically sophisticated, and there are some charming Viennese street scenes. Silent.

THE COLLEGE COQUETTE—Columbia

THERE seems to be a conspiracy among the producers of the nation to keep the American public from knowing what goes on in its colleges. Not a textbook to be seen, and coo's linger in all the rooms instead of desks. The odds are all against Jobyna Rowland, John Holland and Buster Collier. Ruth Taylor would be the same with or without odds. All Talkie.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—UFA-Paramount

HERE is a real beauty marvelously directed, exquisitely produced and photographed, and has a simple country story beautifully acted by a fine cast of German aces. Lil Dagover, Dita Parlo and Willy Fritsch play the leading roles, under the inspired baton of Erich Pommer, and a synchronized score plays the soul-compelling music of the famous piece from which the film takes its name. Restful and kindly, this little film, as a relief from the current Hollywood hallucinoids, Sound.

RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR—F. P. G. Production

THE Germans have turned out a Teutonic “Wings” in this silent film record of the war time, battles and death of Manfred Baron von Richthofen, hero of eighty air battles and their red knight of the World War. Sadly enough, they felt urged to insert a sappy love story to pass out the air stuff—which, also, sadly, isn’t one, two, three, with the great Hollywood brand. Add to this, wretched acting and worse photography and you’ll see that so far the California stunt flyers have all the best of air battling. Silent.

THE SILVER KING—British

THIS is another British film of some interest to American fans because it stars that excellent actor and old friend, Percy Marmont. This added to the fact that it is a pretty thrilling mystery melodrama on the “Bulldog Drummond” model, gives it some tone here. Percy is suffering just as nobly as he has for years, but a villain called “The Spider,” and not a heartless female, is responsible now. A
Good silent thriller. Any sound effect will have to be the hisses of the crowd, as "The Spider" spades around. Silent.

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Audible Film Corp.

THIS is about love and hate Under a Spanish Moon. The latter is the theme song and no opportunity is lost in singing it. We expected Henry B. Walthall to warble at any moment. The setting is Califóronia during the 70's, a languidly romantic period. However, nothing happens during the first half of the picture, and after that it doesn't matter any-

how. Helen Ferguson and George Duryea are among those present. All Talkie.

OH, YES!—Pathé

A SATISFYING saga of fistic and romantic encounters of two itinerant railroad hams—as told by two consummate artists in dis-

cretely ribald dialogue. This is the first time James Gleason and Robert Armstrong have played together since "Is Zat So?" the well-

remembered comedy hit of the legitimate stage. Gleason wrote the dialogue with Tay Garnett, the director—a devastatingly humor-

ous combination. ZaSu Pitts put more than unusual subtlety into a monologue which will

panic the house. All Talkie.

LIGHT FINGERS—Columbia

THIS is an all-talking crook melodrama of the better sort, in which scenarist and director have effected a fine balance between
tense, logical action, and entertaining dialogue. A gang of international jewel thieves get a yen for a particularly valuable collection of diamonds owned by a humorous old gentleman

on Long Island. Their leader takes one look at his proposed victim's ward, and renounces his life of crime. Ian Keith's charismatic

nonbalance is impressive in the rôle of "Light Fingers." All Talkie.

LUCKY IN LOVE—Pathé

A GRAND opportunity was missed some-

where. This might have been a good picture, hokum and all. As it is, you'll laugh at it, not with it. Morton Downey is the busom lad who gets back to Ireland in time to pay off the mortgage on a castle which looks like the Parliament Building. Most of it is silly, and badly directed. The Downey hush-a-by tenor helps considerably, and there's a "fine" performance by J. M. Kerrigan. All Talkie.

THE GIRL FROM HAVANA—Fox

A RACY story of shady gentlemen with

taking ways, who care in a big way for diamonds which do not belong to them. A clever cast, headed by Lola Lane, Paul Page, Kenneth Thompson and Natalie Moorhead, was assembled, and they spent several weeks in Cuba. Lola Lane, as the beautiful girl detective, plays one of her most convincing roles. Above-average entertainment. All Talkie.

---

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Another Hollywood Racket

Mrs. West must have secretly gloated. "Allah!" was completed. It was a success, one of the most talked about pictures made in the new medium. And everybody in the cast was a success—particularly Chester Morris and Toomey.

THE production was previewed one sunny morning at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Paramount officials were there. Regis Toomey was there. A few days later Regis Toomey was at Paramount signing a long term contract. He's made two pictures since then, "The Wheel of Life," with Richard Dix, and "Illusion," with Buddy Rogers. These are the bare facts of his success. He has a nice smile and an intelligent young face and, above all, ideals. He's simply not going to let Hollywood "get" him.

Hollywood High Hat

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"Oh," murmured Hubert, "so she's English."

"English your eye," said the director, "Say, I used to be an inquiring reporter and I found out that after you reach the inner circle you narrow your hips and broaden your A's. Why, that dame's grandfather got his start selling German silver watches to the Pennsylvania Dutch."

"Come on, it's time for lunch."

By this time Brenda and the new arrival were engaged in an animated conversation, but as Mr. Mountstephen strolled past, Mrs. Glossop inquired in a voice that would have carried across Grand Central Station, "What might be the name of that intriguing devil? Rather gentlemanly for an actor, what?" Miss Berkeley told her and the lady continued:

 Tear your eyes away from Laura La Plante's irresistible dimples, long enough to look at her intriguing frock. It's of black silk with a tightly fitted bodice, ending in a circular peplum. The V-shaped neck is finished with lace, as are the tiny pockets. The skirt is circular. Patent leather pumps and the very latest in sun-tan chokers constitute the accessories to this unusual gown.

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"Quite presentable. Bring him along to lunch."
So the quaking Hubert made his first acquaintance with the high numbers of the Four Hundred.
Mr. Glossop, who was waging a successful battle with the ravages of time, had the eye of a buzzard and the tact of a subway guard, but successful somehow in making those virgins seem smart. Mr. Mountstephen, hypnotized by her name, hung on her words.
"Do you polo or tennis, or whatnot?" asked the Glossop. "Squash, or chase a silly white ball?"

"Oh, absolutely," mumbled Hubert, who possessed complete equipment for all sports and practically no ability for them.
"That is, in moderation, you know."
"Delighted to have you come down to my place at Coronado next Sunday," invited the dowager. "You'd fit in with our guests and really I need you desperately. I'm having a sort of a lion hunt, you know; all kinds of noted writers, professors and financiers."
"Chawmed," gulped Hubert.

"Top hole," beamed Mrs. Glossop, "and in what my broker calls the internec, suppose you're not above it. You may take me to supper this evening."
Mr. Mountstephen accepted with alacrity and in due course found himself steering her around the Coconut Grove while other stars hid their envy behind sarcastic remarks, for Mrs. Glossop, while dancing, had the knee action of a blue ribbon trotter.

As the evening thrilled by, Hubert, though slightly confused by the proximity of greatness, discovered that the upper stratum is able to dispense almost entirely with the brittle code of manners prescribed for ordinary persons. He marveled as his companion gossiped, drank and used cuss words.
"You may kiss my hand," said Mrs. Glossop as they parted beneath a fan palm, "and I'll be delighted to have you take me to the Bowl tomorrow. You're quite an interesting spec—er, person, Mr. Mountsomething."
"You won't disappoint me on Sunday?"
"I'm living for then," responded the dazed escort. "I've always longed to enter society. To pass one's days surrounded by good books, the dull gleam of expensive glass against a dimly lit background! The quiet distinction of people who know how to live!"

Mrs. Glossop regarded him queerly. "Do you really mean "to become a novelist?"
"Oh, quite," said Hubert, recalling some patter from the latest. "Quite, quite, dear lady."

"So do I," remarked the dear lady dally, "and I've always wondered whether those writer chaps get their material. Peculiar tribe, what?" The terrible," agreed Hubert, feeling the ground grow firmer. "My story man won't do me any high class things at all; insists I play common little clergies and husbands. Distressing isn't it?"

"Fayful," sympathized Mrs. Glossop, "and tell me, do you think Blue Larksop is a better horse than Clyde Van Dusen?"
"You surprised actor round of an ambiguous reply, received a rogosh glance, and was driven homeward in an ecstatic stupor. Sitting before the fireplace in his most uncomfortable dressing gown, he conjured up pictures of his acceptance into the holy of holies. And not until he climbed to the first floor did he realize that the tantalizing Joyce had left for location that morning.

For five days he ushered the rampant Mrs. Glossop about town, growing more and more enthralled with things he didn't comprehend. Then on Saturday came the pilgrimage to the Promised Land!

MR. SPIKE RAFFERTY ellobowed a path through the lobby hounds at the Hotel St. Francis, directed a gruff inquiry at the informa-
To Clear Arms and Legs of Hair
Without Fostering Briskly Re-Growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Every Vestige of Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS
It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN
It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors.

In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Just let anyone dare say anything against that ole devil microphone when Kathryn Crawford's around! Here you see Kathryn and Mike, the Terror, doing a big necking scene. This little gal has gone up like a skyrocket since the talkies came in, and although her latest is called "The Climax," Kathryn is on her way to greater climaxes.
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You can connect each sparkling set of NOMA Color-Lights to the next set merely by plugging in. This permits you to use a long, beautiful string of Christmas color lights for attractive outdoor and indoor decorations, as well as for Christmas trees. Only NOMA and its licensees have this helpful extension connector on every series outfit.

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Just think! Only ten minutes to bring back the bright, golden beauty of faded, dull blonde hair! No wonder over a million blondes are enthusiastic users of Blondex, the special new shampoo for light hair only! Prevents darkening, brings out all the natural gloss and sparkle of blonde hair. Not a dye or harsh bleach. Get Blondex today! At all leading drug and department stores.

BLONDIES!

Hollywood’s bad boy, King Vidor found him leaning against a lamp post, brooded, and knew him for an actor. The boy—his name is James Murray—turned out to be a good actor all right—but a poor trouper. Now, for the 11th time, he has promised to be good and John Robertson has believed him to the extent of giving him the lead opposite Mary Nolan in Universal’s “Shanghai Lady”

A little Willie boy, too. I went to one of his pitchers just so I could kiss him. But why spoil the evenin’ talkin’ about him? Let’s put on the feedbag.”

“I DON’T seem to get on so well with Hubert,” confided Joyce. “He’s a big star, and—”

“Cheese,” said Mr. Rafferty. “Don’t start tellin’ me he don’t understand you because I know what’s the matter. He’s afraid of you, that’s what, or he’d have put you in your place. A real man like me would do it, but all them actors is gulligaloon an’ it serves you right for not pickin’ me when you had the chanst.”

The once cardcree Miss Cleary explored her fruit salad in silence, secretly enjoying his dictatorial twang.

A driving force like that was foreign to Hubert.

“You’re such a relief, Spike,” she murmured.

“Well,” said Mr. Rafferty, “seen you’re funny that way I’ll leave you sign the check for the meal. It wouldn’t look right, anyways,

Are YOU Spiked to Your Job?

Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Are you not getting a good deal on the job? There are thousands of men and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is real reason why some people get considerately less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there no more mystery about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it. You are cheating yourself of your greatest success if you don’t know and practice Salesmanship. Our new book,

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Think what this great book will mean to you. It will train you to earn bigger money than you have ever earned before. It will equip you to meet competition; break down barriers that have heretofore seemed insurmountable; show you how to go out and accomplish the things you have always wanted to accomplish. Others are doing it. You can, and owe it to yourself to take advantage of the unusual opportunity this great book offers.

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Next advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
for a poor gym owner to be stakin' a movie queen. Listen, baby, there's a swell pitcher over in Oakland I been wantin' to see. What do you say we hop the ferry an' pretend we're back in 1927?"

Joyce's black eyes crackled assent, and during the trip she thought there were such things as perfumed limousines.

Spive's sinewy arm was around her all evening, and after smiling at him across a couple of drug store hot chocolates, she felt that very little remained before she recaptured romance.

"I'll kiss you goodnight now," said Mr. Rafferty when they returned to the hotel. "That won't be hard to take, hey?"

"No-o-o," faltered Joyce, a bit irritated that he didn't think it necessary to beg for that favor.

"Hurry up, then," said Spive. "It's gettin' close to me bedtime an' I'm glad the old gym ain't far away. Now, get this, baby; you're dated for the entire week, see? There's plenty doin' over in Oakland; the Garbage Removers' Ball, the Frothblowers' Ladies' Night, an' there's lotsa swell creep joints and chop sucy dumps."

"But why Oakland?"

"San Francisco ain't what it used to be," said Mr. Rafferty briefly. "Times is changed, you know."

He kissed her fiercely and unprofessionally, rasping his blue-black stubble of beard against her cheek.

"You'll need a lot more practice," he remarked as he sauntered away. "Sweet dreams, baby."

The week rolled by quickly in a series of hectic evenings, marked by sundry lights, poor food and the athletic lovemaking of the cavern.

By Friday the restless Joyce was wishing for the comfort of Beverly Hills, although no thought of Hubert had stirred through her mind until that particular night.

Feeling the need of sustenance after much strutting in a creep joint, Mr. Rafferty herded her into an armchair lunch and hailed the counterman, a pale, studious youth.

"Service, Percy!" he yelled. "Slip us a couple of Denver san'wiches and go heavy on the onion. Come on, shake it up."

"Yes, sir," said the pale youth, in all meekness.

Something flamed in the actress' brain. "Don't you dare shout at him like that!" she shrieked. The poor boy probably is working nights and studying, too, trying and climb up. For all you know he may get to be a banker or a movie star, or something, so cut out that Simon Lreeze stuff."

Mr. Rafferty registered blank astonishment.

"What's eatin' you?" he inquired. "Then a look of infinite wisdom slowly crossed his face.

"So it's the old runaround, hey? Pickin' a row after walkin' around with me all week. Well, it don't go, sister. When you grab the rattle for Los Angeles tomorrow night I'll be right on it just to show you that you can't trifle with my self respect."

...  

MR. HUBERT MOUNTSTEPHEN 

squadred in his chair, fidgeted with his wine glass and wished that an act of Providence would destroy the pert young lady he had taken in to the Sunday dinner party. For twenty hours he had been a guest at the sprawling plant of forty-two rooms which Mrs. Glossop insisted on calling a cottage, and for twenty hours a half he had lived in a state of exasperation and shame.

People either looked at him when they spoke, or ignored him altogether. Nobody seemed to know who he was, and if the conversation touched the movies it concerned only the efforts of the foreign studios. These were considered ART.

Try as he would, Hubert was unable to shed his acquired manners, and now, bloom-

ho to

ALL WOMEN WHO VISIT 

beauty shops

YOU who frequent smart beauty salons are, of course, familiar with the trained operators whose skill is the wonder (and the hope) of the world of women. To you—appreciators of the fine and the effective—this welcome message:

The same Contoure Creams and Lotions with which these shops achieve their splendid results, are now available for your personal boudoir use!

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Contoure Products are simple to use, speedy, and delightful! They had to possess superior qualities, in order to earn the preference of the thousands of scientifically trained beauty shop operators who have selected them for their shop work.

Contoure Rapid Cleansing Cream, that soothed and smoothed your skin to beautiful smoothness, so amply, so homelessness, so tenderly, even if you are the ultimate in beauty, can do the same for you every morning; the Skin Food that helped erase tired lines, can effect its youth-charm each night, in your own boudoir.

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After your next marcel or faciale—or at your favorite department store's toelly counter—ask about Contoure Products. Each will contribute immeasurably to your home beauty needs. Each brings you the security of professional sponsorship. We'll gladly serve you by mail if you don't know where to purchase nearby.

Waiting for you... a trial tube of Rapid Cleansing Cream, and an interesting, informative booklet, "Science Speaks to Youth." Write us for both—they're free. Contoure Laboratories, Inc., 231 So. 4th Street, New York City. Sales Kamps, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue and 10th Street, New York City.

Rapid Cleansing Cream, $2.25 ... nourishing Skin Food, $2.50 ... Circulation Cream, in black jar, $3.00

Face Powder, in a gold metal box, $1.50. Contoure Skin Freshener Lotions, $2.00. Reducing Cream, $2.00

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When a beginner is admired by the leading feminine stars of her own lot it means something—especially if the novice happens to look like Virginia Bruce. This young lady, still two years on the sunny side of twenty, appears in Maurice Chevalier's "The Love Parade." She is said to have a lovely singing voice, and her eyes—well, look at them!

you to posture a bit as you do in the films, and before you leave you will receive a cheque for one thousand dollars.

Hubert kicked his chair from under him.

"I paid eighty thousand income tax last year," he told the room, "and I earned it. What if I did think that Batou Rosse was a cosmetic—a fellow can't know everything. Sorry you misunderstood me, Mrs. Glossop. I had an idea you were being very considerate in Los Angeles."

"What's this?" cried the gouty gentleman. "Scandal, Glossy?"

"I never saw the creature before yesterday," said the dowager without increasing her chemical blush. "Too bad you must leave us, Mr. Mounstickle." She held out her scrappy hand.

Hubert bowed over it like the prisoner of Zenda, marched stiffly to the door and disappeared. All he knew was that the understandable Joyce would be a comfort after this debacle, and as he drove homeward he began to wonder whether she would be there ahead of him.

And when Watts undressed the door, a screech from the library told him his hope was realized.

"My stars!" said Mr. Mountstephen, slipping out of his coat and cantering down the hall. "What's the matter, honey, been eating snails again or—?"

He choked suddenly as he beheld his wife struggling with a pudgy attired gentleman who had pinned her on the davenport with a half-nelson.

"Help!" cried Joyce.

Mr. Rafferty released her and ran his eyes over the actor.

"So this is Willie boy," he growled. "Cheese, what an insult to me to jungle up with the likes of him!"

"Don't mind what he says," said the frightened girl, nestling against her husband.

"He used to be a steady of mine in San Francisco, and he took me out, and I found after all I didn't care so much for the tough fellows. And now he's followed me down here,
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charming face in your reflection? and the ugly blemishes all
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have done who have learned how to perform this simple treatment themselves—the same that for
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NERVES


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The Parfum Used at Million Dollar Vanderbilt Wedding

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Every advertisement in PHOTOFILM MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
for the wounded veterans, I don't believe I'd have taken it on. I've always remembered your generosity, I adore Brenda Berkeley, and besides, people should stay on their own level."

"If I'd done that, I'd still be jumpin' up and down on a pressin' machine," said Abie.

"I was alluding only to snobs," advised the lady. "You're far from that, Mr. Zoop; I should say you were the most real person in all Hollywood. Most of us are snobs, I suppose. We snub the climbers, your stars snub the extras, and so forth. By the way, your cheque will go to my favorite charity, thanks to your suggestion."

"There's enough snobs in business without playin' with 'em on the outside," chirped Abie, ushering her to the door. "Without you this Hubert would have had me loony like a goose, so a thanks from the heart, Mrs. Glossop."

WITHIN another minute he was peering at the becheeked Mr. Rafferty.

"So you're the little guy who wired me five hundred smackers to daily with that Cheary dame, hey?" asked Spike. "Believe me, mis'rt, I earned it and the other five hundred you promised when the job was done. Say, I left them clinchin' so I thought they was a couple of these kind-hearted heavyweights we got nowadays."

"I seen them this mornin'," beamed Mr. Zoop. "Cool'n like doves, or you can sue me. Say, how did you get them stripes on your cheeks?"

"She put 'em there, an' it's got me worried, because—"

"For an extra five hundred you should quit worryin'," said Abie, growing reckless.

"Here's a thousand; if she sharpened her nails on you it's a sure sign the cure is permanent. Don't look so nervous, Rafferty!"

"It isn't that," whimpered Spike, rubbing his smarting face. "It's explainin' how I got trademarked that's got me groggy. It looks just like a woman's work, see, an' me wife is awful precious. Why, but she won't leave me stay out after eleven bells."

Mr. Zoop walked to the window as a sign of dismissal, wagged a hand. "Don't go yet, Rafferty," he whispered. "They're passin' by the office right this minute. Oh, but my temperature is raisin'!

THE Mountstephens waved him a greeting as they crossed the greensward and headed for the car park.

"Well, honey," said Hubert, "we'll have to tell Abie that he doesn't need to worry any more."

"And tell him we're sorry, too," cooed Joyce. "I like Abie a lot and I really believe I couldn't get along without him."

"You're both," said Mr. Mountstephen, as he kissed her again.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SAP, THE—Warner.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—First National.—It was a Palitine prize-play, but the movie version is far better. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (Aug.)


SHANGHAI ROSE—Rayart.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the heroine fighting vainly to save all from the bow-wows of Broadway. Silent. (Sept.)

SHE GOES TO WAR—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. And the battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great, picture. Sound. (June.)

SHIP MATES—Educational.—In the Navy with Lonino Love. Plenty of laughs at the pies and dishes go whizzing by. All Talkie. (July.)

SHOW-BOAT—Universal.—Lavish production of a colorful novel that deserved less lavish direction. Part Talkie. (July.)

SIDESHOW, THE—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little Billie plays the lead in this story of a midget's battle for success. Silent. (July.)

SINGLE STANDARD, THE—M-G-M.—Carlo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

SISTER, THE—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. Sound. (June.)

SKIN DEEP—Warner.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (July.)

SMILING IRISH EYES—First National.—Brombe, brawls and bank ruin, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SOME MOTHER'S BOY—Rayart.—Quizzie hokum. Silent. (June.)

SONNY BOY—Warner.—They've put poor little Davey Lee in a bedroom face! The kid is swell, the film a disappointment. Part Talkie. (May.)

SOPHOMORE, THE—Pathé.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without sitcom or dancing. All Talkie. (Sept.)

SPEAKEASY—Fox.—The talkies' first melodrama of the prize ring and the under-cover barrooms. Fast entertainment. All Talkie. (May.)

SPEEDWAY—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

SQUALL, THE—First National.—All about a bad, bad baby vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July.)

STREET GIRL—RKO.—Betty Compson, Jack Oskie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE—Paramount.—Photoplay's thrilling serial comes to the screen and makes a charming melodrama. All Talkie. (July.)

SYNCOPEATION—RKO.—Gay and iassy night club entertainment that will ennoble your evening. All Talkie. (June.)

THIS IS HEAVEN—Goldwyn—United Artists.—Vilma Basky talks and it is charming! But the story—Cinderella, No. 121456789. Part Talkie. (May.)

THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July.)

THUNDER—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks, faces, etc. All Talkie with La-Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

THUNDERBOLT—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warner.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July.)


TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Beau Geste" atmosphere. Silent. (July.)


TRENT'S LAST CASE—Fox.—A mystery story, treated as a farce. And very good, too. Sound. (June.)

TRIAL MARRIAGE—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—M-G-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is an literal translation of one of the best recent plays. And a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. All Talkie. (June.)

TWIN BEDS—First National.—Flirty bedroom fare with only a mild kiss. Jack Malhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

TWO MEN AND A MAID—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the German Legion, makes, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

TWO SISTERS—Rayart.—Two sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National.—A floppy little yarn at seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Talkie. (July.)

UNHOLY NIGHT, THE—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VAGABOND CUB, THE—FBO.—Mostly just cowards stuff. Silent. (July.)

VERY IDEA, THE—RKO.—Broad farces with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VIRGINIA,—The—Paramount.—Good! Toren Winters' novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VOICE IN THE STORM, THE—FBO.—Just before the hanging, the mother. The old one about the innocent boy, the noose, the reprieve! Silent. (May.)

VOICE OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Old story written and directed by Willard Mack and acted by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. All Talkie. (June.)


WAGON MASTER, THE—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk. Ken Maynard shrewdly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Aug.)

WHEEL OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in—All Talkie. (Aug.)

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE—Rayart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-glass racing story, with Helene Costello and Rex Lease. Silent. (Aug.)

WHERE EAST IS EAST—M-G-M.—Another Chaney bed-time story, with a touch of Kipling and Poe. Silent. (June.)

WHY BRING THAT UP—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous bro- nettes—Morna and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WILD CARD, THE—Paramount.—Clara Bow's first talkie. Clara is a smooth contralto. It's a collegiate story—and that's what they want. All Talkie. (June.)

WINCED HORSEMEN, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson gives up his pony and takes the air, with Ruth Elder his flying partner. Vague plot. Silent. (May.)

WOMAN FROM HELL, THE—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—FBO.—Mad husband sets out to murder man for making love to wife. Excited? Neither are we. Silent. (May.)

WOMAN IN THE NIGHT, A—World Wide.—English production with a slow and sentimental story. Silent. (Sept.)

WOMAN TRAP—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Aibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hale skyscraper. All Talkie. (Aug.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a disfigured wife and the "other woman," played superbly by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal.—A orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July.)

Sue Carol goes to old Mother Nature for her Fall color scheme. Sue is wearing a fetching street ensemble of light brown camel's hair cloth. The lining, of yellow crepe, is contrasted with a deeper yellow in the vestee of the finger tip length jacket. The hat of light brown soleil is trimmed in a two tone brown band. Gloves, shoes and hose are soft brown.
They had to See Paris
—and did they touch the high spots? WOW!

William Fox presents WILL ROGERS as "Pike" Peters, saw everything that Paris had to show—and that's an eyeful. At the Folies-Bergère he shouted "Pike's peck or bust." He paixed and paixed at the Cafe de la Paix. Ooo-la-la-la!

At Notre Dame, he spent all day looking for the hunchback and thought a chapeau was a place to live. He was gold-digged from Montmartre to the Latin Quarter, which he thought was two bits in Roman money.

America's favorite comedian and most natural talking picture actor is a riot in this hilarious comedy of a newly rich American family who tried to crash Parisian society.

Go to Paris via this all-talking Fox Movietone of Homer Croy's novel, dramatized by Owen Davis. directed by FRANK BORZAGE
The Most Interesting Girl in the World

She's a lovely young thing of eighteen, looking forward to the five most glorious years of her life. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she started now to keep a brief story of her life in those years, jotting down outstanding thoughts and events in a charming little book under lock and key—an A-Line-A-Day, the easy-to-keep five-year diary, with the same day for five consecutive years on each page! Don't you think so, Miss Eighteen?

The model shown (No. 149) is handomely bound in Monaco leather, in green, tan or red, with black laced edges; fitted with lock and key and enclosed in a lovely gift box. Actual size 4½ x 5½ inches. Price $5.00.

Others in cloth or leather, $1.00 to $25.00; with locks, $2.50 to $15.00. At stationery and department stores, gift shops, or if not found locally, direct from us, sending check or money order. Money back if not satisfied.

Send coupon for FREE Booklet

--

How Bachelors Manage Their Homes

"It looks sort of grand, doesn't it?" asked Charlie. "Yet everything in it is cheap enough. That twelve-record phonograph, for instance. Got it at a great bargain and had it redone to match the other furniture."

The living room extends two stories and the second floor is reached by an inside stairway that passes at a balcony. A grand place for a dramatic entrance.

Charlie's bedroom is quaintly papered and contains some fine antiques, including a cherry and mahogany chest of drawers and a four poster bed, although Charlie sleeps on the porch adjoining.

The pictures on the walls throughout the house show a nice taste for prints. There are four framed photographs. One of his mother, one of Fred Thomson (whose devoted friend he was) and one each of Janet Gaynor and Virginia Valli.

His entertaining is of the "drop around sometime" variety and the most frequent dropers-around are Dick Arlen, Johny Kelston and the inimitable Big Boy Williams. He has given very few parties but hopes to give more when he has the time.

Not so Billy Haines. If there ever was an old-fashioned haut frau Billy Haines is it. He has four servants, all colored, two of whom, strangely enough, are from Charlottsville, Virginia, near his home. They are Edna, the cook; Gilmer, the butler; Richard, the valet and Lulu, the laundress.

"And Edna is the best cook in town," says Billy, with a note of pride in his voice.

Would you suspect from what you know of the roistering Mr. Haines that his house is run like a battleship?

Well, it is. Each man has a job to do and does it precisely.

The silver is cleaned once a week on a given day.

Once every other week the windows are washed. Laundry is done on a certain day.

Every article in the house from the tin tray on the antique chest of drawers to the gorgeous German lamp (there are only two in existence, by the way—Pola Negri has the other) has a certain place and must be kept in it.

The house runs on schedule. Billy leaves an order for breakfast at a certain hour before he retires at night. He does not lunch at home.

Dinner is served promptly at seven and two servants wait on the table, in tails, if you
Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY Hair is a tragedy no one need endure. Simply comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray vanish. Kolor-Bak is the clean, colorless, scientific liquid so many hundreds of thousands of women and men have already used. Gently and easily it imparts the color, leaving the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. As easy to use as combing your hair. Don't risk money, greasy preparations. The one bottle of Kolor-Bak does for blondes, brunettes, reds, blondes, brown, black.

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Imparts Color to Gray Hair

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Those eyes on the screen that so enviously admire owe much of their beauty to Murine. Stars long ago discovered that it not only keeps eyes clear and sparkling but makes them look much larger!

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FREE Ask at any beauty parlor for a 4-barber shop for a free application of Murine.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Crooked Heels
look slovenly—ruin shoes—thicken ankles

Millions have this trouble. Their shoes spread, lose their shape. Heels wear down on one side. It is the way you walk—with the weight of your body off balance—that does this. Result is thickened ankles.

Wear Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strite Heel Pads in your shoes and you will correct these faults. They equalize the body's weight; remove strain on the ankles; preserve shape of your shoes; make you walk gracefully, comfortably; save repairs. Sizes for men and women. At all shoe, dept. and drug stores—50c pair.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strite Heel Pads

in "Barbara Worth." After this picture they took up residence together and when Ronnie moved into this gorgeous new home Charlie moved with him into a smaller house on the property.

The entire house is just the sort an English gentleman would have. The living room combines drawing room and library as well, for one wall is given over to invention bookshelves. These are cut into the wall so that the books are flush with it. And what an amazing library!

Every play ever written, I believe.

A complete set of Cabell, and much philosophical literature. There are about 2,000 volumes in all.

His paintings are also excellent, showing a preference for landscapes and portraits.

Another outside tennis leads to the tennis court which is also walled from view. Tennis is his greatest diversion.

Unlike Billy Haines, Ronald seldom entertains more than six or eight people at a time. But, contrary to the contrary, he entertains often, sometimes three or four evenings a week.

The meals are faultlessly served by Hawaiian boys who, with the addition of Tommy (as English as a fall "h"), who is his valet and secretary, constitute the Haines household.

The dining room looks like an old English Inn.

There is a long dining table, heavy chairs and a big side board which displays priceless Wedgwood, willow and Staffordshire china.

English prints, showing bright young men in red coats, decorate the walls. The entire house has an air of ease and comfort without ostentation. Ronald is, in reality, a most informal person.

His friends are allowed to "flog" in on him, even when he does not entertain with dinner.

Clive Brook and his wife, Bill Powell, Ramon Novarro, Dick Barthelmess and his wife, Ruth Chatteron and Ralph Forbes—these are his most intimate friends.

The business details of the management of the place are left to Tommy, who supervises everything.

The social hub of Ramon Novarro's life is his little theater, the Novarro Theater Intimate. His house remains sacred to his family, large and Mexican, and no more than five Americans have ever seen the real home behind the white walls of his residence in the West Adams district, miles from Hollywood. The house itself is white frame with green shutters and a brick wall with iron gates.

One wing has been devoted to the theater which is Ramon's pride and joy. Here he gives little playlets—al in Spanish—for Mexican audiences.

The place only seats sixty and his family take up the first two rows.

Unlike the man and easy manner that many people employ with their servants, Ramon is entirely the master, they entirely the serving men.

It was late summer when I had tea with him and the man who served wore a starched striped coat.

The table was placed on the stage of the theater, nearly tallied with an old Spanish cloth and bright chin. It was the sort of tea one reads about in smart novels, with tiny finger sandwiches, cut in hearts and shamrocks, and luscious little petit fours.

His butler was the most perfect I've ever seen.

There is something old world about the place, something infinitely fine and peaceful, like Ramon himself.

The theater is Ramon's chief diversion. Its lighting equipment would make Royce and Sid Grauman run to the nearest cyanide vendor.

The orchestra pit is deep sunken and entirely screened from view and the lights are all managed from back stage, save for one spot at the back of the theater itself.

The back of the stage opens into a tiny garden, which Ronald had planned to be used in his stage effects.

As I drew up in front of an old-fashioned white frame house on Franklin Avenue one morning, I knew by its very look that it belonged to Gary Cooper.

Inside the rooms are spacious and informal. It looks like a very comfortable, modern ranch house should look (and probably doesn't).

Gary's mother, Mrs. Charles Cooper, lives with him.

His father, the Judge, was, at the moment, in Montana converting their property into a dude ranch.

Everything in the place breathes comfort. The pillows are not the kind you look at and murmur "how pretty" from a respectful distance.

They're to put your head on and even to throw.

The big chairs show that they've been sat in on long pleasant evenings before the fire.

The living room boasts a large fire place, numbers of books on either side, in old fashioned book cases, and an upright piano strewn with music.

The table was cluttered with newspapers, magazines and a loom where Mrs. Cooper was weaving a rug for Gary's bedroom.

Underneath is a sitting room which opens into the four bedrooms. Gary's room has an old-fashioned four poster and a large marble topped dresser.

There are a few evidence, everywhere, old Indian relics—the beaded belt Gary wore when he was in school, the Indian suit he made himself, several love tokens from Indian friends, and a war bonnet.

By his bed is a little rag rug sent to him by a fan in Kentucky.

The Southern belle was not so bold as to mail the gift direct to Gary.

She dispatched it, with a note, to his mother, and, since then, has carried on a correspondence with her.

There are old pewter mugs (brought by his father from England) and a very fine old drinking horn.

Downstairs, the big kitchen smell of baking bread, a gift from Andy's mother's mother who had it shipped from Virginia.

Mrs. Cooper has entire charge of the house, with a cleaning woman to help and two women in when there is entertaining to be done.

The parties, however, are always informal. Old friends from Montana drop in—boys and girls they used to know.

I kept wondering how Lupe Velez fits into this scheme of things.

When the Judge comes out he and Mrs. Cooper will take a home or an apartment to themselves.

I wonder if Gary will build another place for Lupe.

Jimmy Hall used to be one of the prize bachelors, with a charming place in Hollywood, but the house was made ready for Merna Kennedy, not long ago, who will be entertaining to Mrs. Hall by the time you read this.

Grant Withers has just bought a new house, which is managed by his mother. The place, in Brentwood, is both Spanish and costly and Grant had to go to Jack Warner to get the money to buy it.

Hugh Trevor owns a mansion and entertains lavishly.

So you see that the bachelor apartment is as extinct as last year's ingénue. Hollywood, according to Will Hays and the latest vital statistics, is a city of homes.
Soon these other outstanding Pathé hits will be shown at your favorite theatre — watch for them!

INA CLAIRE
in
THE AWFUL TRUTH
Broadway’s favorite stage star makes her talking picture debut in her own greatest stage success!
Directed by MARSHALL NEILAN
MAURICE REYNES PRODUCTION

BIG NEWS
with
ROBERT ARMSTRONG and CAROL LOMBARD
The most gripping murder story ever told in talking pictures! See from the inside how the case is handled by the newspapers and the police!
Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
RALPH BLOCK PRODUCTION

THE SOPHOMORE
with
EDDIE QUILLAN
SALLY O’NEIL—JEANETTE LOFF
A comedy of college youth which is breaking all records for sustained laughter! Guaranteed to drive away the blackest glooms!
Directed by LEO McCAREY
WILLIAM COUNSELMAN PRODUCTION

LUCKY IN LOVE
with
MORTON DOWNEY and BETTY LAWFORD
A love tale of the Emerald Isle that just keeps you laughing through your tears from start to finish!
Directed by KENNETH WEBB
ROBERT T. KANE PRODUCTION

Ann Harding
in
PARIS BOUND
From the Stage Play by Philip Barry

PARIS BOUND is the story of an idyllic marriage, threatened by ugly suspicion, saved by the sensible realization that the sure road to happiness seldom leads through the divorce courts.

It is sophisticated, grown-up drama; original in its viewpoint on an age-old problem; penetrating, sympathetic, human.

Add to its unusual plot and skillful development of an absorbing theme the fact that PARIS BOUND brings to the screen for the first time the glorious voice and brilliant stage presence of Ann Harding — and you have one picture that you simply wouldn’t want to miss.

PARIS BOUND will be shown at your favorite local theatre soon. Watch for the announcement, then make your plans to see it!

Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
A MAURICE REYNES PRODUCTION

AN ALL TALKING
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Birth of the Theme Song

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

With the selling of composers down the river other questions came up. It is all very well to have a song, but what to do with it once it is being sung. What about the fans who would want to try it over on their pianos?

RADIO! If politicians and toothpaste

mixers found it worth while broadcasting

their stuff, why not have the made-to-order

songs sung far and wide—by getting into the

broadcasting business?

So, among others, Warners acquire Wit-

mark’s and Paramount get half of the Colum-

bia Broadcasting System—and the movement

is only beginning.

Naturally, contredems arises. Music pub-

lishers have quaint attachments to bearded

old ditties. “My Rosary.” “Silver Threads

Among the Gold.” “When You Come to the

End of a Perfect Day”... They love these

veterans because they are the backbone of

their business. But the new masters have

new notions. “Scrap everything composed

before last Wednesday”? Which seems to have brought us to the point we have been trying to reach. The fatherly interest which is growing in the breasts of the gentlemen in charge of the canned music

factories.

“If these are go-getter songs, we’ll get them.”

And they have.

NOW no talking machine company dreams

of issuing a monthly list without its section

devoted to the songs made by and for the

Movies. Coming eastward, after finishing a

picture, actors take time to visit the laborato-

ries. There experts run them up against a

familiar looking mike and bid them goodbye.

The stars are beginning to twinkle orthophonically.

What next?

So far as we are concerned, just this: With-

out malice aforethought, we propose to sur-

vey this output.

Here Are a Few of the Records Available from Recent and Current Hits

THE BROADWAY MELODY

The Broadway Melody Ben Selznick and

Orchestra Columbia 1738-D

Charles King Victor 21964

Harold Lambert Brunswick 4380

Lea Reisman Columbia 1780-D

Charles King Victor 21964

THREE COQUETTE

Coquette Victor 21898

Pete Woolery Columbia 1805-D

COQUETTE

Paul Oliver Victor 21898

Pete Woolery Columbia 1805-D

Should be familiar by this time. The ad-

vantage here is that you get both for the price

of one from Victor.

CHRISTINA

Christina The Columbians Columbia 1817-D

Lewis James Victor 21962

“My dreams come true, Darling I love

you” type of innocuous waltz. When waltzes

are used for this purpose they must be pretty

good ones. Christina has a long way to go, poor

girl.

DRAG

My Song of the Nile Melody Three Victor 22026

The Columbians Columbia 1817-D

A waltz again. One up on the last, however.

Both well played.

THE DESERT SONG

One Alone Richard Crooks Victor 1370

Don Voorhees Columbia 1824-D

Lusted almost a lifetime on Broadway and

probably deserved it. Crooks does it to per-

fection.
Barbara La Marr; then Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Marilyn Miller, Ruth Elder. Important girls, those.

Right now Ben is engaged to Rebe Daniels. But is Ben married to anyone? No, children, Ben is not married.

Not that you can blame all this anti-matrimony on the men.

Take Bessie Love, whose name says more than she does. Bessie's always the life of the party, the best sport in the crowd, the cutest thing ever.

But Bessie a bride? Net yet.

THEN Clara Bow and Alice White. How those girls will love me for putting their names together!

But they are alike in more ways than one. Both jazzy.

Both ambitious.

Both full of S. A. and What It Takes.

Clara certainly acts, off-screen, as though she wants to get married. I honestly believe she does, for she's been a lonely little kid most of her life.

But despite her engagements to Gilbert Roland, Bob Savage, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper and now Harry Richman, she is still Miss Bow.

The White infant with the red hair loves 'em and leaves 'em. She's been right next to the altar with several lads—Dick Grace, the aviator, Donald Keith and more—but she never lets herself get quite inside the marriage circle.

Anita Page plays safe by going everywhere with her Papa. A boy just can't make any headway with a girl who goes everywhere with her Papa.

A S for Garbo, it is now apparent to everyone that she loved Mauritz Stiller, the director who first discovered her and who recently died in Sweden.

She seems to have had a sort of amused affection for Jack Gilbert.

But for myself I expect Garbo to marry about the time rose bushes start blooming around the North Pole.

The real low-down on all this seems to be that these famous girls just don't care to get married.

And when you stop to consider it coldly you can't blame them.

Beautiful, Alluring Hair in 12 seconds

Clever girls have discovered an amazing secret! They know that to be beautiful a woman must have beautiful hair, soft, enchantingly lustrous, gleaming with glorious health. Now in 12 seconds they give their hair this beauty.

This amazing liquid—not greasy—not sticky—without an offensive odor—contains vegetable ingredients most beneficial to the hair. It gives each strand a lovely sheen, makes it gleam with life. It helps to keep the hair perfectly coiffed all day. It keeps the hair healthy and glorifies its natural beauty. Let Hair Grow—liquid or paste—bring new beauty to your hair. It will delight you. Get a bottle from any druggist. Nothing better for setting a marcel, a finger-wave or a permanent.

MENTHOLATUM

You CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!

I do two things, I correct every defect, I devend Alden beauty. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that no one can be given beauty. No matter how badly they are disfigured, by acne, pimpls, freckles, redness, etc., MENTHOLATUM changes everything. MENTHOLATUM restores life, beauty, youth, health, confidence to millions of women. It provides them with beauty that remains for months, even years. It makes them feel as beautiful as they look. Its results are absolutely marvelous for us, for it gives us the secret of beauty.

AMAZINGLY QUICK

No long waiting. In a few days clear face, blackheads, whiteheads, nobly skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, reduces, addow appearance. Redness, blushing,.Dricieh wrinkles, gorgeous hair, nearly, your whole body. Con tint porcelain figure to beauty. Glows eye, eyebrows, hair. Beauty complete.

FREE TRIAL

You can try all of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—absolutely without making a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of disfigurement and change. You can either send me your name and address or take your prescriptions and request stunning packages. I will send you anything to try my beauty aids for ten weeks. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the sole judge. If not delighted, just pay me my money back.

And I Teach You Fascination

Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I discuss this precious art in my sensational book, "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how to make your smile more beautiful, learn to wear your hair, to dress, to groom, to pose and crook, and, when all, those secrets are free to every woman, with her free trial of my beauty aide. Remember, yes, absolutely nothing to lose. SO TODAY—

Send Coupon For Free Trial Offer

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558-B Lucille Young Blg., Chicago, III.

Absolutely without obligation on your part, send your name, address where you wish this booklet sent. This coupon is valuable only if used in this number. Name, address must be given. This offer is limited to one per person.

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Women of fashion are avoiding heavy bills by having light-colored pleated frocks and other garments cleaned at home with Putnam Dry Cleaner.

The Original Dry Cleaner—not a spot-remover, but a cleanser like that used by professionals. Works in naphtha oil gasoline or ordinary soap does in water. Leaves garments practically odorless. Removes dirt—leaves no grease spots—will not shrink or fade any material. Pleats retain their creases and are easily pressed flat again. At your druggist's,

**PUTNAM DRY-CLEANER**

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In the case of the girls, it is hard for them to find men who meet their standards. When a girl has youth, beauty, fame, fortune and gratified ambition, what can the average man offer her that would make her throw it all aside for life in a cottage?

In the case of the men, handsome, debonaire, wealthy, are there so many girls all over the world.

After all, doesn't it look as though they could get any girl they wanted? And how can they be sure any one girl is the perfect girl? Maybe the next, or the next, or the one after that, will be The Only One.

So they search on.

Love?

Ah, love. Love is something else again. Love is something you make scenes of in front of a camera.

Love is called "being that way." Love is something to laugh over or brag about—in Hollywood.

But that isn't real love, you murmur.

All right.

Let's consider real love.

If you are really and truly in love in Hollywood what do you do?

Well, you get engaged.

But you don't get married.

**Hollywood Leads Paris in Fashions**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

smarter than Hollywood women as a whole because they know how to wear their gowns better, but—and this is the important thing—the lines of Hollywood have become the lines of Paris.

"I've looked over a lot of dresses that I created for the screen several years ago. They are in good style now. Only minor changes have been made. These changes include the feminine trend. Bows, jabots and frills are smart.

"For instance, one smart new coat of mine introduces a large cuff that is attached to the glove."

"When you peel off the gloves, you peel off the cuffs with them and there is a fitted coat sleeve underneath."

"Hollywood is either seven years ahead of the times or else it has stood still for seven years and allowed the styles to catch up with it."

"I believe, however, that, very subtly, Paris, like the rest of the world, has been affected by the movie mode," he added in concluding his thoughts.

Greer has often refused to dress many of the picture girls because they would not be a credit to him, yet he finds that they are now in fashion.

And thus is the old guard routed. "It is appalling," he mumbles, "that some of the atrocities worn on the screen will be copied by millions of women, when they should not be taken too literally. The gowns the camera photographs are simply inspiration to be taken as Paris took them, a mad outgrowth of mad minds now interpreted in terms of rhythm and beauty."

**AND the mannequins in the exotic Maison Greer, Hollywood's most exclusive gown shop, are showing the fitted frocks so scorned by the master a year ago!**

"See!" says Ramon Novarro to Dorothy Jordan. "High C," comes back Miss Jordan snappily. Ramon is illustrating to Miss Jordan a high note of one of the several songs they will sing in "The Battle of the Ladies," the star's newest M-G-M picture. Miss Jordan, dainty musical comedy star, plays opposite Novarro in the production.
CLAP yo' hands! Slap yo' thigh! "Hallelujah" is here! "Hallelujah" the great! "Hallelujah" the first truly epic picture portraying the soul of the colored race. Destined to take its place in filmdom's Hall of Fame along with "The Big Parade," "The Broadway Melody" and "The Hollywood Revue." King Vidor wrote and directed this stirring all-negro drama, this absorbing story of the colored boy, indirectly responsible for his young brother's death in a gaming house brawl, who becomes a negro revivalist; of his devotion to his ideals; and of his craving for a seductive "yaller girl." The soul of the colored race is immortalized in "Hallelujah." Every phase of their picturesque lives— their fierce loves, their joyous, carefree pursuit of happiness, their hates and passions—finds dramatic expression against vivid backgrounds of cabarets, cotton fields, gaming houses, and humble shacks called home.

Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, plays the central character. Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, has the leading feminine role. In addition, the celebrated Dixie Jubilee Singers and other noted performers sing the songs of the negro as they have never been sung before. Don't miss this tremendous event in the history of the screen!

Now playing simultaneously at the Embassy and the Lafayette Theatre, N. Y. Twice Daily
"My Skin Nearly Drove Me Mad!"

"I had pimples and blackheads so badly, and used to squeeze them so much that my face looked red and raw. On the advice of a nurse friend I got a jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur and used it faithfully for 10 days. In 3 days' time there was a big difference in my skin and today it is as soft and clear as my 10-year-old sister's."

The sulphur in Rowles Mentho Sulphur clears the skin while the menthol heals the sore, broken tissue. That's the twofold action you want for skin troubles. Try Rowles Mentho Sulphur not only for pimples and blackheads, but for dry, scaly skin, rash, and itching eczema. It WORKS! All druggists sell it in jars ready to use. Be sure it's Rowles.

"DISPEL THAT RASH Why suffer when skin troubles yield so easily to the healing touch of Resinol"

A month or two ago PHOTOPLAY printed a picture of the living billboard, the sensational advertising stunt which was used to call attention to the "Hollywood Revue" when it opened in Hollywood. Here you see the New York version which tied up traffic on Times Square and caused policemen to fall fainting to the ground.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Eyelashes . . . .

CAN BE GROWN

And You too, can grow those thick, Curling Eyelashes of Youth

IT CAN BE DONE THIS WAY

The eyes of youth are well protected—made beautiful and expressive by long, thick lashes—lashes kept luxuriant, glossy, soft by the natural secretions of the tiny cells that form the roots of the eyelashes.

But time, neglect, ill-health rob these little cells of their natural food. Lashes dry out, become colorless, break off or fall out. And the effect upon beauty is devastating—for it has been said that half a woman's charm depends upon her eyelashes.

Medical science says that daily care—the right nourishment—can bring back those thick, curling eyelashes of youth. The first step is to secure the correct food.

The new Wix Eyelash Grower was originated for just such conditions as thinned, dried or colorless lashes. It is a pure, rich cream made of the mildest ingredients—tested in the laboratory—tried by thousands of women and always found successful.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street, New York

Wax Eyelash Grower comes in black and brown for daytime use—or colorless, if you prefer. Sold at leading department stores. Price at $1.

Wax Beautifiers—in Solid or Liquid form—come in two colors: black and brown. Priced at 75c. Sold everywhere.

"YOUR EYES ARE HALF YOUR BEAUTY"

One of America's most noted beauty specialists says:

"Hair cell structure of eye-lashes is similar to that of the scalp. Cells can be re-stimulated, re-nourished and new lash growth encouraged by correct care and treatment."

When the news got round that Fritz was leaving the Gang for good, the fans set up such a clamor that Hal Roach hastened to Mr. Allen Clay Hoskins with a bright, shiny new contract. "Who is this fellow Hoskins?" sez you. "Farina!" sez we.

Fritz Greiner; Her Mother, Giovella, Bathory; Gen. Hoffman, Erich Kubler-Tiet; Baron Baroday, Leopold Kramer.

"ILLUSION"—PARAMOUNT—From the story by Arthur L. Swiney and E. Lloyd Sheldon. Dialogue by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by Arthur L. Swiney. With Claude Gillingwater, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Claire Trevor, Nancy Carroll, Hilda Schmitzlup, Jane Collyer, Mrs. Jacob Schmitzlup, Elizabeth Hoerd, Robert Schmitzlup, Regis Toomey, Mr. X. Wm. McLaughlin, Mrs. Y. Z., Katherine Wallace, Mrs. Z. W., William Austin, Mrs. V. Frances Raymond, Gus Bloomberg, Eddie Kane, Eugene Jaram, Michael Vuooff, Constance, Renee Lynx, Mary Ray, Ursuline McVetty, Coast Foreman, Paul Lukas; Jaron (Butler), Col. G. L. McDonald.

"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"—AUBERGINE FILM COMPANY—From the story by Fred Hart. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Burton King. The cast: Donald Mackay, Dr. O'Keefe, Pedro DeLeon, Senorita Maria, H. R. Walthall; Liz; Tony Hopkins, George Duryea, Pedro DeLeon, Ray Hallor; Olle Kallback; Larry Stover.

"KIRKITZER"—PARAMOUNT—From the stage play by Jo Swerling and Edward G. Robinson. Adapted by Victor Trumper and Sam Mintz. Directed by Edward Seeman. The cast: Joe Larrat (the Kirkitzer), Harry Garey; Joe Lator; Mary Brown; Eddie Brown; Noel Hamilton; Bert Livingston; David Newell; Funkle, Lee Kallman; Kappinos, Henry Fink; Meyer, Reni Holtz; McGinnis, Gay Oliver; James Livingston, Albert Gran; Phillips, Eddie Kanne.

"LIGHT FINGER"—COLUMBIA—From the screen play by Jack Natteford, Dialogue by Jack Natteford. Directed by Joseph Hensley. The cast:light Fingers, Ian Keith; Dorothy Madison, Dorothy Reiner; Donald Madison, Carol Nye; Edward Madison, Tom Mikkels; Kerigan; Ralph Theodore; London Tower, Charles Gerrard; Butler, Pietro Soso.

"LOVE DOCTOR, THE"—PARAMOUNT—From the play "Bombering" by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben and Guy Bolton. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Gerald Sommer, Richard Diet; Virginia Moore, June Collyer; Bud Woodbridge, Morgan Farley; Grace Tyler, Marian Sogger; Mrs. Woodbridge, Winifred Harris; Preston De Witt, David Ludwigh, Lucy, Gale Henry.

"Lucky in Love"—Pathé—From the story by Gene Markey. Dialogue by Gene Markey. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: Michael Pugh, Laura Colleen, Lida Herry Caldwell, Betty Lawford; Cap; Brian Fliegy, Colin Keith-Johnston; Peri; Carby Horta; Mrs. Horta, Emma Upp; Manny, J. M. Kerrigan; Tim O'More, Edward McVannan; Paddy, Richard Taber; Eddy, Edward O. W. L.; Nora, Jane Carlos; Monica, Lida Allan; Lucile, Sally Kjarsett; Pols, Tyrrell Davis, Elizabeth Murray.

"Madonna of Avenue A"—WARNERS—From the story by Mark Cartland. Scenario by Ray Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast:...
PYORRHEA
usually starts from tender
BLEEDING GUMS

Gums that bleed—easily—are ten-
der or soft—warn that pyorrhea may be develop-
ing. Pyorrhea’s infection attacks the peri-
dental membrane in the root sockets that hold the teeth in
place.

Extraction of the teeth is often necessary, no matter how perfect they may be. Your teeth are not safe unless the gums are firm, 
plump and healthy.

Pyridox Powder was formulated for the special purpose of stimulating and hardening the gums. It is medicated with Dentinol, used for many years by thousands of dent-
is. The wide use of Pyridox for gum pro-
tection is largely the result of dentists’ pro-
scriptions. While Pyridox is a superior tooth cleanser, it should be brushed on the natural diet, no matter what other tooth preparation is habitually used.

Your druggist can supply Pyridox. Its regular use is usually a week, Mail coupon below or a post card for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE
The Dentifil & Pyridox Co., Inc. (sole distributors)
Mail free sample of Pyridox Powder and booklet on care of the gums.

Name
Address

PYRIDOX POWDER

One Year
To Pay

No. A 169—$62
$2 deposit—$1.25 A Week

Red Tape

No. A 169—$62
$2 deposit—$1.25 A Week

10 Days’ Trial

SEND NO. A 169—$62
$2 deposit—$1.25 A Week

Write for free booklet.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

When Norma Terris, stage and screen star, heard the name of her first and longest-acting telephone. She rushed right out and said “yes” to Dr. Jerome Wagner over the long distance telephone. Dr. Wagner lost no time in getting to the coast, and on August 20, 1929, the two were married in Hollywood. The name of the picture? “Married In Hollywood!”

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
YOU’LL SEE “PARIS” IN COLOR — Breath-taking Broadway revue — spectacular — glorified beauty ensembles — superbly extravagant gowns and settings — in all the glory of their full natural color, reproduced by the amazing new Technicolor process... setting the 1930 style for motion pictures!

YOU’LL SEE A FAMOUS STAGE STAR IN “PARIS” — Irene Bordoni — Paris present to America. For years her name has helped light Broadway... Now for the first time you’ll see it on your home-town theatre! Dazzling, sparkling, inimitable — to see and hear her is to understand all the lure of playful Paris.

“PARIS” BRINGS YOU A GREAT BROADWAY HIT — Last season’s reigning New York stage hit transplanted to the screen, with all the color, songs and comedy that captivated critical Manhattan. See for yourself why thousands paid $1.00 per seat to see this hilarious story of the frantic loves of a great French actress and her “misleading” man!

Irene
BORDONI
in
“PARIS”
with
JACK BUCHANAN


“Vitaphone” is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation

A FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE PICTURE

REASONS why you’ll call this the greatest singing-dancing picture ever!

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Talkies Have Taken London

London, England

Your talkies have conquered London, in spite of the prophecies of the critics that American accents would spoil the interest. "The Broadway Melody" has been the prime favorite, running for nine weeks at the Empire Theater.
The American accent, which has been the great bone of contention, is, after all, quite correct when the picture is of modern America, and the slang is catching, and is becoming quite a craze.
A costume or period play would not be convincing abroad, and in this field your silent, spectacular films will always appeal. However, your country has a wonderful opportunity to present the U. S. A. today.

Mrs. C. M. Brydon.

Barthelness Fan Leaps to Rescue

La Fayette, Ind.

After reading all the hullaballoo that has been written since Richard Barthelness had a voice double in "Wear" River," it's time someone came to the rescue:
What if he isn't gifted with a singing voice? If he can act, as critics admit, shall we scrap him? Why is it worse to have a voice double than any other? We know the stars use doubles for dangerous stunts, and nobody stays away because of it. No one objects to trick photography.
Yet we read that Barthelness has cheated the public and that he shouldn't be allowed to do such a thing. How have we been cheated when we have known from the first that a double was used? Let's not turn them down because they can't sing.

Mrs. Pearl Sutton.

Mr. Champion Champions Film Players

Oakland, Calif.

Hollywood is the home of the motion picture and New York is the home of stage stars. So give us more Hollywood talking pictures and less of the stage people.
We don't want so many pictures that have a cast of players unknown to us movie fans. We pay our money to see our favorite screen stars, like Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, Bessie Love and others, and not to see a group of unknown stage actors.

George I. Champion.

We Want More Curves, Cry Girl Fans

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Where are the types of the good old days? Like Clara Kimball Young, Katherine

What a break! Tough luck follows Beverly Bayne, the erstwhile Mrs. Francis X. Bushman and an old time picture favorite. With the advent of talking pictures the stage was set for a comeback for Beverly. She looks like a million, has a fine voice and stage training. Three of the big studios offered her leading roles, but due to her long membership in Equity she was unable to accept any picture offers. She returns to Broadway to play in "Escapade," a stage play.

Mrs. Francis X. Bushman.
MacDonald, Theda Bara, Besie Barriscake, Mary Pickford.

These girls were really beautiful. They had enough neat on their bones to make lovely figures. The girls in pictures today are so skinny they look like shadows of the beautiful beings they could be if they were not starved.

It is pitiful and deplorable. If directors think that beauty they certainly lack good taste.

AOGES LYONS.

Bristol, Conn.

I wish to express my opinion about producers who insist on making the poor stars starve only to gain pitiful figures.

I believe Joan Crawford a very good actress, but I never enjoy her pictures because of her sickly appearance.

Instead of admiring her, as many do, I only pity her. The same thing happens whenever I see Mary Philbin, Myrna Loy, Dolores del Rio and many others.

Please give us more healthy looking girls like Clara Bow, Anita Page, Thelma Todd and others. Do not spoil the health, not only of picture stars, but of all the women in the world!

MRS. Q. R.

Give Us More Laughs!

Washington, D. C.

This is a plea for pie throwing and slapstick. Where are the good old rip-snorling comedies of yesterday? Only the smallest provincial theaters show them. The large houses are overloaded with talkie novelities, movietone specialties and vaudeville—with never a thought for the side-splitting, relaxing comedies that used to accompany the big films.

I saw "Evangeline" recently. I can't feel uplifted or gratified by a good cry over her sorrows. I felt that afterward we ought to have an extra good comedy. Did we have one? We did not! We had a lot of jazz songs and a sad one or two by a lot of personality-singers.

Maybe I am all wrong. Maybe producers are now busy making extra funny comedies, 1929 style. But I sure do wish they hurry!

HELEN GUNNER.

That Fatal "Star" Policy

Juneau, Alaska.

My pet grievance is directed against the so-called "starring vehicle" written by hack writers around the personality of some star, either to give the star the necessity of acting, or to cash in on the personal popularity of an actor.

The plots of such operas are invariably trite and second-rate. The principle that anything new might not be understood by Main Street. The members of the supporting cast are chosen with little or no consideration of their fitness for the roles; and even if the star is capable, it is hopeless to expect him or her to carry such an unlearned mess. It is merely an attempt of the producers to pare enough from the legitimate expenses of production to pay the exorbitant salaries of the stars.

DENZEL PIEARY.

Are the Sun-Kist Peaches Overrated?

Middletown, Penna.

I think the movies take in too much territory when they boast of their beautiful women. True, there are some attractive actresses, but not one that can be classified as beautiful.

What Hollywood needs is more sleep and less makeup.

There is a young girl in my home town whom the movies actresses cannot compare with when it comes to good looks. This young lady has proved herself a capable actress in all home-talent plays.

Look 20 Years Younger Instantly!

Marvelous New Invention Worn Under Hair Transforms Your Appearance Immediately!

NO need now for surgical face lifting. If your face is beginning to sag, your eyes look tired, or wrinkles are forming about nose or mouth, a simple little device worn under the hair will make a marvelous change the moment you put it on.

Absolutely guaranteed to please you in every way and to accomplish these amazing results or your money refunded.

The saging elements are taught to support themselves.

2. The lines from nose to mouth, and about the mouth and eyes, are lifted out of their creases.
3. The face immediately takes on a brighter and more youthful expression.

Send for Free Booklet

No obligation. We will be glad to send you free—in plain envelope—an interesting little book that tells you all about this new invention perfected by Susanna Coelett. Illustrated with actual photographs. All correspondence treated with the strictest confidence.

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Please send me, free and without obligation, the tablet, "Wonders of New Health and Beauty Device."

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Photoplay Magazine for November, 1929

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How I Got Rid of Superfluious Hair

I know how—for I have been utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Then I tried a new, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Money back if not satisfied. Address MBE, Annette Landau, 100 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 340, Chicago.

How to Be Beautifully Developed

The Psycho-Expander develops the chest, neck, shoulders, arms or back—to natural plumpness. Promotes deep breathing—a delightful exercise that brings surprising development. If you have a thin, flat chest, write for Physical Beauty Book—sent FREE.

NEW ELIA PORTRAIT COMPANY
10 E. Erie St. Dept. 315
Chicago, Ill.
I, and many others, think she is the most beautiful person God ever created.

D. MCNEAR

Why Not Sit Midway?

Berkeley, Calif.

Being possessed of all my faculties, I feel that I can quite justly lodge a "complaint" against the talkie invasion.

In order that I may hear the lines spoken, I must sit in or near the first row. But in order to protect my eyes I must sit well to the rear. What's the answer?

JACQUELINE COLLIER.

Delaware Goes Boles

Claymont, Del.

This is a great big bouquet full of beautiful posies for John Boles of "The Desert Song." What a find! And where to the keen all the time? I never got such a kick out of screen love-making, and I've been seeing movies all my life. Oh, his expression—his voice—his singing! And everybody feels just the same about him.

Happy days to John Boles.

Trix Shaw.

(Johnny's fan mail in Photoplay's office is enormous. There are evidently a hundred million others like Trix.—Ed.)

He's Laughing Off Stan and Olive

Kansas City, Mo.

Hah hah hah! Hee haw! Stan and Olive! Stan! Ha! It's you! Stan! Hah! Laurel and Oliver! Hah hah! Hardy are positively Hah! Riottous! The two shortest reel Hah! Hah! comedians on the screen today, bar none. Hah hah hah!

HARRY KRUG.

A Kind Word for Voice Doubling

Huntington Park, Calif.

I am one of the many movie fans who prefer familiar faces on the screen, even though Ruth are assured that all the voice reproduction is not their own. These screen people have been very satisfactory as to acting ability, so does it matter that they have doubles do their singing and playing?

There have been no more touching scenes filmed than Richard Barthelmess singing in "Wayward River," and what more divine than Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady." It seems to me the most wonderful progress in the picture industry, when we can see the beauty of face and form of old friends, combined with the beauty of voice where to the theirs.

After all, movies are all the romance the majority of us get out of life, so why not let the actors remain ideal in our hearts and minds. Even though the starred voice is heard the scenes, let us continue to look upon the loveliness of the screen stars.

NINA SUTTON.

Shall We Have Both?

New York City.

I have been a movie fan ever since the days of Maurice Costello, Florence Lawrence and the late Arthur Johnson. Stars of yesterday, and shining stars they were. Having recently gone to hear and see the much talked about "talking pictures," I admit I enjoyed several; but there is a handicap. The audiences in most picture palaces do an immense lot of talking and running and here and there for better seats. And along with them can be heard the rusters calling out sweetheart (?), "More seats in the balcony."

Now one wonders what chance have the patrons to enjoy talking pictures under these conditions? After all, the motion picture houses were built for the masses, not for the classes. There is room in this vast countryside for both talkies and the silent drama. Let's have our choice, the same as in the legitimate theaters.

Where one is playing musical comedy and another is playing drama, both are well patronized.

TRUDY HALPERIN.

Limitations

New York City.

"The talkies may make the actors talk, But they can't improve our Charlie's walk." Don't you agree that you can't improve a superlative?

GERTRUDE A. MENDEL.

That's an Idea, Too!

Forest Park, Ill.

Some think the moving pictures are bad, but they do not stop to think that the players must make a living some way.

MARGARET GOODMAN.

From Many Readers

Houston, Tex., reports! ESTELLE WADE writes that her town votes 50 per cent for talkies, 25 per cent for sound, and the other quarter for the silent kind. She suggests that all three be kept going, to take care of such diversified tastes.

From Hong Kong Ching FRED K. NICHLON thanks us for the story on Lew Cody and Mabel Normand, printed months ago, and prays for their recovery.

MARY ANDERSON, Olympic, Wash., sends a nice bouquet to Ethel Chapman and James Neill for their work in "The Idle Rich." This is what BESSIE GLOVER of Montgomery, Ala., thinks of talkies: "A silent picture makes you feel like you are having a wonderful dream, but when you hear a voice you awaken, and that spoils it all."

Speaking for Wichita, Kan., DAVY WILCOX says, "We are glad to see Nibs Asther, accent and all!"

Will Bessie Love please come up to the platform and get this nosegay? MRS. C. C., of Trinity, N.C., writes: "You know I have been in Pea, peachy, and fifty-seven other varieties of nice things."

And OCDO ORBAN, of New York City, thinks a good service of her. WEBSTER says, "I wish you, hear, ""The Broadway Melody,"" according to ESTHER PHILLEO ARNOT.

GEORGE ATTIN, writing from the Island of Trinidad, says that British pictures, particular those relating to incidents of real life.

This is for producers. "Give us bigger and better talkies, but add a hope story and don't over-emphasize the theme songs," says EUGENE GILLESPIE, of Atlanta, Ga. JULIAN LA THORRE, of Manila, Philippines, is pleased at harsh critics, adding that movie fans are always grasping about stars and pictures and makes me tired. If they don't like a certain star, why go to see him?"

The lovely and talented Ethel Chatterton continues to build up a solid army of devoted admirers. "Happiness always to our beautiful, patrician star, Ruth Chatterton! May she continue forever in the wish of ADELE L. SIMMONS, of Hollywood.

Senorita CARMEN LALY, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., will soon be all set. "I have never heard Garbo. But I'm waiting, and when I do shall be completely happy," says the senorita.

EDWARD FLETCHER, of Chicago, says that Delores Del Rio and Garbo and are our leading actresses, and hates to hear them lambasted.

Hey, Johnny Jack Brown! MARY A. C., of Boston, says you should learn to throw your voice out! In "Coquette" she could hardly hear you.
Hear these sparkling song hits: "Tip Toe Through the Tulips," "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," "In a Kitchenette" and "Go to Bed."

Picture a profuse procession of revue spectacle scenes in amazing settings... superbly staged chorus dancing numbers... the flashing wit of Winnie Lightner... the charm of Nancy Welford... the astounding dancing of Ann Pennington... the crooning of Nick Lucas... love scenes as only Conway Tearle can play them... a story that had New York gasping and giggling for one solid year... and you have only begun to imagine the treat that is in store for you.

One hundred per cent Color, an additional feature of Vitaphone all-talking pictures, doubles the "life-likeness" of this most vivid and enjoyable of all talking pictures.

Look for the thrill of a lifetime the day you see "Gold Diggers of Broadway"... And look for the Vitaphone sign when you want talking picture entertainment—always!

Vitaphone is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation.

You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.
Mellin’s Food and Milk
supplies all the nutritive elements necessary for growth and development during the early period of bottle feeding.

The Formula
is readily understood and food for the full twenty-four hours is easily and quickly prepared.

The Mixture
as prepared from the formula is all digestible and assimilated nourishment for an infant of any age.

The Baby
fed on Mellin’s Food and milk is happy, comfortable, sleeps well and is remarkably free from colic and constipation.

Mellin’s Food Company - - - Boston, Mass.
Wherever you live—as far east as Boston, or as far west as San Francisco—you will find that the salespeople in the finest stores of your own city advise Ivory for washing the nicest things they sell.

And if you should ask, "Why?" you would receive some very interesting answers.

Here are typical statements made to customers by salespeople in cities scattered all over the country:

"For all kinds of silks Ivory is best. Other soaps are likely to be too strong. All the manufacturers who sell to us advise Ivory." (Richmond, Virginia)

"Use Ivory Flakes for glove silk. Ivory is very mild and won't fade the garment. Many other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (Leading New York store)

"Use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes if you want to get the most wear out of your stockings. This make of hosiery is washed at the factory with Ivory. So you see Ivory is what they consider best." (Denver, Colorado)

"We never recommend anything but Ivory Soap for baby woolens. Use Ivory by all means. It won't shrink woolens and it protects the color." (New Orleans)

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Diet if you want to . . . but feel fit while you do it. Many people complain of feeling dizzy and "hollow" when reducing. Why? Because these diets usually lack a most essential element—roughage. That is the reason one often feels the bad effects of dieting even during the first few days.

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Address
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"Its soft lingering melody seems to soothe one’s tired nerves after long exacting hours in the studios. If there really is such a thing as a magic spell, I believe this enchanting clock achieves it. Its influence in my home is positively beautiful...A remarkable clock!"

Thus does the fascinating star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s great production, "Untamed", describe the almost magic old world witchery of Sessions Westminster Chimes...Listen!

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(See local program for time)
In the MIDDLEWEST, KYW Chicago, KDKA Pittsburgh, WVOK Kalamazoo, KMK Moline, Ill., KFYW Chicago, KMN Jackson, Miss., WDAY Fargo, N.D., WIFB Grand Forks, N.D., WDAY Fargo, N.D., WIBY Keokuk, Iowa.
In the WEST, KGO Oakland, Calif., KOL Seattle, KOA Denver, KDYL Salt Lake City, KGRS Amarillo, Tex.

Sessions Clocks
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**PHOTOPLAY**

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**Vol. XXXVII**  
**For** December 1929

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*A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14*
REGINALD DENNY has been signed by Sone Art to do a series of four pictures.

RUTH CHATTERTON has finished filming “The Laughing Lady,” at the Paramount Long Island Studio and will return to Hollywood.

Last Minute Reviews

“Glorifying the American Girl”—Paramount. This long fussed-over picture about the little girl who breaks into the Ziegfeld “Follies” is an anti-climax to all the back stage stories. Mary Eaton tries hard, but the only punch is a brief comedy bit by Eddie Cantor.

“His Glorious Night!”—M-G-M. John Gilbert does well in his first talkie love story—one of these mythical kingdom worlds. Watch for Calashure Davis, Queen, and cold young princess, and Nance O’Neill, as a merry old queen.

“General Crack”—Warners. John Barrymore is debonair as usual in his uniforms in this tiltie Centuryromance. A beautiful Technicolor sequence and John’s first all-talking picture push him up the ladder again.

“Paris”—First National. Irene Bordoni and accent are a success in the talkies. The oo-la-la girl is beautifully photographed, and she sings in French and English. Her imitation of Al Jolson is amusing. Jack Buchanan, English, is her leading man.

“Afraid”—Paramount. Helen Morgan, the toast of New York musical comedy and night club life, debuts in a dramatic role in her first talkie—another back stage tear jerker. Simply elegant in spots.

“Lilies of the Field”—First National. Corinne Griffith, the Orchid Lady of the Screen, dances on the piano with a champagne glass in her hand, and she wears tights. My dear, you have no idea! A pleasing combination of comedy and drama.

“Love, Live and Laugh”—Fox. The fine directorial hand of William K. Howard shows here. It is a tender, rueful little story about a hurdy-gurdy man. The keynote is pathos, the new maid, Dulcine. George Jessel plays the Italian boy and Lila Lee is the sweetheart.

“The Long, Long Trail”—Universal. Hoyt Hamilton hints another bull’s-eye by the charm of his smile and his indifference to women—even such lovely girls as Sally Eilers and Kathryn McGuire.

It is probable that Richard Dix’s first starring vehicle for Radio Pictures will be the famous George M. Cohan play, “Seven Keys to Baldpate.” Joseph Allen, who played the hermit in the original Paramount production, will repeat for the talkies.

MARION DAVIES is soon to make “Fair and Warmer.” The silent version will be recalled as one of May Allison’s most popular pictures.

BASIL RATHBONE, one of the first Broadwayites to do a covered wagon when talkies came in, has just had a new contract signed by M-G-M. The Mary Brian—Rudley Valleé flaireup seems to have been but a flash in the pan. Mary is going places with Matty Kemp and Rudy is seen about with a youthful and unknown vamp.

THE Lenore Ulric (Sidney Blackmer) have finished their picture engagements and left for New York to do a new play, “The Sandy Hookers.” Blackmer has already been signed by First National to return to the phonoplay.

A nice sugar plum for being a good girl in “The Devil May Care,” Dorothy Jordan draws the feminine lead in Novarro’s next phonoploy. It’s to be an original by Josephine Lovett, titled “Song of India.”

GET a load of this—Ruth Roland’s first talkie will be a big special for Sono Art called “Reno,” based on Cornelius Vandebilt, Jr.’s, book. Wotta combination!

PATHE is grooming Eddie Quillan for stardom—which means no more minor parts. The title of his next story has been changed from “Romeo’s Juliet” to “Breezy.”

JEANETTE MACDONALD has left for New York, and if she doesn’t marry her manager while in the big town the hounds are going to be that disappentured!

PATHE’S “International Television Revue” is being done in five languages. A platoon of directors and a regiment of stars are working on and in it.

ARTHUR LAKE may go to M-G-M to make “Billy the Kid.”

THE last word in titles is “Vagabond!”—no really chic title is complete without it. Harry Richman’s picture for United Artists has been definitely monikered “Broadway Vagabond” (a hangover from last season’s “Broadway” rage); Rudy Vallee is making “The Vagabond Lover” for Radio; and Dennis King has just completed “The Vagabond King” for Paramount.

CRETA GARBO may star in “Ex-wife,” sensational novel of adventures after divorce, published anonymously, but written by Ursula Parra, the Philadelphia advertising woman. M-G-M has bought it for filming.

GLORIA SWANSON has taken a pent house apartment in New York and seems to be settling down in the East for a spell.
make this your winter of SUPREME LOVELINESS through PRINCESS PAT

Make-Up and Skin Care Are So Important

Winter . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimming days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but so hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ballroom . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasures. Yet notice how different are the complexion you see — some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, sophisticated woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

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Then there is Princess Pat Rouge. It, too, has a base of precious almond. 'Tis a further protection to your skin to use this most fashionable — and most flattering — of all rouges. You'll love Princess Pat Rouge, for no other rouge can possibly glorify your natural beauty as does Princess Pat. Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret "duotone" process. Consequently — where old fashioned rouges are dull, flat and artificial, Princess Pat Rouge is alive and glowing with more than natural beauty. Seven significant shades, including Summertan and Nite.

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And, of course, creams! There are the three Princess Pat creams to keep your skin smooth and pliant during the most severe trials of winter weather.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ALOHA HAWAII—All Star.—Unusual production on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

**ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart.—Story of the terrible life of a misunderstood musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. Silent. (June)

**ARGYLE CASE, THE—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Pathé.—Delightful Paul Muni and Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

**BACIELOR GIRL, THE—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

**BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesterfield.—Quickie crook stuff—and something awful. Silent. (June)

**BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—PBO.—Cowboy Mix is an interesting one. Silent. (July)

**BIG NEWS—Pathé.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BIG REVUE, THE—All-Star.—All-singing and all-dancing juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Wonder kids. If you like to hear two-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Non)

**BIG TIME—Fox.—This is closer than a foot to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Non)

**BLACK MAGIC—Fox.—Another priceless title goes wrong. South Sea Sea life—and very dull. too. Sound. (1929)

**BLACK WATCH, THE—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

**BLACK WATERS—World Wide.—Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. Silent. (Jan.)

**BLUE SKIES—Fox.—An orphanage romance, beautifully acted and charmingly directed. Sound. (June)

**BONDMAN, THE—World Wide.—Foreign version of Half Cain's novel, messed up by poor photography. Silent. (June)

**BROADWAY—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In space of its grandiose setting, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug)

**BROADWAY BABIES—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and boose man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Goldwyn.—British melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July)

**BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme.—Did you know that night club boops have hearts of gold? This one is an unintentionally funny sob story. Silent. (June)

**CAMPUS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield.—Life in a fine boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug)

**CAREERS—First National.—More intrigue and gossip in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Sept)

**CHARGING SINNERS—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE—Fox.—Sue Spaull and Nicl Carol (our errant Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct)

**CHINA BOUND—MG-M.—Mesmerizes Dane and Arturo in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. Sound. (Sept)

**CHRISTINA—Fox.—Sleeker and improbable story made beautiful and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (June)

**CLEAN-UP, THE—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug)

**CLIMAX, THE—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as mild mastiff in picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept)

**COCK EYED WORLD, THE—Fox.—Further disapprovals of Sergeants Eddie Love and Vic McLaglen. From Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Hoefully seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct)

**COCONUTS, THE—Paramount.—Filmed version of play or stage life as it is. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug)

**COQUETTE—United Artists.—Denturized version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary's voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you'll want to see—and buy—her. All Talkie. (June)

**DANCE OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous stage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept)

**DANGEROUS CURVES—Paramount.—Clara How in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept)


**DARK SKIES—Beverly—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (June)

**DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN—All Star.—Nice domestic picture, with Lady Trent Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept)

**DESERT SONG—The, Warners.—All-singing and talking opera that is a bit old-fashioned and stagey. But good singing by John Boles. Part Talkie. (June)

**DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN—The Rayart.—Adventures of royalty in America. Fairly entertaining. Silent. (July)

**DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. All Talkie. (June)

**DRAG—First National.—Dick Bartelmes shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee in a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept)

**DRAKE CASE, THE—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading role. All Talkie. (Sept)

**DUELE STEPS OUT—MC-M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July)

**DYNAMITE—MG-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players. Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct)

**EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept)

**ETERNAL WOMAN, THE—Columbia.—Frenzied society melodrama with a rubber plot that bounces all over the map. Silent. (June)

**EVANGELINE—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug)

**EXALTED FLAPPER, THE—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and respects royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (July)

**EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal.—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July)

**FALL OF EVE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept)


**FASHIONS IN LOVE—Paramount.—Adorable Monjos with a French accent. Amorous and amusing love. All Talkie. (Aug)

---

**Pictures You Should Not Miss**

"The Cock Eyed World" "Hallelujah"
"Hollywood Revue of 1929"
"The Dance of Life"
"Bulldog Drummond"
"The Broadway Melody"
"Alibi"

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 tabled reviews show you exactly 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.

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**College Coquette, The**

"Columbia.—Another gesture of college life as it isn't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov)

**College Love—Universal.—"The College Plan." elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug)

**Come Across—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (Jul)

**Constant Nymph, The—Cairnsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug)
William Fox presents
the first Viennese Operetta
A Song Romance with music by
Oscar Straus
composer of
The Chocolate Soldier

WILLIAM FOX
presents
the first Viennese Operetta
A Song Romance with music by
Oscar Straus
composer of
The Chocolate Soldier

with
J. Harold Murray
Broadway Star of Rio Rita
and Norma Terris
Broadway Star of Show Boat
Walter Catlett
Lenox Paule
Tom Patricola
Irene Palasty
John Garrick

WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY:

"...One of the loveliest of all the melody films, the most exalted score yet to be sung in the audible pictures...Audiences are going to find it a thing of joy."
—Quinn Martin, World

"...An especially fine example of vocal recording...adroitness interspersed with joviality and extraordinarily clever photographic embellishments. The principal songs are charmingly rendered."
—Mordaunt Hall, Times

"...it recalls sweet and pleasant theatrical memories...it is of such stuff as dreams are made of...glorious music."
—Irene Thirer, News

"...boasts big sets, mob scenes, elaborate color sequences...has been produced on a very lavish scale."
—Rose Pelswick, Journal

"...the most mellowing stuff that has made its way into the movies since Von Stroheim lifted the Merry Widow's face...principal waltz is pure delight."
—Johns Cohen, Sun

Broadway contributes the stars, Hollywood the lavish and splendid settings, and Vienna the enchanting melodies of her greatest living composer, Oscar Straus—to make "MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD" the most glamorous song romance ever conceived for stage or screen!

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Don't miss this musical Movietone!

Directed by
Marcel Silver

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Bouquets was realized your that's was E'A began was Shortly have not dream spat could, was shady Boles. you Vitaphone per-

Give us your views $25, $10 and $5 Monthly for the best letters

How you feel about things

Getting hard to please, you fans! You know what you want and you ask for it in no uncertain tones. But who has a better right? Looks as if the standard of taste has been raised by the talkies. In the main, fans are demanding master and more original stories. There has been a note of rebellion this month against the flood of backstage, gangster, court-

rum and "Pagliacci" themes. Fans are crying out against the deluge of cheap imitations which follows every big success. They're still interested in the action of phonoplay (talkie) on the deaf and blind. Mothers are acclimating the talkies a boon. Subtitles no longer have to be read aloud. And the talkies, especially the newsreels, aid in education.

Many still bewail the rout of Jannings and other foreign actors by the demon microphone. There is much wailing over the Broadway invasion of Hollywood. Yet some of the newcomers from the stage are rivaling the old silent favorites in popularity. Garbo and Boles still occupy the throne—although Ruth Chatterton has received almost as many huzzas as the Glorious One herself. Bill Pinto Vance Powell is running second to Boles. Fans were all worried about the recent illness of Lon Chaney and his microphone shyness.

Upward and onward via the talkies

The $25.00 letter

Newark, N. J. I'm just an ordinary personage, like the thousands more of American citizens about me, whose homes are commonplace and or-

dinary, where everybody's radio seems to blare louder than the other after the evening meal. We toil and push, getting nowhere, and to the greater number of us the motion picture talkies are an outlet—a dream world, and a real educational help. The talkies reach more

of the population than any other educational institution; they uplift us to broader thinking, better speaking. Help us to keep correct American pronunciations and correct wording; we need it so. God, we hear enough slang and high-hating in our everyday existence.

We don't want to be just "ordinary" always; we want to break away, to get ahead. Our American slang way of speaking often keeps us from better positions, but we do not wish the English way of speaking either. No, no, never—we want good true American speech—no frills, but correct.

A movie-made man

The $10.00 letter

Washington, D. C. All my life I was lonesome for companionship. When I reached twenty-one, I felt the lack of it more keenly than ever. Then, one day I picked up an issue of Photoplay. As I read through its pages, I became conscious of the idea that if others could have friends and jovous times, I could, too. Shortly after-

ward I began attending a number of movies. I studied the ways and manners of the young men on the screen before me, and tried to emulate their most likable and attractive qualities. Soon after that people began to notice me, and frequently I overheard someone say that I was "likable," or "well-dressed." The change was unanny. But when the girl took notice of me, I realized that I was not dreaming!

Today I am happy. I have friends where I used to have acquaintances, favorable atten-

tion where there was indifference.

John Landers Poole.

Wilders women, please!

The $5.00 letter

Baton Rouge, La. Well, for once in my life I'm glad to say, I've seen a picture where the heroine in it, namely Jeanne Eagels, in "The Letter," was allowed to be true to life to the end. The usual expensive layout and the sweet heroine picture is all right for a pastime, but for a real enjoyable evening I'm all for the show that gives us some real acting and a little more interesting plot, even if the heroine isn't so good.

Personally, I do not approve of shassy women or even murderesses—ho hum—but when one can dramatize the part like Miss Eagels did—well, let's have 'em bad.

W. M. C.

So there!

Gloucester, Mass. I read with interest the letter by Mrs. M. Bates on Talking Pictures. I was surprised at her attitude.

A real musician would, in my mind, always wish to continue in the field of music. It was due to the number of musicians who, like Mrs. Bates, "sawed through thousands of per-

formances" and watched with "impersonal interest" both the picture and audience, that musical scores in Vitaphone and Movietone became possible.

The successful theater musician, who is still working at his profession, never "sawed" through a picture with "impersonal" interest in either the picture or the audience. Instead, he tried to become involved in feeling with the story being unfolded on the screen and en-

deavored to interpret the emotional acting and dramatic points musically. He also had a very personal interest in his audience, trying to heighten the enjoyment of the photoplay by providing a proper, well-fitting musical background.

I confess that I like the talkies, particularly so if I have succeeded in removing these musicians from work who had no personal interest in their art and in the art of entertain-

ing the public, their audience.

Harry J. Jenkins, Organist.

Censors, take note

Denver, Colo. Much is being said of the harmful effects of movies on children, but I believe that the good effects overbalance. It's up to the parents to help the child select the good from the bad as in everything else.

Our young son might read and re-read descriptions of big ocean liners, the ocean itself, airplanes, different animals, etc., but let him see them in pictures and they become fixed in his mind as they really are.

He saw and heard Edison give his speech to the forty-nine boys—saw the Graf Zeppelin, and although he had heard descriptions over the radio, the pictures gave him a more exact idea. At the same time he saw "Big News" and was so disgusted with the "drivel" that he said, "I'll never drink if that's the way it makes you act."

Eva M. Denst.

The voice of a trouper

Richmond, Va. Why is there so much hush feeling about the real original "Hollywooders" and those just in from Broadway?

[Please turn to page 117]
Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.
Marian Nixon
"says it with
THE NEW
Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The easy, girlish grace which is bringing Miss Nixon so many admirers in "Say It with Songs" and "General Crack," is a natural expression of feet that are energized with the smart new Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.

Your foot, too, will respond eagerly to these hidden Arch Preserver stimuli of youthful activity... the arch bridge that prevents all awkward strain, the metatarsal support that keeps the step elastic and light, the flat crosswise inner sole that permits complete freedom of action to nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

These wonderful features are available only in this genuine, original Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. They assure the freedom of motion necessary to easy, graceful, natural carriage of the body.

You will enjoy wearing the new Paris models in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes. Styles for every occasion $10 to $18. Selby Arch Preserver dealers everywhere will be glad to show them to you, and demonstrate how the Selby exclusive method of heel-to-ball fitting achieves perfect union between shoe and foot.

Miss Marian Nixon, the latest fashion in leading Ladies, as evidenced by her success with Al Jolson in "Say It With Songs" and with John Barrymore in "General Crack," herself selects the latest fashion in shoes... the Selby Arch Preserver Romola... to accompany her smart new for coat.

Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 185 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-85, The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

Name
Address
City State

There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only the Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.

THE ROMOLA
A smart center buckle, with cleverly placed cutouts and perforations. Autumn brown genuine snake. Kid-skin to match.
Harry Langdon, all dressed up like a hausfrau, may not know a skillet from a dishpan

STOWED away in the icebox, a Baked Ham is a life-saver for the hostess who has unexpected guests for meals and little time for preparation. This is Olive Borden’s recipe:

She first scrubs the ham carefully, and then soaks it in water forty-eight hours, changing the water five or six times. The ham is then boiled, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. When thoroughly cooked, she skins and sprinkles it generously with brown sugar, adds a dash of black pepper, and sticks it with cloves. It is then baked in cooking sherry and is basted constantly until it becomes a rich golden-brown color.

MAYBE Harry Langdon did cook this grand Plum Pudding, but the chances are he just couldn’t resist the opportunity to do some clowning. There’s nothing funny, however, about the recipe he sent us. The results are genuinely soul-satisfying. The ingredients are:

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ cup butter} \\
1 & \text{ cup sugar} \\
3 & \text{ cups soft bread crumbs} \\
1 & \text{ teaspoon baking powder} \\
1 & \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ teaspoon nutmeg} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ teaspoon cinnamon} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ teaspoon mace} \\
\frac{1}{4} & \text{ teaspoon cloves} \\
\frac{1}{4} & \text{ cup nuts, cut in pieces} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ cup grape juice} \\
3 & \text{ eggs} \\
\frac{3}{4} & \text{ cup scalded milk} \\
2 & \text{ tablespoons chopped orange peel} \\
2 & \text{ tablespoons chopped lemon peel} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \text{ cups raisins} \\
\frac{1}{4} & \text{ cup currants} \\
\frac{1}{4} & \text{ cup chopped figs}
\end{align*}
\]

Cream the butter and sugar together; add bread crumbs, baking powder, salt and spices. Add beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly. Add scalded milk. Add orange and lemon peel, raisins, currants, figs, nuts and grape juice to the first mixture, and beat thoroughly. Fill greased pudding mold three-quarters full, cover tightly, and steam for four hours.

It will then be ready to serve with orange or hard sauce.

CLARA BOW’S Chicken Char-rette serves the “it” with which its sponsor has been credited. Unlike many party recipes, it has as much appeal for the so-called stronger sex as for us girls.

Mix well 1 cup of cooked chicken, minced fine, with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, \( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon onion juice, \( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons tomato juice and 1 beaten egg. Add a dash of pepper.

Grease a charlotte russe or pudding mold, lining it one inch thick with boiled rice. Fill the center with the chicken mixture, and cover the top with rice so that the chicken is entirely covered and the mold is full and even.

Cover and cook in steamer for 45 minutes. Serve it with tomato sauce, poured in the dish around the form, not over it.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN has sent me a recipe for real Southern Gumbo, the kind they make back in Johnny’s home state, Alabama.

1 chicken
1 tablespoon flour
2 dozen oysters
\( \frac{3}{4} \) quart water
Salt and pepper
Chopped parsley
Rice

Cut up a young chicken and sear in hot lard. Add the sliced onion, flour, shrimp, oysters and ham. Fry all together, and when brown add water and let boil for an hour. Season with parsley, salt and pepper. Serve in tureen, with plain rice, cooked dry.

THE housewife should remember that variety is the spice of the menu. Every family enjoys an occasional surprise at mealtime—a brand-new dish that quickens the appetite and saves the meal from monotony.

PHOTOPLAY’s monthly page of recipes helps you to plan nourishing breakfasts, dainty luncheons, and appetizing dinners. It gives you many new ideas for serving—ideas furnished by the foremost hostesses of Hollywood, who are thoroughly schooled in the art of serving and entertaining delightfully.

CARMEN LA PASCUAL

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY’S FAMOUS 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.
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Twelve Times

THERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You know it will please the recipient.

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To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that Photoplay Magazine will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

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* * *

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HALLELUJAH—M-G-M. Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. . . . . . (Oct.)

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HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathé—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage: This Issue

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Diet for slimness
if you want to—but be sure you protect your health

Physicians everywhere are warning against unwise reducing diets. Hundreds, thousands, of girls have ruined their health from diets that were too extreme.

The trouble with many diets now in vogue is that they lack roughage. As a result constipation occurs. Its first symptoms often appear during the first few days of dieting. These are dizziness and headaches.

By adding Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to any diet, the ideal roughage is obtained to relieve and prevent constipation.

ALL-BRAN does not add fat to the body. It just sweeps the intestines clean of poisonous wastes. Its regular use restores health and, above all, priceless beauty and charm.

Don't trifle with pills

No pills or drugs can play the part of ALL-BRAN in a reducing diet. Their dose has to be constantly increased and they do not produce the natural results that ALL-BRAN does.

You will like the appetizing nut-sweet flavor of ALL-BRAN. It can be enjoyed in many ways. In soups. On salads. Soaked in orange, prune or fruit juice. As a cereal with milk or cream. Delicious with honey added. Just eat two tablespoonsful daily—in chronic cases with every meal.

If you mail the coupon we will gladly send you a valuable booklet on the subject of safe reducing. It contains many approved diet suggestions which promote beauty as they help you reduce. Grocers everywhere sell ALL-BRAN. Be sure to get the genuine—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Served in hotels, restaurants and dining-cars.

Send for this SAFE REDUCING BOOKLET
KELLOGG COMPANY,
Dept. P-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet on Safe Reducing Diets.

Name__________________________

Address_______________________

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THE intelligent use of cosmetics has routed many an inferiority complex and made a timid, self-conscious girl into a glowing, self-confident young woman.

When a girl knows she is well-groomed, when she has done her utmost to bring out her best points, her less attractive ones fade into the background in her own mind and in the minds of others.

We have all learned that beauty is not mere perfection of feature. That would be too simple for the very few who can boast of chiseled features, and too difficult for the vast majority who have to blaze their own trail to loveliness. But it is a journey that pays you rich returns as you go.

On my desk is a letter from Evelyn E. Like all other girls, she is seeking the things that aid in developing charm and attractive appearance.

As the result of her experimenting she has found several excellent beauty preparations that keep her skin glowing and fine-textured, her hair shining and healthy, her hands well-groomed and supple.

In short, she seems to have discovered the beauty aids that best suit her special requirements. Some of these preparations are rather expensive to use constantly, and she asks if there aren't some cheaper substitutes I can suggest.

THEN there is Mrs. J, a young married woman, who asks me to help her make a decision. She writes that in one of the shops in her city she has seen a dahlia velvet evening frock that might have been designed especially for her, it so perfectly suits her in line and color.

Her one evening gown, bought last season, lacks the chic, the new and becoming lines, of the dahlia frock, but is still in good condition.

Most of her social activities are informal, but she attends a few formal parties during the winter and could use a second frock to good advantage, although she usually manages with one.

Mrs. J has saved enough from her housekeeping money to buy this dress without encroaching on her budget. But with Christmas so near, she feels it would be selfish to spend the extra money on herself for something she could do without. This in spite of the fact that donations to Christmas charities are a substantial part of her holiday spending.

Her husband thinks she is generous enough with her Christmas giving—that she should occasionally indulge herself to the extent of buying something she wants and doesn't actually need.

AFTER reading Mrs. J's letter my first thought was, 'Why not buy yourself a Christmas present?'

Christmas is the season for giving, when we open our hearts and purses and remember that living is something more than a bread-and-butter struggle. But in remembering our duty to others we need not lose sight of the fact that each of us owes something to herself.

If Mrs. J were going to neglect those whom she usually remembers, if she were spending money she should use in bringing holiday cheer to those who look to her for it, I should certainly advise her to forego the joy of wearing a new and becoming gown at the expense of a troubled and unhappy conscience.

Because she isn't taking away one needless thing from anyone, and because the coveted dress will bring so much pleasure to her, which in turn will be reflected in her husband and in some degree in all those around her, I strongly advise her to indulge in the new gown.

The whole tone of her letter shows me she is not a woman who needs to be discouraged from selfishness. She is the type of careful housekeeper who makes her dollars do their utmost. She is not a spendthrift, who is easily snared by attractive displays to buy things she neither needs nor can afford. She is plainly a careful and conservative shopper with a sound, well-fashioned conscience about spending money unwisely.

A new dress, or hat, or a bottle of delightful perfume is not always such an important addition in itself. It's that intangible something it stands for that often makes it have value in our eyes.

Mrs. J's new dress will mean more to her than just that. It will mean that her husband wants her to look her best, that he is interested in her appearance; that while he probably appreciates her thrift he will not take advantage of her selflessness.

The consciousness of wearing a color which she knows is flattering, of being dressed in lines that are fashionable and becoming, will give her increased poise and charm, and will add pleasure to all the activities of the winter season.

AND that's just the way I feel about Evelyn E. If the beauty aids she has bought have helped her to preserve the gifts of complexion, of hair, and of physical charm generally with which she has been endowed, it is money well spent. And the cosmetics that have corrected or covered up deficiencies can never be termed extravagant. It seems to me they are almost priceless!

If Evelyn has given time and money to experimenting and has found the preparations that best meet her needs, I think it would be poor economy for her to change. In a few cases there may be cheaper substitutes, but perhaps they will differ just enough to be less effective.

There are many cosmetics that are comparatively inexpensive, and yet are of high merit, and if Evelyn has discovered some of these she will do well to continue in their use, rather than change to higher-priced preparations whose efficacy is no greater. There are also some excellent products which, if made to sell at a lower price, would have to sacrifice quality.

It is true that women collectively spend what seems like an enormous sum for cosmetics in the course of a year. But when that money purchases preparations that are actual aids in pro-

For beauty and health, your dressing table ranks next to your dining table. Don't buy inferior toilet preparations, but, remember, high cost does not always indicate merit

Buy Yourself A Christmas Present

HAVE you been wanting some toilet accessory that doesn't cost a great deal but seems high-priced because you feel you can do without it? Is there a hat that beckons to you from a certain shop window, so that you have to cross the street to escape temptation? This is not a brief for extravagance, but rather a hint for the wise investing of Christmas money in beauty and charm.

My reducing booklet and complexion leaflet are yours for the asking. Write me about your problems, and I will answer your queries with a personal letter in the order of their receipt. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with every request. Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
It's your Move and you can't lose if you give or get an Elgin for Christmas

Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together... they've been together inseparably, it seems... For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love, all the things that bubble up inside you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch carries your present sentiments long into the future, saying with every beat "may every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation."... And this is the best Christmas in sixty years for choosing an Elgin. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale, from $15.00 to $650. New combinations of metals and enamel. New settings of precious gems. A new Elgin watch family, the largest in the world, but still backed by the old Elgin tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee.

In the four squares above... (Upper left) Parisienne watch designed in Paris by Callot Soeurs. Set with two selected diamonds... $75.00. (Upper right) Sterling silver cigarette lighter with 15-jewel Elgin watch in the case... $65.00. (Lower left) New Elgin clock, mounted in fountain pen set... $37.50. (Lower right) The Elgin Legionnaire... a peace time strap watch of war time strength... $19.00. And now in the checkerboard to your right are four more examples of Elgin's fine craftsmanship. (Upper left) Forty-two diamonds set in a platinum top case. Accurate, 17-jewel movement... $500.00. (Upper right) Smart new traveling clock in blue, beige or black leather tooled with gold... $25.00. (Lower left) Elgin pocket watch in ultra-modern case with green and black enamel... $65.00. (Lower right) And the new Lord Elgin... 15-jewel movement... $50.00.

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You can keep YOUR skin LOVELY as THEIRS

by using this famous 3-step Woodbury Treatment

These beautiful types were chosen from thousands of entrants in forty-eight States as the loveliest, the most alluring Woodbury users.

What Woodbury’s Facial Soap has done for them it can do for you.

Whatever the condition of your skin is today—if it is excessively oily, or rough and dry, or if blackheads and blemishes embarrass you—do not be discouraged. Your skin is constantly changing—old dead cells are being replaced by new ones. Let Woodbury’s make this new skin what you want it to be. Let it make you more attractive, more desirable.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and give your skin the famous Woodbury treatment described above. This treatment was developed by a celebrated skin specialist after years of experience in treating all types of skins. It cleanses and stimulates the skin just as the beauty treatments of the famous salons do. Follow it faithfully and watch your skin gain in clearness, suppleness and fineness of texture until you, too, possess “a skin you love to touch!”

I

Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to open the pores.

II

With tips of fingers work a rich, antiseptic lather of Woodbury’s Soap and warm water well into the skin to dissolve all dust, powder and rouge. Wash away with clear, warm water.

III

Rub a small piece of ice lightly over the face to close the pores and toss up the skin. If your skin is very thin or dry, do not use ice. Apply Woodbury’s Cold Cream and leave on overnight, to keep your skin soft and vital.

“A DEBUTANTE has to have a good skin. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury’s on my face. It keeps my skin just the way I want it to be.”

—Natica de Acosta, prettiest debutante.

“I LOVE the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury’s—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth.”—Julia D. Evans, most beautiful woman in the art.

“It’s TERRIBLY HARD to keep your face clean in Chicago. Woodbury’s is wonderful for cleansing; it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We love it!”—Lois V. Dodd and Heclo E. Dodd, prettiest co-eds.

“All the girls in New Orleans are beautiful. And nearly all of us use Woodbury’s. We think it is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury’s Soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!”—Lolita Gladys Gelphi, loveliest sub-deb.

“Woodbury’s is wonderfully cleansing, yet with a special delicacy and mildness that I’ve never found in any other soap.”—Mrs. George Franklin Hester, most beautiful young wife.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.

Six most beautiful Woodbury users chosen by
John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
How do you like the new Blanche Sweet? You don't even have to answer—there's only one reply possible! The mike is doing marvels for our perennial blonde favorite. She has leading rôles in two big pictures, "The Night Hostess" and "Always Faithful," and there'll be plenty more.
FOX has given this little girl some great big parts, and the fans have done the rest. Marguerite Churchill stepped from the theater to the big sound stages on the Fox lot and made good in a very impressive way. Her work in "The Valiant" and "Pleasure Crazed" made her scads of friends, and many more good things are in store for our Marguerite.
RUTH CHATTERTON, the stage's greatest gift to the screen. For years a much beloved star of the theater, the coming of the phonoplay brought Ruth a new and even greater career. "Madame X" and "The Doctor's Secret" gave the fans her glorious voice, and her popularity is enormous, even rivalling that of the great Garbo. Next—"The Laughing Lady"
The newest Mexican tamale, destined to rival Velez and the rest as a pretty sizzler of the screen. Armida is her name, and she is a discovery of Gus Edwards, who gave her her first film chance in his short musical films. Then she graduated to an important rôle in "General Crack," John Barrymore's new picture, and a lead in "Under a Texas Moon"
HALF Hollywood calls her the prettiest girl in pictures. The other half is divided among other candidates. Need we add that this is Loretta Young, only seventeen and already one of First National's most prized leading women? In addition to all this, she is the girl friend of Grant Withers, and so one of the most envied of Hollywood's younger set.
Of all the meteors that have flashed across the Hollywood sky, none in history has ever scooted brighter and faster than John Boles. It took him a long time to get started, but when the mike turned loose his splendid voice in "The Desert Song" our Answer Man began to spend sleepless nights answering questions about his hair, eyes and heart condition.
Gossard has created a charming all-in-one foundation for this feminine era in fashions. The caressing softness of striped satin tricot uplifts the bust, accentuates the waist and restrains the hips to subtle curves... The back is low cut for evening decollete...

Model 3643 — only $5.

Other designs up to $25.

The new Silhouette can also be achieved with Gossard girdles featuring nipped-in waistlines and Gossard uplift brassieres.
"It is the mood of youth itself!"

saying PHILLIS HAVER

"Moods... so often come stealing out of a perfume bottle... One... stately... One languorous... One... demure... And one... for many years it had escaped the perfumers... it was the mood... of youth itself... Yet one day... lucky day for me... I found it! A younger mood! I could scarcely believe my nose... 'Why what is it?' I asked the girl who proffered it... 'It has a name just like its fragrance' she smiled... And it has!... It's called... SEVENTEEN!"

A New Mood... and
...a new Perfume
SEVENTEEN

Moods... glorious things... if you play up to the roles that they create in you! And youth... gayety... laughter... they're all in Seventeen! It's as modern... as tomorrow... as young... as a snatch of a song! It is full of elfin mischief... It is filled... with Eve-ish things... never was there a perfume like it! So subtle... So breathless... So young... as SEVENTEEN!

Try Seventeen today... you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with Seventeen! The Perfume, in such exquisite little French flacons... the Powder so new and smart in shadings... the Toilet Water, like a caress... the fairy-like Dusting Powder for after-bathing luxury... and the Talc... the Sachet... two kinds of Brilliantine... and the Compact, gleaming black and gold... like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!
PHOTOPLAY has fifteen candles on its birthday cake this month. Thank you.

THE show must go on.

"Died from an overdose of chloral hydrate."

"Alcoholic psychosis kills actress."

Such were the newspaper headlines. Her body lay in a Broadway public funeral parlor. A few old friends and five thousand morbid curiosity seekers. Five thousand dollars' worth of with sympathy floral scenery. Across the street the electric lights of a theater blazoned "Jeanne Eagels in her greatest picture, 'Jealousy.'"

The show was going on.

STAR! Success! Fame! Fortune!

Behind that stage front, years of pain and suffering with tuberculosis and neuritis of the optic nerves. Struggle, from tent shows to Belasco star. Worry. The merciless battle to keep alive and keep going. Unhappiness. Envy. Gossip.

Pitiless driving of harassed soul and broken, pain-racked body. Making fortunes and giving them away. Hemorrhages. The show must go on. Stimulants to help drive the poor helpless body. Sedatives to deaden the blinding agony.

Temperament, they called it.

Courage, I call it.

The show must go on.

DOGGONE if those British film fellows haven't made a splendid motion picture, and a talkie at that.

The name is "Blackmail," and it is well worth seeing. It is the first English-made picture to win a star rating—one of the best of the month—in PHOTOPLAY.

English film editors, who are always squawking that we are agin their pictures, please copy.

You make 'em, Tommy, and we'll star 'em. Fair enough?

THE screenpecker is the strangest bird in the Hollywood. It flies around the studios, alighting on motion picture problems, or what seem to it to be problems, and pecks away for dear life.

The difference between a woodpecker and a screenpecker is that the woodpecker knows what he's pecking about, and the screenpecker doesn't.

The woodpecker is born to his job. His father and mother were woodpeckers. He has natural equipment and instincts to guide him. The screenpecker is not so fortunate. He lacks instinct for guidance and pecks at any old thing that smells of celluloid.

The woodpecker is drilling for food. The screenpecker digs for the pure cussedness of pecking.

WILL HAYS was recently made the object of a vicious attack by Welford Beaton, editor of "The Film Spectator."

Beaton was not satisfied with just publishing his spleen in his paper, which is read principally in Hollywood and by motion picture exhibitors.
He wanted it to reach beyond his own circulation. So he went to the trouble and expense of wrapping up his poison in pamphlet form, and mailing it wherever he thought it might bring in subscriptions from folks who like to read this sort of thing.

Of course, he has a perfect right to his editorial opinions, but as one who has been a close observer of Mr. Hays’ problems, I have an entirely different opinion.

Beaton has three delusions. He sees himself the one true prophet and salvation of the motion picture. He looks upon the talking picture as a failure. He cannot think of Will Hays’ salary without foaming at the mouth.

HE called Hays everything except a drunken bum, a torch murderer, and a moral leper, and blames him for everything except the World War, the loss of the battle of Bull Run, the kidnapping of Charlie Ross, the murder of Stanford White, and the failure of prohibition.

He forgot to accuse Hays of beating his mother, and doing crossword puzzles.

I have studied psycho-analysis only casually, but it does not take a psychiatrist to diagnose the trouble with my fellow journalist.

He’s plumb nuts!

A FEW weeks ago Beaton told me in mournful tones that the talkies were succeeding in spite of anything he could do, but his face and voice lightened up with great glee when he said that he was going to publish an attack on Hays.

I asked him what all the shooting was about, and the one logical reason I got out of the conversation was that Hays is getting $100,000 a year as head man of the picture business, and Beaton’s pickings are considerably smaller.

“Whom would you nominate for his job?” I asked.

I was disappointed and had a distinct feeling my old friend was slipping, when he didn’t have nerve enough to nominate his omniscient self for the salary and the oak-panelled Fifth Avenue office.

That’s the reason some fellows don’t get everything they deserve—they lack confidence in themselves!

ADIES and Gentlemen of Greenville, Texas: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE bows its head in shame, scrapes its high, white forehead in the dust, and begs your pardon.

Even if PHOTOPLAY were too unfair and stubborn to apologize on the grounds of fair play, it would be forced to by the avalanche of denunciation in letters and newspaper clippings from your justly irate citizenry. You folks certainly have civic “it.”

Seems that Janet French pulled a boner in a story about John Boles, who is getting to be a big camera and microphone shot in Hollywood. She said his home town, Greenville, was a hamlet, that its streets were a mess, and warned tourists to avoid it in rainy weather.

Janet was only a hundred per cent wrong in her information on Greenville. She must have been thinking of a couple of other cities. Twenty thousand souls live in Greenville. I have heard from every single one of them, so I know. It has thirty-five miles of perfectly paved streets, fine railroad service in all directions, and is one of the chief commercial centers of northeast Texas. In fact, it is everything that Janet said it wasn’t.

JANET has been spanked and sent to bed without her grapefruit. She will be given two hours home work every day until she knows the geography of Texas backwards and forwards, and can call off the population of every city, town and county from memory. She’s really a nice girl, but she’s been on that confounded eighteen-day diet.

The editor again apologizes in his usual Chesterfieldian manner, and offers to set them up for the entire city. No, no, it’s too big for that. But the next time I get to Texas I pledge myself to stop at Greenville and go right up to the city hall and tell the Mayor we’re sorry and it won’t happen again.

Everyone on PHOTOPLAY’s staff knows Greenville now.

DISCOVERED: One woman in the world who doesn’t float off into a state of innocuous desuetude at the very mention of Rudy Vallée’s name. The gal? None other than lil’ Alice White.

Alice was dining with a boy friend at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood when a photographer tapped her on the shoulder and said: “Will you please step outside for a moment and have your picture taken with Rudy Vallée?”

“Sorry,” said Alice. “Otherwise engaged.”

“But Mr. Vallée has requested it particularly,” insisted the amazed photographer.

“Still sorry,” said Alice. “Still otherwise engaged. What were you saying, Sid, before we were interrupted?”

SPEAKING of children:

“Numerous studies made by scientists have failed to establish any appreciable contribution to delinquency from motion pictures but we find them to be helpful in many ways.

“The motion picture is perhaps the most useful of all present mediums of expression in the inculation of generally accepted standards of morality and behavior.”

Statement of Dr. Phyllis Blanchard, psychologist of the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic, at the International Congress of Psychology which was held at Yale University.

Facts vs. Poppycock.
The Microphone—The Terror
Of The Studios

By
Harry Lang

Mike, the demon, who sends the vocally unfit screaming or lisping from the lots

And even then, every Hector’ and Hectorine that struts the streets of Hollywood will read it and say: “This guy ain’t said NAW-thin’ yet...” And they’ll be right—but here goes.

IN the first place—or is it? but let’s put it there—young John W. Microphone, to give Terrible Mike his family name, has made the leading lady of the screen a LADY in fact as well as in name. Not that she wasn’t ALWAYS a lady—no one’d EVER go so far as to say that. But look—

Before Mike crashed the studio gate and brought in his lady friends, what was little Miss Starlet like? You know. Ya-da-da-Da-Poo-POO;—let’s GO!!—THAT’S what she was.

THE MICROPHONE—THE TERROR
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THIS is a story of Terrible Mike, the capricious genie of Hollywood, who is a Pain in the Larynx to half of filmdom, and a Tin Santa Claus to the other half!—who gives a Yoo-Hoo-There Leading Man a Voice like a Bull, and makes a Cauliflower-Eared Heavy talk like Elfin Elbert, the Library Lizard!—and who has raised more hell in movieland than a claras bow in a theological seminary.

Why, you can’t even begin to write the half of the story of Terrible Mike and what he’s done. You can only take a heap of ha-ha’s here, and boo-hoo’s there—laughs and sols, heart-leaps and heart-aches, sudden wealth and sudden ruin, funny things and tragic things and howcum things—and try to string ’em together into some semblance of yarn.

And even then, every Hector’ and Hectorine that struts the streets of Hollywood will read it and say: “This guy ain’t said NAW-thin’ yet...” And they’ll be right—but here goes.

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Before Mike crashed the studio gate and brought in his lady friends, what was little Miss Starlet like? You know. Ya-da-da-Da-Poo-POO;—let’s GO!!—THAT’S what she was.
Little and hot, like a red pepper—and the Mexes were the hottest. She thought poise was just the label they put on imported canned peas, and savoir faire, she’d guess, was just the French name for a chocolate cruller, huh? She was a cute kid or a jumping bean from over the border, and Sex Appeal and “It”—whatever THAT was—were her everything.

AND so Clara Bow says she’s planning to take a year’s trip abroad when her present contract with Paramount ends, and Ruth Chatterton is knocking ‘em dead in the talkies. Mona Rico, for whom they had to fireproof the films, is God-knows-where, and Pauline Frederick flares into first-magnitude stardom.

Alice White is thanking Allah that she can sing, besides being cute, while Winifred Mrs. Bill-Hart Westover comes out of obscurity and wows it in “Lummox!”

Terrible Mike has cooled down the incandescent flapper—he’s giving her an awful kick, and is putting Poor Old Lady Has-Been back on the throne.

Miss Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Miss Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall—
For all of her "S. A." and all of her "It"
Just couldn’t make her in talkies a hit!
—from “Mother Goose in Hollywood”

Consider Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow. Envision for yourselves a see-saw. One end goes up; the other end goes down. Bebe is on the end that’s going up, and Clara is—well, er, let’s confine ourselves to her own admission that she’s going to take a European trip by and by because she’s tired.

“I’ve been working hard for years,” she told a Hollywood friend the other day, “and I need a rest. So I’m figuring on going to Europe for a year or more, when my contract expires.” It expires in about thirteen or fourteen months, and not a soul at Paramount has said it’ll be renewed.

And at the same time, Mr. Paramount is kicking himself all over the lot because of Bebe Daniels. Bebe, you see, bought up her own contract with Paramount not so long ago because they didn’t think she was worth two toots in talkies. They were paying her a fat salary, and using her in ordinary pictures. They couldn’t afford to spend much on her productions, was the excuse, because her salary under contract was so big that they had to skim on her pictures to make money. When they wouldn’t give her a talkie chance, Bebe slapped down $75,000 and bought back the contract that called for her to make three more pictures.

And now what?

WHY, just this: Bebe Daniels, as this is written, has just finished the lead in “Rio Rita” for Radio Pictures. And there isn’t a doubt in the world, say the wiscracks of Hollywood, that that talkie will be one of The Big Shots of the talkie year. Bebe’s work is one of the biggest sensations of the millions of sensations Terrible Mike has pulled.

Strange, too. Bebe has a voice that you wouldn’t think twice about, ordinarily. Nice voice, and all that, but no power—no force. Now that’s just where Mike does his stuff. He took all the nice things in Bebe’s voice—and there were plenty of ‘em—and added the thing she didn’t have—POWER.

And boy, what a voice it gives her on the screen!—you’d even fall in love with a strabismic wart-hog if it had a voice like that.

On the other hand, Clara Bow’s voice certainly didn’t lack power. Her first all-talkie—“The Wild Party”—proved that. Her first scene called for her to dash into a dormitory full of girls and greet them with, “Hello, everybody. . . . !” Well, the sound-mixing gentleman in the monitor-room above the stage, not being familiar with the—ah—er—vibrations of Clara’s voice, didn’t properly tune down his dials for Clara’s words.

She burst in, told them “HELLO, EVERYBODY!!!”—and every light valve in the recording room was broken!

Little Miss Starlet, in ermine and scarlet,
Getting a thousand a day,
Along came the talkies, revealing her squawkles—
And put poor Miss Starlet away!
—from “Mother Goose in Hollywood”

How’d you like another contrast—even more startling than the case of Clara and Bebe? [Please turn to page 124]

See the Sensational New Styles from Hollywood

In This Issue

Look for the Winners of the $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest—in the January Issue, Out December 10!

HOW am I going to discover what is smart? How many times have you asked yourself that question?

The most style-wise stars have posed especially for Photo-play readers in clothes actually designed and made in Hollywood by the foremost fashion dictators. They have been beautifully photographed by a well known artist.

Pajamas, evening gowns, dinner frocks, sports costumes, street dresses and hats are included in the collection. Each ensemble has been carefully selected and each one is typical of the film center, which has become the broadcasting agency for world styles. The clothes appear in both the personal and professional wardrobes of the stars—a complete forecast of the new trends followed by all chic women. As every type of gown has been selected these pages have an appeal for every woman.
Grant Withers, the despair of Pueblo and the sensation of Hollywood!

Well, here is Grant! For once, the Hollywood people and the fans all over the country like him. Do not mix Withers with the party of the second part!

When I am old and grey and little children cluster about my octogenarian knee, lisping sweetly for a story, I shall tell them of the time when it bored me to yawns to dance with Grant Withers.

And now Grant is the sensation of Hollywood. Screen stars chuck their nice husbands for one date with him. Ga-ga little girls huddle together and giggle with excitement when he passes by. Elderly matrons send discreet notes to suggest that they would not turn down a dinner invitation. It is safe to say that no youngster has ever before caused such a stir in the sensible, sedate film colony. If you saw him in "The Time, the Place and the Girl" you saw something of the real Grant Withers.

But I recall a certain monthly Saturday night dance, at the Minnequa Country Club, in Pueblo, Colorado. I had gone with Grant's brother, Newton (the family car having been borrowed for the occasion), and was feeling very grand in a blue chiffon dress that showed all of six inches of my spinal column. Lord, but I was risqué.

I was sixteen. Grant was two years younger. A mere child. To be tolerated only because he was escort's brother. Condescendingly, between yawns, I gave him one dance because it was expected of me. What was the good of an old, sophisticated woman of the world like me wasting music on a kid? How was I to know that he'd turn out to be the favorite Beau Brummel of the gold coast?

Just a Crazy Kid

By Janet French

Pueblo's one Man About Town committed a heinous crime that night. At the local theater a group of Mack Sennett bathing beauties were making a personal appearance. They weren't good swimmers, nor were they exactly beautiful, but other accomplishments made up for that. Our Man About Town brought them en masse to our ever-so-nice club dance.

We girls were furious. The risqué qualities of my blue chiffon paled beside their—shall I say bizarre?—costumes. We huddled together in little groups to talk about them and the chaperons raised their lorgnettes and looked horrified. It was town scandal for months.

I was dancing with Grant when they hove on the scene. His mother stopped us right in the middle of the floor. She eyed Grant auspiciously.

"Look here, son," she said; "don't you let me catch you dancing with one of those girls." And then, turning to me, "Please, Janet, see that Grant doesn't dance with them."

I complained to Newton about it later. "I can't stop him from dancing with them," I said. "I think it's rather unkind of your mother to ask me."

Newton laughed. He had an eye on the little blonde in the flame-colored dress, but he knew he didn't have a chance with Grant around. "Grant always does everything he wants to," he said. "He's a crazy kid and he'll dance with them if he likes, even if he knows he'll catch the devil at home."

Grant danced with them. He caught the devil at home. But that's Grant Withers. He has always done everything he wants to do. And when he wanted to run away from military school and come to California, he did, leaving his nice, conservative family in an uproar.

But there's no changing the kid. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
T hey laughed when I said I wanted to be a Hollywood hostess. Then I told them I read Photoplay. It seemed to make everything all right.

Do you want to be a big success in the film center? Do you want the stars to beg for invitations to your palatial home? Do you know all the romances, quarrels, friendships in Hollywood? Would you know how to seat your guests so that nobody would throw bottles at anybody else? If you think you’re so smart, figure out this problem.

These guests have accepted an invitation to dinner: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Miss Mary Brian.

Oh dear no, Mrs. WhiffleTree! Under no circumstances seat these two stormy petrels together, or even within glaring distance! Mae Murray and Eric von Stroheim, you know, my dear. Perfectly adorable people, mind you, but there was that little trouble while they were making “The Merry Widow,” you remember. So not too near, Mrs. WhiffleTree!
Hollywood Hostess

(Apologies—and all that sort of thing—to Emily Post)

By
Katherine Albert

Oh, my, no! You could tell by looking at us. We’re just an in-fallible Hollywood hostess and we know how these people must be seated, but to help you out we’re going to give you inside information on your guests. You may come to Hollywood some day. You, too, might be a hostess.

Corinne Griffith—the orchid of the screen. Doesn’t like wild parties nor potato races. Is a social leader herself and married to Walter Morosco—her manager. Talks on any subject, but is most fluent about his wife.

NORMA SHEARER—the matron of the screen. Is also a perfect lady and may be held up as an example to young girls. Married to Irving Thalberg—the young genius of filmdom. Drives his workers at the studio, but is pleasing and courteous in a drawing room. You can rest assured he won’t eat with his knife.

June Collyer—Grant Withers

Loretta Young

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Joan Crawford

Eric von Stroheim

A perfect Hollywood dinner table. Your problem, and Miss Albert’s, was to seat happily and comfortably these twenty-four famous Hollywoodians at a festive board. This is her solution. The story below tells just why he was seated next to whom.

Ramon Novarro—the proper, unattached young man to have at any party. Is interested in music, art, good books and is the most polite man in town.

Grant Withers—what hostess doesn’t like to have a hero at the festive board? The story goes that Grant did some plain and fancy rescuing during the Pueblo flood.

Ronald Colman—the mystery man of Hollywood. Seldom attends parties. Won’t discuss his love-life. Runs from inquiring females.

Eric von Stroheim—stormy and temperamental on the set, but very well behaved at a banquet. He, too, knows a cocktail fork from any other kind of fork.

Ben Lyon—his loves are, of [please turn to page 127]

Two perfect answers to every hostess’ prayer, Messrs. Nils Asther and Ramon Novarro. These nice boys are one hundred per cent fine dinner-out. Both members of this club, everybody likes them, and they get on well wherever you put them. They charm the old ladies, fascinate the girls and talk he-language to the men. So always invite Nils and Ramon.
Six Famous Pairs Who Sing (Tra la!) and Dance (Hey! Hey!) in a New Revue

In "The Show of Shows," Warner Brothers' Mammoth Aggregation of Cinematic Marvels and Motion Picture Mastodons, the famous sister acts of the screen warble their prettiest and point their toes—one! two! Here are pictures of six of the fifteen or thirty star-spangled sister teams who will make the fans forget the old crack about good things coming singly. Each pair will wear the native costume of a different nation, and taken all together they will spell "Hollywood" in a great, big international way.

Glorifying Old Glory's little girls. Dolores and Helene Costello, who glorified the photoplay 'way back when screen silence was considered golden, add their scintillating bit to this single-dance-talkie

"The top of the mornin' to you, sister." Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, a couple of captivatin' colleens who do a sisterly turn in this big revue. They jig, they sing, and they smile with those Irish eyes

Two cute Dutch dolls—sisters Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. We can't be certain, but they probably sing a song of windmills, tulip time in Holland, and the course of true love in the land of the Zuyder Zee
the Sister Market

Over this colossal collection of native and foreign beauty Mr. Richard Barthelmess, accompanied by his best boyish blush, will preside as screen master of ceremonies.

This is undoubtedly one of the ace numbers of the revue, which contains everybody from John "Profile" Barrymore to the littlest and most freckled bat boy on the lot. Now if they could guarantee us Lillian and Dorothy Gish doing a hot black bottom, the world would be a better place to live and love in!

The prettiest girl in Hollywood (some say) and her pretty sister. Loretta Young (right) and Sister Sally Blanc, as the French sisters. Loretta and Grant Withers are reported on the verge of marriage. What verge!

Just two little Bohemian girls, trying to get along. You know the Days, Alice (left) and Marceline. As representatives of the land of Pilsner beer and beautiful skies, they'll do their bit in the big show.

And now for Rule Britannia! As representatives of the Mother Country we have Adamae and Alberta Vaughn, reading from left to right. You know Alberta. And Sister Adamae is an up and coming young player!
They started the story of Sue Carol's imaginary millions

By Eugene Earle

By rights the title of this story should be "The Poor Little Rich Girl," but Eleanor Gates or someone else always thinks up the good titles before a fellow can get around to them.

The heroine of the story is Sue Carol, who has been bom from childhood by riches she did not possess. There are people in Hollywood today who believe that Sue's personal fortune would make Hetty Green's roll look like a baby's bank.

Sue, almost from her first days in pictures, has been pointed out as the great Chicago heiress, who made her debut at the Blackstone Hotel. Well, Sue is a Chicago heiress. But an heiress can be an heiress without having a surplus of two or three odd millions hidden in the sock. Her fortune is best described as "comfortable."

Hollywood expected Sue to live up to those imaginary millions. There were countless demands for her money. Contracts were offered to her at a smaller figure than a less moneyed girl would get.

She determined to live on her own earnings, but she was always subscribing to this fund and that. And like anyone else living beyond their income, she went into debt. Her salary check, at first, was not large. Only in the last year has she cleared off the indebtedness.

It has always been that way—the nightmare of millions that existed only in the imagination of her friends and acquaintances.

"When I was little, if I had a dollar to spend, my playmates always thought I had ten. That was bad enough, but it was so much worse when I grew older. If I liked a boy, and he liked me, people said nasty things—that he was only after my money. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't heard the whispers. Boys that I wanted to be friendly with kept away because of the money I was supposed to have. I've cried myself to sleep more than once on this account.

"My grandfather had a great deal of money. That much is true. I received the major bequest in his will, but people did not realize that much of his fortune had gone to other people and to numerous charitable institutions. It was said that I was a very wealthy girl on account of that will. All of the money is in a trust fund. I can't touch a cent of it. Perhaps I never shall. If I ever have children, it will go to them.

"I came to Los Angeles to visit friends. I remained with a girl I knew when mother's trip was cut short. She had an apartment in a small, unpretentious building in a not too fashionable district. When I visited Janet Gaynor at the studio she did not mention the money. I thought that here my troubles were over. That [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 156]
Kay Johnson is the first person I've met who didn't insist on telling me about her operation. She's just had a perfectly elegant one.

During the making of "Dynamite," Director De Mille, the C. B. one, arrived on the set early one morning. Everything was in readiness for a full day's work. The telephone rang and John Cromwell's voice came over the wire. John, be it known, is Mr. Kay Johnson.

"I have some bad news. Kay was taken suddenly with acute appendicitis. She was operated on last night and it will be three weeks before she can return to the studio."

"Well, that's that," said C. B. as he hung up the receiver. "Tell everyone that there will be a three weeks' vacation. Does anyone know where the fishing is good this time of year?"

When Kay returned in three weeks everyone was prepared to coddle her. Comfortable chairs were provided, and they wanted to shoot scenes where she was sitting down. But not for Kay. She wasn't going to be an invalid. She plunged right back in the picture, and worked fourteen hours a day to make up for lost time. She forgot all about that incision of hers.

During her teens Kay had looked forward with keen anticipation to an operation. It seemed the final touch which distinguished a woman of the world from an ordinary, prosaic person. And then there was that day of days, or maybe it was night of nights, when her tonsils came out. She could scarcely wait to go to a bridge party.

When she did, and proceeded to go into her operation, everyone listened with bored politeness. The hostess finally informed her tactfully that her three-year-old daughter had also just had her tonsils, as well as her adenoids, deposited in a bottle of alcohol.

Kay was terribly hurt about it all, but she had learned her lesson. No one will be forced to listen about the time she had her appendix out. The incarceration in the hospital was not unpleasant, however. There was a peach of a nurse, for instance, who sneaked in cookies to her.

A godsend it was, too. Kay discovered that hospital food has the amazing faculty of tasting exactly alike, whether it be fried onions or pate de foie gras. Supposing, of course, that you get such things in a hospital.

It's quite a studio joke—Kay's appetite. When she was making "Dynamite" she would begin asking about the lunch call at 11 o'clock. When it was finally called, De Mille would say—

"Everybody can go to lunch now, excepting Miss Johnson. I want her to stay and pose for some stills."

[Please turn to page 136]
You may skip helter-skelter from page to page in PHOTOPLAY.
But pause here, gentle reader, and read this great story

THERE were few men in this world who had the regal manner that was Henry K. Nottingham’s. It is not often that you find a bachelor of forty-three who is so sure of his footing upon the pinnacle of success.

Now and then extensive search will reveal a husband who fortunately is possessed of an admirable wife who appreciates and understands him, and whose constant genuflections inspire him to appraise his genius at its true worth. But bachelors are an inferior race and usually act that way.

If Henry K. Nottingham strolled down Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning—or, for that matter, down Wall Street on a Friday afternoon—and someone behind him shouted “Hey, you!” Mr. Nottingham would not pause in his stride, nor turn his head.

Would you yell, “Hey, you!” at Napoleon? Or at Mussolini? Or at John D. Rockefeller?

Henry K. Nottingham was tall and broad, without a grey hair. His extensive but conservative wardrobe included five silk hats. Few persons but Mr. Nottingham could distinguish between the one that was the thing for the opera and the one that was to be worn only at formal weddings.

He played bad golf, and admitted it, but in spite of the fact that he kept the caddies chasing through the rough, they liked to carry for him. He never lost his temper; he never blamed them for his bad shots. His bridge was as ragged as his golf, but men sought him as a fourth. He was a good loser and, whenever the opportunity offered, a good winner—eager to learn, thankful for criticism, kind, companionable.

But his business was his life and in business he was a different Henry K. Nottingham—shrewd, piercing, firm, believing in the infallibility of his judgment and his balance sheets and his figures. Perhaps it was not entirely his fault, this sublime confidence in his own ability. There was a woman, closer to him than any other living person, constantly beside him, ever advising, forever singing hosannas to his prowess—Miss M. L. Olesen, his secretary, better known as M. L.

Business men are moulded by their secretaries, and M. L. was much to blame for the fact that Henry K. Nottingham, in business, thought he was a fellow.

Life outside of business was one thing. To be successful in social pursuits you had only to be yourself, Mr. Nottingham knew. But, as M. L. so often pointed out, sentiment must never be allowed to break through into business. Business was something else, calling for a certain state of mind that had to be cultivated—a game played under a definite set of rules that would bring success.

M. L. was pretty, in a way, as an express locomotive is pretty: efficient, powerful, capable. The only feminine thing about her was her dark brown hair, waved and unbobbed.

Mr. Nottingham, President of Marvel Pictures Corporation, was feeling much as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in all his robes might feel, if hit in the eye with a spit ball

That hair bothered Mr. Nottingham. In the many years that she had been his secretary, through his struggles as president of the Mid-Continent Cement Mixer Corporation, through his triumphs as chairman of the board of the United & Amalgamated Pickle Company, through the period in which she changed from Mary Olesen to M. L., he tried to think of her as being of neuter gender. But as long as she had that hair she was distinctly feminine.

He had suggested, diplomatically, once or twice, that she should have her hair cut like a man’s, but she just laughed. Those laughs made him uneasy. As the lion instinctively
It took a snappy scenario writer to teach Mr. Nottingham that Hollywood Boulevard and Wall Street are different alleys

result from the order, and the courage to gamble that even after weeks of agony he could find and train a paragon who would possess all of M. L.'s virtues and none of her vices.

It was the only time in his business life that he postponed a decision. After all, it was not of great importance—that was his excuse.

Henry K. Nottingham had made a success of pickles and cement mixers. And so the bankers, who found themselves with Marvel Pictures Corporation on their hands, believing that a factory is a factory and overhead is overhead—pickles, cement mixers or movies—took him from a dignified office in Wall Street and moved him and M. L. into a tall building covered with electric signs on the edge of Times Square and told him that he was president of the corporation.

They intimated that they would give him one year to make some good pictures and to get the business out of the red.

Mr. Nottingham had one flash of doubt as R. W. Nelson, the noted banker, made the offer. Mr. Nottingham did not know much about the movies. He did not like them.

But Nelson slapped him on the shoulder and declared, "You can do it, Nottingham!"

It was the first time the great banker had seemed so friendly. Mr. Nottingham felt as if he had been knighted.

"Of course I can," he said.

Mr. Nottingham told M. L. about it.

"It is the easiest task you ever had," she predicted. "When this is done, do you realize what is next? A partnership with Mr. Nelson."

Mr. Nottingham pinched his chin, nervously.

"But one failure—you know Mr. Nelson's rule—one failure and a man is through forever."

"Failure?" M. L. scoffed. "Ha!"

Mr. Nottingham was himself again.

"Of course, of course," he said.

Mr. Nottingham had been president for three days and had come to several definite conclusions. One was that the overhead was too high and that salaries were outrageous. For instance, as M. L. had pointed out, there was Agnes Callahan, scenario editor, at $500 a week. It was absurd to pay any woman that amount!

MR. NOTTINGHAM'S rule was to proceed with caution. He would discharge no one until he was sure of his ground, and not then until he could put his hands on capable replacements.

In the meantime, he was feeling his way along, learning the business through conferences with department heads.

M. L. entered.

"Miss Callahan is here," she said without enthusiasm.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]
IRENE BORDONI

IRENE BORDONI is the hot sauce of the movie menu. She is small and “Fr-ranch,” volatile and vivacious. Her naughty eyes have delighted audiences from Bangor to the Golden Gate. She has just made a talking picture version of her recent stage success, “Paris,” for First National. This winter she will return to the stage, and, according to present plans, be back in the spring for further pictures.

The Bordoni’s arrival in Hollywood was nothing if not impressive. She came quietly into town, accompanied only by a secretary, a chauffeur, a chef and two maids. Bordoni was going to be comfortable. In addition to her menage in Beverly Hills, she maintains a home just off Park Avenue in New York, another in Paris, and a villa on the French Riviera.

This interesting singing comedienne was born on the Island of Corsica, in Ajaccio. She is not the only Corsican to sail from her native shores and conquer the world. Napoleon first saw the light of day on that island. Her great grandmother was the sister of Millet, the famous artist.

AFTER stardom in the music halls of the Continent, La Bordoni scored instant success in America in “Miss Information,” a revue starring Elsie Janis. Her name soon appeared in electric lights on Broadway. Her particular forte has been versions of spicy French farces, in which she sings both in French and English.

In this day when many foreign stars have been compelled to leave the screen on account of accents, the greatest charm of the Bordoni is in her quaint handling of English. She has no desire to lose it. Bordoni without an accent would be applesauce without apples.

She is one of the most distinctively unusual women to enter pictures. Her presence at a premiere is noted with interest. She dresses with individuality and sometimes with startling effect. Yet, she is not an extremist.

The oo-la-la Bordoni’s domestic affairs have been in one of those trying states of flux for the past year or so.

She was for a good many years the wife of E. Ray Goetz, theatrical producer and promoter. Then harsh words began to be spoken, which rose to near-screams when Goetz produced a play starring that hardy perennial, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. At last reports an armed truce prevailed.

Bordoni has been, throughout her American career, a good every-season bet at the box-office. She has capably furnished our Gallic spice in the place of the lamented Anna Held, bowing over sopranos of seventeen and seventy, year after year.

So be prepared for something glittering and alluring when you go to “Paris.”

Irene will get you, even if you watch out.

Two Aces

By Cal York

WILLIAM BAKEWELL

WILLIAM BAKEWELL reached the ripe old age of twenty-one last May, the age of indiscretion.

Most young men of twenty-one are blasé and “tired of it all,” even if the pose is a bit hollow. Billy takes it big. The world is a grand place. All the stars in Hollywood are “nice,” and he can’t even think of a malicious exception or two. He has been successful in talking pictures, and before that he was successful in silent pictures. There is nothing to worry about as long as his pal, Arthur Lake, doesn’t have more dates with Mary Brian than he himself has.

This young man with the green eyes was born in Hollywood. Until he made location trips to West Point and Annapolis he had seen very little of the world which exists beyond the Hollywood mountains. The weekends in New York and Washington were events. He met Ex-President Coolidge.

Billy is one of the most popular of the screen juveniles. He played the dual role of the two princes in “The Iron Mask,” and spoke out like a trouper in “On with the Show.” He has a voice with a personality, or sex appeal, or whatever a screen voice is supposed to have. He was Alice White’s “sheikie” in “Hot Stuff,” and they were such a good team that Billy will make love to Alice again in a new picture at First National. He is also to be featured in five pictures at Warners. The first was “The Gold Diggers.”

The next time you meet Billy at a party ask him to do his imitation of John Barrymore, or the one on Harry Langdon. They’re both very funny. The imitations, of course.

Young Master Billy is one of the leading members of Hollywood’s younger set, which includes Arthur Lake, Alice White and other pert youngsters full of ginger and pep.

Anywhere else they’d be howling around the streets in stripped Fords. But being what they are, their dashing is done in fancier cars.

Bakewell seems set for bigger and finer things. His work with Fairbanks in “The Iron Mask” indicates that young master will go far fast.
and a Pair of Queens

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is an actor (and a pretty durn good one, according to rumor and box-office) but he doesn’t begin every sentence with “I.” Nor does he believe that the little woman’s place is in the home. He thinks his art is perfectly elegant on Saturday night when he opens that modest little pay envelope.

The nephew of the illustrious Paul Armstrong has done right well in the films. He slipped into pictures just at that psychological moment before talkies, when stage people were still invited out, and could drink their coffee without worrying about ground glass in the bottom of the cup.

Bob had every intention of becoming a lawyer. He was going to study at the University of Washington, but once, after a hectic session with a pair of musty tomes, he had a bright idea for a vaudeville sketch and three months before graduation presented it at a theater in Portland. Somebody saw it and Bob found himself in New York, minus a sheepskin, but well satisfied with a tube of greasepaint.

IT was in “Is Zat So?” that he found his first real stage success. He and Jimmy Gleason knocked ’em for a row of lead boxing gloves both in America and London. In Hollywood he deserted the footlights for the kleigs. From then on he’s been stepping from one picture to another until he’s punch-drunk. He has played in three dozen films. “The Racketeer” and “Oh, Yeah!” are his latest.

Bob is married to Jeanne Kent, an actress. They live in Beverly Hills, entertain pleasantly, get invited out to smart dinners and make all the other gestures necessary to screen success.

His closest pal is Jimmy Gleason—they think, act, toil, play as one. Their teaming, personally and professionally, is one of the great friendships of the stage and screen. Perfect mates in business—perfect foils at telling gags. Damon and Pythias, Bob and Jimmy, allee same thing.

All of which doesn’t hurt the Gleason-Armstrong starring pictures one bit.

NORMA TERRIS

THOSE hard-boiled cynics who’ll tell you that Tom Mix’s horse uses a double, thought it was a studio publicity gag when Norma Terris married Dr. Jerome Wagner just as she warbled the last high C in “Married in Hollywood.”

“So,” said Norma, “we took the sigma off it by having the ceremony performed in Beverly Hills.”

And right after the wedding the presidents of the transcontinental airplane companies rubbed their hands together and called it a big day. For Norma, one of the latest recruits from Broadway, and Dr. Wagner will commute between Hollywood and New York.

Norma is different from most of the film gals. She’s quite tall and, although her hair is dark brown and her eyes are black, hers is not the conventional type of brunette beauty. But you’re so used to beauty in Hollywood.

There is something else, you know—mostly a voice, and Norma Terris has that.

For two years she was Magnolia in Ziegfeld’s “Show Boat.” Because she had not been long in Hollywood her marriage didn’t cause a ripple on the sound wave, yet it was one of the most spectacular that has yet been recorded in the annals of film romances.

TWO years ago she met Dr. Wagner. In June she came to Hollywood. He followed, begging her to marry him. She refused. He returned to his stethoscopes and sphygmomanometers, but he spent most of this time on the long distance telephone. And then Norma said “yes” so, in case she’d change her mind, he hopped a plane and married her right away at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mack, dignified for the tired member of the “Two Black Crows,” and his little woman.

Because there were arteries hardening in New York, the couple jumped on a plane again and winged their way to the Eastern city. But there’s a contract waiting for Norma in Hollywood that has to be fulfilled.

The doctor can’t give up his practice. And that’s how airplane companies get rich.

Norma had a glamorous rise in the show world, topping it off with this slam-bang marriage.

It was “Show Boat” that made her famous, and it is “Show Boat” that will mark her as long as she trills on stage or screen.

“Oh, yes,” our youngsters will say, “Daddy took me to see her play Magnolia.” Up to the moment that magnificent Ziegfeldian bolt struck her for fame and fortune, she was just another young leading woman, forever on the make for jobs on Broadway. Now she’s a personage.

Yup—it’s forever just like the old song says—“Mix the lot—what have you got?”—MAGNOLIA!
WOULD you recognize in this seductive girl with the come-hither-or-I'll-come-after-you eyes, that demure little ingénue, Anita Page? Anita always plays the sweet young thing whose mother didn't tell her. Maybe the M-G-M producers were only experimenting in this picture.
Oh, It Is, Is It?

So Hollywood Is a Manless Town, eh? The Masculine Side of a Celebrated Controversy

By Charleston Gray

So Hollywood is a manless town, is it?
And the picture girls lean on their chins and sigh wanly for a romance unsupplied by local lads, do they?
Whilst their bright and languorous eyes inspect incoming trains for boy-friends not connected with the film racket, is that it?

Boy, my howitzer! My black-jack, machine gun, and kris! My Big Bertha and bullet-proof vest! We sally forth to talk back. The starlets have bitten the hands which feed them. And they must be shown that the hand which feeds may also spank.

The complaint by the glittery gals that the men of the town are indifferent to romance, is but another demonstration that this is the age of frankness. Nowadays we don't call a spade a spade; it's a dirty old shovel. We are outspoken. Bald. Even ribald.

Consequently let us be done with this boozy surrounding the film cutie. Let us strip her of her glamorous trappings, bring her into the light of criticism, and show her for the shameless hussy she is. The sort who drains a fella for years; and when he at last becomes wary, casts him aside with the crack that he was a good kid while he had it.

With such creatures rampant on the moving picture crest, is it any wonder that the boys are ducking at the first faint whiff of perfume?
The answer is, no. Sadly but truthfully.

The Hollywood girl is beautiful. She is beautiful with the beauty of the last illusion, perfection caught at a translucent moment and quickened into flesh. With the new and simple elegance which lately has marked her clothing (the influence of such sartorial wows as the Bennett and Kay Francis), she has become capable of causing the angels up in the sky to weep with desire. Which is a hell of a thing for an angel to have to do.

But we live in, after all, a rather sharply regulated world. And if the angels have teary moments because they can't contact the most dazzling of the earth-maidens—well, they'll never have to cry over alimony, Christmas, Whit'sunside, and Valentine's Day presents, the constant flow of minor (minor?) gifts necessary to keep in good standing, or any of those menacing excursions when Baby wants to go buy-buy.

And herewith we approach the heart of our brief. The movie girls have designated a number of reasons, personal characteristics for the most part, why the film male is becoming increasingly wary of the filmale. They have pointed out that some are too abstracted, some too smart-cracking, some too this, or too that.

But woman-wise, they have side-stepped the reason behind these seemingly calloused attitudes: i.e. self-protection. Or—Money! Money! MONEY!

How, for instance, can a kid like Billy Bakewell, just out of the military academy, get more than a casual nod from the clerks in Minors?

How can Matty Kemp, Buster Collier, Hugh Allen, or Rex Lease, trodding the precarious path of the free-lance, feel the same way about diamonds that Peggy Joyce does?

Mine eyes are still lame from [please turn to page 107]

*Editorial note: Katherine Albert's article in the September PHOTOPLAY, "Hollywood—A Manless Town," caused a storm of indignation among the males of the celluloid city. At a torchlight meeting attended by all the brothers not between pictures with laryngitis, Mr. Gray (spelling champion of Toluca Lake) was assigned to prepare the brief of Cutie versus Morality Clause: or It's Cheaper to Play Pool.
Chorus girls at work. Larry Ceballos, dance director of film revusicals, is showing the gals how to hit the high spots. Looks like the answer to the old query, "How high is up?"

The New Extra Girl

By Roland Francis

Billie Dove, the Ziegfeld girl of days of old, with sweeping lines and classic features, meets Maxine Cantway, the Ziegfeld model of 1929 — the modern hey! hey! chorus girl of stage and talkies

She goes to work at 8:30, and she's on time. She toils all day, and sometimes far into the night. She lives with the old folks at home, and when she isn't toiling she goes to bed long before midnight. She is a hard worker, and isn't too frivolous in spite of the fact that she is just high school age.

Now guess who?
Not Pollyanna.
Not Elsie Dinsmore.
You'd never guess.
She is the movie chorus girl, and she is as different from her sisters who gladden the eyes of the t. h. m. as is Peggy Hopkins Joyce from Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

One of the pleasanter features of talking pictures is the arrival of the 1929 model lady of the ensemble. There are more than two thousand of them living in stucco bungalows and apartment houses in Hollywood. None of them dwell in the familiar theatrical boarding house, so common in New York.

You can find in Hollywood a Hindu Yogi, a white elephant, and a boulevard where apparently your car rolls uphill, but durned if you can find a theatrical boarding house.

The chorus miss has taken the place of the more provident, and, by the same token, more colorful extra girl of years past — the type of extra girl you met in "Merton of the Movies." At that, these young strangers in our midst are a self-reliant bunch, even if they wouldn't know a stage-door Johnny from Peter the Hermit.

Where are her "extra" sisters of the old silent days? Now they belong to history. Their beauty and ability to wear clothes with the necessary dash were not sufficient requisites for the talking screen. They couldn't dance, and they couldn't sing "Mammy." They had to find work in other fields. Some of them are waitresses now, others are manicurists. A few of
She Must Dance! She Must Sing! She's Pretty and Pert, and So's Her Old Adagio!

dance routines for another. Champagne and lobster after midnight produce headaches the next morning, and a chorus girl who came to the studio all fagged would meet herself going out the gate.

Not many of them come from New York. Most of them have lived in and around

the more fortunate are successful secretaries, salesladies, and buyers for stores. You may meet the old extra girl anywhere in Hollywood. Most of them are just "waiting around" for a return of the silent picture.

There is nothing wrong with the pay of the new extra girl. It assuredly beats typing and clerking. The old extra girl, if she had drawn such a salary, would have had illusions of grandeur and snubbed Gloria Swanson. The girls who display the epidermis in the screen all-talking, singing, dancing and what-have-you productions make, on the average, $75 weekly. During rehearsals they make $40. Not bad money for any miss in her 'teens. And not bad money for the highest paid chorus girls in New York.

The studio chorus have to work and work hard. They must keep in training like athletes. Quite likely they will be working in one picture and rehearsing Seven little tonics from the chorus of M-G-M's "Hollywood Revue." The talkies are universal in their appeal. Even the tired business man is not forgotten!
Hollywood did everything but call out the militia when Rudy Vallee crooned into town to make his first talkie, "The Vagabond Lover." Here's the handsome leader at the station, with his papa and mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vallee, and a few loitering chorus maids.

Janet Gaynor, wed and gone,
Sees the soft Hawaiian dawn.
Loves her husband, too, by heck!
Not a bushel, but a peck!

JEANNE EAGELS, that grand actress but wild and untamable star, dropped dead in a doctor's waiting room in New York not long ago at the age of thirty-five.

The way of her tragic passing told many things about her stormy career during the last few years of her life. She had grown increasingly hard to handle in the theater, and when she turned to the studios after having been banned by the actors' union, she increased the problems of her directors by her wilfulness and irregularity.

But poor, poor Jeanne! She's gone home, and all is forgiven. She had all the instability of a temperamental player in wretched health. She could not save herself. She left the American theater the imperishable memory of her Sadie Thompson in "Rain," which she played for over four years. She left the screen one monumental performance in "The Letter," first of the adult talkies.

So the blonde girl, hurled about by the storms of life, bequested us these memories. Cal will never hear "The Wabash Blues," or the pounding of steady rain, but he will think of Sadie Thompson in her cheap finery, and the tom-toms beating in the hills of Pago-Pago, and the Rev. Davidson wrestling for her soul.

HO hum! Remember how Ellen Frank, Pittsburgh dancer, sued Harry Richman, Mr. Bow-elect, for $250,000?

How she charged that he shut her up in his compartment on a train to Cleveland and beat her, etc.?

Well, that's off. Richman says he settled out of court for $700. "I told them to get rid of the matter because it was a nuisance," says Broadway Harry. "But the charges were ridiculous."

Again, ho hum! For $700, a beating? Hardly a tiny slap!

CLARA BOW is waging a terrific battle to keep down the pounds. She is in far from satisfactory health and has been warned by her physician.

She has a natural tendency to take on weight, and to meet this peril she abstains to the point of under-nourishment. In addition she uses a vacuum device to break down fat cells, and electrical treatments are used on her hips. It's a heck of a life.

Hollywood remembers how too many pounds almost ruined the career of Molly O'Day, and her heroic and unavailing struggle to become slender. What will happen to Clara?

TWO independent producers met over the noonday herring. "Well, Max," said one, "how much do you think I made last month?" The other gave him a sour look, and this answer—"Half!"

THE lucky colleen has been chosen. Director Frank Borzage, directing John McCormack's first Fox single, looked all over Erin for Jawn's leading woman. His eyes lighted on a pretty
It's in the old Garbo blood, for Greta's brother is an actor, too! His name is Sven, and he is here shown rocking the boat in a scene from "The Robot," a new Swedish film. The young lady is Miss Karin Gillberg, another argument for better ship service to Scandinavia.

Eighteen-year-old lass named Maureen O'Sullivan. Whipping a contract from his pocket, he had her on the dotted line for five years before you could say Brian Boru Finnegans.

She's a bobbed-haired brunette, and is now in Hollywood.

A BUSTED heart and an ornery nature caused Alice Day a lot of grief some nights ago.

At eleven in the evening a lad left Alice's apartment with a broken heart and a cantankerous spirit. At midnight a taxi driver came to the door. "The cab you ordered, Miss?" said he. But she hadn't.

In the course of the next few hours two ambulances, two limousines, nine taxis, a police surgeon and several assorted cops had come screaming up to the Day home on hurry calls. Alice had only wanted a little peace and quiet, but she got a four-alarm fire with all the trimmings.

A little checking up showed that the same voice had asked for all the service—and it was a male voice.

Alice, being one of the best, wouldn't give the name of the sweet-natured lad she suspected. But Cal bets she wouldn't mind getting behind him with a baseball bat for about two minutes.

The happiest, cutest and coziest little bridegroom in all the West, not long ago, was Bull Montana—wrestler, actor and known to fame as the boy with the elephant ears.

For the Bool had married again—had married a girl named Mary Poulson, described as a widow, a blonde and about twenty-five. Somewhere around here is a picture of the pair, and you can see for yourselves what a peach Mrs. Bool No. 2 really is.

It's not so long ago that Montana came crying to the law courts, complaining bitterly that little wife No. 1 had beaten and lacerated him, body and soul. He seems to have been freed in plenty of time to corral this pretty blonde he has honored with his storied name.

A nice quiet wedding, they say. Hardly any one was hurt, and if any good red vino flowed free, the public at large never heard of it.

And so Big Bool, the boy with the mainsail ears, and his Little Mary, go hand in hand toward the sunset—together.

By Cal York

\[ Agnes Christine Johnson, smart scenarist, has \\
\text{the bridge prize racket lashed to the mast. She gives} \\
\text{knit underwear to the lucky lady or gent.} \]

Two reasons. 1. It's cheaper. 2. The prize lasts all season. No one will lug the darned stuff home!

The romance between Dolores del Rio and Teddy Joyce, the Pittsburgh master of ceremonies, booms along, reports our Romance Reporter.

And there's a reason for it all.

Joyce makes del Rio laugh! He's a jolly, clowning sort of kid, and keeps the dark star in stitches all the time they are romping around together.

Remember that Dolo married in her teens, and married a man older than herself—a dignified Mexican gentleman full

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Kid Cupid and the little blonde bride have a headlock clamped on Bull Montana, and in about two grunts his shoulders will be flat on the mat. The Old Bool and Mary Poulson, the day they got the license that would make her Mrs. Bull Montana Number Two.

Meet the merry-makers of "Rio Rita." Seated in front are Hiram S. Brown, president of Radio Pictures, Bebe Daniels and William Le Baron, producer. Harry Tierney, composer, is standing. Others: Luther Reed, some swell director; Victor Baravalle, music, and Max Ree.

of family traditions, and all that. If there was a romance with Edwin Carewe, which both deny, it was with a man who had a daughter as old as the star.

Now she's found a young fellow who can laugh and tell gags and make Dolores whoop and guffaw, and old Cal, for one, can't help but be for it, somehow. He can even forgive her putting bangles on his wrists, and buying little pieces of sentimental jewelry for both to wear.

The person who doesn't get a lot of laughs as he or she totters dizzily from the cradle to the tomb is getting badly gypped. Why shouldn't Del Rio collect her share?

THE month's bad news, from our special Bad News Reporter.

It was Hollywood's greatest summer for weddings. Lovebirds twittered all over the place, and we were all saying how Hollywood was the happiest, lovey-doveyest place in the whole world. Well, we might have known it was too good to last. For a flock of divorce suits suddenly hit Hollywood like a ton of gold brick.

Saddest of all, perhaps, was Lewis Stone's suit. He charged his wife, Florence Oakley, with extreme cruelty and lack of consideration. They were married in 1920.

We weren't surprised when Blanche Sweet sued Marshall Neilan. That had been coming on for some time. A property settlement has been made.

Then blonde Jeanette Loff sued her spouse, Harry K. Roseboom, for divorce, charging him with jealousy, physical cruelty and desertion. And Doris Dean Arbuckle sued Fatty for the second time, elaborating on her charges of cruelty.

Altogether, an unhappy month, and one that took all the joy out of the numerous marriages of the preceding weeks.

WHAT is a 'dude ranch?' some soul asked Gary Cooper.

This is right up Gary's alley, as he owns a big and well-paying one up yonder that in Montana, among them purple mountings.

"It's a place," explained Gary, "where the cows are just accessories."

Leave it to some of the foreign stars to give out the white-hot interviews fit to dethrone kings and break the bank at Monte Carlo!

Twenty newshounds of the American press surrounded the booful Lily Damita in her New York hotel. They chinned themselves on every word—their jaws were on their wishbones as the great star spoke.

"Miss Damita, what do you think of the talking pictures?"

The Damita paused for two minutes' thought.

"I like them verrreee much!" she answered.

"And," quavered an interviewer, "have you a message for your great public?"

More thought by the star. Then she answered:

"Tell my poobie," said Damita, while the reporters scribbled furiously, "that I nevrrrr wear stockings! See?" and she held out one of those immortal Damita stems—quite, quite bare.

In such pulsing moments is world history made!

THE DAMITA, by the way, is giving up the mike and the camera and going on the New York stage, for a while. She is being loudly mentioned as the leading woman of "Carry On," a new musical comedy which is to star Jack Donahue, the great singing and dancing comedian, last seen with Marilyn Miller in "Rosalie."

This should be duck soup for La Belle Lily, as she was an ornament of the Parisian merry-merry before she fell for the camera and the men behind it fell for her. And she's just deposited a trust fund of $100,000 for herself in a New York bank!

YOU've all heard of the stars laboring in four pictures and juggling six pop bottles at one and the same time. Now hear the tale of the grand actress who never faced a camera.

A year ago a big-eyed youngster named Zita Johann scored a great hit in New York in a play called "Machinal." M-G-M snatched her up as star material, and she came to Hollywood with a twenty-week contract calling for $500 every payday.

For five months she slithered about the lot, mentioned for that picture and this, but never assigned. The other day she went back to New York for another big stage rôle, having earned $10,000 in beautiful Hollywood without croaking a note or making one face at a camera. Add it to "Overhead, Talking Pictures," and let it go. Lucky little Zita!

CARLOTTA KING may beat this record, and at the same studio. After the singer's "Desert Song" hit, she went to work on a six-month contract at $750 a week. As this is written, Carlotta has collected checks for four months without
A billion dollars' worth of artists having fun. Dick Barthèlme is host to the group on his yacht "Pegasus." The others are Florence Vidor, Mrs. Barthelmess, Jascha Heifetz and Beatrice Lillic, the British comedy star who has made some pictures.

Turning loose a single high C. All of which shows that now and then an actor gets a break and the manager takes a rap. Who said anything about an actors' union in Hollywood? Bah!

"I've met some high pressure salesmen in my time," says Director George Fitzmaurice, pulling at his long white whiskers.

"But the king of them all," says Fitz, reaching for his crutches, "is the guy who sold the electric sign to the Hollywood shop that advertises 'Books for the Blind.'"

The boss made a little mistake in the October issue, and all Texas rounded up to correct him.

In "Close-Ups, and Long-Shots," he said that the Saturday night business of Temple, Tex., was moving forty miles to Paris because the movie theater in the latter town had talkies and the temple house was still silent.

First to reach us was a note from Margaret Lindley, of Terrel, who remarked that as Paris was some 250 miles from Temple, it would be a little hard for the good citizens of the latter to jog over to Paris to shop and to hear a phonoplay. She suggested that the town we meant was Waco, some forty miles away.

And it is so ordered. Until the Temple manager gets his sound equipment, that's our story, and we're stuck with it.

Just an old Hollywood custom. Headline—"Film Beauty to Wed Scion of Millions."

This time it's little Blanche Mehaffey (of the old California Mehaffys) and the lucky boy with the well-lined pockets is Mr. Arnold Wallace Stauton of Massachusetts (of the old Back Bay Stautons).

Who's that blonde gal over on the Hal Skelly set, where they're making "The Show Off"?

What? No! Yes, it is, too. Helene Chadwick, enjoying her first job in a big studio for four long, lean years! Hello, Helene, glad you're back, and all that sort of tosh.

The talkies did it. Where was the mike all Helene's life?

Write in the name of your pet hate, and go for this. A supervisor bought a play called "The Optimist," but didn't like the title.

"Why not?" pleaded his story editor. "It's a good name!"

"I know," said the supervisor, "but I'm afraid of it. You know what an optimist is, and I know what an optimist is, but the man in the street, you understand—does he know it's a guy that makes glasses?"

Oh, probably not, at that. Let's just drop it.

Clara Bow has figured out a smart way to get the boy friend on the dot for any and all dates.

She's just given Harry Richman, the current bail of fire, a diamond-studded wrist watch guaranteed to split the seconds in the middle.

Water stuff very nearly did for Monte Blue.

Shooting off Laguna Beach, Monte was riding a raft. Along comes a big comber and knocks him kicking and yowling into the sea.

Net result—three broken ribs and numerous cuts and bruises for the star.

Not to mention, probably, some high class and elegant language by the lacerated Mr. Blue.

The Prince Mdivani, the one who has been married to Negri, may get a new wife. She is Mary McCormick, American opera singer who is a protegee of Mary Garden. But—there are two catches.

First, the princelet must become an American go-getting business man, preferably in Texas. Second, he must give up his title and change his last name to McDivan.

Just two trilling changes. But if that laddie makes 'em, it's sure true love. In the meantime, all Princey has to do is finally get his divorce from perilous Pola.

If Rudy Vallée takes Hollywood by storm, as his press agents have promised he would, it will be because of his indifference rather than his graciousness. This famous saxophone tooter is making no effort to win the praise of the Hollywood scribes.

He was being interviewed by a writer last week and he reclined gracefully and comfortably on a chaise longue in his dressing room. His eyes were closed and he bore every evidence of comfort until compelled to give some monosyllabic reply to the writer's questions.

Finally he said, "I believe I will go home and go to bed and have you interview me there."

The young lady, without batting an eyelash, calmly replied, "The last man I interviewed in bed was George Young."

"Who is he?" queried Rudy. [Please turn to page 89]
A BEAUTIFUL thing of light and shadow—and a picture of a great sound stage in action. In the foreground one of the crew is adjusting a microphone arm for a talking scene. And high above, seen through the window, sits the monarch of the phonoplay, the Man in the Monitor Room—that all-powerful technician who regulates the flow of sound from actors’ lips.
The Disliked Girl
Folks picked on Alice White, but her gameness won

By Grace Thornley

Alice White—blonde, cute, hard-boiled—is the most disliked girl in Hollywood! She's had to fight for everything she has. The suave diplomacy of the more cultured stars has remained an enigma to her. She has not learned the value of a tear-filled, abused look and a gentle word neatly placed. Standing up for her rights, and doing that vociferously, has been her only weapon. But it has been a double-edged blade. And she has been deeply wounded by it.

Other girls gather together in corners to whisper about her. Wives draw away at a discreet distance when she enters the room. And the most pitiful part about it is that Alice White knows it. Her funny, tempestuous little soul has been hurt.

"I know they hate me—and I don't know why," she said fiercely, drawing a nervous hand through her tousled blonde hair. "I've tried to help people—I actually have. But nobody's helped me. I've had it tough all my life. I've had to fight for everything I've got. I've been on my own. No man has had anything to do with my career. I've fought for everything I've got—whatever it is I've got."

A strange, elemental little creature, she has done the only thing she knew how to do. She has battled with a bitter tongue, a fiery eye and a grim determination as her aids. Her path has not been easy. She has suffered for every triumph.

Perhaps the old bromide, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," explains the situation. Alice was too well known in Hollywood. "Alice White a star? Oh, that goofy little script girl? I remember her. She's going to be a star? Oh, yeah!" You know that sort of an attitude? She's just had to show 'em what she could do. She's had to face daily those skeptical eyes.

Her battles began before she became an actress. Once she worked as a stenographer in the publicity department at the Pickford Studio. Mrs. Pickford never liked her. "The girl doesn't wear enough clothes," she said. Alice had already discovered the penalty of being young and cute and full of pep. Bosses' wives had her fired several times because she was too attractive.

The curse clung to her when she signed a contract as an actress for First National. The critics invariably noticed her, to the tune of several paragraphs of encomiums. And exhibitors often featured her name above the star. This is not the best way of bringing about a "big, happy family" feeling at a studio.

But the exhibitors liked her because the fans did. She brought in the money at the box office. Twice First National was on the verge of letting her go and twice the theater owners themselves stepped in and demanded that she be kept.

The kid has box office. No matter what she does, no matter what sort of part she plays, no matter how sad her stories are—the public likes her.

"And my stories have been bad enough," she said. "Oh, but I've had plenty of disappointments. They told me I was to have the lead in 'The Patent Leather Kid.' They sent out publicity stories to that effect. I was thrilled with it for, when you think of it, I've never had a big—a really big—picture. I'm just the stepchild."

"Well, for weeks I kept hearing things about me. They didn't tell ME a word, mind you; they just kept saying things behind my back. 'White hasn't got the feeling.' 'White hasn't enough depth.' But always behind my back. I don't talk behind backs. I wanted [please turn to page 147]
THE LOVE PARADE—Paramount

SPARKLING as Burgundy, and almost as intoxicating, "The Love Parade" is one of the outstanding pictures of the year. It is Lubitsch's most brilliant effort since "The Marriage Circle." The little director here conquers light opera! After the dashing nobleman marries the Queen of Sylvania, he gets darned tired of constantly obeying. So he bludgeons the queen into letting him be head man.

Maurice Chevalier, a great favorite after his first American picture, despite a weak story, is grand as the prince. His songs are triumphs. Jeanette MacDonald is an eye-feast as the queen, and sings well. Lupino Lane amuses. The music is relatively unimportant, although "Dream Lover" and "Nobody's Using It Now" may be popular. Don't miss "The Love Parade." All Talkie.

THE TRESPASSER—United Artists

YOU'LL paste this baby in your memory book. Gloria Swanson, in her first all-talkie, is a sensation. After the "Queen Kelly" disaster, it became imperative for Gloria to rush a phonoplay into the market. Edmund Goulding and the star hurried this picture into production. The breakneck speed with which it was made might have ruined it. Instead, it gave "The Trespasser" superb pace. But the star! The glorious one never looked more beautiful. Her voice does every trick demanded of it, and she sings two songs like a meadow lark. And what clothes!

Swanson plays Marion Donnell, a business girl who is snatched from the side of her husband, a wealthy youngster, by his father, soon after the wedding. She and the resulting infant have lean days until her millionaire employer takes her under his protection. Crisis follows crisis, until she finds happiness in the arms of the estranged husband. The story reeks with bohun, but nobody minds.

Gloria gives the greatest performance in her career. The whole cast is keyed high, too. Kay Hammond is stunning as a crippled wife. William Holden is the best heavy father in history. Robert Ames, Henry Walthall, Purnell Pratt—all good. And Wally Albright, last in "Wonder of Women," is a stage kid you don't want to strangle.

"The Trespasser" is an achievement. All Talkie.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE TRESPASSER
SUNNY SIDE UP
THE LOVE PARADE
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS
THE LADY LIES
FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS
BLACKMAIL
YOUNG NOWHERES

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser"
Janet Gaynor in "Sunny Side Up"
Marjorie White in "Sunny Side Up"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade"
Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris"
Irene Rich in "They Had to See Paris"
Walter Huston in "The Lady Lies"
Colleen Colbert in "The Lady Lies"
Colleen Moore in "Footlights and Fools"
Louise Fazenda in "Faro Nell"
Donald Calthrop in "Blackmail"
Richard Barthelmess in "Young Nowheres"
Marian Nixon in "Young Nowheres"
George Arliss in "Disraeli"

CASTS OF ALL PHOTOPLAYS REVIEWED WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 150

SUNNY SIDE UP—Fox

YOU'LL eat this one up, and it furnishes its own cream and sugar. Janet Gaynor turns loose her cute little singing and speaking voices in a story of high life and low in New York, and Charles Farrell is on hand to woo her with more than gestures. "Sunny Side Up" is another Cinderella yarn, with the rich young Farrell finding the poor young Gaynor at a block party on the New York East Side. This will never do, thinks Charlie. Before you know it, Janet has cut out the rich girl friend, played by Sharon Lynn, and the Gaynor-Farrell love team scores a thumping old touchdown in the last minute of play.

El Brendel, Fox favorite, furnishes a lot of laughs, as does Marjorie White, a pert little piece from the musical comedy stage. The De Sylva, Brown and Henderson music is particularly gay. Janet pipes the theme song, and nearly everybody has a tune or two in his system.

Something new for Janet and Charlie, after their royal line of sobby little love stories. But they came through like good trouper, and you'll care for the result.

THE LADY LIES—Paramount

THIS magnificently staged and acted drawing room comedy is another milestone in the talkie's progress. Critics of the baby talking picture said the phonoplay would be good only for action melodramas and the more obvious sort of story. This picture makes them look silly. Here is a smart, sophisticated little comedy of New York life that tingles with punch, done with much imagination by Director Hobart Henley. It is the story of how two growing children hurled themselves into the lives of their father and his pretty shopgirl sweetheart. It has singing drama and it has a storm of laughs—many furnished by Charles Ruggles as a gently stewed friend of the family. Walter Huston and the beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning as the lovers. Claudette wears gorgeous duds. All Talkie.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS—First National

UNQUESTIONABLY this is Colleen Moore's best picture since "We Moderns." Talkies have given her a curious break which she's taken big. Her voice is pleasant and versatile, and the story standards raised by talking films permit her to chuck the synthetic program stuff and turn to something bigger. This is it. The story, by Katherine Brush, is a skillful combination of sophisticated humor and poignant emotional drama.

New York's musical comedy sensation, Mlle. Fifi d'Auray, is a temperamental French whirlwind before the footlights. Offstage, she's little Betty Murphy, who loves a boy who's a rotter. As Fifi, Colleen wears a hundred mad gowns and wigs, and sings French songs with a naughty lift. As Betty, her piquant self. Both ways, gorgeous! All Talkie.
IT takes something hot in the way of a two-reel talking comedy to break into this fast company of best pictures, and this Louise Fazenda bowl is the bright baby. "Faro Nell" is a scream—an airtight, perfectly acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller. Louise, in long yellow curls, is a panic. This is just what we've long wanted—a two-reel talkie we could bellow at.

YOUNG NOWHERES—First National
All Talkie

IF there is today a successor to the simplicity of Griffith, it is Frank Lloyd. He has proved it by "Young Nowheres." This is unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. A night elevator boy in a large apartment house in New York falls in love with a little maid-of-all-work. Richard Barthelmess, as Binky, gives a poignantly humble portrayal. Marian Nixon rises to new heights here. Fine.

THE MIGHTY—Paramount
All Talkie

THIS is Bancroft's greatest rôle to date. He is not only the he-man, but a handsome one as well, with all sorts of sex appeal. From a gunman drafted into the war, he returns a major, with all the honors his town can offer. His first job is to clean up the city. What a pineapple for the cooks! "The Mighty" has comedy, drama, and heart interest. Great entertainment.

BLACKMAIL—Sono Art-World Wide
All Talkie

A T one bound the British picture makers jump among the leaders in the talkie race. British International deserves much credit for this splendid phonoplay. Love and murder combine in the story, with a shopgirl, a dastardly blackmailer and a lad from Scotland Yard as the key characters. Some excellent acting by Donald Calhrop as the miscreant. A few such will deliver British producers from their inferiority complex.

DISRAELI—Warners
All Talkie

THIS Vitaphoning of a play about the great British prime minister introduces the beloved George Arliss to the speaking screen. The Disraeli rôle is duck soup to the star—he made his American reputation in it. His performance is brilliant. Distinctly a one-man show, for the others haven't a chance. They include Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell and Doris Lloyd.

UNTAMED—M-G-M
All Talkie

JUST a little jungle flower getting wilder every hour. When Joan Crawford strikes oil in one of those Latin-American republics she moves into a mansion, and falls in love with a young engineer. He won't marry her on account of her money, so she shoots him. Then he says yes. Joan gives a grand performance. Robert Montgomery, the hero, is in for a load of fan mail.
EDWARD GRIFFITH directs another sophisticated comedy drama that should make D. W. watch his namesake. Who said riches bring happiness? Constance Bennett disproves this conclusively. She should do it convincingly, having turned down millions in real life. The picture makes you glad you are poor and can be wooed and won by the man of your choice. Guaranteed to delight an intelligent audience.

Clara Bow is sweet, self-sacrificing and plump in this picture. She's a misunderstood gal who darns her sister's socks and makes the gambling debts good. While she is about this highly commendable work, the sister, played by Jean Arthur, successfully steals the picture. Beware, Clara! A trick headdress can't hide the double chins and your scenes haven't got the punch they once had.

This is the film that converted Harold Lloyd to talkies. It should. His voice is excellent, and Barbara Kent boosts her assets a thousand per cent. Story is about a young botanist who is mistaken for a famous sleuth and forced into detective service. Being afraid of a mouse, he would "welcome danger!" Not a gag of any age is omitted, but we wager you will laugh continuously.

This is a bitter disappointment. Director James Cruze tried to cross a fine Ben Hecht story of an insanely egotistical vaudeville ventriloquist with one of these Hollywood musical revues, and both suffer. Only a fine performance by the bullet-headed Eric von Stroheim and a good one by Betty Compson save the pieces. Cruze seems to have lost his sense of humor, and the lighting and scenario are terrible.

THE FIRST and BEST Screen Reviews Here

RICH
PEOPLE—
Pathe
All Talkie

THE SUNDAY
NIGHT KID—
Paramount
All Talkie

THE GREAT
GABBO—
James Cruze
Prod.
All Talkie

FLIGHT—
Columbia
All Talkie

THE KISS—
M-G-M
Sound

SWEDEN'S gift, Greta Garbo, makes silent pictures and you like them or else. But you like them. "The Kiss" is a stereotyped triangle yarn, but it is distinguished by another compelling performance by the mysterious Garbo. The story involves the loves of three men for a woman. The husband is shot and the wife goes on trial for her life. Conrad Nagel is the "honorable" lover.

WELCOME
DANGER—
Paramount
All Talkie

WELCOME
DANGER—
Paramount
All Talkie

THE first flying talkie, and one of the best of the air pictures. A tale of marine corps fliers in Florida and Nicaragua, with a romance involving Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. Holt is fine as a hardboiled flier, but honors go to Harold Goodwin, as a young airman. The air shots are grand, and credit goes to Frank Capra for direction and dialogue.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
WAITING, waiting, waiting—until camera and microphone are perfectly adjusted. A film star must know how to double for Patience on a monument. Here's Corinne Griffith, sitting on the edge of the camera booth, between scenes of "Lilies of the Field"—waiting.
Chuting the Chutes with Sally

By Marquis Busby

The seamy side of Hollywood night life. Exclusive bootlegged pictures showing Sally Eilers and PHOToplay’s fiend in human form looking on the pop when it’s pale pink.

Photoplay’s Literary Lothario says it doesn’t take a Rolls and a roll to entertain the stars.

TAKE heart, you fellows who would give your best shirt for a date with a movie star. It doesn’t take much more to step out with a proud screen beauty than with Mayme Gutz, who lives in the next block in the Bronx of New York and works at the nickel and dime.

It’s an exploded theory that it takes a Rolls-Royce, a Chicago bankroll, and an Arrow collar profile to make whoopee in Hollywood. Your salary is probably sufficient, but of course there’s the little matter of getting acquainted with the stars. That’s something else again.

After weeks of delving into the gay night life of dear Hollywood, returning to my Simmons in the cold dawn, I’ve completed my social survey. Hark! Hark! Hark!

Example number one. Sally Eilers, one of the prettiest and most popular girls in Hollywood, and with more beauty than Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

My date with Sally cost just $6.10. You spend that much on Mayme Gutz! And it was a swell evening. We had fun at the beach. There must be something that corresponds to a beach in your neighborhood.

But be original. Don’t all of you take Sally to an amusement pier. She’d like to go to the Cocoanut Grove and the Biltmore once in a while. But, at least, she doesn’t expect you to shoot the whole week’s salary in one evening.

Of course, you couldn’t take every movie girl to the beach.

The girl has to have a love of informality and a good sense of humor, to say nothing of a sizeable hunk of democracy.

I know girls that shut their eyes tightly, and pull out the cologne bottle, when they just drive through the beach. The sight of a hot dog would make them ill—to eat one would cause permanent disorder.

If a dance hall Apollo tried to flirt with them they’d call out the militia and write letters to their congressman. Not every girl, star, society, or stenographer, has sufficient savoir faire for the beach.

Now, with Sally, she likes an occasional hot dog. If anyone tries to flirt with her she can take care of the matter. Sally is no back number herself when it comes to a little harmless flirting. She laughs with you. She even laughed when the stout German lady changed her infant’s laundry, where all the world could see. Sally is young and gay, vivid and vivacious, and always has a good time.

She is just the sort of girl you’ve taken to college proms and Sunday school picnics. You’ve played tennis with her, gone swimming with her when she’s beaten you to the raft, and sat in the porch swing with her and looked at the moon. In other words, she’s a real girl.

And I found out that you could step with Sally to the tune of $6.10. Of course, in all honesty, I must confess that the price was slashed considerably by dining at her house.
By the well known grapevine circuit I learned that Papa and Mama Eilers were going out Thursday night. I managed to make the date for Thursday night. At times I show signs of intelligence.

I arrived at Sally's pleasant and unpretentious home at the hour set. A colored maid ushered me into the living room. Sally shouted down from upstairs to know if it were I. I was pretty sure that it was, and said as much. She came tripping down the stairs. No waiting for half an hour. Most girls would have finished the chapter at least.

A dinner, bite-a-bite with Sally, glorious thought. Alas, poor wretch, that was what I thought. There were nine telephone calls during dinner, nine men determined to ruin my evening. All I could do was to eat fried chicken, corn on the cob, new peas, hot biscuits and honey, and strawberry shortcake—and listen.

"Oh, I thought you had forgotten me," Sally said into the telephone. (It's a sort of formula, like "Hello.") "No, I'm going out tonight. Tomorrow? I've got to see about wardrobe for 'She Couldn't Say No,' over at Warners. Call me the first of the week."

She returned to the table.

THAT was a boy I was engaged to. I accepted the ring just a year ago. No, the engagement is off, but it's a sort of anniversary. (What a break, to help celebrate the anniversary of some fellow's broken engagement.) "I gave the ring back. I don't think a girl should keep engagement rings.

The remainder of the dinner table conversation was casual, with frequent loud squawks from the telephone. I had known Sally for a long time. Even if this were the first meeting I would have been at ease.

Before we started for the beach Sally declared a five-minute recess to put on a hat, a light silk coat, and to do something in front of the mirror, necessary to the happiness and peace of mind of all girls, Hollywood or Hoboken. Mayme Glatz often takes much longer.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at the beach. It was a big night in the home town. Lots of people, lots of noise, and lots of lights. There were girls in sailor breeches who had no business wearing them, and sheiks with their hair parted in geometric precision.

"Let's do everything," said Sally, breathing in the atmosphere. "I haven't been at the beach in a long time." (See, not pretending that this was a slumming tour to the humble, lively beach.)

The first thrill was the chute the chutes, memories of Coney. A thrill that cost twenty cents, and an added thrill that cost nothing. On the big slide Sally hung onto me for dear life, just like any other girl that knows her business.

For the uninitiated, the chute the chutes is a hundred foot slide in a boat into the inky waters below. The boat is pulled to the top by cables.

"Golly," I asked Sally, "wouldn't it be funny if the cables broke?"

The middle aged lady in front, a bit dubious about such hellish contraptions, turned around and glared.

"D'ja know any more jokes?" she snapped.

"Yeah," was my snappy comeback.

"Not another word out of you," Sally commanded. "You can see she had you there."

A sign caught our eyes. "Why Girls Go Wrong" for Ten Cents. We both wanted to know why girls go wrong for ten cents. The feature attraction [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127].

The Film of the Future

NOT long ago an astonished audience in New York saw the first showing of a new film which is going to revolutionize the making and showing of motion pictures—Grandeur Film.

The new film, with its wide sound track, is twice the width of the old-fashioned film, and requires a wide camera lens and a new type of projector. It is thrown on a screen forty feet wide and twenty feet high, or one about twice as wide as the sheet we know. It was perfected, after three years, by the Fox-Case Corporation and General Theatres Equipment, Inc. Astounding effects are possible with Grandeur. Fox showed a Movietone News and a version of the "Movietone Follies," and thrilled a hardboiled audience. Grandeur's possibilities are limitless. It is the film of the future.
Olive
In Quest
of Her Soul

By
Helen Loring

The story of a girl who learned to be natural

A GORGEOUS French limousine drove up in front of the Fox Studio. Automatically the gateman straightened his tie. As he made this gesture a brisk, liveried footman sprang from the front seat beside the chauffeur, opened the gleaming door and stood at attention.

Out stepped a little French maid bearing a large powder puff. You could tell she was a maid because the footman did not so much as touch her arm. Immediately following her was a neatly dressed, intelligent woman who carried numbers of letters and a heavy account book. The footman did not move.

Next came a well dressed middle-aged woman. The footman helped her to alight but he did not touch her cap. They all stood rooted to the ground while, with much doffing of cap and with many flourishes, the owner of the elaborate entourage, herself, was assisted to the humble pavement.

She was not a visiting princess, nor the wife of the most high executive. But she might have been a combination of the two, so elegant was she in appearance and mien. Although she was expensively gowned in sables and velvets, she was just a young girl.

As she passed through the gates the assistant directors, the gardeners and the extra people took off their hats and bowed slowly from the waist. Everyone heaved sighs of relief.

OLIVE BORDEN had arrived!

Some two or three years ago Fox Film Corporation gave Olive Borden $2,000 and a black lace negligee and told her to be a lady. The money arrived weekly. Seductive garments were created for every picture she made. The act was supposed to be permanent—like a wave.

It all came too suddenly and it ended disastrously.

Olive took on the responsibility of being grand, unreservedly. Two thousand dollars a week is enough to make any girl, still in her early twenties and with little education, go ritzy. Besides, it was a royal edict from the powers that be.

Being a lady, according to old fashioned movie standards, consisted in developing those muscles of the back of the neck that elevate the nose to an angle of 45 degrees. One must also avoid pleasantries with electricians and prop boys. Those who speak to people are known as "good scouts." They are never ladies. You have to readjust yourself completely to get into the mood of the thing.

Olive set about the task of becoming a lady. Her first gesture was to build up a background. As she already had a Southern accent, a natural one, she suddenly became a scion of an old Virginia family with no blot on the family's escutcheon.

Next she built an elaborate home in Beverly Hills and manned it with six or eight servants. She gave startling orders to her social inferiors.

Sometimes Olive forgot. Once she spoke to a hairdresser. She had to pull herself together the next day and remember everything she had been told.

Maids trailed her from her dressing room to her set and while she was at work she was surrounded by a group of satellites who told her how lovely and charming she was.

When she was interviewed she shrugged a ladylike, alabaster shoulder and spoke of her duty to her public.

Olive was too young to know herself. She was grand for two reasons. In the first place she was told to be that way. Secondly, her high and mighty airs were what the psychologists call defense mechanism.

WITH all her money and all her grandeur, as timid as a prize fighter at an afternoon tea. Her timidity expressed itself in hauteur.

The truth of the matter was that Olive was afraid. She was not capable of living up to her pose.

Vaguely, she knew she was unhappy. She knew that her pictures were bad. The defense mechanism was shattered when she saw one of her new ops, and every time she left the projection room the grand lady of the films wept disappointed little girl tears.

The company offered her a forty week contract. She had had a fifty-two week one. This gave her an out. There was much talk between lawyers. Olive was left out of it. She was not consulted. Until one day she found herself in the inner of inners of an executive's office. She was quite alone and quite determined.

In an hour and fifteen minutes she was re-born. She made the first decision she had ever made all by herself. She gave up the $2,000, the negligee and the grandeur.

When she left the studio she declared that she was through with pictures forever. Olive was still proud. One doesn't stop being a movie lady in a day.

With one grand gesture she sold the Beverly Hills home, cut her many servants off her payroll and moved into a small cottage at the beach.

But because she had played a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]
The OTHER

Tragedy and misfortune have stalked many who "Got their chance with Griffith"

fickle fancy of the public. Perhaps he will stage a comeback in his forthcoming production of "Abraham Lincoln." It will be an idyllic story, the sort of thing he best understands. It is the drama of a great and noble figure, one that has always interested him, and about which he has studied for years. Most important of all, it harks back to his first deathless masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation."

In ten years the brave and splendid ranks of the Griffith players have been thinned. Like the Gray poem, the paths of glory have led but to the grave for some of them. Tragedy has laid cold fingers on the lives of others. Few of the much-envied Griffith "discoveries" are successful on the screen today.

After being schooled in the Griffith technique it was usually difficult for a player to become accustomed to the methods of another director. His players were wont to explain patiently to other captains of the megaphone that Griffith "would not do it that way."

A historic picture. D. W. Griffith, the Old Master, wearing his famous panama, at the megaphone. His great cameraman, Billy Bitzer. Behind him, Blanche Sweet and young Dorothy Gish

WHEN a movie star kneels down in his little nightie and offers up a prayer he says—"Please let me do a picture with Griffith. Amen." Ever since "The Birth of a Nation," these fervent prayers have been wafted skyward.

All actors were firm in the belief that David Wark Griffith, THE Great Griffith, THE Master Director, would get the utmost from them—more than any other director could achieve. It was, and is, true.

Popular favorites of the screen have offered to work for nothing in his pictures just to gain the advantage of his training. Griffith stars were the most envied people on the screen.

It meant much to be hailed as a Griffith "discovery." It was almost an assurance of success. To appear in a Griffith picture meant as much as to appear in a Belasco play. Actors who played extra roles in "Intolerance" boasted of being Griffith "discoveries."

There are about as many people in Hollywood today who will tell you impressively that they were with Griffith as there are descendants of "Mayflower" Pilgrims in the United States. Griffith was a man of magic. He had the rare quality of revealing the souls of his people.

EVEN today when he casts for one of his infrequent pictures Hollywood waits breathlessly for his decision. Even today you hear—"Oh, if I could only do a picture with Griffith."

But there is another side of the story. Has it really meant so much to do a picture with Griffith? What about the trail of misfortune that has followed so many of his players?

It has been little more than a decade since the golden days of Griffith. His pictures were the greatest and his players were the most famous. And yet—where are most of them today?

And Griffith himself, for a time at least, has lost his leadership, overlooked by the

Two of Griffith's young people whose lives ended in tragedy. Clarine Seymour and Bobby Harron in a scene from "True Heart Susie." Both died as fame loomed
Professional jealousy has never been an unknown quality in Hollywood. It usually meant a long, black mark for the players. Then, too, it was jarring to the pride of a director to realize that Griffith got results from them that no one else could.

The Griffith technique was undoubtedly different. His heroines were delicate, fluttering girls, helpless and virtuous. His heroes were noble and pure, and poetic looking. Other directors did not want fluttering girls, and too poetic men. And usually, unfortunately for the players, Griffith's stamp was indelible.

About this time the adolescent picture industry made the discovery of sex. Was it Elnor Glyn who explained the secrets of life? At any rate it was the general opinion that the Griffith players did not have sex appeal.

However, there was a brief period of great fame for the Griffith people, and then, usually, the gradual withdrawal of the cup of success. Perhaps it was better so. Sweeter a short time on the highest plane of all than years on a more prosaic level.

That drab little fellow, The Jinx, has always hidden in corners of the Griffith studios, no matter where it was. He trailed the master of magic as well as the players.

Death cut short the careers of Wallace Reid, Clarine Seymour, Robert Harron, Charles Emmett Mack, Gladys Brockwell, Fred Turner and Porter Strong.

Tragedy has dogged the footsteps of Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Carol Dempster, Eric von Stroheim, George Walsh, Mildred Harris, Henry B. Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Dorothy Gish and Winifred Westover. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess have been more successful, but their success has not been without the attendant hand-maidens, trial and unhappiness.

Not many are left on the screen today from the marvellous "The Birth of a Nation" cast. Nor are there many from "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" and "Way Down East."

Wallace Reid achieved a vogue that no other male star has held, with the single exception of Valentino. Yet big, handsome Wally, who attracted so much attention as the heroic blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation," died a tragic death at the height of his career, a victim of his own weakness.

George Siegmann, the hated villain, Gus, in "The Birth of a Nation," died while still a young man.
A camera's eye view of a group of very leggy young ladies from the chorus of "Painted Angel" in what looks to our unskilled eye like an extremely uncomfortable pose. Luckily for fans, people just will go on suffering for their art—or somebody else's art.
"I Raised My Boy To Be An Actor"

By Elaine Ogden

Bang goes tradition! J. C. Nugent, actor, shown above with son, Elliott, deliberately steered his children into stage careers

"I'd rather see my son in his grave than to have him get the smell of grease paint!"

Off and on for the past—er—several years, we'll say, I've been having troupers tell me that. Claire Windsor's little boy was always guarded like the wedding silver. He was never allowed to see a studio for fear he might be lured by make-up. Raymond Hackett, I believe, has anything but theatrical plans for his son. There seems to be a concerted action on the part of Thespian parents to keep their children out of the profession.

But not all parents. Not, for instance, J. C. Nugent, who actually reared his boy to be an actor. With all the subtlety he had learned in the theater, he instilled in the lad the tradition of the stage. His heart, I believe, would have snapped right in two had Elliott become a typewriter pounder on a newspaper, as he thought once of becoming.

And now Elliott is one of the most promising of the stage stars in Hollywood. He has covered himself with glory in "Kempy" and "College Life," and is now cast as Marion Davies' leading man in "Dulcy." His first stage appearance took place when he was at the momentous age of four years, at the old Orpheum in Los Angeles, on Second and Spring streets.

But he was not, like so many theatrical kids, raised in the tray of a trunk. He had always known a home, a conservative, dignified, old fashioned home in Dover, Ohio! Of all places!

And in that living room, that mid-Victorian living room, with the family album actually on the center table, Elliott and Ruth Nugent learned the art of Booth and Barrett.

The story really begins before they were born.

J. C., who had worked in factories when he was a youngster, came to the conclusion that the only profession with anything like a big reward open to a young man with no practical education was acting.

Yet there was no such necessity for Elliott. After his father had imprisoned himself in vaudeville to give the boy an education, there was enough money for him to have been a lawyer or a doctor or a bootlegger or even a bank president. But J. C. knew the fascinating thralldom of grease paint and the joy of giving a good, sincere performance. He wasn't going to have Ruth and Elliott missing it!

Years before they were born, J. C. found himself stranded in a cheap hotel in Ohio. There was nothing to read but the Gideon Bible. He gathered his resources together—the mental far outnumbering the financial—and presented himself in Dover to direct one of the ubiquitous little theaters that were just beginning to get in your hair.

One of his most promising pupils was a Dover girl, named Grace Ferrig. She promised to become his wife. And did. And, although she toured the states with him as an actress, her heart was with the family album on the living room table in their home. So J. C. went on the road alone and she taught the children charm and grace and love.

When he was not on the road the father taught them other things. That quaint, old living room and the sturdy dining room (I'll bet there was a still life of a fish and an apple on the wall) was the scene of the most thorough course in dramatic art that two kids ever received.

J. C., with his love of the theater, with his ideals about "the grandest profession," talked "shop" continually. They saw plays together and analyzed every movement of the actors. The broad, general aspect of the art was brought to their attention as well as the small intricacies.

He taught them how to rise from a chair, with the weight on the front foot so that there would be no awkwardness. He showed them what words to emphasize in a line. He instilled into them the fact that acting must be honest and sincere, and that the actor must not resort to tricks and buffoonery. He gave them all the tools of the trade that later made their fame.

And, during this time, he was writing and selling vaudeville sketches, and asking Elliott's advice about every situation to teach him to be a writer as well.

Elliott reached college age. They chose Ohio State. The family spent many week-ends at Columbus at a comfortable hotel. Elliott went out for everything journalistic and theatrical. He spent his summer vacations on the road with his father.

After graduation, J. C. stood before his son and asked him what he wanted to do with his life.

"I'm going to be a journalist," said Elliott.

And the hopes of a lifetime lay in little broken bits at the father's feet.
You Can't Get Away

In New York or in Paris it was easy. All I had to do was telephone and say: "I'm terribly sorry, darling, but I shall be a little late tonight. It's a nuisance I know, but that fool Jones-Smith says he must see me—and of course it is business. . . . No, you'd better not wait. If I'm not home by eight, you eat dinner and I'll get a snack somewhere."

When I got home, about two A.M., that devil Jones-Smith got a piece of her mind from the missus.
"Keeping you out so late," she'd say, "and you working so hard, too. I'd like to meet that man once, just to tell him what I think of him."

She never did meet him. Jones-Smith kept coyly in the background. But you can't get away with anything like that in Hollywood.

During war days in Paris all public rooms and vehicles had a big sign reading:

TAIZEZ-VOUS!  
MEFIEZ-VOUS!  
LES OREILLES DE L'ENNEMI VOUS ECOUENT!

If I had my way I'd translate this warning and transpose it a little and hang it up in the lobby of the Roosevelt and the Cocoanut Grove and the Russian Eagle and the Pom Pom and Frank Sebastian's and Montmartre and the Brown Derby and all beach and other party houses indiscriminately:

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!  
BE CAREFUL!  
THE EARS OF THE GOSIPS ARE LISTENING!

Gossip was a snowball during the war, as the German Intelligence found out to their cost. A drunken poilu would divulge

that his outfit was being sent to the Chemin des Dames. An hour later one spy would tell a bigger spy:

"I got it straight—there's a movement of troops to the Chemin des Dames."

Shortly after that the German Intelligence would receive a coded message:

"YOUR AUNT'S WHISKERS SO LONG AM AFRAID SHE MUST SHAVE."

That, of course, meant:

"RELIABLY INFORMED FRENCH PREPARING BIG OFFENSIVE CHEMIN DES DAMES."

Then the French would really attack in Champagne, and the Germans would be taken by surprise on the flank.

It may seem a bit surprising, but Hollywood is like that. The first day I got here I was introduced to a lady in Montmartre restaurant and she said, with that charming directness which is such a feature of the girls here:

"Basil Woon? Pleased to meet you. Are you divorced? Is that woman with you your wife? Are you in the pictures or oil? Isn't the Scotch in Hollywood terrible? Have you a good bootlegger yet? Did you hear Douglas Fairbanks and Mary

Hector Snooparound, the Keyhole King of Hollywood, is digging up a few rumors for the regular luncheon dishes—
A little party seems to be going on here, and nobody knows it but some twelve thousand men, women and kiddies.

Pickford are going to separate? Have you a cigarette?"

"The woman is my wife I am not divorced yet I am not in pictures oil or otherwise yes the Scotch is worse than that no is there such a thing well but you can't believe all you hear no I don't smoke," I replied, in the casual manner which is so much the thing in Hollywood.

Later that day a mutual friend came up with a pleasantly shocked expression and, drawing me aside, said:

"So it's happened to you, too, has it? What was the trouble, old man? You know you can speak frankly to your old pal.

"You forgot to say whether it has five letters or six and whether it is a flower or a bird," I said.

"Aw, you don't have to kid me. It's all over Hollywood that you and the wife are going to divorce." 

"Now isn't that wonderful," I exclaimed. "I wonder how they got the news so quickly?"

"Well, I think Laura Blink told me. She said she got it from her manicure who said that Mary Bunk told her. I think she said that the manicure said that Mary said she got it from Susie Snoop."

Now, Miss Snoop was the lady of the questions at lunch. I saw her later. I said:

"Susie, how in the world did you know my wife and I were going to divorce?"

"My dear man," she said, patronizingly, "you forget—you told me so yourself."

"I told you so?"

"Well, you intimated it. You said you were not divorced yet. And of course anyone would know what that meant."

MEETING Bugs Baer in the lobby of the Roosevelt, he suggested having a little fun that evening.

"What am I going to tell the wife?" I asked him.

"Aw, 'phone up and say you've got a business appointment with Jesse Lasky or Winnie Sheehan," said Bugs, efficiently. Bugs, too, is new to Hollywood.

I 'phoned and told my wife about having to go out to Culver City and see Irving Thalberg and she said that was wonderful and would I be back to dinner. No, I said, I might not make it back quite by dinner; in fact it might be nine o'clock before I got in. I'd just get a snack at the studio or somewhere.

So the next morning she said to me:

"What sort of man is this Mr. Thalberg?"

"Why, he's a big, hefty, red-headed feller with lots of pep," I said, "and let me tell you, he's one grand guy—why, he simply wouldn't hear of me going home last night—took me over the studio personally and then brought me to his place for dinner—lemme tell you about that house of his—it's—"

"What did you say, my wife, was to leave the Roosevelt with that terrible Bugs Baer. You got in a Cadillac with two girls in it. One of them was Lucille Lush and the other was Bridget Brilliantine. You were with Bridget. After that you went over to Bert Wheeler's with Tom McNamara, and you had a lot of drinks. Then you and Tom and another girl named Helen Hugg went to Billy Hayne's place at the beach, and Billy kicked you out because..."
Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall

STAR—"And my dear Mr. Blotz, you may tell my public that since the coming of talking pictures, I haven't had a single sore throat. Constant exercise of the tonsils, don't you know!"

Dear Santa Claus—

Give the kiddies woolly caps,
Give the ladies bonnets—
Bring all hungry people hams
And bring the mean ones wees.

Give all lonely souls a ring,
And let the crows freeze.
Me! Why, Santa dear, just bring
Me Greta Garbo, please.

Good Mean Fun

Guy Bates Post, the veteran stage star, asked Warners for $10,000 to make a five minute Vitaphone prologue—and the man can't even sing a "Mammy" song! ... Speaking of mammys, we at last know who Al Jolson's is. It's Louise Dresser, who will play the mammy in "Mammy" opposite the star, and no doubt have a little hick in Alabammy with morning glories 'round the door. ... They asked for a new title for John Boles' big picture, "La Marseillaise," at Universal, and some daring soul suggested "Marseillaise in the Cold, Cold Ground." ... Joan Marsh, fifteen, got a Universal contract because she resembles Dolores Costello, Anita Page and Esther Ralston. Throw in a dash of Wally Beery and we'll fire the whole pack in Hollywood. ... The last illusion goes. Santa Claus is only Uncle Joe in red flannel pants. Now it comes out that Noah Beery sings tenor. ... Lily Damita's New York apartment had seven mirrors. One fit of fierce French temper and heigh! for forty-nine years had luck. But think of no less than fourteen Damita legs in one apartment! ... I wonder if it makes any difference to Gary Cooper that Lupe Velez real name is Guadalupe Viliabolo? If it doesn't, it's love. ... Some French-Canadians call talksie "views that speak." All I can add is "when the machine works."

Welcome to Films, Neighbor!

An Associated Press dispatch from Superior, Wis.—

"Peter Dale, eighty-four, of Cornucopia, near here, was a most amazed man when he saw his first 'picture show,' a talksie, last night. He stayed for several showings. Fifty years ago Mr. Dale was a member of the Wisconsin legislature."

Getting Personal

A woman with a felt hat pulled down over her eyes stood in the long line waiting to see "The Single Standard" at Loew's State Theater, Los Angeles. It was Greta Garbo. ... Phyllis Haver and her husband, Billy Seeman, are living in a pent-house on a roof-top in Greenwich Village, New York. "Sky Hye Farm," they call it. Remember "Miss Dupont," the blonde mystery who played in "Foolish Wives," and other pictures? Well, her first name is Patty, she's married to Syl Stokes of Virginia, and has been visiting in Hollywood. ... Dolores Del Rio has had a slave bracelet welded to the wrist of Teddy Joyce, her master of ceremonies. ... Fazenda, Louise's last name, is Portuguese for "farmer." ... While Jack Gilbert was in Paris honeymooning, his Scotch terrier wandered away from the Beverly Hills home. ... The only stage shows given in Alaska the past year were two performances by the Elks Lodge in Juneau. The talksies have swept the big towns of the territory. ... I hereby tender my apologies to His Majesty's dominion, New Zealand. I said it had no talkie theater, but Jack Goodman, of Taileve, writes in to say that there are several, and that some night he means to ankle some 300 miles and sees hear his first phonoplay. ... Minnie Palmer Marx, sixty-five, mother of the Four Marx Brothers, comedians, who made their first screen hit in "The Cocoanuts," died suddenly in New York. She was largely responsible, by her wisdom and enthusiasm, for their success in the theater. ... Nancy Carroll is just one of twelve children, and I wonder if there are any more at home like her. ... No talksies yet in Buenos Aires, say reports. Now I'll wait for the letter telling me the town is full of them. ... Beatrice Joy married Jack Gilbert on the thirteenth of the month. ... Mary Eaton, the blonde musical comedy star, and one of the famous yellow haired Eaton children, has just bought her mother a $35,000 home in Beverly Hills. Her father has been a proofreader on a New York newspaper for years. ... No matter what she eats, Colleen Moore always weighs 108 pounds. ... President and Mrs. Hoover were presented with gold, lifetime passes to all Stanley theaters. ... Belse Daniels has been made an honorary colonel in the U. S. Air Corps. Yes, you guessed it. In the Pursuit Group. ... The eleven Technicolor cameras in Hollywood are so precious that they are carried from lot to lot in armored cars. They never did that for Pola Negri!
An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS.

FRANKLIN MOTT GUNther

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents.

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her dusky hair is in striking contrast to her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. Mrs. Gunther chose the famous Two Creams to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care." Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products delightful. "The Freshener tones the skin so gently," she adds, "and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream." This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
LILLIAN GISH, whose name is a synonym for vague and fugitive loveliness, has been absent from the screen all too long. She returns to us as the princess in a talking version of Molnar's brilliant play, "The Swan"
"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Page on Hair Beauty

"What shall I do for dry hair?"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please give me some advice. My hair is very dry—and it's after I wash it.—Mrs. G. M., Canton, Ohio.

Over-dry hair isn't healthy hair, and it doesn't look its best—it's usually dull and bristle. So I'm going to tell you about a special shampoo for dry hair that will make your hair softer, and won't leave that sticky feeling either.

You can go to any drug store and ask for Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo—a lovely golden colored liquid just a tiny bit fragrant. This shampoo is made of pure olive oil and other vegetable oils. It doesn't make your scalp sting, or leave your hair harsh to the touch because it is safe and gentle, and contains soothing, softening glycerine. Use this olive oil shampoo about every ten days or two weeks, and you'll see how much softer and more manageable your hair is. Then massage your scalp and brush your hair every day to make it shine.

(You noticed that sticky feeling probably because the soap you used didn't rinse off your hair completely—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo rinses very easily.)

Oily hair—and its special care

Dear Jean Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and it's very soft and pretty when it is just washed, but a few days afterwards it becomes oily and falls in strings. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know if there is anything I can do—and please let me hear from you as soon as possible because I have a great deal of faith in your ability.—M. V., Caldwell, N. J.

Dear M. Y. I can't help being a little flattered when you express your confidence right out like that. And I love kind words, like everybody else. It is true I do try to give the soundest advice possible. Everything I say has the approval of a real dermatologist (and that means a doctor who has specially studied the skin and hair).

Your particular trouble is one I hear about many times every day. More women seem to be bothered by oily hair than by any other hair problem.

For this reason the Packer Company, with whom I am associated (they make the famous Packer's Tar Soap) make a shampoo especially good for oily hair—Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is safe and pure and gentle (don't ever use a strong shampoo to "dry out" your hair), but it is also a little astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use this Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first—it's easy to use because it lathers and rinses in the quickest and most delightful way possible.

Don't wait for your hair to get oily and stringy and unbecoming—shampoo often enough to keep your hair fluffy. And if you use the pine tar shampoo regularly, and massage your scalp a little every day, you'll probably soon be able to lengthen the intervals between shampoos.

Don't neglect dandruff!

Dear Miss Carroll: I'd like to ask you a few questions. I heard you talk over the radio about a week ago. I really have nice hair, but it is beginning to fall. I have quite a bit of dandruff, and my hair doesn't shine as I would like it to. What can I do for it?—Mrs. A. N., Kent, New York.

I have a personal feeling of hatred for dandruff germs—they're such trouble-making, beauty-destroying little things. They make hair fall, they take away the shine and lustre, cause the scalp to flake, and they usually go on getting worse and worse unless something discourages them.

For years doctors have been urging Packer's Tar Soap as a very effective way of overcoming these invisible germs. So I'm going to suggest this for your hair: Get a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and start right away to give yourself a shampoo every two or three days to begin with. This sounds like a lot of washing, I know, but think of it as medical treatment. Massage the lather well into the scalp—the good, rich piney lather has a gentle antiseptic effect.

Even after the first shampoo, your scalp will feel healthier and your hair will look healthier. And after a month's time you ought to notice a decided improvement.

JEAN CARROLL
Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty, every Friday 11:45 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples
(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

(Dept. 16-L), 107 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose _______cents (enclose 10c for one sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SOPHIE TUCKER seems to have been having some home-coming weeks. She doesn't have to go very far to celebrate one of these things, for Soph seems to be equally at home in these U. S. A. and London, in musical comedy, vaudeville, revue, the talkies or on records. For without a doubt her voice has "IT," which is proved when you listen to it over the old musical box without her inviting grin behind it. In other words, the voice with the smile of its own.

Her "Honky Tonk" numbers, recorded by Victor, are the best signs current for the continuation of this column—but more of that lower down the page. "He's a Good Man to Have Around" and "I'm Doing What I'm Doing for Love" are the more characteristic items. In the same series comes, "I'm Feathering a Nest for a Little Bluebird."

While on the subject of Soph, which, after all, is quite a large one, another release of hers might as well be noted. When she chants "I Don't Want to Get Thin," we entirely agree with her and are even willing to join in the chorus. But don't expect too much for your bundle here. On the back she informs us, to a second rate tune, "That's What I Call Sweet Music." Sweetish, maybe, but not so hot.

FROM down near the bottom of the drawer we have dug up four Columbia records which are going to have a run before the end of this. There never is a real back number, and Moran and Mack are due for a few extra dividends on an investment made over two years ago.

We were first unloaded on the market the publicity department labeled them the "funniest series ever recorded." With "Why Bring That Up?" doing what it is, the "Two Black Crowes" six discs, eight sides of twelve inches, are going to be brought up again to paralyze the fans. They were made by the new electrical method, and as most of the stuff these two black faces pulled in vaudeville has been crammed into their first talkie, they are thoroughly up to date. Which proves that you might as well keep those bonds in the safe—you never know when they'll come back.

ALL the recording companies have tried sticking in "The Dance of Life." That is, they have recorded two of the numbers and omitted the one which is any good at all. "True Blue Lou" needs Hal Skelly and the "Pigfart" situation to mean anything at all. Coming all by itself down the unromantic funnel of a machine, it matches the title of its companion—"The Flippity Flop."

This other is a good, wholehearted accompaniment for a soft shoe prance, but will get on your nerves if you have not got plenty of others to play between repetitions. Seeing the picture, we got the idea that the best part of it was "Ladies of the Dance"—musically, at least. No one, to date, has bothered to put it on record. We should like to hear it in cold blood and see if we were right. We probably shall.

The more Helen Kane sticks to talkie material, the better for business. This time we have "He's So Unusual," from "Sweetie," and it stands out like a work of art—which, of course, it is in its own sweet way. A beau has to be something out of the ordinary to catch Helen's eye, apparently, and this sheik was that way. And behind it all is a distinctly pleasant little tune which deserves to be heard a little better. Perhaps the pick of the bundle this time.

Perhaps the pick, because the numbers we have talked about so far are not strictly Theme Songs. In fact, if there are not some signs of bulliness in this market before long, the bottom will fall out of it. Try this trick: Hypnotize yourself into thinking you had composed some of this month's offerings yourself and then see if you feel proud. There must be some of these blushing composers hiding in the shadows of projection rooms recently.

HERE are some of the incidental crop: "How Am I To Know?" out of "Dynamite." Put out by all the recording houses in various forms, but though all the orchestras do their damnedest they cannot make a silk purse out of a whale's fin. The catch in the thing is supposed to be, "Lyrics by Dorothy Parker." Not the best Dottie ever wrote by a long stretch, but still worthy of more trouble from the music department.

"After the Clouds Roll By" from "Half Marriage." The idea seems to have been that half a marriage only deserves half a tune. So, if the management have succeeded, Saxophones doodle-doodle-doo-doo in no particular direction but (it's a ten inch) actually do get to an end somehow.

"Waiting at the End of the Road" from "Hallelujah." Stand by for Opas Umptrump of Irving Berlin, and then doubt your ears. It was a long road that was being waited on, and the interval has extraordinarily like any other—at a couple of moments in it we thought of other tunes we had heard somewhere else.

"Lovable and Sweet" from "Street Girl." This is more like it. If you must try to make the theme song, and apparently you must, why not have it molded to match your theme? This one does to some extent and succeeds consequently does not. More than that, it might actually set you dancing. Sydney Clare and Oscar Levant, who put this together, are our best bets in the business, at present.

"When They Sing the Wearnin' of the Green" from "Lucky in Love" and "Smiling Irish Eyes" from "Smiling Irish Eyes," are recommended as sure things. You can twist any series of Irish musical phrases into any conceivable shape and display the result as a winner—or so we are told by someone who is living on the proceeds of just such a trick. Further, these are—if nobody is getting tired of our theme—Theme Songs. They mean what they say and provide the required atmosphere for the screen story.

HOWEVER, we are not giving up all hope. Rumors from the studios have almost got us het up over what we are to hear during the next few weeks. The Theme Song business is still at its experimental stage, with everyone clinging to the lack of the wagon for dear life, whether they deserve to be there or not.

SIGNING off with a complaint recently heard from a distinguished Indian movie-house owner, who visited these hospitable shores in search of reels to show his dusky audiences.

He was in despair about the talkies and felt he was on his journey over the hill to the county farm. "Mr. Fenton," he said, "German, Hindustani, Bengali, Urdu, Telugu and Hindi. How can they understand American voices or listen to American music when they cannot understand each other?" The "American—American" part was touching from a man who is loyal to the British.

So we asked about the possibilities of his troubles being settled by the English. "Not for years, twenty-five, maybe. So far they have been unable to make pictures for themselves. What hopes for us?"
All of us know women whose faces make fibbers of their birthdays. Some women at thirty seem to fade, while others of fifty are never, never taken for their age. For their eyes are clear and bright, and their complexions are fine, fresh and blemish-free!

Are these latter women possessed of a special birthright? Sometimes, but not always, they are. For, either nature has endowed them with a system that keeps itself clear and free from acids and poisons, or they have learned for themselves the benefits of keeping internally clean!

To arms, then, against birthdays! Enlist to your aid Sal Hepatica. There is no better way of cleansing a system of aging and beauty-stealing poisons than this famous saline method. By purifying your bloodstream and banishing constipation, Sal Hepatica roots the dullness and the blemishes of the cheek. It keeps you young and exuberantly well!

In Europe, women of wealth and position regularly visit the famous springs and spas, where they freshen their complexions and tone their systems by drinking freely of the saline waters. Physicians everywhere—our own and the European—strongly advocate, for the correction of many human ills, the famous saline method.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
IN HOLLYWOOD

442 of the 451 Important Actresses use Lux Toilet Soap

The first requirement for loveliness and attractiveness, say 39 leading Hollywood directors, is an exquisite skin—and in the case of the motion picture star, it is absolutely essential for success.

For this reason, nine out of ten screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard the beauty of their skin.

And because the screen stars are so devoted to it, every great film studio in Hollywood has made this white, delicately fragrant soap the official soap for dressing rooms.

Made by the very method beauty-wise France developed for her finest toilet soaps, Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin soft and smooth as a gardenia-petal.

You will be charmed with Lux Toilet Soap. Get several cakes—today. Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

(Left) Mary Brian, lovely Paramount star, understands how important exquisite skin is. She says: "The charm of a perfect skin is an asset to any woman, but for a star it is a business necessity, too. That's why so many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—certainly it keeps 'studio-skin' in perfect condition."

(Right) Dorothy Mackaill, First National's beautiful blonde star, in the unique bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "So much of a star's charm depends on soft, smooth skin—the close-up takes the true measure of her beauty. Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."

Renée Adorée, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous star—in the very distinctive Hollywood bathroom which forms such a charming setting for her appealing loveliness. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps could give. It is certainly a lovely soap. I enjoy it."
Eleanor Boardman, a screen star whose delicate loveliness captures hearts everywhere, uses Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in her dressing room on location. She says: 'Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have... Such a very good soap!'

Joan Crawford, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Never have I found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Janet Gaynor, Fox star, is one of the most beloved of screen actresses. She always has perfect poise under the high-powered incandescent close-up lights—her skin is flawless. She says: "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never before found except in the finest French soaps—my skin feels so soft and smooth."

Clara Bow, world-famous Paramount star, says: "A beautifully smooth skin means even more to a star than to other women. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition."

Esther Ralston, Paramount's attractive star, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "In their close-ups, stars are more closely observed than women in any other profession. Their popularity largely depends on the beauty of their skin. Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
KNEES are as scarce in Hollywood as silent movies. Figures are figures this year. Our old friend, the Hollywood line, demanded by producers to give sex to their pictures, and scorned by all the designers, has come into its own. For four years Clara Bow has been tugging her dresses in at the waist and pulling them tight around the hips. For four years designers have screamed with rage when Clara passed by. But now she’s showing Paris what the well-dressed woman wears.

We are wearing photographic clothes, whether we know it or not, because Hollywood tells us what to wear. Alice White, another horrible example in the matter of dress, has always pushed her little hats off her forehead. A cameraman hates a brim like De Mille hates a tin bath tub. The electricians can’t do anything with a face half concealed by a drooping chapeau.

Well, look at the smartest hats this year. They’re right back off the face, with the noble brow as conspicuous as the candidate for mayor on the day before election. And if you let a wisp of hair show, nobody speaks to you.

Paris calls the fitted figure line and the brimless hat new and original, and the best houses include them in all collections. Hollywood can laugh up its fur cuff. It’s been wearing them for years. And the Paris designers who have scorned the Hollywood mode are gnashing their teeth and rounding in their seams.

On the following pages are the best that the Hollywood dressmakers have to offer. Howard Greer, Sophie Wachner, David Cox, Jean Swartz and Edward Stevenson design and execute their gowns in Hollywood. And they’re doing original models. Let France take a look at them for a change.

The screen is the broadcasting medium for fashion. The new lines, the new modes, the new note is on the screen. Hollywood has the last word. You take your fashion orders from the films, young woman—and like it!

Paris calls this a new line. The dress was designed in Hollywood by Howard Greer and it conforms to the mode that has prevailed in films for the past seven years. It’s just another indication that Hollywood leads in fashion. The Empire feeling is new, but the curves are the same. Margaret Livingston wears it. It is made of black chiffon, trimmed with a single rhinestone ornament.

The new Hollywood hat trend. Lilyan Tashman wears this one of grey brushed wool with the sides rolling like a coffee cake. It is pushed back off the forehead without a wisp of hair showing. Even for sports she uses a veil.
This is the most sensational costume in Hollywood this season. When it was displayed at Howard Greer's exclusive opening, gentlemen gasped and ladies fainted. Here Dorothy Mackaill wears what looks like a simple white chiffon frock with a gold lamé coat generously trimmed in red fox fur. But wait!

The coat is removed, but the wide band doesn't go along with it. Instead, the fur remains on the dress. Whoever thought of combining white chiffon and red fox? Oh, anything can happen in Hollywood. This is the most typical film dress of the year, simple in line as it is. It is called "Nuit de Noel"
STYLE is greatly enhanced by the right material. So leading dress manufacturers are now making their smartest models of Skinner’s Crepe Satin.

That marvelous combination of softness and richness found in Skinner’s Crepe Satin permits draping effects not possible with ordinary fabrics. The new shades and styles are irresistible—and when you buy a frock of Skinner’s you can depend upon its wearing quality.

Identify these beautiful dresses by the Skinner ticket or label. In buying by the yard, always look for the name woven in the selvage. If you write us, we will tell you of store near you.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

Skinner’s
Crepe Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"
The afternoon frock at the left weighs a ton or two, but it's all for dear old fashion's sake. Sharon Lynn wears it. Sophie Wachner of Fox designed it. Tiny black and white beads cover it completely. For the smart tea

Ermine again, and black velvet, with a gardenia at the throat, all elegant simplicity. Vera Reynolds selects this gown from Jean Swartz and accents its smartness with a snappy mesh bag and a veiled hat.

See what happens when a nice gal like Margaret Livingston wears a gown like this (below) -rom Howard Greer. The Egyptian influence is in the multi-colored blouse. The skirt is black tulle. And a $10,000 antique necklace.

Ethelind Terry wears this green soleil hat (at the left) right off her forehead with no hair showing.

Blue tweed, white flat crepe, black fox and fast color suede and kid shoes. Howard Greer calls this “Flirt,” and Virginia Valli is ready for almost any sports event.
Shuglovs by Miller offer you a choice of two fabrics: dainty moire rubber, lightly but warmly lined; and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over, and concealed Talon Hookless Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Both are easily cleaned.

Light, flexible as a soft imported glove, Shuglovs make lovely ankles appear their very best on rainy days!

Protective footwear that's really flattering? Why not, said Miller designers . . . and created a bedweather accessory as shapely as the ankle it protects.

The name is Shuglov (pronounced Shoe-glove). Shuglovs are light and flexible as a soft, imported glove. They are cut as smartly as an evening slipper. Lines are slender. Color combinations are intriguing.

Yet, the protective purpose has never been forgotten. Every pair of Shuglovs is waterproof. And even the lightest, daintiest pair gives adequate protection from cold, for they are lined with a warm, fine, elastic fabric.

Ask for Shuglovs by name, in the smartest shops in your city. The authentic Miller creation bears the name "Shuglov by Miller" plainly stamped on the sole. Accept no other. The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, Ohio.
"This Thing Called Love." Thus Howard Greer sentimentalizes over this flowered taffeta dancing frock of pale pink (right). Julanne Johnston wears it and you'll recognize your little pal, the Hollywood line, which has become Paris' last word. Two tiny ruffles give this gown a tone

That wild Russian influence cropping up again in Hollywood. Joan Crawford is responsible, for she has selected these vivid purple pajamas (left) hand-worked in cross-stitch pattern in red, blue and yellow. Satin, by the way, is Joan's favorite fabric.

Not little Bessie Love, so very sophisticated and chic! Yessir, here she is, in one of those frightfully plain, vampish hats. Had you thought of cutting off the brim of last year's chapeau? Try it and see what happens.

No, no, June Collyer (right) is not playing in a costume picture. This is the Greer creation she wears when she sips tea with Buddy Rogers. Not a solitary panel relieves the severe ankle length of this gown, which is form fitting and generously flared.
TOP O' THE LIST
FOR HER CHRISTMAS

Any time that "what-to-give-her" problem gets close to being a last-minute panic... steady, m'boy, there's always one sure way to glory! Give her another Whiting & Davis Costume Bag and prepare to bask in the radiance of a woman who is thoroughly delighted.

"No interesting woman ever has too many Costume Bags," said Paul Poiret when he was asked to name the sort of gift most sure to please. They're ever-welcome because of their colorful beauty and the social rating they've gained through long intimacy with charming women... because of that precious quality of jewelercraftsmanship which has always made each Whiting & Davis Costume Bag a flattering and enviable possession. They're top o' the list for Christmas givers—so shop early.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags—Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass. In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec.

WHITING & DAVIS
COSTUME BAGS
When Howard Greer designed the above dress he threw down his shears and called it a day. This favorite is known as "Jerry," and is made of red chiffon tweed, so soft you can draw it through a wedding ring if there's one lying about. Worn by Julanne Johnston.

Joan Crawford did the dinner dress at the right with her own little thread and thimble. Maybe those ladylike lines show the Fairbanks influence. It's long and dignified, with three circular tiers and a cape. You can't go wrong on black satin this year.

What-ho, our old friend the rabbit is now called lapin. That's the fur chosen for the cape that is the accent of this beige wool street dress with wool lace. Gwen Lee wears it like a lady. Jean Swartz model.
At the Central Park Casino where Park Avenue gathers for tea or dinner, where the season’s smartest costumes are worn, you’ll see many styles in Velvetta Suede shoes. Dressy all-suede models, or calf and suede combinations in one-strap, with leather heels for the tailored costume. And colors—the new Prado brown, Ebony black, striking Marine blue are predominant, with a generous display of Autumn green, Royal purple, and Chianti red in unusual styles. Bags too are fashioned of Velvetta with the motif or applique of the shoe.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
106 BEACH STREET BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Who said women aren’t getting more feminine? That perky little bow adds just the proper note to Vera Reynolds’ red felt hat, at the left. Hollywood considers it smart to wear a brilliant hat with a dark suit.

There’s a new name for this fur, but it’s still good old chipmunk. A dash of the pelt is used on the dark yellow tweed frock in a bow and pockets. Margaret Livingston selected it from Howard Greer’s Maison.

Here’s our old friend the bouffant (above), considerably tamed by the sophisticated mode. If you’re Janet Gaynor’s type you can wear this dancing dress of painted pale pink voile, designed by Sophie Wachner. At the right, Corinne Griffith wears a salmon colored velvet and chiffon negligee from Greer, with the waistline raised by a wide girdle. Remember when Lucille did it?
Innocent of Paris

Four Young American Hat Designs

Designer of Young America Hats

Being the true story of Jackie Starr...
Look what PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE found in Lilian Tashman's shoe closet. They are old Greek sandals in green and gold. The only modern note is that four inch heel. For evening

This is as modern as next year's best seller. Covered up knees, raised waist-line, concealed pleats make this sports frock the last rave. Worn by June Collyer. Designed by Howard Greer.

It wouldn't baffle Freud a bit if this gown (right) haunted your dreams. Any good psycho-analyst would tell you your suppressed desire was to look like Dorothy Mackaill. The ensemble? Oh, yeah, it's of blue velvet with a double fox collar in white and silver. Howard Greer created it.

Let it rain. Just button up your overcoat (it's called "Wimbledon" by Greer) and be as smart as Dorothy Mackaill in tweed hat to match and Shuglows in the same soft brown shade.
Ethelind Terry is a stage star who came to Hollywood to wear rose velvet and lace pajamas, like the above, designed by David Cox. Below, Olive Borden goes futuristic in black and white satin by Edward Stevenson.

That's not a new poodle on Anita Page's cuff. It's just a little fox head that didn't have any other place to go, so Jean Swartz, creator of this evening ensemble in sheer white chiffon, velvet and fur, stuck it on the cuff. And to think Anita's dad feels he must chaperon her!

There's 14-karat gold spun in that fur coat. Actually! Lilyan Tashman couldn't take a chance on having it tarnish on Eddie Lowe's dress suit. The marvelous wrap was designed by Willard George and the fox collar was dyed to match the color of Lil's hair exactly. Neat trick?
An Ostrich swirl adds a piquant feminine note to the brocaded satin Mule.

_exquisite gift-luxuries_

assuring snug warmth and silken repose

SOFTLY furred pajama boots for cozy fireside evenings . . . glistening leisure-hour d'orsays accented by curling, coquetish wisps of ostrich . . . slim, all-black slippers to wear with smart sophistication when playing dinner hostess . . . lovely brief, crepe de chine mules . . . downy quilted opera boots in which to span the snowy stretch from cab to entrance-way . . .

Of such is the delightful DANIEL GREEN collection—varied, comprehensive. Just the styles to send a Very Young Person into ripples of sheer delight . . . Just the type of fascinating gift to win the warm approval of critical mature women.

Daniel Green Slippers, Dolgeville, N.Y.

You will recognize DANIEL GREEN Slippers in the smartest shops and stores by their distinctive sole-mark which guarantees perfect fit as well as style-rightness.

Daniel Green
Guaranteed Slippers

$2.50 to $6.50 and upwards . . . . . . . Sold in every country in the world
Wouldn't you love one of these adorable sets for Christmas?

... your friends will be delighted with them, too

Smart, colorful compacts

... exquisite perfume

... beautiful holiday boxes

HERE's your Christmas gift problem solved right now. Give Tre-Jur sets.

Just look at them. Aren't they beauties? There are others, too, equally lovely, that we hadn't room to show. Single and double compacts in all the newest shades (with lipsticks to match, if you wish). Adorable little bottles of fragrant Charvai odeur. Boxes in striking new modernistic designs. What woman would not thrill to open one on Christmas morning? And how she will appreciate the quality of these exquisite toiletries created by the famous House of Tre-Jur.

Your favorite drug or department store is showing these delightful sets now. Be sure to see them. You'll be charmed with their beauty—and astonished at the very moderate prices.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price. State color of compact and shade of powder, rouge and lipstick desired. Powder shades: white, flesh or peach. Rouge and lipsticks: mediums or raspberry. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th St., New York City.
Perhaps somebody will be asking the same of you a year from now if you continue this indifference.

"Well, I wish I were where he is," remarked the tired young boy.

"What! So soon?"

"Well, what does it all amount to when I can never have a minute to myself without somebody like you pestering me for interviews and wanting to see me every time I turn around?"

Now let's have a heart and leave the boy alone for awhile and let him enjoy himself.

WELL, if everybody else in Hollywood is mad at Rudy Vallee, Mary Brian still likes him.

Rudy had lunch with Mary two days in succession, which constitutes something pretty serious in this town.

Mary returned Rudy's call by visiting his set at the Radio Pictures studios.

THE Lost Tribes of Filmland still find grief and woe in the African jungles. The M-G-M "Trader Horn" company has been held up by everything from mosquito bites to tree-climbing alligators. Now pretty Edwina Booth, the leading lady, has been taken ill again, this time with malaria. Shooting was held up for two weeks.

After all the misery Director Van Dyke's troupe has endured, "Trader Horn" had better be a dad-burned good picture.

BITE hard on your bridgework and try hard to bear this.

Hollywood says that First National is plotting a new Alice White picture to be titled—steady, now!—"The Darling of the Gobs."

ALL was not quiet on the Paris front during the visit of Gloria Swanson, say reports from the French capital.

While Gloria and her Marquis "Hank" de la Falaise were outwardly calm, there was considerable tiffing going on under cover, with family friends called in to pour some oil in the troubled waters.

Tough if, just as Gloria was making the smash hit of her life in "The Trespasser," she and "Hank" should battle to a finish. But, as Shakespeare remarked in his cups, life is just like that.

SHED a tear for poor Solved Cal. Whenever business was dull Patsy Ruth Miller's engagement to some new swain could be rumored. And now she's married. To Tay Garnett, director and writer.

The wedding had all the grandeur of such things in Hollywood, with Pat in an oyster white satin gown and a train as long as the first reel of her new picture. Mrs. Daryl Zanuck (Virginia Fox), Lois Wilson and Lila Lee were bridesmaids, with Helen Ferguson matron of honor.

Everything went off as it should, the only near casualty occurring when a fly lit on Lila Lee's eyebrow as she made her dignified march down the aisle.

The honeymoon? Well, they were married on Sunday, left for Santa Barbara that night and both reported for work bright and early Tuesday morning. Big-hearted executives gave them one day off.

THE Brown Derby, one of Hollywood's best known beer parlors, advertises like this: "Our ham sandwiches are made from pleased pigs that have made perfect hogs of themselves."

Just the old Bill Mizer touch.

MAYBE Will Hays should look into this, or something.

Perec Molnar's play, "Olympia," John Gilbert's forthcoming starring picture, has been given a new box-office title. Here it is:

JOHN GILBERT
in
HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT
with
Catherine Dale Owen

BESSIE LOVE is back at work after a brief vacation at Lake Arrowhead.

"How's the swimming up there?" they asked her when she returned to begin "Take It Big."

"Dunno," replied Bessie.

"Well, how was the boating?"

"Dunno."

"What on earth were you doing up there?"

"Sleeping. It was grand," said Bessie.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who became famous in the revues as the girl with the red-gold hair and sea-green eyes, and is now lifting her voice in Paramount pictures, has two engagements.

The one with Paramount nets her $2,500 weekly. The other is to Bob Kitchie, New York stockbroker. No date as yet has been set for the wedding.

THEDA BARA, the voluptuous death and destruction of the old Fox vampire drainers, is coming out of a long retirement from the screen to appear in a playlet in vaudeville.

The name of the act is "The Serpent," and it is of the Grand Guignol thriller type. It sounds like something right up Theda's street.

FAME is a Will o' the Wisp in Hollywood.

Pola Negri arrived in Hollywood for a short stay. The latest crop of Iowa tourists attracted [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93].

Something tricky in furs. Barbara Kent, borrowed from Universal to be Harold Lloyd's leading woman in "Welcome Danger," wearing one white and one black fox fur. This is what press agents call a "fashion foible"
Try your guesser on these. Who's the fly gent in the swimming suit doing the pose with Bernice Claire? Wrong thrice! It's Lucien Littlefield, the staid character man!

no more attention. Other arrivals of Pola in Hollywood, during the heyday of her fame, were attended by pomp and circumstance.

The star who once made the headlines of every newspaper in the country was now relegated to a short item sandwiched between advertisements.

The Polish star wishes to dispose of some Los Angeles real estate, then she will return to London where she is under contract to make pictures.

Her divorce case is scheduled to be heard in Paris early this winter.

It was not a particularly pleasant return to the scene of her greatest triumphs.

SALLY O'NEIL is practically ready for the poorhouse—all washed up and ready to climb the hill. (As if the poorhouse weren't tough enough without putting a hill in front of it!)

In the past few weeks our gal Síl only worked in five different talks in five different studios.

Then finding time heavy on her hands she began writing her life story between engagements at the studios.

Oh, gee, what kind of a break does a young well-meaning Hollywood girl get, after all?

Here's a real sticker. Now guess the identity of the overheated sophomore leading the football yells. Not Eddie Nugent! No—it's our villainous friend William Powell, just pranking.

JOHN BARRYMORE declares that the arrival of the stork may or may not terminate Dolores Costello's starring career.

"It all depends on how she feels about it at the time," he said.

Another rumor had it that Norma Shearer would present Irving Thalberg with an heir.

Norma denies the rumour, with some annoyance.

THE punch of a theme song is measured by the number of parodies it inspires.

Now some Hollywood heads have altered "Singin' in the Rain" to "Rainin' in the Sink," and Los Angeles County has offered a bounty for his pelt.

AN interesting bit of information has come to old Cal's ears.

Maybe you have always wondered why directors have such a weakness for playing bits in their own pictures. No doubt you have set it down as another example of the boundless ego of man.

If you saw the "Dance of Life," you may have noticed that Director Edward Sutherland wrote himself into the script—and Co-Director John Cromwell likewise. Eddie played the drunk and John played the bartender in the speakeasy scene. In "Marianne," Director Bob Leonard did a doughboy bit. And we could go on indefinitely listing similar examples.

Now, here's the punch. Contrary to what you probably thought, the megaphone boys are not imbued with a suppressed desire to cavort before the camera. No indeed—they have a much more practical reason than that for donning the grease paint. You see, playing a bit now and then enables them to place themselves on Uncle Sam's income tax archives as actors. And actors are allowed tidy exemptions for make-up, wardrobe, transportation and other traditional Thespian expenses! Wonder if the chap who thought up this scheme needs a partner?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]
A New
MAKE-UP
SECRET

Known to the Screen Stars
May Now be Yours

How Leading Stars Avoid Off-Color and Spotty Make-Up With Cosmetics in Color Harmony... the Amazing Beauty Discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

To please your fancy and the fancy of millions who marvel at the beauty of the stars of the screen, Max Factor, Film-land's genius of make-up, has developed make-up into beauty magic.

In the rare beauty of stars like Nancy Carroll, featured in wonderful productions like Paramount's "The Dance of Life", you, yourself, have seen how make-up may become a part of natural beauty to accentuate the fascination of personality. And now you may learn this beauty secret of the stars.

Proved Under Blazing Lights

Make-Up, to blend with beauty naturally must be in color harmony. Cosmetics... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials must be in colorings to harmonize with the individual complexion. Otherwise, grotesque effects result and make-up appears off-color, loud or spotty. Max Factor discovered this, produced cosmetics in color harmony, and proved their beauty and lifelike reality under the blazing motion picture lights... beauty's severest test.

Make-Up for Every Woman — Every Day

Based on this same principle, proved so successful in pictures, Max Factor perfected Society Make-Up for every day and evening use. Universally, the stars of Hollywood adopted it... Nancy Carroll, Mary Brian, Esther Ralston, and a host of others whose beauty has enwrapped you, enthuse about the wonderful lifelike colorings, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, of Max Factor's Society Make-Up. And each star has her own color harmony, suggested by Max Factor, to blend with her complexion colorings and personality. Now you, like the screen stars, may share this beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart... free.

And in Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" you'll find invaluable beauty advice and make-up hints that will reveal to you the magic of make-up as it is used in Hollywood. A priceless beauty gift, free... so mail coupon to Hollywood and learn the precious make-up secret of the stars.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
"Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

NANCY CARROLL
In
"The Dance of Life"

Paramount Production
Make-Up by Max Factor

In Paramount's big production "The Dance of Life", the all-talking, alleviating super-feature, even the enchanting loveliness of Nancy Carroll is enhanced with Make-Up by Max Factor.

Nancy Carroll says: "Individuality in coloring... that is the artistry I am enthusiastic about in your wonderful Society Make-Up''.

These Paramount Stars Use Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Esther Ralston Ralstonová
Mary Brian Fay Wray
Jean Arthur Nancy Carroll
Lana Lane Virginia Bruce
Evelyn Brent Doris Hill

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1412-17

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of our 40-page book, "The New Art of Make-Up", and personal complexion analysis. I enclose so much to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name ... Address

[Complimentary copy of the book and personal complexion analysis will be sent.]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A well-known Broadway star, never noted for his self-effacing qualities, is achieving new fame in a motion picture musical comedy. Try and get him away from the front of the camera.

Recently his wife, who hangs about the set to help her spouse get all the close-ups, espied a tiny spot on the back of his coat. She insisted that the spot be removed before the star went on with the scene.

"Will the camera pick up this spot?" the star asked the director.

"Don't worry," replied the long-suffering director, "the camera has never seen your back."

Happy stars, by two and three,
Face the microphone with glee.
Spat a little, flunk a test—
Go to Europe "for a rest!"

There is a lad, Ward Bond, who plays the part of a roughneck Annapolis upper-classman and leads all the devilmint of the younger midshipmen in the new picture "Salute," who is worth watching.

He is an undergraduate of the University of Southern California and played this part during his summer vacation.

In spite of offers of five hundred dollars a week he refused to give up his college course.

Old Cal hopes there is nothing prophetic in the announcement, but Vivian Duncan and Nina Astor state that they will be married at sea, en route to Honolulu.

The Duncans, Vivian and Rosetta, have always been inseparable, but no one thought that they were quite as inseparable as they are.

Rosetta is going along.

When Charles King's little son was handed a $7.50 pay check after appearing in a scene with his famous father, in "Read Show," he jumped up and down with joy.

"Good," he exclaimed, "now we're all making money for mama, ain't we?"

Corinne Griffith was posed just a few feet beneath the sizzling white studio lights. It was a very hot day, anyhow.

First authentic photograph of a moo cow wired for sound. Mr. James Gleason, noted tragedian, is recording the milking of Bossey, while his missus listens carefully to the fatal playback.

Mary, Doug and the purp, of course. But the chief reason for handing you this picture is because it gives a good bird's-eye-view of Gwynne Pickford, Mary's much beloved niece—Lottie's daughter—who accompanied the stars on their European travels.

Beneath her a group of chorus girls in her production of "Lilies of the Field" were going through a series of cartwheels.

Corinne sighed.

"I may not spin, but I certainly toil."

You'll see a cut on Ramon Novarro's lily white hand in "The Battle of the Ladies."

It isn't a fake and a phoney. He got it during one of the fencing scenes in the film.

Now Bebe Daniels is a Victor recording star. She has just signed a contract with Victor to make records of her "Rio Rita" solos as well as several new songs.

It isn't the first time that a motion picture star has had her voice " canned," but Bebe will probably emerge with the most success to date.
Yours, too, can look attractive
—this modern dentifrice is winning millions

You have your favorite dentifrice—but lay it aside for one month while you try this new one which has won more than a million users in the last four years.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name—made by the makers of Listerine. There can be no question of its quality.

Note how quickly it removes tartar and discoloration from dull, off-color teeth. Note how their natural whiteness becomes apparent. See how it makes them glisten—a brilliant luster such as nature intended.

Observe how it penetrates tiny between-the-teeth crevices and washes out matter that causes decay.

And then—note the wonderful, fresh, clean feeling it imparts to the mouth, that sense of invigoration you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Yes—only 25¢ the large tube
Buy what you want with what you save
You can, for instance, get a toaster with that $3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste.
Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...25¢
The three pretty ladies leaping at the defenseless cameraman are members of the famous Albertina Rasch Ballet, who will be seen in the next Ramon Novarro picture.

Charles Morton said the only way to reduce was through exercise.

Mary Astor said the only way to become sylph-like was by dieting.

Charles wagered he could lose twenty pounds in two weeks just by exercising, and eating whatever he jolly well liked. Mary staked fifty bucks that he couldn't.

Every night the Fox white hope trained at the Y. M. C. A. and whenever possible he swam and played tennis.

In two weeks his weight dropped from 190 pounds to 168 net.

Mary ante'd with the fifty.

Poor old Will Rogers! The gum-chewing wise-cracker, you know, is just an old shoe. Homely, quiet body, Will is. All he wants are the simple things of life—home, kids, hosses, the misus, hymn tunes on the melodion, carpet slippers, Spear-mint.

And, this season, $10,000 for a week's work in a vaudeville or movie theater.

Ilka Chase, former member of the New York Theater Guild company, and now in Hollywood for talking pictures, has leased Eddie Sutherland's manse in Laurel Canyon. The pièce de résistance of the Sutherland menage is a swimming pool atop the hill back of the house.

Ilka opened her house with a swanky tea, attended by many of the film elite. Just as things were going good the pecky pool overflowed, and a wall of water swept down toward the house. The remainder of the afternoon the guests went wading around, trying to find a place to shut off the water supply.

We are sorry to record that Paul Leni, who directed "The Cat" and the Canary," "The Man Who Laughed" and other unusual pictures, is dead.
In many charming variations of color and style you may choose these modern writing papers to suit the personalities of your friends

Eaton's Highland Vellum—the new, flat-surface writing paper—will continue to be much the mode during the coming year... gay, pastel shades of blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory and white... attractive envelopes to match with smart linings in deeper colors. In fact, you will find almost every combination of style, from papers suitable for a young girl to those appropriate to the dignity of the matron.

What a pleasure it is to choose too! For the styles and combinations of Eaton's Highland Vellum (Eaton's Highland Linen and other Eaton papers) are so numerous that you can suit your own whim as well as the personality of your friends. Indeed, that is evidence of good taste in giving— to modify the selection of the gift according to your personal tastes.

Eaton's Highland Vellum is made by the makers of the famous Eaton Highland Linen, for over 25 years the most popular and widely used writing paper in America. Eaton, Crane & Pike have been quality paper makers for generations. You only have to give Eaton's paper to your friends fully to appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure with which it is received. Look at the many styles pictured on this page, then go to any store where good stationery is sold and choose your gift, early. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.
PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one. Don't forget to read over the list on page 140 before writing to this department.

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, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

J. P. R., Shreveport, La.—You win the diamond-studded microphone. It was Dorothy Janis and not Raquel Torres in "The Pagán.

Angeline Serio, McComb, Miss.—No, Clara Bow is not married. She announced her engagement to Harry Richman, popular Broadway entertainer. You can get excited about it if you want to. You haven't seen Chaplin because he's been doing a movie marathon—making one of those epics that takes years to complete. It's called "City Lights."

Mary E. Chase, Toledo, Ohio.—June Collyer is the gal who looks so much like Mary Astor. You lose.

Penelope Jones, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Are you trying to kid me, Penelope? Dorothy Janis' real name is Penelope Jones. Bet you knew it all the time! George Lewis married a very attractive non-professional named Mary Louise Lohan. Ramon Novarro has five brothers.

Rose Uball, New York City.—Al Jolson was born in Washington, D. C., on May 26, 1886. On the stage he played in "Dancin' Around," "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," "Bombo" and "Big Boy." You might almost say that Al goes in for matrimony as a profession. His wives have been: Henrietta Keller, Ethel Delmar—and now cute little Ruby Keeler, of "Show Girl" fame.

Nancy Riley, Augusta, Me.—Maine seems to be a little shy on movie celebrities. The only one I know of is lovely Esther Ralston, who was born in Bar Harbor.

G. D., Bronx, N. Y. C.—Chester Morris, the only movie crook on record who never reforms, was born in New York City on February 16, 1902. He is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His latest release is "Woman Trap."

Miriam Passman, Chicago, Ill.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Fairbanks Whiting. They are divorced. Mary Pickford is Doug. Sr.'s second wife, and Beth Fairbanks recently married Jack Whiting. That gives young Doug a complete set of parents and step-parents. Savez? In Buddy Rogers' latest film "Illusion," Nancy Carroll plays the feminine lead and June Collyer the second lead.

Virginia Speak, St. Louis, Mo.—Your taste is certainly varied! Jack Oakie was the clarinet comic in "Street Girl." John Leedham was the spoiled prince. Morgan Farley, of "American Tragedy" fame, played Dick Carroll in "Half Marriage." And young John Breiden was Leda Lane's sweetheart in the "Fox Folies."

George H., Louisville, Ky.—RKO means Radio-Kith-Orpheum. Here's how it happened. When the Radio Corporation of America decided to go into the picture business, it bought the old FBO company as its producing center and the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville and film theaters through which to release its photoplay product.

Wolcott W. Salsbury, Jr., Geneva, Ohio.—The old Answer Man had to brush up on his book-larnin' to answer these. "Bulldog Drummond" was taken from the stage play by Sir D contexts. "Daredevil" was adapted from the play by Louis N. Parker. The play "Three Live Ghosts," by Frederick S. Isham, furnished the story for the picture by that name.

Marian Wolfe, Troy, N. Y.—Yes, my child—Betty Compson really played the violin in "Street Girl." Betty used to play the fiddle in vaudeville.

Virginia Spotswood, St. Louis, Mo.—Maurice Chevalier, eh? Wonder if I'd make more of a bit with the kids if I date this department with a French accent. The fascinating Maurice was born in Mombant, near Paris. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He came to America in August, 1928, and will divide his time from now on between the American movies and the French stage.

Alice Louise Mineweaser, Brookville, Pa.—Sally O'Neil was the checkroom girl and William Balsam was "The Show." "Sorry to dissuade you, but they don't feel that way about each other off the screen. Grant Widlers is engaged to Loretta Young. His next picture is "In the Headlines." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]
Picture yourself as my mannequin and learn why

"Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"

Frances Ingram

What benefit can Milkweed Cream bring you that other creams cannot?

This! Milkweed Cream keeps your skin healthy! Like all good creams, it gives your skin silky smoothness and morning freshness—but it does more—much more. Study my six-starred mannequin. Then you will see how, by keeping your skin healthy, my cream wards off worrisome blemishes and guards against the lines and wrinkles that strike panic to your heart.

Scrutinize your own skin at the six critical places where imperfections and wrinkles first come. Learn for yourself why the beauty of your skin needs the extra help that Milkweed brings.

As I said before, picture yourself as my mannequin. You may be older than she or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how young you are, lines and defects will stamp your skin with years and, no matter how old you may be, if your skin is kept healthy it is bound to look young.

Guard well the six starred places—the columns to the right tell how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

Ever so slightly therapeutic, Ingram’s Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care; also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

The Forehead... Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram’s does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes... Puffiness and crow’s feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

The Mouth... To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram’s. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat... Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram’s, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded, and without a trace of flabbiness.

The Neck... Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It waits well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders... Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram’s.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin Dept. A-129, 108 Washington St., N.Y.C.

Please send me your free booklet, “Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young,” which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What a wholeness of a difference a few hairs make!

Above, the suave, slightly ironical Mr. Dennis King, and below, Francois Villon, beggar-poet and "Vagabond King".

The Song Writer: "Oh, yeah? Well, he oughta hear the one we just doped out over to Radio Pictures."

The Melody Thief: "Mannie says it ain't so bad.

The Song Writer: "Who gave him a license to know anything, anyway? Say, if I sang that song to you, you'd say it was the best I'll illustrate, since 'I Ain't Got Anything But Love, Baby.'"

The Melody Thief: "Have another, Aw, you guys make me tired. All of you think you're going to write all you do is write one flop after another."

The Song Writer: "Sa-a-a-y! Is there a box in this place? Lemme get to them lories. Now, you just listen to this—"

A MOMENT later the melody thief would excuse himself and, in privacy, jot down the melody still being warbled by the surprised songster. And a few weeks afterward officials of one big company were weeping and wailing and gnashing because their pet theme song was bruising an rival release.

So now all the song writers have their choice; they may eat, sleep and compose in the Song Stockade—a large enclosure framed by a fourteen-foot wall, topped by a thousand broken bottles, with living quarters, ice boxes and a selection of pianos; they must sign and keep the Pledge; they must allow the company to assign to them a Special Melody Watchman, equipped with a gas mask, which affixes the moment the song writer shows symptoms of humming his latest composition; or he may write for Joe Schenck under the latter's personal eye. The latter, of course, applies only to those composers signed by United Artists. At this writing only one composer has chosen Denman's watchful keepers, Irving Berlin.

When I say you can't get away with anything in Hollywood, I mean anything, from walking out of Mr. Mizner's delicatessen without paying the check to trying to be private with a blonde. Your Night Out in Hollywood is merely the Beauty Pator's morning laugh.

There was the case of the famous dialogue writer who got himself involved with a certain equally famous female star, and they decided on a six months' contract to see whether they'd make a go of it. Now, her father wanted to marry, partly because the dialogue writer was married already. So they hunted the Hollywood Hills until they came upon a dark, lonely canyon somewhere north of the Beverleys, and in this forbidden place they found a hunter's shack, abandoned by the elements by the hunter who, finding nothing to hunt, had gone to Catalina to fish.

A ND they fixed this shack up with a bathroom and a six-car garage and they moved out to it, without breathing to a single soul their whereabouts. And that very night their Love Nest was the talk of the boulevard, having been exposed by a telephone lineman (a) a fire-fighter stationed with a telescope on a neighboring hill, and (c) a fellow dialogue writer who lost control of his Stutz driving down the canyon, and who discovered the Love Nest by way of the kitchen wall.

No; it can't be done. And to anyone who says it can and what a fine thing it is by proving himself a real case, no use. Trouble is, you can't get away with anything in Hollywood...
The better jewelers everywhere will display, this Christmas, an exquisite new selection of diamond gift rings by Traub ... manufacturer of the world-renowned Orange Blossom engagement and wedding rings. These are complete diamond rings ... and, at prices ranging from $35 to $150, represent extraordinary values even by Traub standards. Each diamond is of perfect quality and brilliant blue-white color. The rings themselves are distinctive in design ... fashioned with the same fine craftsmanship that has maintained Orange Blossom leadership through the years. Here, indeed, is a happy solution of the Christmas problem ... for no gift is more certain to please, and to perpetuate the occasion, than a diamond ring bearing the Traub name and backed by the Traub reputation and guarantee. Ask your jeweler to show them, when you start the season's shopping.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York, 570 Fifth Avenue
Walkerville, Ontario

TRAUB
The Only Genuine Orange Blossom

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Other Side of the Story

Clarise Seymour had but one short year of fame before she fell a victim of the white plague after completing "Scarlet Days." She might have been one of the greatest stars of the screen. She was full of life and youth — the Clara Bow of her day, but more tractable.

Clarine it was who introduced the shimmy to Los Angeles. The funny wobble had originated in a San Francisco dive, traveled across the continent to Broadway. Clarine brought it back to the coast, and loved to demonstrate the intricacies of the "shakes" between scenes.

Robert Harron, the boy whose life was an open book, died of a broken heart. The newspapers said that he was shot accidentally. There are many people who will tell you that it was suicide. Bobby's heart was broken when Richard Barthelmess was chosen for the hero in "Way Down East." There had been talk for a long time that Bobby and Dorothy Gish would be married. Johnny Harron is attempting to carry on the name in pictures now. He looks a great deal like Bobby.

Sometimes the resemblance is almost weird, but Johnny lacks that certain quality which made Bobby so great.

In "The Rough Riders," Charles Emmett Mack gave a beautifully poignant death scene. He was carried in the arms of Charles Farrell, his pal in the picture as in life, through a line of sharp-shooters, to die. It would be a harrowing experience to see, if you knew that somewhere Charlie Mack was alive and well. It was almost unbearable to watch the scene and know that Charlie had just died, following an automobile crash. "Rough Riders" would have meant the beginning of a great career for him. At least he went out in a blaze of glory, quiet, likeable Charlie.

Strange enough, one of the last appearances made by Gladys Brockwell was in a picture wherein she died. It was the tragic end of a tragic career. After her thorough Griffith training, and a brief period of fame as a vamp, Gladys almost dropped from sight. Talking pictures brought her back. A new and greater career was at hand, but fate willed differently. She died following a dreadful automobile accident on busy Ventura Boulevard.

Lillian Gish, the greatest of the Griffith stars, had a difficult time coming back in other hands. The fragile Duse of the cinema might never have returned but for her wonderful performance in "The White Sister," made in Europe.

Even her later pictures at M-G-M were not great box office attractions. Some of the old spark had gone, and a helpless, fluttering heroine in this modern day of flappers seemed quaint and incongruous. Lillian is the enigma of the screen.

Even now she may return and reveal herself again as the superb Griffith star of the past.

Dorothy Gish has never been an unqualified success away from Griffith's guiding hand. Even there she was somewhat overshadowed by her sister, Lillian. For several years she has made pictures abroad. The few efforts to reach America were received coldly. Yet, who will forget The Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World"?

If Henry B. Walthall had retained his health he might have been greater than John Gilbert. The Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation" was a dark-eyed romantic fellow, and a marvelous actor. Yet there were many years of illness. He appeared old and ill. He was forced to play character parts, when he should have been cast as dashing heroes.

He is still very much in demand for these character parts, but he has been cheated out of his rightful destiny. To me, Walthall is the greatest of the Griffith tragedies.

The Mary Pickford of the early, happy days, as she looked in a picture forgotten and unknown. This is the great Mary of the D. W. Griffith period.

You won't believe this, but it's true. Lillian Gish and H. B. Walthall in an allegorical scene from the famous film, "Home, Sweet Home"
That you may have harmony of fragrance throughout the toilette, there is a Talc of a caressing, refreshing softness—also a Face Powder, Rouge, Bath Salts and the Extract, an exquisitely flaconed Perfume, that ranges from $1 to $16.

April Showers Dusting Powder $1.00
April Showers Talc 25¢

The bath has ended and fragrance fills the room—fragrance from a cloud of soft, clinging particles—filmy powder particles from an oval metal box. It is the Dusting Powder of Cheramy—delicate with the fragrance of attraction, APRIL SHOWERS (ondées d'Avril). Swiftly it spreads over the skin—from head to foot—caressing, soothing, cooling—preserving that just-bathed freshness throughout the active day.

CHERAMY·Paris
380 RUE ST. HONORE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
for Walthall has so much to give to the

Blanche Sweet, the heroine of one of the first
spectacles, "Judith of Bethulia," is still young and
beautiful, but only recently has she been in
demand. Not since "Anna Christie" has she
had a role worthy of her.

She, too, has fought illness, business failure and
domestic tragedy.

Then there was the beloved Little Sister in
"The Birth of a Nation," the working girl, in
"Intolerance," and the frail flower of "The
White Rose"—Mae Marsh.

Mae played hookey from school one day to
watch her older sister, Marguerite, work with
Griffith.

She stayed on to become one of the greatest
figures of the screen. Her only genuine suc-
cesses were with Griffith. Later she went to
England and played in pictures, as did Dorothy
Gish and Blanche Sweet.

Now Mae lives in retirement near Pas-
dena. Her life is devoted to her home and
her children. I don't believe she misses the
adulation that was once hers. I don't believe
she would come back to the screen if she could.
Recently she appeared at a fashionable film
wedding.

The avid fans, congregated outside the
door, did not seem to recognize her.

Griffith nearly wrecked his own career in
attempting to star Carol Dempster.
For some reason this clever girl was never popular
with the public, and Griffith couldn't
win her and was determined not to give up.
Carol, I remember, was first famous for her
graceful walk. She had been a Ruth St. Denis
dancer, and it was this walk that fasci-
nated Griffith. He made much of small things
like that. Do you remember the unusual,
sliding walk of Mary Hay in "Way Down East"?

Mary, too, came under the spell of mis-
fame. Dick Barthelmess and she were very
much in love at that time, but their marriage
was a failure. Dick had six years of varying
fortune after Griffith "discovered" her. Naturally
he is not of a particularly happy
nature. In addition, many of his pictures were
not popular. He came back into his own, for
his next film was a very great hit: "Blood of
Leather Kid." Now he is firm on the heights
again.

Ralph Graves, despite fine capabilities as an
actor, did not win the success he deserved
after "Dream Street." Even his splendid per-
fomance in the recent "Submarine" has not
meant a great deal to him. For some time
Ralph has divided his time between acting and
directing.

There is another example of mist
fame. Talmadge, in her career as Grace
Strohove.

Who will ever forget his deep-eyed villainy in
"Hearts of the World"? Even during the
making of that picture his hard luck had
begun. It was a very difficult work, but from the
fever-pitch, and he was an Austrian, Teutonic
in appearance. He was most unpopular on the
set, and the workmen took delight in annoying
him in every way.

The von Strohove luck has never changed.
Here is a genius, but a genius who does not
think as the rest of the world. His mind runs
on strange tangents. He can direct the
most ordinary picture, and turn out pictures
for every picture he has directed. Gloria Swann-
son, a short time ago, shelved "Queen Kelly," the
picture he directed for her.

After years of work, millions of dollars expended, "The Wedding March" was an out
and out failure.

There was no question in Griffith's mind that
Besse Love was an excellent actress. Yet
when she left him she had years of bad luck.

It was the old, old story of the lack of sex
appeal. Besse finally took matters in her own hands.
She built for herself a new personality. She
became the life of every party. She danced and
sang and played her ukulele.

Not all the greatest potentialities in the realm of talking pictures.

A l l the world knows the story of Mildred
Harris, her tragic marriage to Chaplin and
her unavailing efforts to come back. She is
now a moderate success in vaudeville.
And there is the dusky Miriam Cooper, the Southern
and "The Birth of a Nation." The name of
Miriam Cooper is almost forgotten, but she
was an unusually proficient actress.

Seena Owen, the stately queen of "Intol-
erence," is back on the screen after a period of
retirement.

Winifred Westover also retired from the
screen after her unhappy marriage to William S.
Huston.

She came back to play the name part in
"Lummock." You will not recall the name of
Marjorie Wilson, yet she was acclaimed as
Brunhilde by the New York critics.

Then there are other names which dimly
recall past greatness. Joseph Henaberry, the
kindly Lincoln of "The Birth of a Nation"; Fred
Turner, the charming carpet-bagger; Mary
Alden, the hated mulatto; Fay Titchener, who
appeared in the first "Battle of the Sexes," and
who, for a time, was one of the leading come-
down beauties in films, as Elma Cooper, and Elmo Lincoln, the
Griffith strong man.

Constance Talmadge became famous as the
Motorcycle Girl in "Intolerance." Her career
was a bright one, but Conrie made light of her
own capabilities.

She preferred a good time to the hard work
that has kept Norma Talmadge secure for so many years.

In recent years Griffith has made a series of
miscellaneous pictures. Yet once he was the
greatest of them all. "The Sorrows of Satan" came
near ruining Adolph Menjou, Lya de Putti,
and the sensational woman in "Variety," was
patheitic as the siren. And the picture meant
nothing to the lovers, Ricardo Cortez and
Carol Dempster. There was little to commend
"The Vagabond," and the Dick of "The
Pack" has a very great gift: "Lady of the
Pavements," in spite of a cameo-like perform-
ance.

But misfortune has always had a liking for
David Wark Griffith, even from the time of
"The Birth of a Nation," the picture that made
him famous, and at the same time made him
very many enemies. He has been beset by the
jealousy of others, and his own married life
was unhappy. Of late years he has not been
well.

Now he realizes his mistake in setting out
deliberately to make commercial successes.

He must work on inspiration, and with
Griffith's inspiration the idea of making a
picture making has never been equaled—building to-
ward a terrific climax in the weaving of lines of
parallel action.

Perhaps he will defeat the old jinx in
"Abraham Lincoln."

As for a change in fortune for most of the
others—it is too late for Wally Reid, and
Bobby Harron, Clarine Seymour and Charlie
Mack.

For those who are living, it is too late for
Henry Walthall to achieve the heights that
he was expected to reach. Or Charlie Chaplin.

It may be too late for Blanche Sweet, Mac
Marsh and Dorothy Gish to climb back to
great public acclaim.

Perhaps it has been enough—just "to have
a done a picture with Griffith."
Sound equipment will make or mar the finest pictures.
You are sure to enjoy them in theatres using the Western Electric Sound System.

"Do they have good Sound reproduction in that theatre?" people now ask in addition to the familiar "What picture is playing tonight?" and "Who is the star?"

Western Electric, with fifty years' experience in making telephones and other Sound reproducing equipment, was the pioneer and is the natural leader in the development of Sound Picture apparatus.

The country's leading picture producers record their talking pictures with the Western Electric Sound System exclusively. Four thousand theatres all over the world have, by installing it, shown their faith in its superior reproduction.

Your enjoyment of the show depends upon the sound equipment the theatre uses. If it's Western Electric you will hear sound pictures at their best.
When he ran away from school, he had his personal belongings shipped to the police station as a Pueblo friend of his was a reporter, for a newspaper story. The friend met him at the train in a police car. They roared up Broadway seventy miles an hour, with the sirens going wide open.

**That** was Grant's entrance into Los Angeles, and that's the way he's gone ever since. Seventy miles an hour! With the sirens wide open! Making whoopee! What did he care if he caught the devil at home?

He caught plenty of it. Married and divorced before he was nineteen. An habitant of all the night clubs. In a rented taxicab. Some one mistook him for a waiter, once. "Show me to my table," the patron said. Grant did. It became a gag among his friends. "Boy, show me to my table!" Making whoopee! Raising hell! There was just no stopping the boy.

He found a job at a furniture store, but it grew tiresome. So he became a reporter. It lasted until the editor called him in for a rewrite and found he couldn't use a typewriter.

Letters from home arrived, begging him to come back. A couple of years later he did come back. In an airplane. Making personal appearances at seven hundred dollars a week, with a dozen women mad about him. And the town band met him. Just a crazy kid!

During these early mad days in Los Angeles, when he wore rented tweedos and showed customers to their tables for the laugh, a friend introduced him to Fanchon Royer and her husband, Raymond Cannon. Fanchon watched him. Big, good-looking, devil-may-care.

"You ought to go in pictures," she said. "I'd like to manage you."

Grant laughed. Maybe he even blushed, although that is doubtful. Anyhow, it is history that he said, "Aw go'wan!"

But when he got fired from the paper, he thought about it. Fanchon got him a job as an extra with Douglas MacLean. He sat on a suitcase in a hotel lobby all day and they paid him five dollars.

"Whoopee," said Grant, "this is the life. Maybe tomorrow I'll find myself a couch."

He found Elmo Glyn instead. Or, to be more precise, she found him. She asked if he had ever been in the army. Grant said, "Yes." He lied, but it didn't matter. Madame Glyn gave him a bit in one of her pictures and paid him one hundred dollars.

His film career had begun. Fanchon Royer managed him and she can step right up and take a big how. Managing a career as hectic as Grant's is as difficult as getting jocund with Missoloni. Fanchon got him out of scrapes just in time for him to get into new ones. But she got him jobs, and his work was so steady that his family came on from Colorado.

He had made a picture with Monte Blue at Warners when Daryl Zanuck called him into the office and said, "See here, my boy, how would you like to play the lead opposite Dolores Costello?"

"I've got a couple of other things lined up," he said, lying, "I don't know whether I could get out of them."

He promised to try. He'd see Zanuck later. At the corner drug store he called Newton.

"Don't be an idiot all your life," said his brother. "Take the job quick before they find you out and change their minds."

A few hours later Grant swaggered into Zanuck's office and said, "Welly," he said, "I think it can be arranged."

"That's great and, as an added inducement, here's a five-year contract for you to sign."

He has not had an idle moment since, with what pictures and gal friends. But of his large salary he is allowed only fifty dollars a week for himself. The rest is kept for him. He was given several bonuses, a big wardrobe and a car. And they paid up his debts, which amounted to some four thousand dollars. They think right well of the kid.

"But I'm being smart from now on," he says. "The boy's using his head for once. I'm buying a big house in Brentwood, and I'm going to stay in it. Believe me, I'm married to this industry. I'm crazy about it. Honestly—don't laugh—I want to make good. Gosh, I've been lucky. Breaks! I've had a Rolls-Royce people sent me to keep on being just a crazy kid? Not much for Uncle Grant. The boy's really settled down.

Really? Maybe yes, and maybe no. It is true that he has reached the advanced age of twenty-four. It is true that he is taking his screen success seriously. But I doubt if he'll ever settle down.

And, for all his success, he's just a crazy kid. And that's why you like him.

P. S. Incidentally, don't be surprised if Grant and Loretta Young have gone into a permanent clinch by the time you read this. Life and Withers are like that!!

**"No More Family Pictures!"**

**Says John Monk Saunders**

In the old hairpin days a gentleman used to possess "private life," apart from his public career. But that day has passed, along with the stiff collar.

The age of intimacy is upon us. When an Amelia Earhart flies the Atlantic, we want to know her brand of salt baths and the color of her undies.

When a screen actress marries, people want to know what about this fellow, and how they look together. That's how I came to be exposed to demon reporters and fandish cameramen.

FAY WRAY and I belong to the no-print school. We didn't see how we'd work or feel better if we appeared in newspapers in domestic pages.

So Fay and I decided that ours would not be a movie marriage. We'd enter wedded bliss in a quaint village remote from Hollywood.

That was a noble scheme. See how perfectly it worked out. Rowland Lee decided to take his company to Chesapeake Bay to shoot "The First Kiss," in which Fay was playing. I was sent to nearby Washington to arrange for the cooperation of the Navy Department in filming "Dirigible."

HERE we were in the East, all the elements of our plan at hand. Here was our little Maryland village, with its minister.

I applied for a license in Easton, a lovely spot. I swore old Colonel Hollyday, the court clerk, to secrecy, but he pointed out that the record book was open to public scrutiny.

Once the names of Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were in that book, it seemed the news was all over Talbot County in a second. It even preceded us back to location. Half an hour later, when I asked Lee when he would be through with his leading lady, he stopped work and delivered a marriage hymn. Was it cricket, he asked, to ship away and get married? Was it fair to Barney Hutchinson, the publicity man, who had scotched many rumors for us?

I GAVE in. When we set out for the Easton church, Lee, Gary Cooper and Hutchinson—and, alas, a still cameraman—

WAT grief followed! In New York we were pestered by photographers, writers, jewelers, florists, beauty specialists, insurance agents and wine merchants. The Hollywood people sent nice notes telling about the new models. A race track sharp-shooter gave us a hot tip on a crooked bank-tail for a wedding present.

And it was distressing to get a note—as Fay did—from an old friend at whose home she had once been a guest, enclosing a bill for that hospitality. "Now that fortune has favored you."

The climax came after our return to Hollywood, when a young man, desperate for money, tried to hold up Fay with a threatening letter. The police got him, after he caused us much grief and woe.

Do you blame me when I scream, "No more family pictures?"
BEWITCHED!

Again and Again He Found Himself Drawn Back to Her by the Spell of a Haunting Elusive Fragrance...

ROMANCE had somehow never seemed to come my way. It was always some other girl in our crowd who was being taken out to look at the moon—who sat out dances in quiet corners—who seemed to have some man constantly at her feet.

It's all very nice to have a man tell you you're "the life of a party"—but I wanted someone to act thrilled and ardent about me—to gaze at me as though I were something precious and apart—to tell me he just couldn't keep away from me.

How did one weave such a spell? How become alluring—fascinating—irresistible?

CHRISTMAS came, and one of my gifts was a gay, sparkling little bottle of perfume. I was going to the theatre that night with a man I liked particularly well, and when I dressed for the evening I used the new perfume.

I found something enchanting about this new odor. Magic and mystery seemed to breathe from it. Something about its fragrance made me think of thrilling tales I had read of tropical nights and jungle flowers.

It happened that the play that night was a South Sea romance, with music on a moonlit beach. During the last act my companion leaned over and whispered:

"Convincing sort of scene, isn't it? But I've just discovered that part of the illusion is in that tantalizing perfume you are wearing. What an inspiration!"

He looked at me as though he were really seeing me for the first time, and—which thrilled me—as though I were a part of the glamour and romance that breathed through the play. Would this mood last through the evening, I wondered.

I was to discover that it would last through many, many happy evenings. That when I opened that little perfume vial it was as though I had released a new, bewitching personality. For it was the contents of that magic vial that first made a man look at me as though I were something shining, lovely, desirable. It was the spell of that haunting, elusive fragrance that drew him back to me again and again, and opened wide to me that beautiful door to romance which had remained so stubbornly closed until then.

THIS fascinating perfume is Ben Hur. Send for a free trial bottle. It will disclose to you, too, its thrilling secret. It will add a subtle "something" which men will find haunting—irresistible! And, of course, when you've discovered anything so amazingly potent, you'll always want to use it—to make it unpervingly your own.

FREE—Mail coupon today for trial bottle

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5023 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume

Name__________________________

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City__________________________ State__________________________

Ben Hur Perfume Boudoir Stand—A gift that will delight HER.
**Are You Between 17 and 35?**

**For Young Women**

**A Different Magazine Which Helps You Get the Most Out of Life**

Have you read it yet?—this new, utterly different and fascinating magazine that in six months has leaped into the hearts of half a million young American women? Everywhere you see it in the hands of smart, clever, charming, get-ahead girls. You see young women of all ages and classes crowding at the newsstands to get the latest copy. In homes you find back numbers still being saved—too valuable to be thrown away.

Why is this? Simply because modern women find in the new Smart Set entertainment, help, common sense, and useful information that no other magazine in America, to-day, can give.

Smart Set is a gay, lively, human magazine that helps you get the most out of life. That tells you how to be the kind of a girl you’ve always wanted to be; and how to do the things you’ve always wanted to do.

Smart Set doesn’t preach. Its editors are brilliant, fearless and successful young women who have been in the thick of the fight and are in it still. They know life. They know women. They give you a magazine that is simply pulsing with live, up-to-the-minute, interesting material, dealing with your life, your problems, your interests.

What other magazine but Smart Set shows you how to dress smartly on the average young woman’s income? What other magazine but Smart Set seeks renowned beauties and beauty experts and gets them to tell you the secret of their charm, that you may be more charming?

What other magazine but Smart Set engages great business women to tell you how to make the most of your job?

What other magazine but Smart Set tells you how to keep beautiful—how to win friends—how to develop your personality—how to decorate your room yourself—how to hold your own in any group of men and women—how to be successful in life and career—how to make the most out of marriage—how to choose the vocation for which you are best fitted, and every month tells the story of women who have won financial independence through their own efforts.

James R. Quirk
Publisher of Photoplay

is also publisher of Smart Set. He has never disappointed you in Photoplay. Here’s his personal message to you:

“I would suggest to every young woman who reads Photoplay that she buy a copy of the December issue of Smart Set at once. It is one of the most interesting and beautiful magazines I have ever published. Please write me what you think about it.”

How to develop your personality.
How to find your vocation.
How to get ahead socially.
How to win friends—and hold them.
How to make the best of your job.
How to cultivate your natural charm.
How to understand and attract men.
How to dress smartly on a small income.
And—
The best fiction money can buy.

It’ll go straight to your heart

The New Smart Set on the Newsstands now 25c
Oh, It Is, Is It?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]
the glory of the bracelet which the little hoop-adoo-per, Helen Kane—new to Hollywood, but learning fast—crashed at them the other day. "Oh, this thing!" she said to my awed look. "It's just a knock-knock. But you should see the one I'm going to get. It's got emeralds so-o-o big!"

She pantomimed an egg at least.

Was it strange that Jack Oakie should whiten and creep away? That David Newell should get a laugh—and out?

"I'm a star at $400 a week" (Buddy Rogers wailing). "The lowest paid one in the business. I can't save as much as I did when I was getting $65 for playing in 'Wings'!"

Is it any wonder that Buddy should be seen in the company of a young lady who astutely picked out a multi-millionaire father, and thus relieved her young men of the problem of deciding between rubies or tiger eyes?

Phillips Holmes sits in his apartment and reads, "Get out and play," says I. "Can't afford it," says he, on behalf of scores of young men under the six-months-option Sword of Damocles.

There is an erroneous impression current—and strangely it extends to the girls of the racket—that the bill-paying sex of the film industry are (if I may) losing with dough.

Such, to get things straight, is not the case. They get more money than the usual young man, true enough; but they have a multitude of expenses of which the usual young man knows nothing. They simply can't afford to be out in the far away from the camera—in the fashion which the picture lasses consider romantic: terrapin and tiaras, caviar and cluster brooches.

When they get embarrassed and try to swell their incomes to something impressive, try to keep up with the overnight flash characteristic of visiting fritoles, they invariably are marks for the gyp artists with which the village abounds.

What to do? Well, there is matrimony. Young Doug, Carroll Nye, Raymond Hatkett, Chester Morris and Johnny Mack Brown thus temporarily are safe from the ravages of the local Lorelais.

Or sports. Larry Kent and Charlie Farrell are ardent yachtmen, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams plays polo. Hugh Trevor is addicted to tennis. John Holland wrestles, Lake Chandler rides.

These young men figure that such exercises are preferable to that of making little ones out of big ones, a pastime promised to Cullen Landis during his recent appearance in court on an alimony-arrears charge.

The American divorce court seems to have been planned by some designing female. One would think, by all the laws of equality now said to be in practice, that if two young people decided that their marriage was a bust, the sporting thing to do would be to kiss and part.

THE parting is done all right; but the token of termination takes the form of a permanent attachment on the side of the lady for a portion of the latter husband's wage.

One shudders at the number of lads who fill in regular engagements with quickie jobs down on Poverty Row in order that an ex-wife may not miss her regular luncheon at the Montmartre.

It's not the initial cost; it's the upkeep.

The demands are terrific. "The Hollywood girl," commented Pat Powers, the producer, "is not a gold-digger. She goes after platinum."

And if a magnate squawks as to their preciousness, feel for a boy with an agent, a butler, a chauffeur, a publicity man, a tailor, a haberdasher, an automobile agent, a landlord, and a housekeeper to support; as well as an expensive miscellany of clubs, professional societies, friends having a bad year, relatives, charities, and shops where he must stand for a raised price on everything he buys because he is supposed to be a fool with money.

Naturally the young man of the business gets glassy-eyed in the presence of its young women. Knowing their penchant for ruining the remnants of his bankroll, it is a natural reaction.

THAT opaque stare which the girls hold is now characteristic of his handsome eyes, is far more often caused by fear than by indifference.

Thus the Hollywood male, less deadly than the female, realizes that discretion is the beginning of wisdom. He sticks to his boats, his games, his little theaters, his books, and his hermitages.

When in need of feminine solace, he goes where it is safe—among the professionals unskilled in the mining craft, or a marriage with the one girl who he is certain will not put a permanent wave in his future.

He is the poor movie kid. There are game laws for every form of animal life but him. Is it odd that he has assumed a protective coloration requisite to his needs?

The defense rests!

Another Fairbanks

By Phillip Merton

DENNIS KING makes you think of Fairbanks. King is not tall, and yet he is so active that you never notice his height. His carriage is erect, and he has Doug's slim grace.

He can do Fairbanks' "stuff," too, sword play and all. Even his voice has that same dramatic quality. Doug has always been a romantic figure. So has King.

There is a glamour to King that I have felt in few people. That is why I believe he is destined for greatness on the screen. He was a tremendous success in New York in "Rose Marie," "The Vagabond King," and "The Three Musketeers."

His first screen appearance will be in Paramount's Technicolor production of "The Vagabond King," which brings Rudolph Friml's glowing music to the screen. It has been in production for many weeks.

If Dennis King is like Fairbanks, there are times, too, when his resemblance to John Barrymore is startling. And like Barrymore and Fairbanks, Dennis King will always be at his best in costume pictures.

King's boyhood explains that, for he was born in Coventry, England. In the shadows of the spires of Coventry he heard of the good lady Godiva who took a little jaunt through the streets, garbed only in her long hair.

For a romantic boy there is no future but the stage, or success was instantaneous. The rest is Broadway history.

His voice is beautiful, a baritone with the lyric quality of a tenor.

Dennis married a young English girl before he came to America. Mrs. King joined him in Hollywood before the picture was completed. Just before he left New York she presented him with a son, their second. Dennis is a great man with a rapier. He'll cut his way to film fame.
MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount

SLICE of life, as American as pie. In fact, it's America straight from the can, full of homely humor and actors. But you'll love Hal Skelley's thorough characterization of a back-slapping braggart whose trusting young wife believes he's the great man he says he is. Charles Sellon and Clara Blandick give spicy portrayals of Babbitt homelocks. All Talkie.

THE DELIGHTFUL ROGUE—Radio Pictures

Radio is becoming the home of screen comebacks. First it was Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita," and now it is Rod LaRocque in "The Delightful Rogue." He is all of that. Rod, infrequently seen on the screen of late, comes through with a superb performance as LaRocque, the pirate. Incidentally, we had been waiting for years for the heroine to give the hero the go-by and marry the villain. At last, in this romance, the heroine chooses LaRocque, the pirate. We know that, at least, she will never be bored. All Talkie.

SWEETIE—Paramount

COLLEGIAE capers provide lively entertainment, although "Sweetie" will not cause the lighting of bonfires. It scores chiefly through its pleasant youthfulness. That little "boo-a-boo" person, Helen Kane, romps off with the show. Her songs are grand. Jack Oakie wows 'em with his Alma Mammy college song. This will not mean much to Nancy Carroll, although she is effective in an unsympathetic role. All Talkie.

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox

By far the finest thing about this—the first Viennese operetta to hit the screen via sound—is the exquisite music by Oscar Strauss. The story jumps from Vienna to Hollywood to Cinderella to Heaven knows what and where. An all-stage cast performs. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Tenris sing the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola handle the laughs. Good—but somehow it should have been better. All Talkie.

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl

Leo Carillo's first talking feature is not only a personal triumph for that versatile stage star, but a distinct coup for Tiffany. Perhaps Carillo had something to say in the selection of this Booth Tarkington play, for his accent more than enhances the rôle Otis Skinner made famous on the stage. As this is Virginia Valli's first talking picture, it places her among Hollywood's fortunate few who sound as well as they look. All Talkie.

DARK STREETS—First National

"DARK STREETS" presents the strange spectacle of Jack Mullah talking to himself. Yeessir, it's a dual role, and one of the first in the audibles. Jack plays an honest cop and his twin, a gangster. He does a good job of it. None of which can be said for the picture. It's just one of those things. Lila Lee is the little Irish girl who has a tough time picking the right brother for a husband. All Talkie.

JEALOUSY—Paramount

This one is a bloomer. Originally a brilliant two-character stage play showing the tragic effects of jealousy on the lives of two temperamentally different people, it here becomes a confused and boring talkie with more characters and less punch. The late Jeanne Eagels plays the woman, and Frederic March does what he can with the jealous man. Jean de Limur directed, and badly. All Talkie.

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures

This might have been a strong, swift-moving crime story if it hadn't been botched by bad recording, or something. We could hardly hear one word in twenty of the dialogue. It is and a gal who proves that he isn't. Evelyn Ford is the star, but Neil Hamilton wins the bacon as the photographer. We're starting a committee to find a good picture for Evelyn. It's about time. We're appointing Mr. Lasky chairman. All Talkie.

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount

Don't let the title deter you. We're fed up on morbid backstage melodrama of the clown who hides a breaking heart with a cherky smile and finally goes mad and bites himself. We break down and confess all—this is back-stage, and its melodrama, but it's also different and real. Hal Skelly is a restrained "Pagliacci," while Fay Wray gives a versatile emotional performance, and Kay Francis slibbers seductively through the siren scenes. All Talkie.

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal

Reginald Denney's last picture was his swan-song, and this is his post-mortem. He has, however, only himself to blame. He wrote the story and dialogue, both in the worst possible taste. It's not farcical, but revolting and embarrassingly grotesque. Fritz Feld's is the only commendable performance. All Talkie.

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures

Listen, kid, if you want to be a fight champion, keep away from Aileen Pringle and her new blonde hair. You should see all the trouble she caused Hugh Trevor. If you don't believe your uncle, go and see "Night Parade," adapted from the stage play, "Kingside." Good casting and good acting save a trite string of dramatic situations. The big fight is staged in a downpour. Can't somebody write a theme-song, "Fightin' in the Rain?" All Talkie.

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathé

Technicolor sequences and cleverly staged dance numbers lift "Red Hot Rhythm" into an importance it could not otherwise attain. The story is a weak sister despite occasional flashes of brilliance. It is about a Philadelphia song-writer. Alan Hale is the star, and he has quite a difficult time choosing between Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn. Golly, wouldn't we all! All Talkie.

THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal

Even the most blithie of Mississippi colonels should feel depressed at the assault and battery of the soft Southern accent in this picture. Joan Bennett and Alec B. Francis achieve only a cross between a rich Irish brogue and California British. Putting Joseph Schilllerau in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat" was an economic fluke on the part of Universal. At moments the film achieves a certain charm. All Talkie.

A SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox

You just can't tell about pictures these days. Now here's one where the favorite pony, "Dixie," doesn't win the race. But don't let that get you all upset. The singing hero wins the gal. They can't be too radical, after all. You may not like Joseph Wagstaff's looks, but you'll care for his crooning in a large way. Lois Moran is the decorative heroine. And the music is nice and sentimental. All Talkie.

[Please turn to page 110]
Shopping—
American Style

In many places abroad shopping is a matter not to be approached lightly. It takes time, and the ability to bargain, haggle and compromise. They like it!

In this country advertising has simplified the buying process. When you start out to shop in America you are conversant with quality, brands, values. The reliability of a well-known name is behind most of the things you buy—guaranteeing you satisfaction. And the price is the same to you as to everyone else!

Think of the time and trouble you save by reading the advertisements! How little thought and effort are required in the daily shopping! How well you can budget your expenditures! And how much delightful leisure this decreased shopping time affords you!

Take full advantage of the modern mode in buying. Read the advertisements every day. Have your mind well made up when you start out to shop.
Save... your skin and you
Save... your youth!

YOUR skin holds the magic key to youth, and precaution is the safety lock against the ravages of years. Time quickly traces aging lines in your face — around your eyes, your mouth, your chin. Hands grow wrinkled, withered, shrivelled.

Save your skin and you save your youth. Save it — with Frostilla. A few drops patted on daily will keep it soft, supple, lovely, white and young.

When strenuous weather, keen winds, hard water, have played their parts — and left their legacy of chapped lips, "starched" hands, a roughened complexion, then you will appreciate Frostilla.

Frostilla's soothing touch is swift beneficence. Away goes the smart, the redness. Instead — a radiant glow, a silken skin — a skin that feels young and helps you look it!

Frostilla's blue-labelled bottle is beautiful.

Large, handsome, quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50¢ and $1 at all drug and department stores in the U.S. and Canada. Better class 5- and 10c stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York and Toronto, Can. (Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave., at 54th St., N. Y.)

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

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**The Shadow Stage**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

**TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures**

THOUGH the story is what happens when a summer fad becomes a movie title, this frothy musical comedy will thrill the Tiered Business Man. Not only are there Ann Pennington's knees — with Miss Pennington attached — but Jube Clyde's legs — the prettiest in Hollywood — with eyes and voice to match. Stranger still, she can act. Arthur Lake whoops gaily through the picture in his usual loose-limbed fashion. Exhilarating music. *All Talkie.*

**THE RACKETEER—Pathé**

THE most elegant gangster with a sumptuous mansion falls in love with a society beauty, just in time to give her up to the man she loves. Beneath their rough exteriors these racketeers have hearts of gold — if you're to believe the scenario writers. Nevertheless, this is a pleasing little picture with excellent performances by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. This Lombard gal, by the way, is going to amount to something in talkies. *All Talkie.*

**HANDCUFFED—Rayart**

THEY tried hard, but all they have is a glaring example of why Poverty Row should stick to silent pictures. Hackneyed story, stilted dialogue, amateurish acting, clumsy direction. A girl, married to her father's murderer, falls in love with his supposed murderer. Rotten bad form, we calls it. *All Talkie.*

**SEA FURY—Supreme**

THE producer may have been serious about this, but we can't believe George Melford, the director, was. Now that he's had his little joke on Poverty Row ... But this is a ripping pictorial burlesque on ancient salt-water daffies. The goons which would utterly rout Joan Lowell and Corey Ford. The sap hero looks stupidly on while the leering villain bores holes in the hull; the heroine's gold tresses get tangled in the lanyards. *All Talkie.*

**THREE LOVES—Movietone**

GERMANY is making some good pictures these days. If they get around your way, drop in on them. This one is highly exciting, very romantic and well spaced. Incidentally, it is well directed and acted by Fritz Kortner, Marlene Dietrich and Udo Hedning. These names may be Negris and Jannings of tomorrow. The Berlin studios are staging a comeback, and for this reason such films as "Three Loves" bear watching. *Silent.*

**HONOR—Sorokino**

WE review this because it is a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National film company, and as such has documentary interest to American fans. It's an Armenian love story, with joy and tragedy commingled, and interesting shots of old Armenian customs. Its leading man, H. Appelian, is a John Gilbert to the life, and its leading lady is named Tatiezian Shakhodoalan, no less. *Silent.*

**THE CALL OF THE CIRCUS—Pickwick Production**

THE really worth-while thing about this picture is that it gives us an opportunity to hear the voices of Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton and realize what good actors they still are. A suggestion of circus atmosphere, a step toward romance, and a condolempire opus that is neither fish nor foul — so we laugh at the most tragic moments. But the crooning melodies of Savannah Jim will be popular in rural communities. *All Talkie.*

**EVIDENCE—Warner**

PAULINE FREDERICK gives a fine performance in this old-fashioned drummer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. We all knew that Polly would be grand in the talkies. If it weren't for a fine cast of stage and screen vets, this picture would creak even worse than it does. Conway Tearle and William Courtenay head an excellent troupe. *All Talkie.*

**WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl**

THE British crack another little joke at the expense of the American movie audiences. Six years ago, Gainsborough made a successful silent version of this picture, starring Betty Compson, but standards have changed with the advent of talkies. What was good melodrama six years ago is burlesque now. Too bad Tiffany failed to reckon with this fact when they exhusted a production which was better off laid away in lavender. *All Talkie.*

**THE DOCTOR'S WOMEN—**

**World Wide**

WHAT ho! Another Chaucerian expression enunc. Some unimpressive scribe shoves the Casanova plot in front of the camera, in lieu of a worse theme. This is the usual British clap-trap of the traditional disspised role who's many charms are utterly irresistible. *Silent.*

**SENIOR AMERICANO—Universal**

WESTERN pictures will take no drop in popularity if Ken Maynard has anything to say about it. That bronco bustin' puncher tears across the screen in another mile a minute adventurous romance. "Senior Americano" has its setting in California at the time of the raising of the Stars and Stripes. Ken performs miraculous feats of horsemanship and sings in Spanish. Kathryn Crawford is the senorita. *All Talkie.*

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**Watch for the Winner**

**The Photoplay Gold Medal for 1928**

**Ballots Are Now Being Counted**

**It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!**

Every advertisement in *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE* is guaranteed.
son, Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Ruth Roland, Jack Gilbert, King Vidor, Harry D’Arrast and Sid Grauman are on the board.

Every Saturday night there will be a big dance.

The very crème de la crème of filmdom’s society turned out to witness the wedding of Reginald Barker and Nora Claridge Gericke, one time opera singer.

Barker, you remember, was once married to the late Clara Williams, whose serials used to keep you awake nights.

EATRICE JOY says she doesn’t at all mind portraying a young matron on the screen.

But when they asked her to play the part of mother to someone similar to Adolphe Menjou or Noah Beery she drew the line.

For this reason she will not be appearing in the other three pictures for First National as had been announced.

The Hollywood boys and girls set a high value on their carcasses.

They think right well of themselves.

Mary and Doug are insured for $1,000,000 apiece. So is Connie Talmadge. Norma dito is on the books for a quarter of a million more than that. Will Rogers and Von Stroheim are content with a million each.

But Jack Barrymore figures that immortal profile is worth $2,000,000 insurance.

What was it the Preacher said, in the Good Book? “Vanity, vanity—all is vanity!”

nils asther was watching a corps of workmen moving a big concert grand piano into the dressing room next to his own on the M-G-M lot.

“What’s that for, a dressing table?” he asked.

“Lawrence Tibbett, the opera singer, is moving in,” they explained. “They are going to use this for his accompanist when he sings in the shower.”

Dave Keene tells this on Chester Morris.

A scene was taking longer than had been expected.

Everybody noticed that Morris was extremely nervous.

“Calm down. Let’s get this scene,” said Director Wellman.

And then to Morris he said, “What’s the matter with you?”

“It’s this way, Mr. Wellman,” said Morris, coming up quite close. “My wife’s at a bridge party and I promised her positively I would go home at five-thirty to feed the baby.”

You have to live in Hollywood to appreciate how funny that was.

Charlie Paddock has announced that he is engaged to Madeline Lubetty of New York, Follics girl and motion picture actress.

Charlie, in addition to being the world’s fastest human on the cinder path, was once engaged to Bebe Daniels.

But then Bebe has been engaged to so many famous figures.

Will Rogers once remarked that to make matters complete Bebe should be engaged to Herbert Hoover at election time and to Santa Claus at Christmas.

Why has Lesquendieu created his perfect lipstick in eight distinct shades? Because every woman who follows the caprices of the mode needs at least three different lipsticks to provide the correct accent of color to her costume. Morning, noon, and night, with their varying lights and shadows, also demand subtle changes in make-up. With eight fascinating shades to choose from, every woman will find her three favorites in Lipstick Tussy. This lipstick is a miracle of smoothness, delicacy and lasting quality. It leaves a breath of fragrance on your lips and a smooth touch of the correct color. In the smartest of galalithe containers, Lipstick Tussy comes to you sealed and packaged in France. Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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The Lure of a Lovely Complexion

All eyes center upon the woman with lovely complexion—attracted by the smooth texture, the beautiful coloring, the youthful charm of a flawless skin.

Yet no woman need yearn in vain for this appealing charm which is so easy to attain under the magic touch of Plough's Face Powder!

This pure, fragrant powder is bolted through silk to give a smooth, even texture that blends with the finest skin.

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Plough's Face Powder comes in five modern tints, and is attractively packaged in two sizes, each having a distinctive odor and texture, and available at popular prices.

Bay City, Mich.

After widowhood and a financial crash, it had been my pleasure to slip into a dark theater to enjoy a silent picture.

In my sorrow and loneliness all I wanted was quiet and a sweet love story that pieced out a desolate life. Then came the oral picture and I thought my heart would break, for the peace would vanish; the quiet I longed for would be but a clamor of discordant sounds. One night I heard “The Doctor’s Secret.” Ruth Chatterton with her deep, soft voice nailed me into keen attention.

Now it is the spoken picture I attend. I can never return to the silent portrayal of life’s battles; a storm at sea; or the whispered secret of the heart’s inner shrine, for it is like a day without the sun; a garden without a rose; a harp without a string.

There is “a time to keep silence, and a time to speak” (Ecc. 3:7) and this is the time to speak.

Stella Caldwell Hendrick.
Ken and the "Mrs." will take a trip down the Mississippi in a 225 horse-power power cruiser, spending a month exploring the bayous of the Gulf region.

Ken hasn't seen that country since he was a cowboy actor, appearing in a singing and roping act on the old "Cotton Blossom" show boat. If you will recall, this is the boat immortalized in Edna Ferber's novel, "Show Boat."

POLLY MORAN is turning flapper! The comedienne visited a beauty shop and emerged with her hair two shades lighter.

"They aren't going to cheat me in those Technicolor scenes," she said. "If you aren't a blonde, you're out."

THIS young man, Ramon Romero, has just directed a two-reel picture that promises something of a sensation.

It is the first talking picture done entirely with the voice and hands and feet; no face appears on the screen. Dixie McCay is the producer and she allowed for this production one thousand dollars.

It was made complete in one day. There are four people, two men and two women, in the cast and there are eight sets used in the making.

This unusual opus is called "A Thousand Feet of Life."

The theme songs written especially for it are appropriately called "Weary Feet" and "The Lonely Road."

Dixie McCay is a well-known manager and has produced some plays, but this is her first venture into the film world. Romero is a writer of some experience who feels that he has something unusual to offer in the directorial line.

HERE'S the new rating for stunt men, as decided by a Hollywood court.

Jumps on horseback into water from a twenty-foot cliff are worth one hundred dollars. Falls from a bucking bronco are worth twenty-five dollars. Falls from running horses, ten dollars.

Reasonable leaps not from horses, five dollars each. I'll take a half dozen reasonable leaps, please.

PREPRODUCERS are much more generous than they formerly were. We can recall the time that Alice Terry rode around in a Ford coupe before Fords became the fashion and her studio didn't object.

But Warners are funny about their players. It is understood that she presented Al Jolson with a Rolls-Royce and we do know that they gave Alice White a brand new limousine when she started on her new contract.

Not a bad move on the part of the producer to put his star in a good humor.

D. W. GRIFFITH will follow his old formula of parallel action in his story of Abraham Lincoln, which will soon go into production. Much of the action of the story will center around the life of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin.

ONE foreign star, unhappy in the atmosphere of the Hollywood studios, had the courage to give up the money, that hares 'em all to America, and return to Sweden. He is Lars Hansen who left M-G-M shortly after Mayer had prepared a big publicity campaign for him and selected many good roles. He played, you remember, with Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter" and with Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil."

Contentment meant more to Lars than money.

He writes that he is happier than he has ever been, in the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm.

Only recently he did "Strange Interlude" and "Emperor Jones," the latter, of course, in black face.

"We depend upon Energine to keep garments Spotless."

in charge of wardrobe

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WHO SHOULD be able to determine which cleaning fluid is best for all kinds of fabrics? The wardrobe managers of the big movie studios, of course! For, these people are held responsible for clothing, the value of which runs into millions. These specialists insist on Energine because, as they say, "Energine cleans best because it cleans thoroughly, quickly, dries instantly and leaves no odor."

Energine is absolutely harmless. It cannot injure the daintiest fabric.

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For a quarter-century Energine has been used exclusively by millions of particular people who know that there is nothing to take the place of Energine.

Exhaustive tests have been given Energine by many nationally known laboratories such as those maintained by the Delineator Home Institute and the Priscilla Proving Plant and wherever so tested Energine has won the hearty endorsement of the experts in charge.

Sold the World Over

Energine is so convenient to use and a small amount does a lot of cleaning. The large, handy can sells for 35c. Double size, 60c. Slightly higher abroad. Sold by druggists everywhere. Ask for Energine! See that you get Energine!

A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

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World's Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid
Richard Dix will not work at nights on a picture. That is one rule which he insists upon. During the making of "The Love Doctor" the director announced that the company would report back at the studio that night. The company reported. A supervisor came on the set and spoke to Dix. The star seized the nabob's hand and rubbed it vigorously across his face. His makeup was ruined. "Look," he said in despairing tones, "that supervisor ruined my makeup. Now I can't work tonight. Isn't it too bad?" The company went home.

POLA NEGRl visited Agua Caliente, the swanky gaming resort below the California border, during her recent visit to the States. Pola Negri left next day, $700 poorer.

Poor Pola!

When Technicolor scenes are being made, the cameramen are locked in such sound-proof booths that the prop man has to pound on the sides of the booths with a hammer to let them know the scene is finished.

Part of the necessary "props" in the Universal production of "Three Godfathers," was a collection in the desert of three ponies. One of the ponies was a genuine "painited" steed. One night while the camp snoozed peacefully, some desert wanderers strode in, and stirred right out again with the ponies.

Universal rushed three new ponies to the location camp, but no painted horse could be found. A makeup man went along with no other duty than to paint one of the nags. And it was a tough job. As soon as the synthetic spotted pony got hot his spots trickled off.

This is just another reason why studio production managers are considered bad risks for life insurance.

Some of these Broadway celebrities do not believe in the suppression of impulses. A famous interviewer visited a considerably more famous musical comedy star on her studio set. As she left she happened to gaze over her shoulder for a parting glimpse of the star. Said star, thinking herself unobserved, had her thumb to her nose with four fingers waving a Shanghai gesture farewell.

One of the Western stars, pretty much impressed with his own importance, stormed into the publicity office with a dirty look in his eyes.

"Why don't I see my name in print?" he asked one of the writers.

"Can you read?" asked a mild-mannered member of the staff.

"I'm not going to have any publicity man talk to me like that," the cowboy ranted.

"Do you realize that I'm a star?"

"Well," replied the writer, "I don't have to get a horse to support anyway.

The Western gentleman doubled up his fists and advanced on the flippant scribe.

"Say, you, I always win my fights."

"So I see by your pictures," was the unperturbed retort.

Then it commenced.

A little shop has opened on Hollywood Boul' that makes a specialty of anise candy.

And do those talkie actors keep the proprietor's shoes? The candy takes the husk out of husky voices.

A Mexican manhood gallantly responded when a story called "Hollywood—A Manless Town" was published in Photoplay recently.

It told, if you remember, of the sad plight of the movie queens who didn't have any boy friends to take them places.

But over a hundred bright young fellows answered the call, via airmail, and offered to come to Hollywood and show the poor girls a good time.

Frankie Darro, aged nine or so, met David Durand, aged seven, on the Boulevard the other day.

"You were great in 'The Rainbow Man,' Frankie," said David.

"And allow me to congratulate you, old man, for your work in 'Innocents of Paris,' " said Frankie.

"How did they happen to pick you out of the party?" someone asked Donald Ogden Stewart, who came back to Hollywood to make his debut as a talkie actor in M-G-M's "Dulcy."

"Well, the chap I play is crazy," he said.

"I was just the type.

Want to be a telephone operator at one of the studios? Listen to this one.

Came a feminine voice over the M-G-M wire, "Give me Nils Asther's telephone number." Answered the switchboard girl, "We are not allowed to give out private numbers."

"But I'm willing to pay for it."

"That's the spot.

The voice grew husky. "But I understand that if you want one of the stars to attend a party all you have to do is to tell them up, tell them when to arrive and send them money for coming."

Charles Mack, the most important of the "Two Black Crows," gave the old home town a thrill by visiting his childhood homestead in Tacoma. He had three of his new automobiles, the three as well as two that he hired. Four chauffeurs, a butler, his wife and a maid also made the long trek to Washington.

In Tacoma wasn't impressed with the way a local boy made good. Mack will do it again and double his entourage.

Ruth Harriet Louise, the pretty girl who makes all the portrait photographs for M-G-M also makes quite a ritual of shooting them.

Ruth goes in for catching moods, if she can. For this reason she has a small phonograph in her roof-top studio, and Andrew, retoucher and handy man, keeps it grinding a suitable tune while she poses the subject and works the soundless shutter.

She has a large collection of records—hot jazz for the warm babies she snaps, and soulful tunes for others.

When she snapped old Cal, Andrew played "The Anvil Chorus."

Arthur Caesar, the Broadway wise-cracker who now writes dialogue for Warners, between laughs, was warning Frank Fay against falling into the various pitfalls of Hollywood and muscular dressing.

Frank is a clever vaudeville comedian and master of ceremonies who, while on the coast with his beautiful wife, Barbara Stanwyck, caught on in pictures.

"Remember, Frank," said Arthur, fixing Fay with the glittering Caesarian eye, "there is one thing of those towns where they erect statues to ginger ale!"

Nils Asther went to his retreat high in the Hollywood hills and announced to his house boy that he could sleep late in the morning because he wasn't working.

In the meantime the studio changed the call and the assistant director decided that Nils should work.
They got the house boy on the phone, "Tell Mr. Asther that he must be made up ready to work at ten o'clock this morning.

"Oh, no," said the house boy, "Mr. Asther he no work today."

"But I tell you this is the studio. He does work today. Tell him we do the rain stuff."

The boy looked out the window. "Mr. Asther he no work and you must be dam' fool, for it no rain today. Goodbye."

At a big annual rodeo, held at the Baker ranch, near Saugus, Calif., more than 40,000 people were in attendance. Various people of importance talked into the microphone, but when Bill Hart was introduced, the audience went wild.

Such an ovation has rarely been given any star.

This incident reminds us of an interesting clause that Hart had in his old Paramount contract. Every picture he made was to revert to him, after it had run for ten years. Now many of the pictures belong to him outright and are still being shown at the small houses over the country.

His income from these pictures amounts to about $12,000 a week. Is it any wonder that he is soon to enter pictures again?

Hollywood's new theme song goes thus: "When it's theme song time in Hollywood, I'll be back on old Broadway." It's a ditty that all of the Tin Pan Alley writers are memorizing these days.

One of the big treats of big picture openings in Hollywood these days is watching Mr. Stepas Fetchit, the distinguished ebony actor who turned famous in "Hearts in Dixie."

Mr. Fetchit, in spite of heck and high water, always turns up, and in the best seats in the house. Usually he carries an entourage with him—a couple of pretty cream-colored gals and a gentleman friend.

The distinguished Mr. Fetchit attracted almost as much attention at the opening of "Show Boat" as did Anita Page. Mr. Fetchit's party consisted of two girls and a short, very buxom gentleman in an ice cream suit and hat.

Marion "Peanuts" Byron seems to be lying down on the job, but it's really part of her rôle in "The Forward Pass." Who says these actresses have a hard life?

FOR THE TOE OF
A FEMININE STOCKING

Of course you have already selected the important practical gift for HER. But there is still the important frivolous gift that is to be tucked in the toe of her Christmas stocking. An utterly useless nicknack annoys every woman. Give her something she will use—but let there be a touch of subtle flattery about it.

All the Dorothy Gray accessories pictured here are frivolous necessities. The satin-lined blue leather box holds a perfect make-up ensemble: exquisite Dorothy Gray compact powder, compact rouge, creamy-smooth lipstick and Lashique—the excellent mascara for brows and lashes. These four pieces are in metal cases of dark blue, French blue and silver. The compacts, lipsticks, Lashique, cream rouge, lip rouge and eyebrow pencil will delight the most fastidious feminine heart, and bring greater beauty to every lovely face.

It goes without saying that all these Dorothy Gray cosmetics may be had in a wide variety of becoming shades. They are on sale at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Suffering cats!" he groaned. "If somebody around here suggested filming the Crucifixion, they’d want to make it a dream."

"Oh," moaned Sam, "if it only had been!"

Most men must turn to booe or fight
To make their lives a fact.
But Greta Garbo’s all I need—
For she’s my danger now.

THERE’S at least one young nummer in Hollywood who has never shown the slightest symptom of going actor, and that is Mr. Richard Arlen, who did not write “The Green Hat.”

He doesn’t own a derby, nor a walking stick, nor even one spat, let alone a pair. Beside the professionally dandified Menjou, Arlen is but a young fellow who drops into to read the gas meter.

The other day he dropped into a shop to buy a coat for wife Jobyna Ralston. The salesgirls were all broken up over his modest apparel.

"Gee, ain’t it a blow?" said one. "He’s good looking on the screen, too. Ain’t it a pity he doesn’t wear classy clothes?"

Brickbats & Bouquets

[Continued from Page 10]

You don’t hear any kick from the vaudeville troupe because a film flop wants to earn a living. Their motto must be “live and let live.” By the way, no one in New York is trying to freeze Bert Lytell out of the fine show, "Brothers."

Milton Hutchinson.

Rip Van Winkle Wakes

Bedford, Va.

The screen had been airing its gift of gab for about a year when I saw, heard and, alas, suffered over the fact. The pain of the caricatures in this case was attributed to the well-known atrocity, namely “Tenderloin.”

With the memory of “Tenderloin” not deadened a whit by a year’s time, I dulously bought a ticket to a talking picture. The picture was "Broadway Melody."

That picture made me realize how Rip Van Winkle’s feelings were when he emerged from his cat nap. Since then I have seen all the good talking movies.

I am going back to school. No more movies for a year. But I can stand it like the Jail Bird of the movies does. For I know at the end of the year, the voice of the talkies, not little Nell, will greet me.

Willard Micklem.

My, Such Big Words!

New York, N. Y.

Again I passed an almost indefaible evening, reluctantly listening to the much heralded and equally protested “all-talkie” cinema.

In its reactionary stride, the loquacious feature revealed its malefactors. Through mediums of public opinion, animadversion stressed the unmodulated tone together with the photomontage effect, causing unrealistic pictures.

"True" may rationalize the producer, but the talkie is in its experimental stage and the realistic effect is our goal and "Topia."

Sam Stessin.

You’re an Actress, Gal!

Decatur, Ala.

The talkies? Oh, they’re all right for some folks I guess, but the effect they’ve produced on me is terrible. I was just another Southern girl with the typical Southern drawl until this talkie thing came along. Well, now I’m wrecked. I’ve spent so much time in these

This Ultra Modern Hosiery Enhances Shapeliness Unbelievably

Foremost Screen Stars now favor a bewitching Allen-A Hose that enhances shapeliness of leg amazingly. . . . It is a gorgeous creation in either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. With a “Tipt Picot Top”, and a Panelcurve or Pointed Heel. The shades are decidedly new. . . . Ask for the “4000” style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles from $1.50 to $2.50. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

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For Men, Women, and Children

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Movietone and Vitaphone places that I'll never be the same. I sound like some small boy—you know the kind whose voice refuses to stay the same. One moment I'm my old Southern self—then presto! I've suddenly turned Western or whatever bougie is used in the current talkies. Something's got to be done about it.

Bo.

Talkies Do a Good Deed

Long Beach, Calif.

Before the advent of the talkies both boys and girls lusted going to movies with me because I am so nearsighted. Sitting down as near the front as I necessarily had to, to read the subtitles, gave them a headache.

Therefore, imagine my overwhelming joy at the talkies, where the sitter is as far back as anyone else wanted.

I now go to movies with both girls and boys and no one suffers, for I can see the actual pictures easily.

If the talkies are hard on the deaf, they're a pleasure to the blind, and an infinitely greater advantage to the nearsighted, who outnumber both the aforementioned groups.

KARALYN PUCKETT.

Some Like 'Em Bad

Wheeling, W. Va.

Have you noticed the change? Already there are hundreds and hundreds of people, who used to think the movies juvenile, who now go in legions. It is not any wonder, for the type of thing that we are now getting, such as "Charming Sinners," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and the like are so far removed from the old type of pictures that cultivated people can now go to the shows and not feel that the half dollar was wasted. Something just had to happen, for we were all too tired of seeing the heroine and hero possess all the virtues, and now we have some life, like people.

The movies have lost none of their appeal to the average audience and, in the bargain, have gained new fans through the new medium of talking pictures, plus the real talent of stage players, such as Ruth Chatterton.

C. B. V.

Montreal, Canada.

What is badly needed is natural stories. I am sure you imagine how tiresome we are, we poor movie goers, being always sure that the nice boy in the play is perfect, that he will be in time to finish and win the game and that the young goddess will fall hard in his arm.

We need bad people. As they all are.

"Nothing is so ugly as an honest man's conscience."

P. BEAUREGUARD.

Dry Those Tears

San Francisco, Calif.

I am curious about this sudden desire of our mirth-producing favorites: Al Jolson, Mary Pickford, etc., to turn us into weeping willows. Jolson's last two pictures... I thought there was a lot of disappointment and most heart-rending fins ever heard of; enough to spoil one's appetite for a week.

What has gotten into these people, who have amassed millions by their laugh-producing abilities? We need "gloom chasers." Down with tragedy—and Three Cheers for Maurice Chevalier, our international "Knight-of-Mirth!" (Chevalier means Knight.) More power to him!

H. ANDERSON.

A New World

Fort Worth, Texas.

After years of living in a world of shapes and sizes and things, I suddenly realized that there was yet another world. One even more unbelievably lovely. When I saw my first color movie, "On the Spot with the Pickfords," I thought that it was enchanting and gorgeous and then I surprisingly realized—"Why, this is the place we live in—this color world that I have never before seen!"

Oh! I had seen broken bits of it, but never before a color harmony. It was as if there was a new dimension of color gorgeousness, always known with the mind, but of which my senses were newly aware. A new world is mine and so I say, "I thank you."

FOREST APPELY.

Appreciation for the Newsreel

Sumner, Wash.

I am writing this letter to express my appreciation for the work of the cameramen who make it possible for us to see the important events of the day and all the famous places. When I am not at school I work on the farm from morning till night, and I have no time to travel; in fact, I have never been outside of the county in which I have lived since coming to America sixteen years ago. But the news pictures which I see at the theaters make me feel as if I'm actually travelling along with the crowd through France or China.

Once more I wish to say that these cameramen, who go through many real dangers in order to show us these splendid pictures deserve lots of credit.

HISAHE HASEGAWA.

Indianapolis, Ind.

I work in a factory. Though I have had two or three college jobs fitted for no other work, I feel the sudden death of my father made self-support necessary.

As a factory worker I cannot afford to run with the old crowds, and I do not want to go with the people with whom I work. So I am left out, and go nowhere.

But once a week I manage to save fifty cents or do without a meal to go to the movies. There, with my old clothes newly and neatly pressed, I may slip in among these people, who I feel are my own kind.

On the screen, too, with the pictures, I can live over the old days, and once more life is to me a joy.

Laine Rogers.
Does She Mean Theme Song?

Stamford, Conn.
A great deal of stress is being placed on the subject of "theme songs." Many want the theme songs discarded. Discard theme songs? And why? The theme song plays a great part in the picture. It gives the picture more importance—more enjoyment is derived from it. What would "The Lady of the Pavements," "The Wolf Song," "The Man I Love," and hundreds of other pictures be without a theme song?
The theme song is the whole thing! It carries the picture to the hearts of its audience. Hold your own, theme songs!

HELEN AGNES POLTRACK.

Who, Indeed?

Adams, Mass.
In my town there are fifty-five out of every one hundred people who believe that motion pictures are sinful. They say they will make bandits and fools of the children. But as I said in an argument the other day, "Don't the bad men of the plays set an example as to what happens to those who do wrong?"

And now with the coming of the talkies, the most wonderful gift to the movie public, who wants to spend a dark and gloomy life behind prison bars?

JOHN BURKE.

Are Picture Stories Too Sad?

Arrowsmith, Ill.
Which do you prefer—happy or unhappy endings? Believe it or not, those are words heard from the lips of movie-goers nearly every day.

Recently we have been treated to pictures full of tears and heartbreak. After they are over, we go away with red eyes, having a feeling that something has been incomplete. Somehow, we are unsatisfied.

Then we read a great critic's review of the picture. It is called a masterpiece, magnificently acted; we should not miss it. It is so true to life.

And that's just it. It is true to life. It shows us broken hearts and ruined lives. We see too much of that in everyday existence. We go to a movie for recreation and pleasure, hoping to escape from the grim tragedy around us for an hour or two. When, behold! we see the very thing from which we are fleeing acted so realistically before us that we come from the theater depressed and blue. Please! Well, I don't think so. Remember, we are not all discerning critics. I can't see how these heart rending movies benefit any of us—except the handkerchief dealers.

LOTUS MARSH.

Some Thoughts on Censorship

Chicago, Ill.
Upon its arrival in Chicago, Jeanne Eagel's fine emotional triumph, "The Letter," was promptly restricted by the censors to adults only. An excellent picture shown in our leading theaters was thus placed on a par with a device used by small-time producers and exhibitors to lure the morbid. Does that speak well of motion picture censorship?

Not that the "Letter" was a picture a child should see. It was purely a picture for grown-ups. PHOTOPLAY recommended it as such. So did the local critics. Are we incapable of acting as suggested by experienced reviewers? Are we incompetent in the selection of our own and our children's entertainment? Is this restriction necessary? It seemed to suggest that our judgment is unsound. It is an insult to all Chicago cinema followers.

Who are these censors, anyhow? Why are they empowered to compel us to accept their opinions? Are they of supermentality, and

"Detained at the office again!"

The world does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of herself! She may be indifferent to the delicate problems of feminine hygiene—or ignorant of the means offered by modern science for the protection of youth and health and marital happiness.

But do not experiment in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is safe—and certain and endorsed by physicians.

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Olive in Quest of Her Soul

(Continued from page 59)

are we mere children who need them as guardians? Are they artists, or judges of art? How are they qualified to regulate our morals? These positions are held largely by conservative, reclusive spinsters and egotistic, narrow-minded old bachelors, through political influence more than anything else.

For these reasons I conclude that the celluloid drama will rise to its greatest heights when censorship is abolished.

JAMES B. CAIN

Minding Their Pros and Cons

J. A. MALLIN, of Detroit, congratulates us on our article, “Truth About Voice Doubling.” Says Mr. Mallin: “We all admire honesty. You have done the right thing by giving us the low-down.”

A gentleman from the Straits Settlements in the Far East, masquerading under the name PUZZLER announces in big, bold type that the motion picture is a “Saviour of Humanity.”

Speaking with a slight accent, he says: “Dramas from Janet Gaynor, Norma Talma, and Greta Garbo show us the ways to goodness and corruption.” In other words, take your choice!

Down in Columbia, S. C., MRS. H. R. STARLING gets all excited over the way the talkies are misrepresenting the true South’s accent, sul.

A cheering word for the big boys who never get their women—on the screen. IDAREL OBERG, of Akron, Ohio, can’t get a thrill out of the smooth palpitators of the Gilbert-Colman school, but—“Those big box office darlings like Ernest Torrence, Charlie Murray, Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore simply make me want to swim in movies.”

In Honolulu a young lady with the witchy name FRANCES LOVE LEE (sounds like those things we used to come across in the terse words of wisdom. Says she: “No doubt there are many beautifully and likewise amazingly dumb actresses there in Hollywood. Let the durns remain so, though, beautifully they may be.”

EVERETT ROANE, of Highland Springs, Va., would like to see a picture of the director flashed on the screen before the film is shown.

And JULIA NAPIER, of Atlanta, Ga., suggests that a program including the lines spoken by the actors be distributed before the picture for the benefit of the deaf. Well, it’s an idea!

From Canada comes the cry for bigger and ballad endings. WMFRED E. W. WHITEHURST cogitates thus: “It seems foolish to expect every story to end like a fairy tale. How could one possibly suffer through a tragic picture if one knew all the time that it would end up happily? I would hate to feel that I had cried for nothing.”

“Why is it?” whys MRS. EDNA NORGREEN, of Baton Rouge, La., “that when a picture or talkie or even a stage show is put out, and proves to be a success, in a little while the country is overrun by cheap imitations?” We’ll hate—why?

T. L. EASLEY, of San Antonio, Texas, has a few harsh words to say against talking shorts—talkies in vogue at the moment, he says. He says they are so amateurish that he suspects the producers of palming off dependent sons and nephews “who would make better ribbon clerks and clothing salesmen than they would actors.”

Tsch, tsch,—temper!

DONALD RAWSON, who has left the old homestead to jog about Europe, writes that in Naples he paid sixty cents for a copy of Photoplay—and was glad to do it. Tears of gratitude well up in the editorial eyes.

FERNAN ETHEIDGE, of Findlay, Ohio, writes in on borrowed stationery to say that Garbo is unusual in that she is the idol of both masculine and feminine fans. He concludes that it is her personal charm and her magnificent portrayal of unconventionalism that attract people.

VIRGINIA LYONS, of Breckenridge, Texas, is heartbroken to read in Photoplay that Bill Haines wants to go in for serious drama. She says Billy is the most natural person she has ever seen and adds: “I can only picture William Haines a future flop if he undertakes to please his fans with sophisticated roles which also call for a ‘cookie duster’—in other words, that sheikish mustache that makes most of the stars look so conciled. Mr. Haines, change your mind.”

NAOMI HULT, of Lincoln, Nebraska, likes the way Ruth Chatterton and William Powell talk. And a good many other fans second the motion. To hear them, says Miss Hult, there is a great education in “English as she should be spoken!”

Particulars of Dr. Eucawin’s famous forty-four lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of the Writer’s Monthly Column.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Kiloy. in a pleated sports skirt and a bright blue sweater, she said, “I look at myself in the mirror and I can't believe it’s I. I can't believe that a year ago I was such a little idiot. I'm only just beginning to know and understand myself.”

It takes the tournament temperament and it takes brains to do what Olive has done. I wonder how many of us would admit to being completely ridiculous. I wonder how many of us would talk about such a period without blushing for shame.

But Olive is too direct for blusses. She knows that she was wrong. She realizes that she was living a life of sham and pretense. And she has the will to start all over again.

She and her mother have taken a small studio apartment in Hollywood. She keeps a personal maid and that’s all.

“It’s much nicer being in a little house,” she says. “Now I can sit in my bedroom and call to mother and she can hear me. It used to be that I had to write her a note. What’s the use of a big house with only two people to live in it? What’s the use of all the pomp and ceremony when you’re not the type you’re playing?”

“Look here, l was never a grand lady. I was always just a crazy kid. I couldn’t be what they wanted me to be. And the more I tried the bigger fool I was. How could I have dared to give myself such grand airs when I was making such bad pictures?

“I’m not that exotic, vampish type. I don’t want to be a great dramatic actress. I’m not sophisticated. Why should I try to play sophisticated roles?

“I’ve two ambitions. On the screen I want to be a good comedienne. And off the screen I want to be a real, honest-to-God woman!”

An always-welcomed GIFT to those you love

YOU COULD, of course, give many things more expensive. But will they be more appreciated than the gift of happy occasions re-lived and over again? The occasions quickly jotted down at the time, that spring to life in minute detail, years later, when you see them in a diary?

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“jotting things down” for future reference. Handy, but very smart, vest-pocket-size diaries for business men.

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After one look at that million candle power smile we conclude that $1000 an hour—the sum Marilyn Miller received for viva-phonning “Sally” is small pay

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up like a fairy candle. All Noma Outfits are equipped with Mazda Color Lamps, for steadiness, de-
pendability and low current cost. You can see the Noma name stamped plainly on each patented Bakelite socket—and the Mazda name stamped on every lamp.

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Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet, "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember.'" Original and unusual ideas for decorating at Christmas and other festive occasions. Your friends will enjoy these novel displays, all simple to achieve with these radiant Noma Color-Lights.

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The New Extra Girl
[continued from page 45]

Hollywood. Some of them have attended dancing schools, and others have had experience in Los Angeles musical comedy productions. Every dance instructor will tell you that he prefers the local talent to Broadway importations.

The Broadway eye is too used to the old routine—toast and coffee at noon. And she's too hard-boiled.

THE Hollywood girl is younger—she must be youthful to stand the gas—and she is smaller. The glamourous world of the Broad-
way revues, the stately dame who looks like Salome should have and didn't in a string of synthetic pearls, is an unknown quantity around the studios. The movies want action.

No chorus girl in the world is in the hands of more capable dance directors. Larry Ceballos, Sammy Lee, Pearl Eaton, Albertina Rasch, Danny Dandridge and Seymour Felix, all in Holly-
wood, know their back and wings when it comes to coaching.

First National and Warners, producing a long string of musical comedies and revues, have gone in the heaviest for beauty-on-the-hoof. Five hundred girls were used in "The Show of Shows." First National keeps a great many big names: "The Little Parade," and the M-G-M musicals provide frequent work for many others. There are four hundred girls with term contracts.

First National went very seriously into this chorus girl business. Out of the hundred-odd girls on the lot they took an average, and found little Maxine Canthy to be the ideal movie choreine. Maxine's measurements include a 30-inch bust; a 23-inch waist; hips, 24 inches; calf, 12½ inches; ankle, 7½ inches. Venus De Milo, with her 283½-inch waistline, couldn't get a job as script girl on Poverty Habit. Anna Held and Lilian Russell, with their hour-glass figures, wouldn't get to first base.

One studio issued a questionnaire to its chorus talent. The questions asked were:

SOME of the girls took the questions seriously and made serious answers. Others took it as a grand joke, and answered accordingly.

The questions on how they spent their even-
ings brought back some of the following answers:

"None of your business."
"Working at the studio."
"I don't spend. The boy friend does."
"At home with the folks."
"When the audience is, you'll be surprised."
"Looking for excitement."

The favorite movie stars were set down as Billie Dove and Dorothy Mackaill, both origi-
nally from the chorus; Greta Garbo and Nils Asther, and a goodly number of votes for Clara Bow, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro.

You can't make that old crack about the chorus girl not wanting a book, as she already have. They all clip pence for Rural Life of one kind or another. Mystery novels got the most votes. One weighty miss named "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Another selected "The American Tragedy." At least they've heard of them.

They don't diet. As one girl expressed it—"When we're working, we dance it off. When we aren't, we worry it off."

NOT all of them wish to become stars by any means. Some of them are content to go right on dancing into eternity. Grace or Ann confesses to a hankerking for a husband. Most of them admit being able to cook, but they are dished if they want to do it.

Others scan no Realestes. They're too busy to go about being correspondents in fashionable divorce suits. Quite a number of them drive their own, or the family flivers. And quite a number of them hitch-like to the studios, as did their extra girl sisters of the past.

In case there is a moment of rest between dances, most of them will go right on dancing. They don't tire for the show by day or night. Others scan magazines, or start a bridge game "for fun," or at a tenth of a cent. The chorus girls one sees at First National, Warners, Paramount, and Radio Pictures are pretty much the same type—small, active and pretty.

Albertina Rasch girls at M-G-M are a bit different. Madame Rasch was trained in the exacting schools of the ballet in Europe, and was a famous premiere ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her girls are larger and apparently stronger than the others. They must be. When they train for dance numbers there is no music. Only the rhythmical hand-clapping of Madame Rasch. She has a system of exercises which the girls take daily. No college athlete is more care-
fully trained. They have little time for flippancy. Madame Rasch would undoubtedly be "one of her girls if a smart-crack answer were given to a question. Like most Europeans she is a believer in discipline.

UNDOUBTEDLY among these two thousand movie chorus girls there are a few embryonic Doves and Bows, Shearers and Daniels. No Ziegfeld chorus surpasses them for looks, voice and figure. When one sees these girls back stage in costume, or off it, it is a matter of surprise. It is a matter of being trained. The girls who are not trained are being taught. Some may carry a torch on their way to stardom. It's too bad.
He described every theatrical manager in New York, and upon arrival, introduced Elliott to every theater magistrate in the city, save one. That one was George Tyler and it was to him that Elliott went.

And it was from him that he got his first job, the lead in "Tillie."

His first day in New York had already made him famous. They arrived just in time for the Friars' picnic.

Elliott won the foot race and suddenly he was better known, more talked about than his already well-known father.

Ruth, the sister, was attending dramatic school. She, too, must follow the profession. And on days when Elliott wasn't busy, he and his father worked on "the play." "Kempy" was at last finished. It was the story of their lives in Dover. The first act opened in a living room that was an exact reproduction of the one in Dover.

The character that J. C. wrote for himself was his own father-in-law.

There was a part in the play for every member of the family.

And they believed in it.

They knew the play was good, but they wore out three manuscripts submitting it to managers before it was finally produced. It was a great success.

Others followed "Kempy."

Father and son wrote them. Father and son played in them.

Yet Elliott has not been submerged by his father's personality. The kid made the arrangement for the family to come with M-G-M.

"I've only one fault to find with Elliott," said his father. "Here just when I'm most attractive, just when I'm at the height of my career he makes me a grandfather! But what a grandfather! I forgive him every time I look at Lee."

"And Lee," I questioned; "is she being raised to be an actress?"

The proud father and grandfather exchanged glances and said in unison, like the three musketeers, only in this case there were but two of them.

"She is!"

It's a brave actress who can smile at her own caricature. Major, the famous cartoonist, made this one of Eleanor Boardman and Eleanor endorsed it.

Now he DRAWS the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at $75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Mr. Nelson is just one of hundreds of young people making good money because of Federal training.

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The Microphone, the Terror of the Studios

Well, then, here are Mona Rico and Joan Bennett—
Joan, you know, is one of the three daughters of the interesting Richard, which really doesn’t matter.

Anyway, she, like thousands of others, sought fame in pictures—and sought and sought and sought, also like thousands of others. She got a bit here, and a bit there, but she never burned them up. She just looked sweet and pretty and nice and mary-an-ist and so on.

And then she married herself out of the pictures, and that seemed the end of Joan. Married a chap named Fox, whose father had a lot of timberland.

ONE day a reporter called on her and chronicled the birth of a Pocket. He found Joan and her hubby and baby living in a walkup flat in the south-of-the-tracks part of Beverly Hills, which is you know. Joan was just a nice little hausfrau who didn’t look any happier than any other little hausfrau. And it turned out she wasn’t even that happy—for she soon got a divorce.

But along came Terrible Mike, and Ronald Colman needed a leading lady for “Bulldog Drummond.” Star after star was tested for the part—and somehow, poor Joan Bennett got a test. Maybe somebody felt sorry for her.

And Terrible Mike did his stuff—the stuff for which everybody that tried out, except Joan, calls him “Terrible.” He set Joan out so far ahead of every other try-out that they gave her the part. And “Poor Joan” was such a success in the part that she’s on her way to the top—she’s played opposite George Arliss in “Diastich,” opposite Harry Richman in “Playboy,” is signed for the lead with Joseph Schildkraut in “The Mississippi Gambler.”

And from her walkup flat south of the tracks in Beverly, she’s moved into one of those lemon-see-your-handbook apartments in a house called the Chateau Elysee.

That’s the story of Joan. Turn the picture, and see Mona Rico and what Terrible Mike has done to her—
Once upon a time, a little Mexican extra girl was standing around the United Artists lot, waiting to be called for the next scene so she could earn her day’s $7.50. Director Ernst Lubitsch was giving a man a screen test. He needed somebody to test the test scene with the fellow.

“Well, you!” he yelled at the first girl he saw. “Come over here and do so-and-so, . . . !”

The girl who called herself Mona Rico did. And when they ran off the “rush” of the test footage, Lubitsch forgot all about the man in the take and dashed wildly out to find Mona. She had stolen the scene.

It was one of those things that little extra girls dream about. And before she knew it, Mona Rico was playing lead opposite John Barrymore.

She put on all the stuff that went with it—apartment, maid, autos, chauffeurs, clothes. Lupe Velez must have lain awake worrying o’ nights.

But Terrible Mike has a Nordic superiority complex or something. He stepped right into Mona Rico’s life, planted himself before her, and said:

“You—how do you speak English? . . .”

Poor Mona Rico. Gone is the dream . . .

And gone or going with it are that swarm of duco-haired Don Tabascos who were cluttering up Hollywood.

O, Don Ro-dreck was a movie Sheik, Knocking down a grand a week;
He gave the fans an awful kick—
But now he’s OUT? He “no can spik. . . .”
—from “Mother Goose in Hollywood”

The superheated senoritas and their male companions in arzon aren’t the only ones to suffer from Terrible Mike’s linguistic demands. It’s tough on other outliers—even, as the passports say, “including the Scandinavian?”

There are, for instance, Nils Asther and Greta Garbo,

The sour looking little gentleman on the right is none other than one Charles Chaplin, Esq., reported to be a film comedian. Recall the name? The others are Anita Murray, and George K. Arthur

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
CLEVER, some of the importations have so far survived the terror of the mike. But only by a sort of artificial respiration—they've dodged Mike by sticking to the silents—they just made a valiant stand together in that picture ballyhoo by the billboard showing Greta Garbo in that bathing suit with milk biding over her—quick, boys, the pyrene! ! ! "Actions speak louder than words" is their motto—and their hope.

And a German beauty, as lovely a fraulein as ever was "Made in Germany," ran afoul of Terrible Mike in Hollywood and has returned to Deutschland to do her klang-filming.

THERE'S Lila "Cuddles" Lee, who has mixed a comeback. Starred by Paramount at fifteen, she grew up—and out of it. The former married James Kirkwood, disappeared from the screen, and finally, when he went abroad, she managed to get by, doing quickies here and there. And suddenly, she's found the pot of gold hidden in the microphone.

No big smash, you know—but a good actress with a lovely mike voice. Maybe she'll never be a star, but with what she's got, she'll always be in the money.

And there's H. B. Warner. Of H. B., they used to say:

"Oh, yes, he's the fellow that played Jesus in that Dime Picture. What's he doing now?"

The answer is that he's got a great talkie voice and a first National contract.

Look at Louise Fazenda—good old Louise. She was always a good actress. But Terrible Mike has made her better. He's taken that falsehiny giggle of hers and let the citizenry hear it.

Results—Louise played in "No, No, Nanette," "Loose Ankles," "The Desert Song" and plenty more to come.

TERRIBLE MIKE has boosted Betty Compson to the top—for the third time in her career.

Young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who had the misfortune to be only his papa's son for a long time in the silistics, has been going fine in the talkies since Terrible Mike was good to him in "The Jarker."

These are some that have been given a helping hand by Mike the Erratic. But look what happened to Dolores Costello, the sex-quistie.

Magnificent thing that she is, this Mrs. Jack Barrymore, she's got something in her voice that Terrible Mike simply snatches out loud about.

Headed for the heights she was, until she played in "Glorious Betsy."

Poor Dolores—there are two opinions in Hollywood as to what her mike voice sounded like.

One clique says it sounded like the barkings of a hornless puppy; the other claim is, it reminded them of the time they sang "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" through tissue paper folded over a comb.

It's not Dolores' fault; it's just one of the Terrible Mike's dirty tricks.

And anyway, Dolores should worry—she and hubby Jack have gone back East to prepare for a new addition to the Barrymore family.

If it's a boy, it's certain they won't name him Michael.

But when Terrible Mike did to Dolores in "Glorious Betsy," he did just the opposite in the same opus for Conrad Nagel.

Conrad was just a nice blond leading man before that.

But suddenly the world discovered he had a marvelous voice.

And now the name of Conrad Nagel in Hollywood is as the name of Abou ben Adhem in that thing you had to learn when you were a kid.

And now we'll move on to the peculiar situation of Dick Barthelmess! ... Dick, who has been helped and hurt at one and the same time because of Terrible Mike.

Dick has always turned out darned good pictures.

More than that, he has turned out a good talkie.

The word is used advisedly—for while Dick talks well, Dick is not a singer. And yet, in his talkie, Dick is seen to sing! ...

And as he is seen to sing, there emerges from the screen a lovely voice. It synchronizes perfectly with Dick's moutonings on the screen—which, as the experts say, is better you'd say:

"Aah, how he can sing! ..."

But you know better. From East coast to West, and from board to border, there was printed in the public prints the news that a 'voice double' had sung the song while Dick Barthelmess made his mouth go.

LIKE the golden idol with the clay feet, Dick Barthelmess was not perfection—his feet were all right, but his vocal cords needed tuning! And it didn't help a bit when the 24-sheet billboards tried to kid the public with:

"See AND HEAR Richard Barthelmess in "Se-and-So.""

The public, being a number of years older and wiser than in the days of Phineas T. Barnum, read the billboards, made a sound

Mlle Margarete Hasfeld, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hasfeld of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hasfeld, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.

Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion. Photo by Harris & Ewing.

New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The perfect face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest prepared ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.
Do You Ask Yourself These Questions?

Is it a good picture?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains the most up-to-the-minute authoritative reviews of all the very latest motion pictures. Refer to the "Brief Reviews of Current Pictures" department listing all pictures reviewed for the past six months, also the "Shadow Stage" department, reviewing the best pictures of the month and current releases.

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PHOTOPLAY presents it all!

SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

like a moribund raspberry and wanted to know how they got that way.

But see and hear him in "The Drag." He's our old Barthelmess again.

It don't draw the conclusion from that that voice-doubling is rare. Ah—no—Terrible Mike has brought a bag of money to a group of people who have heretofore had no chance whatever in the movies . . . people who can sing.

You who see and hear these talkie extravaganzas with the dazzling chorus girls, and wonder how they could find so many beautiful girls who could sing, too—cause your wondering. They DON'T SING! It's like this—

The cameras are trained on the beautiful chorus girls, who dance and move their lips just like Dick Barthelmess did. But they are as silent as a bill collector isn't. And down below the camera-range, on one side, are the microphones—in front of a dozen or so lovely-voiced creatures whose loveliness often equals theirs.

"Yes, deafie; I've got a job in the pictures."

"You! With that?"

"No, deafie—do-re-mi-fa-sol! . . . With this VOICE!"

And in just the same way as these chorus songs are "doubled," so, with a little rehearsing, can individual songs be doubled for such stars as can act and talk for Terrible Mike but who sing like a $50 piano six months after you have it paid for. But voice doubling will soon go out of style.

The one sad Barthelmess experience taught the movie makers a valuable lesson. In the future, the stars who can sing will dance, or tell riddles.

One could go and on and on about the big-timers to whom Terrible Mike has done so-and-so and this-and-that—Norma Shearer, who has been definitely located, thanks to her success in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Bessie Love, who was just drifting and had gotten down to ukuleling it in personal appearance stuff with a Fanchon-Marco road show, and who suddenly jumped through the microphone back into the starry realms in "Broadway Melody": the Duncan Sisters, who left Hollywood rapidly after making a silent "Topsy and Eva" for United Artists, and whom Terrible Mike beckoned back because they CAN sing, to make "Cotton and Silk."

And so on, and on, and on.

But let's forget, for a bit, the actors and actresses.

Terrible Mike's machinations have had effect elsewhere.

He has brought offers full of golden shekels—or aren't shekels gold?—to others than these.

He has fattened the exchequers of the Building and Loan associations, since every studio has begun building sound stages on the subdivision plan.

He has made clink the pockets of all sorts of ham-and-eggers who got on his bandwagon by opening schools of dramatic expression and elocution, even though they themselves talked of "el" words and "modem.

He gave rise to a lot of funny stories about the people who didn't know the mike was turned on, and expressed their opinion of the director or supervisor as an old ascotred person of amazing habits.

He gave the studio press agents a lot of things to write that never got into the papers or magazines.

And he's—he's—well, one more excerpt from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"—

Hey, diddle, diddle
Mike is a riddle,
He makes 'em both poor and rich!
The joke may be good,
But to Hollywood,
He's a—gosh-darned mean old thing!
Chuting the Chutes with Sally

[Continued from page 58]

was a sixteen-year-old dope addict. The feature didn’t appear. Perhaps it was her night off from being a drug addict.

A lecture-tour of Manhattan. What that man did to the English language made an Indian massacre look like a Vassar graduation. I have given this same lecture, yelled the refreshment girls, “and have two children, a boy and a girl. Now, I’ll tell you about the evils of dope.”

“Let’s get out of here,” begged Sally. “If I stay here another moment I’d never dare make a talking picture.”

We left, although I did want to know what he was going to say about that choice collection of aspirin bottles. If you take a pill for a headache does that make you a dope addict? Did I do wrong, Beatrice Fairfax? Sally had never been in a beach dancehall, so that was the next port of call. It cost one dollar for loose tickets, which turned out to be money wasted. Sally didn’t care for the type of dancing on display. Not immoral, just athletic.

“I’ve never learned to do buck and wing,” she explained.

The roller coaster gave a bit too much for twenty cents, and the merry-go-round was no longer a thrill. Another illusion gone.

“I feel like I’m leading a Shriner parade,” she said, as the silly hobby horse bobbed up and down.

The most fun of the evening was in the penny arcade, and the coin in the slot machines. We chanted by both peering into the same machine. “Cigarette at the Ruth” might have been more interesting if the bunyon lady hadn’t used such a big bath towel. I give you my word, I’ve never seen such a big toweling. It might have served as a mainsail. “The Artist’s Inspiration” was another hot one, 1910 style. “Strip Poker” had as its pièce de résistance a young lady removing a corset. Whereupon I decided Sally had seen enough. One of the girls was winning every hand. I’ve never seen such luck.

Ten cents squandered in this den of iniquity.

Sally thought it was great fun.

The next sight was the beach photograph gallery. Four outlandish pictures for a dollar. Sally was surprised to find comic pictures of Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, “Hoot” Gibson, Polly Moran and Ruth Elder. If they did it, it must be all right for us. We had “sitting” too.

1.00 State Hollywood? Everything social stay $0.20 well-groomed many be.

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line-up. Put on your best company manners and we’ll pause while you see how clever you are at making these twenty-four people happy at table.

TKE internment is over. You should have it all figured out by this time and be well on your way toward becoming a social success. It wasn’t as easy as you thought, was it? You’re probably white haired by now. Yes, yes, we know, we were a Hollywood hostess ourselves.

But take heart, oh, take a couple of hearts,

How to Become a Hollywood Hostess

[Continued from page 33]

course, an open book. His disarming manner makes that nice, elderly lady want to mother him.

NILS ASTHER—Listen to him closely and you shall hear tales of long Swedish nights that will not be forgotten. The thoughtful hostess provides a comfortable spot for Nils to park his dog, who usually accompanies him when he disrobes.

Mary Brian—an old fashioned girl.

Lupe Velez—exceptionally convenient if one of your guests is slightly hard of hearing, but must be kept at a discreet distance from téléphones. Nor Serve the hors d’oeuvres quickly or Lupe will start to gnaw on Gary’s ear.

June Collyer—a nice young person.

Loretta Young—still another nice young person (What? So many in Hollywood? We wouldn’t fool you, honest).

Constance Bennett—the most sophisticated young woman you ever tugged to decipher phonograms. But in her Paris gown (she’s just returned from divorcing millionaire Phil Plant) she grases any mansion.

Jean Bennett—Constance Bennett’s sister. Pardon me, Richard Bennett’s daughter.

Mae Murray—just spreads sunshine and exudes joy. Everything is always right when Mae dances in. Mae is happy. Mae is always happy. My Gaal, but Mae is happy.

Jetta Gouald—mysterious, aloof. She has quite mastered her French accent.

Bebe Daniels—a regular fellow.

There’s the line-up. Put on your best company manners and we’ll pause while you see how clever you are at making these twenty-four people happy at table.

THE internment is over. You should have it all figured out by this time and be well on your way toward becoming a social success. It wasn’t as easy as you thought, was it? You’re probably white haired by now. Yes, yes, we know, we were a Hollywood hostess ourselves.

But take heart, oh, take a couple of hearts,

Dress your hair—

Exquisite—

Alluring—

Anyone can do it

“Clip-Per-Ettes and Hold-Boobs give my hair that smart, lovely appearance which is absolutely necessary on the movie lot. When I use these pins, I have no fear that loose, flying ends will ruin a close-up. I recommend them highly.”

Barbara Kent

Lovely womanhood—charming, irresistible!

What is that elusive charm so greatly admired? Barbara Kent tells you her secret. It is HOLD-BOBS and CLIP-PER-ETTES—made to securely tuck away loose ends... to keep your hair, whether long, bobbed or growing, always at its best. In any wonder that beautiful women everywhere choose HOLD-BOBS and CLIP-PER-ETTES?

They know that a well-groomed hairdress brings out the loveliness of their face.

These pins are world-famous for their exclusive features... smooth round points, small invisible head, flexible sides and a firm spring which makes them “stay put.”

THE HUMP HAIR PIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Division of Chain Store Products Corp.
Sol. H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

ON SALE EVERYWHERE at
and in all the leading
hairdressers’ salons and
beauticians’ establishments.
And sold under the following brand names:
D-Pinnes
Lair’s Reels and
Hump’s Clips

Send for booklet and
generous assortment of our pins TODAY.

(The Hamp Hair Pin Manufacturing Company
Dealers: 1712 Chicago Ave. When you use these pins, I have no fear that loose, flying ends will ruin a close-up. I recommend them highly.)
Irene Rich recommends genuine MAYBELLINE

"It is with great pleasure that I express my ad-

Iren Rich

The natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes is accentuated and made to register by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier... Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millicans of women in all part of the world have found Maybelline delightful, easy-to-use and per-
fettely harmless. Try it. Just a brushstroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your lashes will instantly appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.

New Electro Facial
Brings Startling Beauty and
Saves Smoothness to Your Skin

A startling new invention performs miracles—
blackheads vanish—wrinkles disappear—
and all in a few minutes. Electrical unit in tip of wand opens clogged pores instantly and helps cleansing cream penetrate thoroughly. Wonderful sensation—new sparkle and energy given to skin. First treatment shows remarkable results.

Nerves?


Nerve Exhau

nerve exhaustion, nervousness, anxiety, depression, and fatigue. It is a natural way to help reduce stress and improve your overall well-being.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, 945 2ND AVENUE BUILDING, N. Y. C.

Photoplay Magazine for December, 1929

The latest studio wrinkle, designed for Marion Davies. The star's new dressing room on wheels. It has electric refrigeration, hot and cold water, a radio and probably everything else.
"Send her in," said Mr. Nottingham.
In the motion picture business Agnes Callahan was rated as AAM. She had an uncanny faculty for picking stories that people would pay real money to see.
Born in Kansas City, the daughter of an automobile salesman, she was just folks, and proud of it.
Her experience as a newspaper reporter and a theatrical press agent had carried her to success in the movies.
She could tell you nothing about Ibsen, and she never had been inside the Metropolitan Opera House, but she knew what the movie fans wanted on their blue plates. She gave it to them.

Mr. Nottingham unconsciously greeted her with some warmth as she swung confidently into the room. Everybody liked Agnes Callahan, instinctively. He noted her charming bob, her pretty teeth, her dress of blue something-or-other. When she sat beside his desk he saw that her ankles were just the kind he liked.

Agnes Callahan was the first woman he ever had seen who received a salary of $500 a week. He was not accustomed to a business in which important department heads were women. He had been right, he thought. He must get rid of her and get a man.

"Mind if I smoke?" she asked, reaching for his ash tray.
"Oh, yes, no, not at all," he stammered.

With an effort he adjusted himself to the strange situation.

"Miss Callahan," he began, "my survey of the motion picture industry leads me to the conclusion that the success of this company depends upon making better pictures."

"Yes, of course," she said. It was not a revolutionary idea.

"By that I mean pictures for cultured people. There are millions of potential customers who are not buying our goods for the reason that our goods are cheap, insulting to the intelligence of the better classes."

"Um'm," said Miss Callahan, doubtfully.

"I want stories that will interest the influential classes, those who have plenty of money to spend, who now attend the opera. We must satisfy those who read the better magazines, who appreciate art."

"Aren't you afraid that stuff like that will drive away the regulars?"

"By no means."

"You'd rather make 'Peter Pan' than 'Male and Female'?"

"Exactly."

"Then down the sewer goes your movie company," she said calmly.

Mr. Nottingham bristled. He was not accustomed to talk of this kind from subordinates.

When he had outlined his plans to M. L. she had said that they were nothing short of genius.

"Ideas like yours," he told Miss Callahan severely, "are characteristic of this industry. I know I am right. I have the figures to prove my point. Do you know how many millions do not go to the movies? Why the surface is hardly scratched?"

Miss Callahan said so she had heard.

"Have you ever compared," she suggested, "the market for bread and butter with the market for anchovies on toast?"

The discussion was getting nowhere. When it ended Henry K. Nottingham was convinced that Agnes Callahan was a flippant person of no culture.

And Agnes Callahan went into the office of Ned Smith, sales manager, and declared that
STAGE DANCING

The Ned Wayburn way brings
HEALTH-BEAUTY-FAME
and HIGHLY PAID CAREERS!

Why allow your dancing talents to remain undeveloped—your personality to lie dormant? Let Ned Wayburn, Maker of Stars, train you to get the most out of life—physically, mentally and financially. Day or evening training at the Ned Wayburn Institutes of Dancing means that you are thoroughly schooled in stage deportment, stagecraft and showmanship—ready for the successes that await all Wayburn trained dancers.

If there is a Way to Build--or to Build It Better—this is it. Here, you can reduce or build up—secure glowing health and beauty of figure that makes for irresistible personal charm and social popularity.

Enroll today. Visit the Ned Wayburn Institute of Dancing in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. You are taking advantage of Mr. Wayburn's home training method for Stage Dancing, the most remarkable course of its kind in the world.

THE FIRST thing anybody does, when he gets a good job in the New York office of a picture company, is to take a trip to Hollywood.

So Mr. Wayburn packed his trunk. Agnes Callahan was overdue on the coast for her semi-annual trip. She left for Los Angeles on a Monday, M. I. followed on Tuesday and Mr. Wayburn embarked on Wednesday. Agnes Callahan had suggested that they all go together—which was the general practice—but Mr. Wayburn had not reached the point where he could approve of such informality.

So here he was, making his first inspection of the Marvel Studios—a group of huge, concrete buildings, completed at the cost of millions, that make millions of feet of film for millions of persons who were expected to pay millions of dollars.

"No, thank you, gentlemen, I would rather go alone," he told vice-presidents and studio managers.

With their high roofs, their vast distances, their noises, their bawling horde of excited people, they reminded him of the train shed of the old Union Depot, down in the bottoms in Kansas City. He frowned at the thought. To him Kansas City, his birthplace, was the muck from which he had crawled.

A city of old-fashioned business men. He shuddered.

He watched a director shooting a scene that was meant to represent a meeting of the board of a large corporation. It was a light comedy sequence.

One of the members of the board was sprawled out on his feet on an empty chair and instead of attending to business they talked of golf and chorus girls.

He saw nothing funny in it. Scenes of that sort, distorting the truth, gave the public a bad impression of his business. He would see that such things were stopped.

He strode from set to set, stepping over cables, crawling around lights, climbing over piles of lumber, dodging property trucks, ignoring the stares of the curious. As he climbed and side-stepped he had all the poise of acrobats who perform most difficult feats slowly, with perfect timing.

He noted mentally, in his tour, that too many of his subordinates seemed to be sitting around doing nothing. It obviously was bad management.

The production curves must be flattened out. Constant distribution of labor—that was his specialty.

HADN'T he increased the output of cement mixers twenty-four per cent and at the same time cut the overhead eighteen per cent? You're darned tootin', he had!

He looked around for a place to rest and made a few constructive notes. In the far corner he spied a set representing a library in an expensive home. Just the place. It was quiet, convenient.

A rope was stretched in front of the set and a sign as tall as a man declared

KEEP OFF!
THIS MEANS YOU!

Of course that sign did not mean the President of Marvel Pictures Corporation. So he climbed over.

"Hey, you." someone yelled.

Mr. Wayburn pulled a chair away from the fireplace and placed it in front of the library table and sat down. He drew out a note book.

"What in hell you doin' on that set?"

Mr. Wayburn was annoyed and looked up to tell the party to go to some other part of the building.

A short, fat man in a soiled golf suit and a checkered cap was glaring at him from the other side of the rope. The short, fat man pointed directly at Mr. Wayburn and shouted.

"GET offa that set, ya fat head. Can't ya see that sign?"

Mr. Wayburn realized that this hoodlum was addressing him. He rose quickly, trem-
The studio manager sank back in his seat and held his head.

"And you fired him?" he asked, in agony.

"What else could I do after he swore at me?"

"Sure, sure, Mr. Nottingham, I can't blame you. In listen—Jack Hitchcock is one of the four or five best directors in the business. And he's half way through a million dollar picture. We got a contract with him for three thousand a week that's got two years to run and he's been trying to break it because at least three other companies will give him five thousand the minute he steps off the lot. And you fired him! Are you sure he heard your?"

**MR. NOTTINGHAM** nodded. He was closing his self-assurance. "He wanted me to put it in writing."

"Jumping turtles! Don't tell me you did that.

"No," said Mr. Nottingham, with a thankful sigh. "I didn't."

Eddie rang for his secretary. "Well," he said, "maybe we can save the pieces. He spoke to the girl where I told him to.

"I wish you had told me he was going to,

"Well, Mr. Nottingham, we might be able to get him to, over and maybe we can fix it up. All we can do is try to kid him along. Tell him you didn't know who he was and apologize and put him on the shoulder and tell him what a great fellow he is. Promise him a bonus if the picture clicks. That may get him."

"I apologize," Mr. Nottingham exclaimed. "I apologize? And give him a bonus! After what he said to me? What kind of—"

"Listen," Mr. Nottingham, "Jack Hitchcock was not Jack Hitchcock. He was plenty good—plenty in you don't like my idea, try one of your own. But we've got to square it."

"Mr. Nottingham walked to the window and looked out at the flower beds, trying to get control of himself, trying to figure how he would have coped with a similar situation in the pickle business."

Eddie secretary entered. "Mr. Hitchcock says he will be over in an hour or so," she said. "He will stop in to say goodbye."

Eddie blushed.

"You go to your office, Mr. Nottingham, and when he come I'll bring him in. Think up a good one, because Jack Hitchcock's worth a half a million a year to us—or at least."

**In the unbroken and gold office that was reserved for the use of visiting executives from New York, Henry K. Nottingham discussed the situation with M. L.

"You, of course, cannot permit such im- s迸—M. L. advised. "No matter how valuable the man may be, discipline must be preserved. Discharge him!"

"But this picture business," Mr. Nottingham, "I am perfectly sure I can't."

He caught himself. He almost had admitted that there was something that he did not understand. I must give more thought to it."

Deep in his heart Henry K. Nottingham realized that he was in a tight fixes—the tightest that he ever had encountered in his long career.

The door opened.

"Pardon me," said Miss Callahan, who wore a blue and yellow sports ensemble. "Could I have a moment with your?"

"Certainly, Miss Callahan," Mr. Nottingham said, rising, relieved. He turned to M. L. and said, "That's all, thank you."

"M. L. glanced at Miss Callahan and left. A good deal of nerve, going right into the president's office, unannounced."
How to Avoid Severe Colds

Heed the warning symptoms: chilly feeling, sneezing, headache. Take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets at once. This recognized standard remedy for colds is sold by millon every year. 30c at All Drugstores

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets
Successful Since 1889

“Don’t Shout”

“I hear you. I even hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I was a pair in our last row, but they are invisible, I wouldn’t know I had them myself, only that I hear all right.”

The MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF

Manon de Luxe
29, Rue de Richelieu, PARIS 1er, FRANCE

(For use in France 40 cents)

Rough Trade on Rats
Sold still Dead Spies
Used the world over for generations

Jersey City, N. J.

Mascarillo Only Eyebrow Beautifier

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

M. L. was finding herself in a most disorderly business. Miss Callahan sat down.

“This Hitchcock thing,” she began. “Have you worked out of it yet?”

“Who told you about it?” Mr. Nottingham demanded.

“Oh,” she said airily, “it’s all over the lot.”

“I’ll be printed?” he exclaimed.

“Sure, but who cares? This week they’ll tell you how Jack Hitchcock. Next week—I hope—they’ll tell how you didn’t. You don’t want to lose him, do you?”

“I guess not.”

That’s a perfect guess. He’s a great director.

“But insubordination cannot be excused. No matter how valuable the man may be, discipline must be preserved.”

“Lay it to temperament—and forget it. I can fix it.”

“You can!” he blurted, gratefully. Then he retired into his shell. “By what process?”

“Jack wants to make ‘Blue Eyes’, in the big musical show. Mr. Delavan, the president they tossed out before you came in, wouldn’t buy it. Cost too much, he said. We can get it for $200,000. Buy it for Jack and all will be hunky dory. He’s crazy about the story. It’s laid in New York, his home-town—and you know how people are about their home-town.”

“As simple as that?” he asked, doubtfully.

“Will you be back to work and be happy?”

“Sure. Movie folks are queer.”

“But we cannot afford $200,000 for a story.”

He remembered that the overhead had to be cut.

“Sure you can. It’s the only way out. Otherwise you lose him. Or even worse, he’ll sell and be no good. Let’s buy it.”

Mr. Nottingham blustered. He said “No” eleven times without discouraging Agnes Callahan in the least. At last, beaten, he gave in.

“Good! I’ll get him on the phone right now and square it!”

Things were coming too fast for him. In the pickle business they held conferences for days before they could decide upon an expenditure of $200,000.

He was in a muddle.

“Thanks,” he said, grabbed his hat, and strode out of the office.

He strolled aimlessly around the lot for an hour, trying to bring order out of a chaotic situation. It was a crazy business, operated by lunatics.

Employees swore at their superiors, hired help—girls and boys not old enough to vote—were paid three times four times as much as the president of the corporation. “Yes,” when he meant “No.”

He returned to Eddie Martin’s office. Eddie greeted him with cheers.

“Great stuff, Mr. Nottingham! You certainly whipped that situation into line. Jack was just in here and told me about ‘Blue Eyes’. He’s all fired up. How on earth did you ever think of that?”

“Hmm,” said Henry K. Nottingham, modestly.

“Well,” said Eddie, “just shows that you big fellows have got something on the ball.”

Mr. Nottingham returned to his office and met the disapproving eye of M. L. She laid on his desk a number of typewritten pages—a transcript of Agnes Callahan’s telephone conversation with Jack Hitchcock.

“Did you ever see ‘Blue Eyes’?” she inquired coldly.

“Never did,” he admitted. “I hear it’s good.”

“Vulgar,” she said. “Not the type of thing you could be proud of. Cheap comedy. Just another detestable movie drivel.”

When he did not answer, she flipped out of the room.

He glanced at the first page of Agnes Callahan’s telephone conversation. One paragraph caught his eye.

“It’s a good guy, Jack,” he read. “Came from Kansas City, where I used to live. I’ve known about him for years—He’s new in the game. Take this story, Jack, and behave yourself.”

Mr. Nottingham read no more.

He had hazarded all he had been saved—by a girl in whose ability he had placed no confidence.

And why had she done this for him? Just because she thought he was a “good guy.” He was humiliated, and for a moment humble. He tore up the sheets and threw them into the waste basket. He felt ashamed, as if he had opened a friend’s heart into personal correspondence. And M. L. had acted as a spy! That sort of thing was dirty business!

BACK in New York, two weeks later, he received guiltily the congratulations of the sales department for his shrewd purchase of “Blue Eyes.”

“It was Miss Callahan’s suggestion,” he admitted.

“That’s true. She certainly picks them. But you were the one that said O.K. You backed her up,” Ned Smith, sales manager, was disling a little applesauce. “With Jack Hitchcock directing, ‘Blue Eyes’ will make us a million.”

Mr. Nottingham decided that he would not discharge Agnes Callahan just yet. Perhaps she could be guided along the right channels.

He began to realize, however, that she was dictating the production policy of Marvel Pictures Corporation and, as M. L. reminded him, nothing was being done about pictures for the better classes.

The fault was his. He was not pursuing his policy. But he could not seem to get away from the business, and there was something about this movie that haunted him.

Finally he got an idea, and M. L. said it was maraudous.

He called Miss Callahan and Ned Smith, the sales manager, into his office.

“I have decided to produce ‘The Valley Kyle’, he announced.

“The what?” asked Ned Smith.

“It’s an opera,” Miss Callahan said.

“Lousy title,” said the sales manager.

“Don’t tell me,” Mr. Nottingham was appalled, “that you ever have seen ‘The Valley Kyle’!”

“Nope,” Ned Smith said.

Ned Smith nodded. “People pay twenty-five dollars to hear it,” Mr. Nottingham explained. “We will give it at popular prices.”

Uli Hui,” said Ned Smith without enthusiasm, wondering how much he could get for an opera from the Novisvky circuit with fifty-six theaters in the Pennsylvania coal town.

“I have you, always my other businesses,” Mr. Nottingham declared, “can be laid at the feet of imagination to produce only the best. The trouble with motion pictures is that they are tawdry, cheap, vulgar. This picture will bring into motion picture theaters millions of persons who now never go to the movies.”

Miss Callahan nodded sadly. She had heard that speech before.

“What’s the story like?” Ned Smith asked.

“Just a young man steals another man’s wife, and the husband goes after him to kill him. The young man and the husband fight. There’s a chance for a remarkable scene when the Valkyries race to the battle—they’re women in armor, you know, riding wild horses.”

Miss Callahan sat up, interested. “Sounds good,” she admitted.

“Woman comes to the scene,” Mr. Nottingham continued, “and shatters the hero’s sword
so the husband can kill the hero. Then Wotan kills the husband.

"Good twist," said Miss Callahan.

"And Wotan beats it with the girl?" the sales manager asked.

"No. In the end, I think she dies."

"Not so good. Change it and let him get the girl."

I have employed Gregory Temple to direct it," Mr. Nottingham announced.

"What's he ever directed?" asked Ned Smith.

He is a fine stage director—was with the Metropolitan for years. He will put this on right. What do you think?

He beamed, anticipating high praise. Under the same circumstances in the cement mixer business his subordinates would have hailed him as a genius.

"Sounds sour to me," Ned Smith admitted.

"Is it too late to stop it?" Miss Callahan inquired.

Mr. Nottingham was irritated. He did not like opposition from his employees.

"We shall make the picture," he said firmly.

That is settled."  

* * *

Gregory Temple went to Hollywood equipped with full authority to cast and produce "The Valkyrie" in sound. When his script came back, Miss Callahan read it and went into Smith’s office, raving.

"It's terrible," she said.

Ned Smith looked it over.

"I thought it was a horse picture," he said.

"Instead, it's a fairy story."

"And only nine horses," Miss Callahan pointed out. "Even the cheapest Westerns give 'em fifty."

"Can't we get him to put in more horses? Let's talk to the boss."

"He won't help us," said Miss Callahan.

"I'll see if I can get away with it."

That night Gregory Temple received a telegram from Agnes Callahan, scenario editor in New York City, that read:

JUST SAW SCRIPT VALKYRIE
AND NOTE YOU HAVE ONLY
NINE GIRLS ON HORSES
WHICH WILL LOOK TERRIBLE
STOP PLEASE USE AT LEAST
ONE HUNDRED STOP REGARDS

To which the intellectual Mr. Temple replied:

IF YOU WILL READ YOUR
MYTHOLOGY YOU WILL FIND
THERE WERE ONLY NINE VAL-
KYRIE STOP THEY WERE
DAUGHTERS OF WOTAN STOP
HE DID NOT HAVE ANY MORE
DAUGHTERS STOP REGARDS

Agnes Callahan quickly dictated a straight telegram:

HAVE SOME NEIGHBOR GIRLS
GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE OR
CHANGE WOTAN TO SOLOMON
STOP GET MORE DAUGHTERS
AT ANY COST OR PICTURE
WILL FLOP STOP REGARDS

Mr. Temple had the last word:

MY DEAR LADY MY CONTRACT
SAYS I SHALL DECIDE WHAT
IS TO BE IN THIS PICTURE
STOP NO OPPORTUNITY NOW
TO GET ANY MORE DAUGHTERS
FOR WOTAN STOP HE IS DEAD
AND SO IS MRS. WOTAN STOP
VERY VERY KINDEST REGARDS
STOP STOP STOP

Smith grinned when Miss Callahan showed him the message.

"I am afraid he's kidding us," he said.

"Well, we'll just have to wait and see."

* * *

THE VALKYRIE" opened on Broadway
with a terrific bally-hoo.

The next morning M. L. clipped the
criticisms and laid them on Mr. Nottingham's
desk.

What one of those big studio weddings looks like from up in the
light galleries. This is the one in First National's "The Dark
Swan," with Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner and Olive Borden in the
leads.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
I told you it would be a triumph," she said.
"I read some of them on the way down.
Are they all good?"
"Every one. You have proved your point.
Ned Smith and Agnes Callahan were forced
to admit that the criticisms seemed favorable.
"It's not my kind of a picture," said
the sales manager.
"Bored with it," said Miss Callahan.
"But look at what the newspapers say,"
exulted Mr. Nottingham. "It is a new era
in motion pictures!"
"Let's see how business holds up," Ned Smith
advised.
People stayed away from "The Valkyrie" by
the millions.
In Los Angeles the critics were enthusiastic
and the seats were empty. In Topinka, in
Dallas, in Seattle, in Oklahoma City the
results were the same.

MR. NOTTINGHAM sat at his desk and
scowled as he looked over the sheets of
figures that showed him the sorry results of
his first six months as a master mind in the
picture business.
He was a worried man and his nerves were
on edge.
He turned to the report that he had
prepared for his board of directors the next day.
It called for a production program soggy
with culture.
Mr. Nottingham was not a fool. He had
made a fair analysis of the situation.
For hours he had checked and re-checked the
figures and his conclusion was incontestable.
He had failed.
The stories that he had O.K'd grudgingly,
under pressure from Agnes Callahan and Ned
Smith, had made money—but not enough
money to pay for the red ink losses on "The Valkyrie,"
and his other favorites. "Blue Eyes" was the
big hit of the year.
Savagely he hit his temple with the heel
of his hand.
"What's the matter with the machinery?" he
asked.
M. L. entered, smiling triumphantly. She
handed him a bunch of papers.
"You will be interested," she said, "in
seeing how Miss Callahan has been trying to
countermand your orders. Without authorization,
she demanded changes in "The Valkyrie."
He read the telegrams.
"Where did you get these?" he asked,
angrily.
"In the evenings, when I stay late," she
said proudly, "I look through the files in the
outer office."
He pulled himself to his feet. "M. L."
he thundered, "that is dirty, low, mean
business." He glanced at the telegrams.
"If we had had more horses, perhaps we
would not have lost half a million dollars, M. L."
he said, with a deep breath. The moment
had come.
Discouraged, irritated, his courage rose.
He would discharge her. "M. L."
he said, "I don't like the way—I am
determined that you are an outcast.
"What am I?" she asked.
He could not do it.

"You have been with me for years," he
said, "and—have been very faithful and
efficient. I am going to give you a vaca-
tion, a long vacation—on full pay, of
course. Take a month—two months, three
months. That's it, three months.
"But, Mr. Nottingham—" she protested.
"Go ahead. You've earned it. Fix it up.
Right away. We'll try to find someone
to take your place."
"Are you sure—" she began.
"Of course. You go right away."
And somewhere to one made her murmur
her thanks, and with her chin in the air,
she turned and left the office.
He sank down, relieved, as if he had sold a
stock just before it dropped forty points.

Three months without M. L. After three
months, what then? No need to worry now
about that.
He picked up the schedule he had laid out
for the coming year—a schedule that Agnes
Callahan and Ned Smith had protested
diligently, but which M. L. had agreed to
substitute. He tore it, and dropped it into the
waste basket.
He hurried down to Agnes Callahan's
office and entered.
"May I come in?" he asked.
"Certainly. Please sit down."

HE looked around at the snug room. There
were easy chairs, books, and on the walls
were pictures—snaps, young people, old
people, children playing in the park, a group
on a beach, a picture of a main street in a
small town. A lot of the pictures were hung
with autographed photographs of stars. This
one had no touch of movies.
"Miss Callahan," he said, "I need help.
"I cannot get the hang of this motion
picture business."
As he made the admission his cares seemed
to leave him. It was the first time in his
business career that he ever had admitted
failure. He should have been humiliated.
Instead he was exalted.
"I'm the one you've been smiling.
He nodded. "Prescribe."
"I'll have to operate," she warned.
"Use dynamite, if you think it's the thing
to do. The operation is necessary."
"Your forgetting is too active. I'll have
to take it out."
"Go ahead, doctor," he agreed.
She was silent for a moment.
"What's the best book you ever read?"
she asked suddenly.
"Well, er—I don't read much. Probably
something of Dr. Rood's."
"I've read 'Huckleberry Finn'" he
explained.
"Ever read 'Huckleberry Finn'?"
He laughed aloud and slapped his knee.
"I forgot! I forgot! 'Huck!'" he exclaimed.
"Remember when Jim was in the
cabin, chained to the bed?"
"And they made him eat the sawdust! And
the King and the Duke?"
"I've read 'Huck Finn' again," he said.
She took a worn volume from a shelf and
handed it to him. "Use my copy," she
offered. "Remember Electric Park in Kansas
City?"
"Vaguely, he admitted. "There was a
band that played. Oh, yes, and Alligator Joe."
"Wasn't it marvelous how he used to
wrestle with alligators?"
"I wonder what ever became of him?"
he mused.

REMEMBER the 'Priests of Pallas' 'parades'" she inquired. "And the balls?"
"Of course. I rode on one of the floats once
when I was a kid."
"We're getting somewhere," she declared.
"But this has nothing to do with business," he
interjected. "I wouldn't care."
"But why?"
She waved a hand at the pictures. "These
are old friends, that I knew out West. They are the folks we make pictures for—just ordinary, nite, intelligent folks, you may say. I like the way they look
and like you, if the operation is a success."
"I'm beginning to understand."
I pick stories that these people will like," she
said. "There's Tom Denton over there,
with his arm around a girl—Nancy Fitch she
was, before she married him. He's a lawyer
in Kansas City. And up in the corner, see,
that's my Aunt Elizabeth."
He read a story that I am sure is not for her, so
I turn to that freckle faced little devil in
the football clothes. If it seems to suit him I
decide that is what we want, and write Aunt
Elizabeth a letter telling her that she had
better not go when the picture comes to town—
that it is a little too wild for her. So, of
course, she goes, and takes all the other
members of the Sewing Club."
**EYELASHES CAN BE GROWN THIS WAY**

**Thick lashes for Beauty and Eye Protection**

The greatest artists of the world have affirmed in color, marble, music, poetry—that half of woman’s charm lies in the expression of her eyes.

And eyelashes are so vital a part of facial beauty and expression—and yet so often forgotten—so carelessly neglected.

With but a few minutes each day, eyelashes can be made the vivid, glorious “setting” for your eyes that they should be. Beauty experts, hair specialists, scientists—all admit, “Eyelashes Can Be Grown.”

The new WINX Eyelash Grower has proved it—thousands upon thousands of times. Just as a new growth of hair can be stimulated on the scalp, so can lashes be nourished, thickened, lengthened. Day and night care is needed—just a few minutes each time. Spanx® application of WINX Eyelash Grower will not help.

**ROSS COMPANY**
214 West 17th Street, New York

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**IT'S A FINE MORNING**

- a very happy morning, when you can get out of bed and have a few minutes' healthy tussle with GYM Junior. This home gymnasium enables you to take hundreds of natural exercises—light, medium, heavy, as you choose. Keeps your muscles pliable, body vigorous; drives away blues. Fine for reducing excess weight.

**GYM JUNIOR COMPANY**
530 N. Gregory Ave., Weyehan, N.J.
She's Dynamite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Kay would have a stricken look. She’s a bit embarrassed, too, because the property man always hides any food on the set. “I didn’t eat the old props,” she said indignantly.

After all of this, the day we lunched together in the M-G-M commissary, I expected her to order a thick soup, a sliceless sandwich, and baked potato, pastry and coffee. What she actually had was chicken salad, iced coffee and fresh figs.

But when Kay was called back to the set sooner than was expected, she took the figs with her. It would be a good five hours until dinner time, and there would be no sense in wasting a dish of figs.

Kay Johnson is typical of the changes in the motion picture industry—the changes that came about with the introduction of talking pictures.

I suppose if you stopped and analyzed her features she would not be considered a beautiful girl. Very attractive, yes.

She is tall and slender, with beautiful blonde hair, and amazingly blue eyes. She is healthy and wholesome, but not the type of wholesome person that works hard at it. There are people in Hollywood who are professionally and perceptibly wholesome. A trifle annoying it is to me.

The first impression the Johnson personality gives you is one of glowing health and dynamic power. Quite appropriate that Kay should make her debut in "Dynamite." In that picture she swept from one emotion to another.

The old-fashioned dramatic critic would call it “running the gamut.”

No ordinary actress could even attempt the role, but Kay is not an ordinary actress.

She was one of the best ingenues on the American stage, and she shows promise of developing into one of the greatest figures on the screen.

Since “Dynamite,” she has appeared in the William de Mille production, This Mad World, and is now at work on “A Ship from Shanghai.”

De Mille, the C. B. one this time, saw Kay playing in the Los Angeles stage production of "The Silver Cord." She was the town sensation. People went back again and again just to see Kay work up steam and vade into Nance O’Neill in the sensational third-act climax.

At the close of the performance C. B. sent back his card, asking her to call on him the next day. She had come west as the bride of John Cromwell, now directing at Paramount. Acting in pictures was further to her mind.

The greatest event of her Hollywood career came in attending her first motion picture premiere. Kay drives her own car, an open roadster. She handled herself in furs and scarves and drove down to the Biltmore for dinner.

From the hotel the Cromwells took a taxi to the theater, all the time musing the fact that they must arrive at their first premiere in a lovely Yellow. She didn’t expect to be recognized, but she was.

Flashlight pictures were taken, and she was coaxed to the microphone. She wanted to stay behind the scenes, but she grabbed hold of what she thought was her hand. Words failed her at the mike, and she also discovered that she wasn’t holding her husband’s arm, but was clasping the jovial and elderly J. C. Nugent for dear life. Her own premiere of "Dynamite," at the Carthay Circle, was accomplished with more grace. She had learned the trick.

She is a native of New York, and of Scotch and English ancestry. Her mother possessed a beautiful voice and had wished to study in Europe.

Family opposition had been too strong. Her mother insisted that Kay should have a chance to lead her own life when she chose the stage for a career. Her father was a noted architect, and was the designer of the Woolworth Tower, once the tallest structure on all Manhattan Island.

3 Fur Coats

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

I could be myself, and no one would know anything about the Chicago girl with the money.

She’s introduction into pictures, and her immediate popularity with the public, has been told too many times to bear repetition. She, unintentionally, betrayed the fact that she was in better circumstances than most girls just starting on a career. The gateman at the studio discovered that Sue had three fur coats.

NOW, few of the greatest stars have more than three fur coats. In California, where the climate is mild, fur coats are in the category of luxuries.

In Chicago, even a moderately well-to-do girl has two or three fur coats.

She needs a raccoon coat for the football games, a fur coat for the street, and one for the evening.

So the fur coats began the legend of the Sue Carol millions in Hollywood.

It was rumored that Sue’s mother had paid $50,000 to get her daughter in pictures. As a matter of fact there was a long distance call from her, in which mother put her foot down emphatically. Sue could not go into pictures. It was ridiculous. But Sue von out in the argument.

Sue was easy to publicize. In addition to her fresh, young beauty and winning personality, was the sure-fire angle of wealth. The Chicago million dollar heiress was giving up society for a motion picture career. Newspapers fell for the story, hook, line and sinker. Here was a girl that would ride to fame in a Rolls-Royce, the road paved with her own gold.

The very same thing that had made her childhood unhappy in Chicago had followed her to Hollywood.

THERE’S another side to the story. Great wealth, for some unexplainable reason, has always been a drawback to a screen aspirant. The motion picture colony does not take millionaires seriously. The Biddle fortune was not great enough to put over young Craig Biddle with the producers. Jerry was a success, and the reputed $10,000,000 fortune of Barton Hepburn has meant nothing. Ethel Jackson has never been given serious attention in spite of the fact that she was launched in the industry through a series of elaborate parties.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Carol legend was furthered by the report that her mother phoned Sue every evening from Chicago. Long distance calls from Chicago to Los Angeles are expensive. When it came to advertising in trade papers, nothing but a full page would suffice for the wealthy Sue Carol.

It took her a long time to get those bills paid. Her contract with Douglas MacLean, the first she had, called for three hundred dollars weekly. She had every intention of living within its bounds, but Hollywood expected too much. Having had great wealth thrust upon her by publicity, she had to live up to it for a time.

The salary just about took care of the advertising. In addition there were the usual "touches," and requests for financial backing in all kinds of schemes.

At this time, Sue had a small studio apartment on a quiet side street, near the Ambassador Hotel. Her companion was a German woman who had been with her since childhood. She had a Packard car, and a chauffeur.

Not a particularly expensive ménage, but it was beyond her means. There was a great deal of entertaining expected of her.

She found out that it was just as distressing to have money and live beyond your means as to have no money at all. Her mother, always willing to help with the expenses, was called on for help.

Now all her back bills have been paid, and Sue is doing her best to live down the heiress tradition. Her natural impulse is to buy expensive gifts for the people she likes. But she doesn't do it. Hollywood knows pretty well what Sue is earning now. It expects a certain standard of living from her, and no more. It is a much more satisfactory state of affairs. Two-thirds of her salary goes into a savings account. She keeps within the remaining third for living expenses. If she sees a dress which she feels she cannot afford, she does without it.

Her home at the present is at the end of a winding hilltop road above Hollywood. It is so difficult to find that Sue sends her chauffeur down to the foot of the hill to guide lost and befuddled guests. There is a wonderful view from her long, pleasant living room. In the late afternoon the studio window frames the most beautiful sunsets you can find in California, and a clear, unobstructed view to the Pacific.

At night, Hollywood Boulevard appears just a stone's throw below. Sue intends to give up this rented house soon. Perhaps she is afraid that, after all, she may misplace her "hidden" house and not be able to find it again. Not as implausible as you might think.

By the time you read this Sue may be married to Nick Stuart, the Romanian lad who is doing so well in pictures. It will be a marriage promising much. They have been in love for three years, and if a love can endure three years without rifts there is little reason why it shouldn't endure thirty. It seems almost like an Alger story, Nick marrying Sue.

The boy who has had to work for everything he has gained, winning the heart of a girl who, at least, has never known the gloomy shadows of want.

MARRIAGE will not keep Sue from pictures. She intends to go on with her work. She is now facing the greatest opportunity of her career in "The Lone Star Ranger." It will be filmed on an elaborate scale, the first all-magnoscopic film, and Fox is hopeful of creating another "In Old Arizona." She will be George O'Brien's leading lady.

Sue is a bit tired of being the perpetual flapper. The fans write to say that they imagine she is never still a moment, yet she always keeps time to fast jazz music. True, she is young and she possesses a vivid personality which is even intensified on the screen, but she is not the typical flapper—no more than is Mary Brian or Lila Lee.

A King's illness and Your COLD

Very dramatically, the recent illness of a great ruler focused attention on the calcium content of the blood. It is rumored that a Knighthood is in prospect for the young biochemist who prescribed and administered calcium to His Majesty.

If you are troubled with frequent and recurring colds, although nose and throat seem perfect, your blood, too, is probably deficient in calcium. To restore the normal alkaline balance take FELLOWS' Syrup. It supplies calcium in a most assimilable form, in addition to four other vital mineral elements needed by the body, and two dynamic ingredients.

This explains why physicians in 58 countries consider FELLOWS' the winter tonic without equal. When you are physically and mentally let-down, it "picks you up." It promotes appetite, aids digestion, soothes nerves. Abounding vitality returns. Energy revives. Handicaps disappear. If you feel below par, ask your own family physician. He is probably among those who regularly prescribe this fine old tonic.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.
Ten Years Ago

TEN years, in the light of all time, is only the wink of an eye. In the life of one man it is just one seventh of the long hike home. But to one little dark-eyed boy it was the beginning and the ending of wealth, fame, happiness, suffering and success.

Our big story, in the December issue for 1919, is "Eyes of Youth," a Carson picture starring Clara Kimball Young of the headlight eyes. A glittering galaxy, to be Ringling about it, is in support. William Courtenay, Gareth Hughes, Milton Sills, Edmund Lowe, Ralph Lewis, Pauline Starke.

And at the very bottom of this shining cast appears in small type—"Dancing Master—Rodolfo Valentino."

Yet. And within five years the dancing master was to be rich, famous, and the greatest fan favorite in the history of pictures. And in seven years he was to be dead and buried. And ten years later great magazines (like this one) were to be running memorial pictures on the anniversary of his death, and on that day in PHOTOLPLAY

A STERN and handsome picture of Harry Morey is in the rotto section this month. He's being promoted by uncounted thousands. And in 1929 he's out at the Long Island studio of Paramount playing in his first talkie, after many years' absence. One of our young ladies interviews Cecil De Mille while both are flying about in a plane. "My God is a nature of, of, of, rather than a personal God," says Cecil, as he puts the ship into an easy figure eight. "Mr. Willard Huntington Wright does us a kidding piece on what movie actors wear, but Mr. Wright didn't know at that time that in a decade he would be rolling in dough as the author of murder stories penned under the name of S. S. Van Dine. A life story of David Powell, the handsome young British leading man who passed on a few years ago. A picture of Charlie Ray at the wheel of his colossal Locomobile, but I guess that went with the rest when Ray's fortunes blew up. A story of Seville, the exotic star and her fine actor. That's droll. Two nights ago I was walking on Broadway at theater time, and in the midst of the crowd I saw a handsome, impasive oriental face. It was Hayakawa.

"GOSH, How They Hate Him!" is the title of an interview with Eric von Stroheim. In 1919 he had just finished a long list of German-officer parts in pictures Hollywood made in 1917 and 1918. His great directorial days were still ahead, and Eric was just a vicious villain, leashed by all right-thinking Americans.

He gives John Emerson, husband of Anita Loos, credit for his real discovery, and for giving him an assistant directorship on many Fairbanks pictures.

Well, have you seen "The Great Gabbo"?

OUR first long interview with young King Vidor, this month. Just a kid, but he rated a long piece by Adela Rogers St. Johns, because he had directed "The Turn of the Road" and was the husband of Florence Vidor. Dale Mayes is in, to interview "Penrod," with Wesley Barry in the lead. Oh boy! D. W. Griffith has picked a site for his studio at Mamarroneck, N. Y. The Gishes, Bobby Hootch, and the rest of the mighty troupe will be shipped East soon. Francis X. Bushman has gone on the stage in "The Mighty Thief." Mace Murray is going to make "On with the Dance!" in Yonkers under George Fitzmaurice's direction. Charlie Chaplin is getting set to film his next comedy, "Paradise Alley."

PROHIBITION being barely in, Reader W. Clifton Justice discovers this bull in a recent Harry Carey picture. A gag of raiders discovered a room full of whiskey," says Reader Justice, "and one actually began to stagger before he had tasted the whiskey." I know that place, too. I've been there.

therees, New Orleans.—Junita Hansen is starting a new serial. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes and a very sweet voice. Cleo Madison is playing in "The Girl from Nowhere."

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

motivating physical well being and enhancing charm, in giving assured daintiness and cleanliness to busy girls who have a hundred and one new interests each year, who is going to say it is not money well spent?

Every girl should own a full-length mirror, and she should consult it frequently. It helps to overcome faults of posture, it ferrets out the wrong lines in your clothes and in

Lila Lee in the days when she was "Cuddles"—a fat little girl playing in "Male and Female" with Tommy Meighan and Gloria Swanson
stantly detects the flattering ones. A long mirror is your sure guide to good looks, if you consult it with an open mind.

Not a bad suggestion for a Christmas present to yourself, that mirror. It will insure you a happy New Year of correct grooming and grooming.

JOYCE:

You’ll be happy to hear that your weight is correct. There has been much discussion, pro and con, on the subject of high heels for tall girls, but if you like rather high heels and they don’t interfere with a natural, graceful walk, I think you should continue to wear them.

Of course I don’t advocate them for long walks, or for girls who must stand the greater part of the day.

Pale rose tints in rouge and lipstick should be becoming to you.

FAITH:

Perhaps you need to do a little experimenting with foundation creams until you find the one that best suits the needs of your skin.

There is a new foundation cream that is satisfactory for most complexes. The same company has a liquid lotion for dry skin which makes a wonderful finishing powder base. There is a little trick in applying a foundation cream to make it go on smoothly. Melt a dab of it between your hands and then transfer it gently to your face.

DISCOURAGED:

“Thinking up something to say” when you are with a crowd of people shouldn’t be a problem. Conversation at such times is usually general and if you are fairly well posted on current events, sports, politics, the new books, the theater, and the current top topic of conversation, the new photoplays and phonoplays, you need never be at a loss for subject matter.

With you, as with one person the problem is a little different. If the person is not well known to you it is sometimes necessary to find out, by a little tactful questioning, what interests him, or her.

It isn’t necessary to think up “wincecracking” replies. If you have a gift for seeing the funny side of every situation immediately and can analyze yourself, then you can add a great deal to the fun of the world.

But if you are the type to whom superficialities do not come easily, your efforts to be witty will result in unimportant remarks.

Remarks that are intended to be funny, but aren’t, soon pall.

A fund of general information, some definite interests along educational, business or social lines, or in sports; a genuine interest in other people and their problems—all these things make contact with others the simple, natural relationship it should be.

BETTY LOU:

You neglected to enclose the list of cosmetics you selected. However, judging from your description of yourself, I suggest you use a fine powder that will act as a touch of gum and perhaps carmine lipstick and no rouge. You may have to experiment a little before you decide which shades are most becoming.

E. D.:

Perhaps you don’t try hard enough to win friends. Reticence and modesty are fine qualities, but in these days of many casual social contacts it is often necessary to make plain to the people we meet that we are interested in them in order to draw their attention to us. There are dignified ways of showing a young man that you want his friendship, without being bold. You have the advantage of living in a town where strangers come to spend their vacations and you can invite them to your home and make them remember you and your hospitality with a keen sense of pleasure. Some of them are quite likely to come back again, if they leave with that memory.

M. A. F.:

With your height and your attractive coloring you can make yourself into a stunning lady if you wear the shades of brown beautifully, and brown is one of the loveliest of this season’s popular colors. You can also wear certain shades of green, and the midnight blue that is so fashionable. The latter color would be a splendid choice for a velvet afternoon or evening frock. There’s all sorts of help for you—and most of it is help you can give yourself, with a little intelligent thought, a little experimenting, and a determination to make the most of whatever good points you have.

BETTY N.:

“Outside: the boy is right, Betty. You have no right to ‘lead him on,’ as he expresses it. If he does not know you well enough, then you will have to be more careful of your own conduct. It’s foolish to do things just because “everyone else does them.”

Imitate the girls who have the same ideals you have, not those of whose behavior you are ashamed. If you want to attain real popularity remember that wrong methods never bring right results.

UPSTART:

You are from five to eight pounds underweight. Your question, “How can I keep my eyes looking too large?” is certainly unusual. My answer is, don’t. Large eyes are very attractive, especially when they express intelligence and knowledge. That is more important to think about than size.

If you use rouge, apply it high on the cheeks and well in towards the nose to add length to your face. V necklines will also give length.

MARGARITE:

Your weight is just about correct, although a general improvement could probably improve your figure. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that as most blondes grow older their hair darkens somewhat. There are a number of preparations which are widely advertised that will tend to keep the hair light, if used regularly. If the freckle cream you have been using is not effective, I certainly should not continue with it. Perhaps it does not agree with your skin, or you have not followed directions carefully. There are a number of excellent freckle removers on the market, but you may have to experiment a little to find the one that is most effective for you.

EMILY G.:

Your weight is normal for your height and age. My reducing booklet contains some simple hip-reducing exercises and if you will send me ten cents and one self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to send it to you.

MAMIE S.:

A bruette of your type with good color can wear black, especially with touches of color in the trimming; cream and ivory-white; buff; dark brown; pale blue; silver-gray; clear red; all yellows; coral; old rose; flesh pink.

——

**GROW**

**Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days**

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silky lashes, you can have dense and beautiful, wonderful eyelashes.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No ifs, ands or buts. It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judges.

**Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt**

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made out a letter to a notary public that these letters are absolutely genuine. From Millie, Hefflefinger, 240 W. "I 10" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted ... I notice the greatest difference ... people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Ootst, 547 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelashes and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eye and eyelash Beauty. It is surely wonderful." From Norma Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Finetra Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

**Results Not Noticeable in a Week**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The drooping little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and straight—with a noticeable appearance of length and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as you ever saw.

Remember ... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly, I mean just that—no quibbles, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

**Lucille Young**

GROWER will be sent C. O. D., or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

**Lucille Young**

380-C Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eye-

lashes and eyebrows. Eyes and eyebrows must be perfectly clean and entirely satisfied. I will return it within 30 days and your money will be refunded. Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

**When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.**

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans!

**Winners in PHOTOPLAY's $5,000 Contest will be announced in the January PHOTOPLAY, on sale about December 10.**
These New Faces

BETTY LAWFORD ("The Big Pond," Paramount) is the pretty young daughter of that excellent stage actor, Ernest Lawford, an Englishman long active in the American theater. Miss Betty debuted in talking pictures in "Gentlemen of the Press," playing the leading ingenue, and will next be seen with Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond," soon due.

CHARLES RUGGLES ("The Lady Lies," Paramount) is one of Broadway's sure-fire character comedians. He has appeared in innumerable musical shows, most recently in the short-lived but beautiful "Rainbow," and in "Spring Is Here." Charlie is a brother of Wesley Ruggles, the film director, and is noted as a delineator of comic stage drunks.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT ("The Lady Lies," Paramount) is one of the most beautiful and talented of the theater's younger leading women. Last season she was leading woman in the Theater Guild production of Eugene O'Neill's ill-fated "Dynamo." She is the wife of Norman Foster, young stage actor who was seen in the filmed "Gentlemen of the Press."

SIDNEY BLACKMER ("A Most Immoral Lady," First National) is the new husband of Lenore Ulric. He has been prominent as a leading man in the theater for some years, and last season was his wife's leading man in David Belasco's production of "Mima" on Broadway. Blackmer's work opposite Leatrice Joy in "A Most Immoral Lady" marks his film début.

LILLIAN ROTH ("The Vagabond King," Paramount) has been before the eyes of the amusement world a comparatively brief time. She came to New York's attention in the summer of 1928 as leading singing and dancing soubrette in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," the famous revue. A short term in vaudeville, and she went West to catch on nicely in pictures.

HARRY BANNISTER ("Her Private Affair," Pathe) is far more than the husband of beautiful Ann Harding, who is starred in this picture. He has been a well-known leading man in the theater for some time, having appeared in the leading rôle of Channing Pollock's famous play-preachment, "The Fool." He's made good, and will be with Pathe for some time to come.

ANN PENNINGTON ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners) became nationally famous years ago as a dancing sprite in Ziegfield's "Follies." She then appeared in George White's "Scandalts" as featured dancer for several years. Her press agents sold her to the public as the possessor of the prettiest dimpled knees in the world. And they still are.

HENRY DANIEL ("The Awful Truth," Pathe) is a young English actor who came to this side a few years ago, and has been working in America ever since, except for one brief return to the London stage. His last and greatest Broadway hit was as Lord Ivor Cream in the dramatization of "Serena Blandish," opposite Ruth Gordon and Constance Collier.
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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

MARIAN YERKICK, DAYTON, OHIO.—Why make poor Joe Cobb an old man before his time? He's only fourteen. Molly O'Day will make believe she is Sally O'Neil's sister in "The Show of Shows"—which won't be hard because she is! I don't know why Clara doesn't reduce—guess she wants to keep those dangerous curves.

CAMILLA DAUGAARD, MILES CITY, MONT.—Ramon Novarro is Mexican, Mademoiselle. And you? The picture to which you refer is "The Air Circus" and David Rollins played the part of the son.

O. R., GRANITE FALLS, MINN.—Both Bessie Love and Anita Page claimed five feet, two inches as their height until "Broadway Melody" proved that one or the other was cheating. Now the ghastly truth comes out: our Bessie is a modest five feet and Anita is five feet, three. Raymond Keane and Margaret Morris appeared in "The Magic Garden."

DONALD LEVER, LOVELAND, OHIO.—Some name your home town has! "Dancing Vienna" was released in February, 1929. Believe it or not, Al Jolson's next picture is titled "Mammy." Marion Davies is another one of the Brooklyn Queens. (Ouch!)

D. S., SARNIA, ONT.—"Adrienne Lecouvreur" was released in 1928 under the title "Dream of Love." Nils Asther and Joan Crawford played the leads. Nils is studying English at the University of California. Just another sinister result of the talkies.

C. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—You're just a candle-snatcher, that's what you are. Philippe DeLacy is only twelve years old and lives with Mrs. Edith DeLacy who adopted him. The little boy in "Innocents of Paris" was David Durand. And Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will be twenty this month.

BILLY BRIMMER, BLOXON, MISS.—Ruby's brother calls himself Albert Durand. He recently brought his thirteen-year-old son Jean over to America and is grooming him to take his famous uncle's place. Don't write, Tom Boy—come in person.

JOHN A. SPANGENBURG, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.—"The Nervous Wreck" was taken from the stage play of the same name by Owen Davis. In the film version Chester Conklin played Mort, a cowboy, Sally Phipps' latest picture is "Joy Street." Is the food at the Restaurant Royale as good as ever?

N. L. H., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—George Duryea is six feet tall, has black hair and blue eyes and will be twenty-six this month. He has appeared in "The Godless Girl," "Marked Money," "Title of the Empire," and "Honky Tonk." Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France. Besides "On with the Show," Joe E. Brown has played in "Hit of the Show," "The Circus Kid" and "The Ghost Talks." Eddie Dowling's next is "Blue O'Glympic."

E. N. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Take it from me, Gloria Swanson is still very much alive. With an imagination like that your friend ought to be a scenario writer. Betty Compson is thirty-two years old, Harold Lloyd is thirty-six, Jackie Coogan is fifteen and Frankie Darro will be ten this month. As for me—dunt eek!

CLAUD MINTON WILLEY, SHIPTFIELD, VA.—Gosh, I feel like the birth certificate bureau. Mary Duncan was born in Luttrelville, Va., August 13, 1905. Olive Borden first saw light in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Dothan, Ala., first got excited over John Mack Brown on September 4, 1904. And Mary Eaton made her first sqawkie in Norfolk, Va., twenty-three years ago. You're loyal to the Old South in your tastes, aren't you?

MARGARET HUTCHINS, PORTLAND, ORE.—Richard Dix is thirty-four years old and one of the screen's most elusive bachelors. His last picture was "The Love Doctor." Jean Arthur doesn't use a voice double.

U. W., FT. WAYNE, IND.—Mary Pickford's first husband was Owen Moore, handsomest of the Irish brothers Moore. Mary was divorced from him in 1920 and married Doug Fairbanks three weeks later. Lewis Stone was born November 15, 1879. He is separated from his wife, Florence Oakley. They have two daughters.

Harry Langdon gets into trouble among the icebergs. Harry is up in the tail of that plane, which seems to have crashed on the Roach lot while Harry was making his new talking comedy, "Sky Boy"
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when you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
C. G., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. — The "h" in Nil's address is silent—just like Nil himself. The Marquise de la Cou—oh, heck!—Gloria Swanson is thirty-one years old. George Dupont is the brand new leading man who played opposite Lila Lee in "Honky Tonk."

M. B. H. ATHENS, GA. — No, my dear—Rin-Tin-Tin is still alive and barking. His latest appearance is with Davey Lee in "Frozen River" and he was eleven on his last birthday.

M. M. O., OSSINING, N. Y. — John Mack Brown uses his own name in pictures. He is married and is boasting about his very new daughter, Jane Harriet.

E. R., NORTHAMPTON, MASS. — Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. He entered the movies in 1917 as an extra. Prior to that he appeared on the stage.

ROBERT—John Gilbert's first wife was Olivia Burnwell. They were married in 1918 and divorced in 1922. Leatrice Joy was his second wife. They were married in August, 1923, and divorced in March, 1924. They had a daughter who is now four years old, and is named Josephine. In Chicago John Gilbert married his third wife and at the present moment they are very much married and threatening to stay that way.

A GIRL FROM PARIS — Your English is lots better than my French, Mademoiselle. Mme. Maurice Chevalier is known both as Suzanne Vallee and Yvonne Vallone. But there are no relations. It is told that the latter is really her name. Does that clear up the difficulty?

POLLY R., MONTREAL, QUE. — You're wrong, Polly. It wouldn't do me any good to go to the mountains because I can't yodel-o-la-la-bee. George Lewis is married to Mary Louise Loaman, a non-professional.

ERIN JANZIG, HELENA, MONTANA. — And you come from Gary Cooper's hometown. Lillian Rich played the title role in "The Golden Bed."

MAURY VASSOUR. — Dorothy Burgess, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are "Americans," but they never confused in me their parent's nationality. Girls, you mustn't quarrel. If a star claims to be an American that settles the question.

MARY BAKER, CHICAGO, I11. — Sorry, but there are no studios active in Chicago at this writing. You want to get into the movies? Well, I fain that they'd let you have a ticket to the office. All joking aside, I think you should wait until you finish High School and then decide which profession you are best suited for.

R. G. KINGSTON, N. Y. — Shh! the mystery is solved. William Haines and Mary Philbin play the hero and heroine in "The Gauzy Girl."

W. M., JR., GRANTWOOD, N. J.—Lyn De Putti, John Hargest, and Gunther Von Seyffertis are twenty-four, forty-two and fifty-six respectively. Lowell Sherman was King Louis X V, and Doris Kenyon was Lady Mary in "Marcelle Bette." You're the editor, Adolph Menjou and Robert Ellis headed the cast of "Foolish.

M. M. M. PETOSEEK, Mich. — Really, I don't know whether Richard Dix has a weakness for blondes, brunettes or redheads, and if I knew I wouldn't print it here for it would probably cause many broken hearts. Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old and is still single. Barry Norton is twenty-three and chums Buenos Aires, South America, as his home. He is in his home in a half-inch tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Buck Jones is thirty-nine years old and married. His latest picture is "The Big Hop."

E. R. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Your friend is quite mistaken. John Gilbert was married to Olivia Burnwell in 1918 and divorced in 1922. He married Leatrice Joy in 1923 and was divorced from her in 1924. He and Leatrice have a little daughter about four years old.

W. H., UXSON, N. J. — Ramon Novarro hails from Durango, Mexico, and is of Spanish descent. He entered pictures in 1917. His latest is "The Pagan."

Catherine A. Jackson, Easton, Pa. — Your sweet words have me all aflutter. So you fall for big-he-men every time. Well, Ivan Linow is one of them all right, having reached the altitude of six feet, four inches. He's married. Thespie doesn't think he's never told anyone. His latest picture is "The River." As I have said many times before, John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland are not brothers. Positively not. That's my story and I stick to it.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October Ist, 1929.

State of Illinois, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Katie A. Dougherty, who being by me duly sworn as to the truth and substance of the premises, the same being read and signed by said Katie A. Dougherty, and the same being subscribed by the affiant's name and titles, a true and just copy of the said "CENTURY" and the whole of the said paper contained in the said issue, is deposited by said Katie A. Dougherty with me, the undersigned, as the date and place of publication thereof, as above set forth.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, this 1st day of October, 1929.

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Chester Conklin
Mary Cooper
Richard Dix
Paul Guertzman
James Hall

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
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The Disliked Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Iem to say it right out, but every time I'd ask 'em about it they'd say, 'Just wait, Alice, everything will work out O.K.'

"Well, I waited and somebody else got the part. But around the lot I was hard-boiled. I acted as if I didn't care. I wouldn't let them know I cared. Not much.

"But all the stars complained about me. Oh, they couldn't work with White. Who did I think I was—just a little script girl. Well, for that matter, who did they think they were?"

"So, when nobody would have me in their picture, there was nothing to do but to star me or let me go. They told me I'd be a star. They told me that they'd give me four pictures and if I didn't make good on those—I went.

"I BEGAN my first starring vehicle. I had to fight for every scene. The director didn't like me. He thought I was shallow and insincere. I knew. I can tell when people don't like me."

"During the first week of work I thought a chair for the set. I was tired standing up. I had it put in the stage and when I got there it was gone. I asked for it. They had taken it and hung it up on a board 'way above the set. Everybody laughed and when they did it down, the director said, 'Make a platform into the queen. Here you are, Miss White. Orchestra, some music.'"

"'O.K.,' I said, 'play 'God Save the Queen.'" I may be dumb but I didn't think the joke was funny. Other stars have chairs on the sets. They don't do it to be grand, but just to have somewhere to sit down.

"'Show Girl' was my first starring vehicle and I didn't have more than four or five close-ups and I had to fight for every one of those."

"The other day in an interview the director said he had to work Alice White with a whip—that's the only way he could get her to do anything. That's nonsense. If he'd only known. Why, I'm like a grateful little dog when somebody pats me on the head and tells me I'm not so bad.

"And then, of course, there's the talk. All the women talk about me and you can't talk back because they're company's wives or something. Why, people seem to resent anybody who is young and has a good time.

"And I don't go out much. I never go out when I'm working. Not because I'm so goody-good, God knows, but because I'm so tired. Too tired working—and battling.

"They give me the cheapest sets and rush my pictures through as quickly as possible. The minute I get a good cameraman, one of the other stars takes him away from me.

"SOUNDS like I'm crying, doesn't it? Sounds like I've got a chip on my shoulder. Well, maybe I have. I've had to fight to get anything. And I've cried plenty, too. At home. Nights. Alone.

"But I've got to be thankful for: If ever I make a good picture, if I ever do any real work, if I ever anything but just a crazy little slapper in second rate stories, it will be all my own doing—nobody will have helped me. I'll have done it all myself. I shall have fought my way through."

"Of course, she does take it too seriously. She is too much on the defensive. But it's the only way she knows to attack life. And it is an attack. A one-man attack on life."

"I'm short of it. I'm bunched. Her mind is ready for every new onslaught. It's the only way she knows.

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PICCADILLY—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

PLEASURES, GRAZED—Fox.—A good story, stylized in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. (Sept.)

PLUNGING HOOPS—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. Silent. (June.)

POINTS WEST—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. Silent. (Nov.)

PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE—World Wide.—This film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goes. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

RIO RITA—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing, good romantic de luxe. Bobbe Dolan's costume, and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (All Talk.)

RIVER OF ROMANCE—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and William Tabbert. All Talkie. (Oct.)

ROARING FIRES—El Paso.—Not only bright but positively dull. (July)

SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathé.—Ridiculously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SALUTE—Fox.—A glorified musical about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALVAGE—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. Silent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SATTURDAY'S CHILDREN—First National.—It was a Political prize stage play, but the movie version is dull. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (July)


SHE GOES TO WAR—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. And the battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great picture. Sound. (June)

SHIP MATES—Educational.—In the Navy with Louise Moore. Plenty of laughs as the pies and dishes go whitening by. All Talkie. (July)

SHOW BOAT—Universal.—Lavish production of a colorful novel that deserved less directorial treatment. Part Talkie. (June)


SINGLE STANDARD, THE—MG M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

SIN SISTER, THE—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. Sound. (June)

SKIN DEEP—Warner.—Pretty good cackly yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SMILING IRISH EYES—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bankism, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talky personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SOME MORE MOTHER'S BOY—Rayart.—Quickie hokum. Silent. (June.)

SOPHOMORE, THE—Pathé.—Proving that it is possible to make a good silent film without heckling or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SO THIS IS COLLEGE—MG M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C. Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegeans commit hula-kini. All Talkie. (Nov.)

SPEEDWAY—MG M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (July)

SOULL, THE—First National.—All about a bad, but lumpy vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July)

STREET GIRL—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harren in a tale about a girl who becomes a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE—Paramount.—Photoplay's thrilling serial story of a runaway murder. ävening. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SYNCOPIATION—Radio Pictures.—Gay and jazzy nightclub entertainment that will enliven your evening. All Talkie. (Dec.)

TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE—United Artists.—Here's that long-overdue co-starring pairing of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 150]
CECIL B. DeMILLE, director of a hundred hits, has made in Dynamite what will be considered his greatest screen achievement. A thrilling drama which explodes the hypocrisy of the modern Babel called Society. Dynamite digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions. Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson give the best performance of their careers. All-talking. Also silent version.

WHAT a cast! More stars than there are in heaven! A glittering, gorgeous, spectacular revue—the kind you would pay $6.60 for on Broadway. Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, Jack Benny, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike,) Anita Page, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Brox Sisters, Albertina Rasch Ballad, Natacha Nattova & Co., The Rounders, and a chorus of 200. A remarkable all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing picture. The hit picture with the song hits!

HERE is the picture that Broadway went wild about—Hallelujah, the greatest drama of its kind ever produced. Directed by KING VIDOR, who made The Big Parade—this stirring drama of the Southland immortalizes the soul of the colored race. Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, and Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, lead an all-Negro cast in this remarkable production. One of the classics of the screen that will never die. Don't miss it! Hear Irving Berlin's "Waiting at the End of the Road.

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"
THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—If you don't titter over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly takes the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THIS MAD WORLD—M-G-M.—A tender yet phonograph division of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by: Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Band Batphone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THREE LIVES GHOSTS—United Artists.—An important tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from stage. (Nov.)

THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July)

THUNDER—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and doughboys, just as you are at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

THUNDERBOLT—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster all. Talkie. (Aug.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July)

TIP-OFF, THE—Universal.—Cooks against Silent. (Aug.)

TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Beau Geste" atmosphere. Excellent. (July)

TONIGHT AT TWELVE—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant? Good situations. All Talkie. (Sept.)


TREN'TS LAST CASE—Fox.—A mystery story, treated like a farce. And very good, too. Sound. (June)

TREATY OF MARRIAGE—Columbia.—How to hold a wise overnight in seven revolt. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—M-G-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is a literal adaption of a great play. Casting. and a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. All Talkie. (Sept.)

TWIN REDS.—First National.—Frisky bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)


TWO SISTERS—Raymond—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National.—A flabby turn of sentiment which Fred Thomson, Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackall. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

UNHOLY NIGHT, THE—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Henry O'Neill and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VAGABOND CUB, THE—FBO.—Mostly just cowbyants. Silent. (July)

VERY IDEA, THE—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven. In the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount.—Good Queen Winter's novel gone vocal and presenting Wray in her first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VOICE OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Old stuff, written and directed by Willard Mack and directed by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. All Talkie. (June)

UNARMED JUSTICE.—Blimor Productions. Enough animals and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (March)

WAGON MASTER, THE—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shely reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHEEL OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady Radio. All Talkie. (Aug.)

WHERE EAST IS EAST—M-G-M.—Another Chaney bed-time story, with a touch of Kipling and Poe. Silent. (June)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Paramount.—Study in black and white. A case of the most famous bratocrats—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHY LEAVE HOME.—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Smarters. All Talkie. (Nov.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Paramount.—Clara Bow's first talkie. Clara is a smooth contralto. It's a college story—and that's what they want. All Talkie. (June)


WOMAN FROM HELL, THE—Fox.—Rather same drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

WOMAN IN THE NIGHT, A.—World Wide.—English production with a slow and sentimental story. Silent. (June)

WOMAN TRAP—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood good girl, a duplicit wife and the womanizer. Played superbly by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)


YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal.—An orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July)

**Cast of Current Photoplays**

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue.

[Continued from page 148]
Wallace Smith. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by Leslie Pearce and Lynn Stowe. The cast: Laura, Red La Rocque; Nynna, Rita La Hay; Harry Beul, Charles Hoven; MacDougal, Ed Badley; Pike, Wally Wood; Smehle, Juniper, Sam Blum; Nidton, Bert Moorehouse.

"DISBELIEF."—WARNERS. From the play by Louis N. Parker. Directed by Julian Josephson. The cast: Dr. Radcliffe, George Remarque; Ladys Baskinfield, Florence Walthall; Arline, Joan Bennett; Mrs. Travers, Doris Lloyd; Manager of Cokel of England, David Torrence; Charlie, Anthony Bushnell; Meyers, Ivan Simpson.

"DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE."—Worlco. From the story by Paul Merzhoff. Directed by George M. Cukor. The cast: Nisha Daval, Margi Mannert; Jeanne Daval, Ruth Meyher; Armand de Mars. Miles Mandel.

"EVIDENCE."—WARNERS. From the play "Forcing Evidence" by De Recher McFarlane. Directed by John G. Adlai. The cast: Myra Stan- ford, Pauline Lordick; Cyril Weyheker, William Courtemanche; Harold MacBride, Conway Teare; Ner- man Pellicce; Lowwell Sherman; Harbison, Alec B. Macrory. Agnes Moore, Frednik Bayred; Richard; Mrs. Delahunty, Madeline Seymour; Peabody, Ivan Simpson; Wmount Girl, Myrna Loy; Uncle John, Lionel Belourn.

"FRED NELL."—PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE. From the story by Willis Stelle. Directed by William Wat- nson. The cast: Fred Nell, Ellen B. Belliana; The Hero, Jack Laddt; The Sheriff, Frank Rice; The Handy, Harry Woods; The Barkeeper, Charlie Mack.

"FLIGHT."—COLNELL. From the story by Frank Grapse. Dialogue by Frank R. Carpa. Directed by Frank R. Carpa. The cast: Panama Farrow, Jack Holt; Lina Looy; Lefty Phillips, Ralph Grapse; Major, Allan Rowse; Steve Roberts, Harold Goodwin; Sawdina, Jimmy La Cruz.

"FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS."—FIRST NATIONAL. From the story by Katharine Brush. Continuity by Gene Wison. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Mlle. Ed A'Pay, Colleen Moore; Gregory Pepper, Fredric March; Jimmy Wiler, Raymond Hatckeet; Stade Cunngssham, Edward Martindal; Clarret, Virginia Lew Corby; In the maid, Adreimis of Amble Coyte; Stage Manager, Sidney Jarvis; Call Boy, Mickey Bennett.

"GREAT BARO, THE."—JAMES CRUZ PRU. From the story by Ben Hecht. Continuity by Hugh Herbert. Directed by James Cruz. The cast: The Great Gorilla, Eric Von Steurbeim; Mally, Betty Compan; Frank, Donald Douglas; Babie, Margie (Babe) Kane; Otto Galle, Otto.

"HANDCUFFED."—Ravett. From the story by Arthur Bercel. Dialogue by Arthur Breie. Directed by Dale Worthe. The cast: Clark Kan- daff, Virginia Brown Fawe; Tom Bennett, Weller Oakman; Gorty Moneymaker; Dudley Family Munny; The James Harrison; John Randall, Frederick O'Farrell; Dettense, George Cheesbrough.


"JEALOUSY."—PARAMOUNT. From the story by Louie Vrooman. Dialogue by John D. Williams. Directed by Jean de Lannoy. The cast: Glory Kelson, George Kelson, Pierre, Frederic March; Rigaad, Halliwob Hobben; Renor, Blanche Le Chat; Clement, Henry Daniel; Charlotte, Hilie Moore.

"KISS, THE."—M-G-M. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: Irene, Greta Garbo; Dublin, Conrad Nagel; La Salle, Holmes Herbert; Guerry, Andrews Eardle; Pell, Lew Ayres; Durand, George Davis.

"LADY LIES, THE."—PARAMOUNT. From the story by John Meylan. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Dialogue by John Meylan. Directed by Herbert Leach- ley. The cast: Robert Rosteller, Walter Huston; Joyce Rager, Claudette Colbert; Charlie Tyler, Charlie Raggeres; Jo Rosteller, Patricia Depree; Bob Rosteller, Tom Brown; Hilie Pearson, Betty Garbo; Ann Garber, Jane Darcie; Duncan Krow- warden; Amelia Tuille, Virginia True Boardman; Ranne Tulle, Vera Deane.

"LOVE PARADE."—PARAMOUNT. From the story by The People's Magazine and Le Real. Story by Ernest Vajda and Gini Bohn. Directed by Erich von Stroheim. The cast: Adolf, Military Attache, Maurice Chevalier; Louise, Opera of Sylvan, Jeanette Macdonald; Jacques, Alfred's Vate, Ludlin Lane; Lola, Queen's Personal Maid, Lillian Roth; Master of Ceremonies, Edier Gwyn; Prime Minister, John Barrymore; Foreign Minister, Albert Reardon; Admiral, Carlton Stock- dard; Ministry of Affairs, Alby Enko; Ayres, batteur, Russell Powell; First Lady in Waiting, Marg-aret Peale; Second Lady in Waiting, Virginia Bruce.

"MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD."—FOX. From the play by Oscar Slapage. Dialogue by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Marcel Silver. The cast: Parker, Salle, I'll Du Hajinian, The Nagel once. If Jim Ben Directed 3891 The k Am. Mndf East community nfieeful RE-I2, \ a « \ il TITUS STYLISH ofifer, Siuie binditig A New are which your fiput* flat youthful Tailored N. You when write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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A picture that turns "Tin Pan Alley" inside out and reveals its human side.
Directed by LEO MCCAREY
Supervised by WILLIAM CONSELMAN

CONSTANCE BENNETT in RICH PEOPLE
A look at life from the viewpoint of those who have so much money they can't get out from under its depressing influence.
Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
RALPH BLOCK, Associate Producer

WILLIAM BOYD in
His First Command with Dorothy Sebastian

All the world loves a lover and a "rookie"—and William Boyd is both in this romantic story of the making of a "first-class fighting man." The scene of the action is laid at renowned Fort Riley in Kansas, around which so much thrilling frontier history was written in the days of the old West.

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Helen Chase

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M.D.

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Ignore her pretensions to being an independent woman (there aren't any.) You can win her heart and her eternal gratitude by giving her some trille of COMMUNITY PLATE—practical but charming, and as feminine as her lipstick!

Perhaps, this pastry server in the new "Poussin" design... $4.50

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"Past Revue" design illustrated

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OR, a pair of bright candlesticks in the "Grosvener" design... $17.50

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